

I Am A Little Shepherd Boy

By Jill Kemp

Illustrated by Richard Gunther



The night that Jesus was born,
shepherds were staying in the
fields below the town of Bethlehem.
This is the story of what they saw.



I am a little shepherd boy,
I look after all my sheep.



I watch over them
all through the night,
so they can safely sleep.



I sit and watch the stars at night
and remember what I saw,



one special night, so long ago,
when Jesus Christ was born.



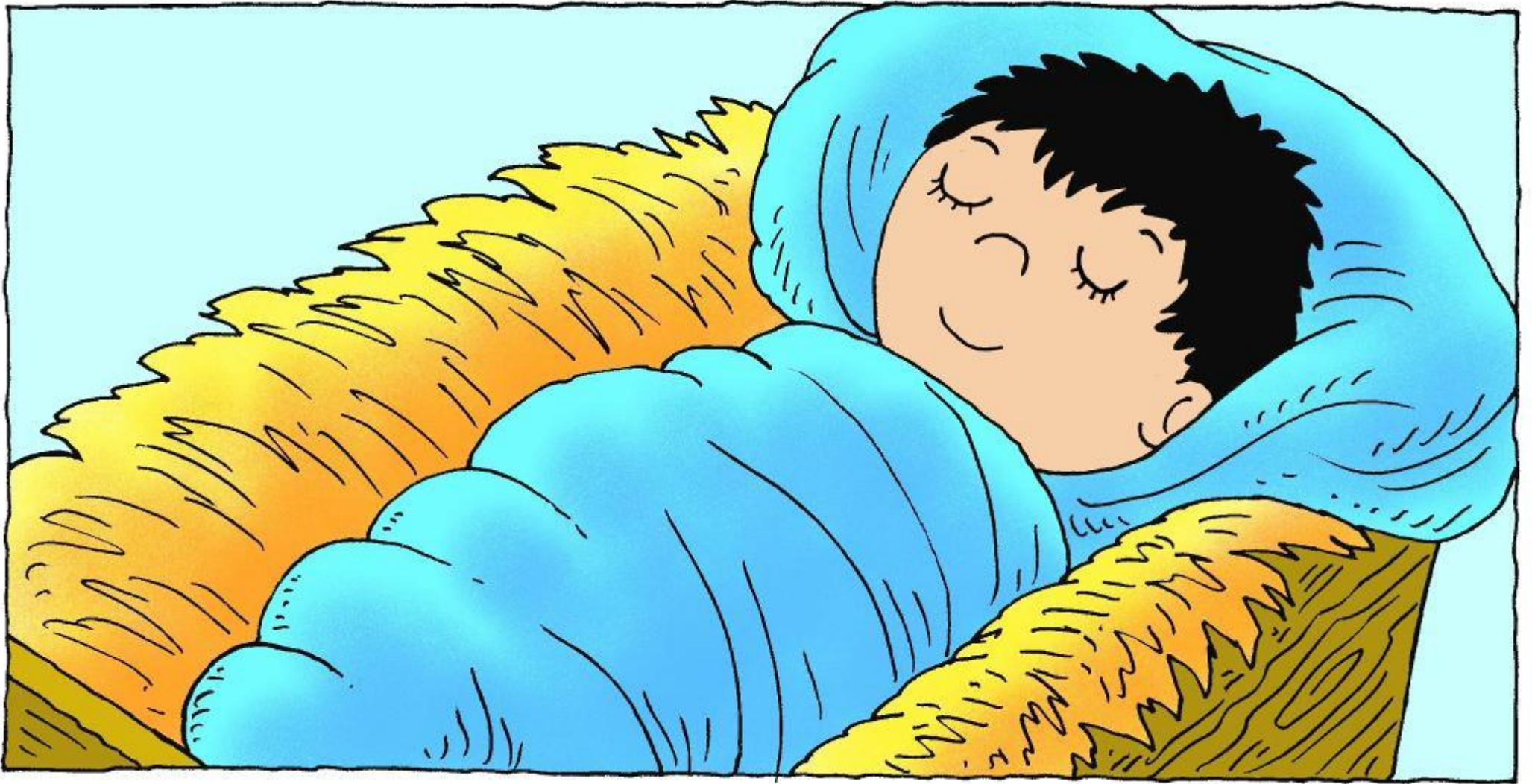
The biggest star I ever saw
shone in the sky that night



