

# Long, Long Ago

Andrew Peterson

Wind in the olive reed softly did blow  
'Round little Bethlehem long, long ago  
Sheep on the hillside lay whiter than snow  
Shepherds were watching them long, long ago

Then from the happy sky angels bent low  
Singing their anthems of joy long ago  
For in a manger bed, cradled we know  
Christ came to Bethlehem long, long ago

Long, long, long ago  
Christ came to Bethlehem long, long ago

Stars in their circling courses did go  
Telling their tidings of joy long ago  
Wise men and kings gave their treasures of gold  
Gifts to the Boy, born a King long ago

Long, long, long ago  
Christ came to Bethlehem long, long ago

Wind in the olive tree softly did blow  
'Round little Bethlehem long, long ago  
Still we remember how gentle and low  
God came to dwell with us long, long ago

Long, long, long ago  
God came to dwell with us long, long ago  
Long, long, long ago  
God came to dwell with us long, long ago

God came to dwell in us  
Came to dwell in us  
We remember it long, long ago  
God came to dwell in us  
Came to dwell with us  
Came to dwell with us long, long ago