

# The Little Road to Bethlehem

[Hayley Westenra](#)

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 King 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 King, go lullaby. 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

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