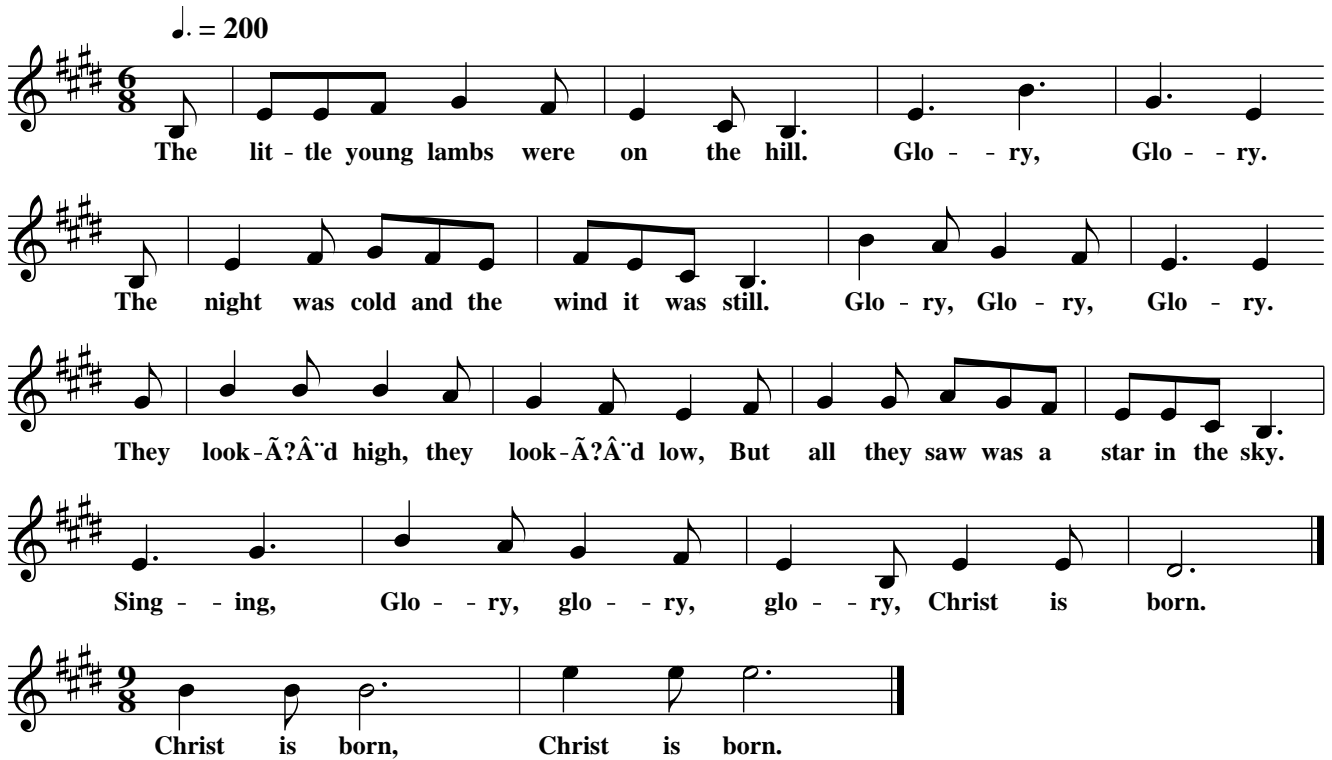


# The Little Young Lambs

$\text{♩} = 200$



The lit - tle young lambs were on the hill. Glo - - ry, Glo - - ry.

The night was cold and the wind it was still. Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry.

They look - ˆd high, they look - ˆd low, But all they saw was a star in the sky.

Sing - - ing, Glo - - ry, glo - - ry, glo - - ry, Christ is born.

Christ is born, Christ is born.

The little young lambs were on the hill. Glory, Glory.  
The night was cold and the wind it was still. Glory, Glory, Glory.  
They look ˆd high, they look ˆd low,  
But all they saw was a star in the sky.  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, Christ is born.

They look ˆd low, they look ˆd high, Glory, glory.  
There came a great light into the Sky. Glory, glory, glory.  
And all God's angels sang out plain  
So sweet as collybirds after rain.  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, Christ is born.

Go little lambs to Bethlehem. Glory, glory.  
And there you will find the King of men. Glory, glory, glory.  
In the manger on the hay  
The lamb that's born on Chrissimas day.  
Singing Glory, glory, glory, Christ is born.

The little young lambs away they went. Glory, glory.  
And followed their shepherds in great content. Glory, glory, glory.  
And in a manger there he lay.  
Our Lord was born on Chrissimas day.  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, Christ is born.  
Christ is born, Christ is born.