

O Little Town Of Bethlehem

Shawn Colvin

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

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 sheep bells 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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