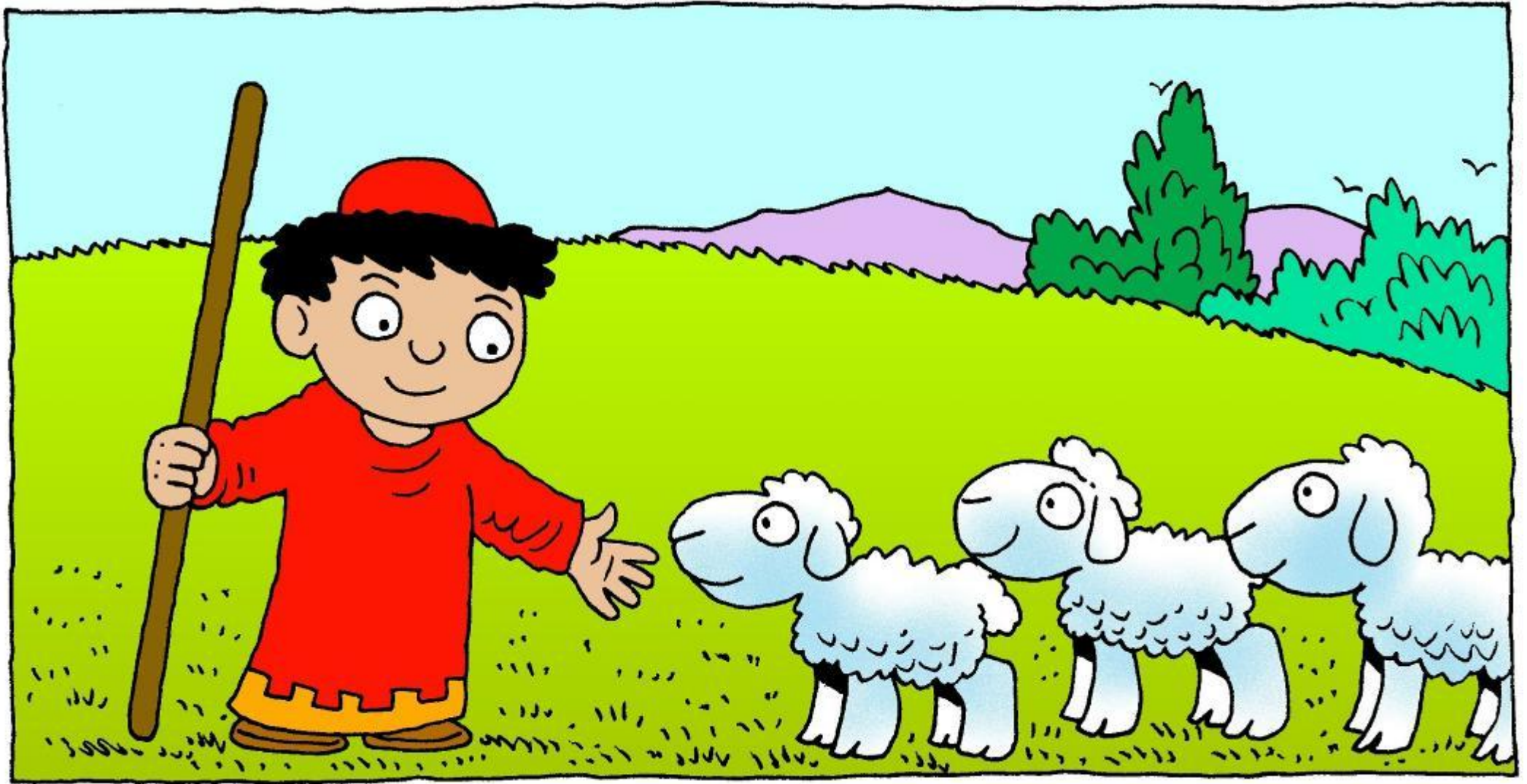
And angels suddenly appeared,
all shining and so bright.



