

The Little Road to Bethlehem

Nancy Hanson

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

Men: 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 boy among the hay

Women: Across the air the silver sheep bell rang
“The lambs are coming home,” sweet Mary sang
All: “Your star of gold, your star of gold is shining in the sky
So sleep, my little boy, go lullaby”

All: As I walked down the road at set of sun
The lambs were coming homeward one by one
I heard a sheep bell softly calling them
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