

Shawn Chrystopher

"Little Road To Bethlehem"

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As I walked down the road at set of sun
The lambs were coming homeward one by one
I heard a sheepbell softly calling them
Along the little road to Bethlehem.

Beside an open door as I drew nigh
I heard sweet Mary sing a lullaby
She sang about the lambs at close of day
And rocked her tiny king among the hay.

Across the air the silver sheepbell rang
"The lambs are coming home", sweet Mary sang
Your star of gold your star of gold is shining in the sky
So sleep my little king, go lullaby.

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