

The Shepherd Boy

The New Christy Minstrels

Early one Christmas morning
Ever so long ago,
The brightest of stars in heaven
Shown down on the earth below. Shepherds and wise men together
Offered their treasures, it's told.
And yet there was one so humble
Who gave neither silver nor gold. I'm just a lowly shepherd boy.
No earthly riches have I.
But the love and devotion I give Thee
Will last 'til the waters run dry. Though treasures of shepherds and wise men
"Ashes to ashes" have gone,
The gift of a poor, humble shepherd boy
In the spirit of Christmas lives on.

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