

# The 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 Boy among the hay.

Across the air the silver sheepbells 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 Boy, go lullaby.

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