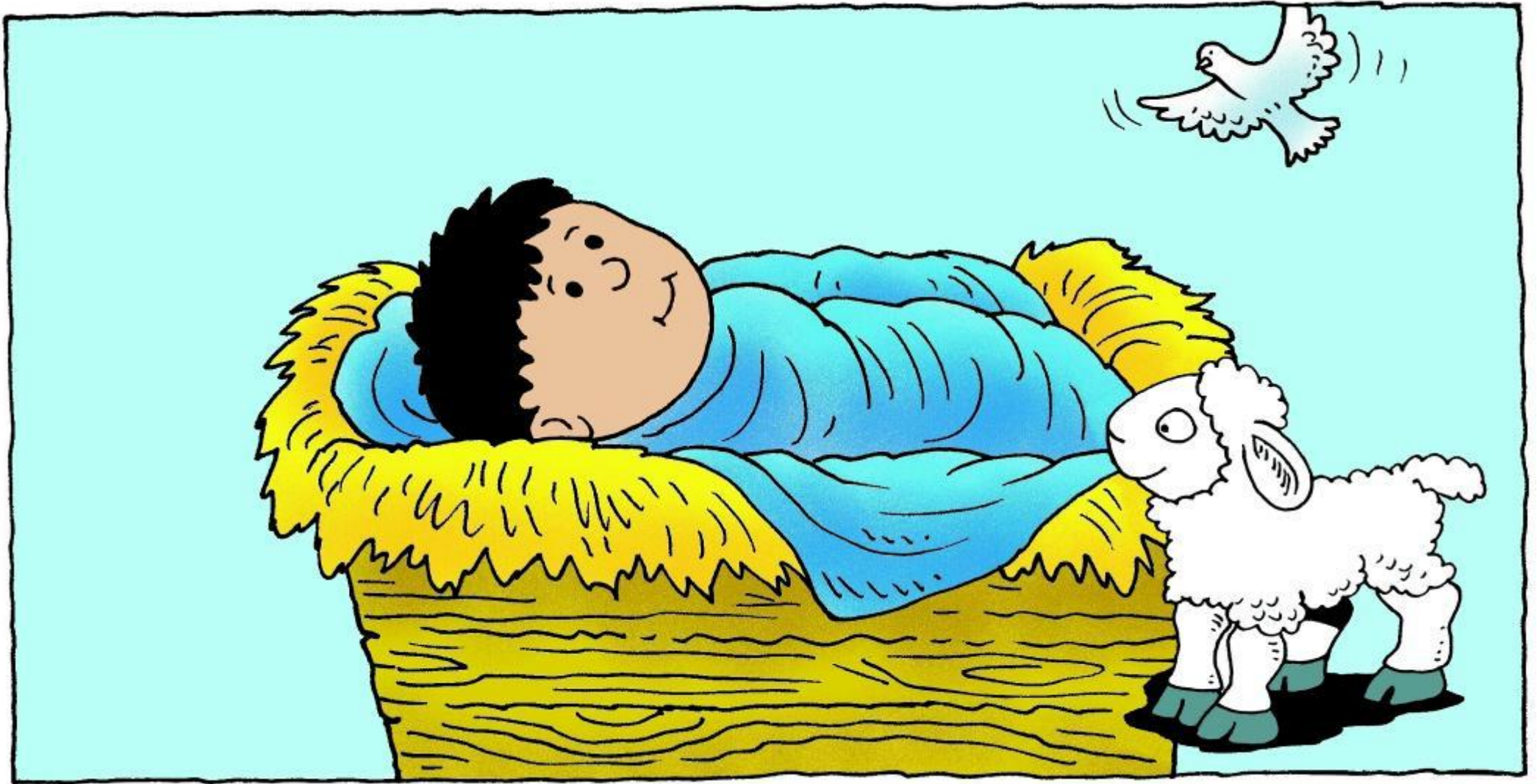
“Don't get a fright,” the angel said,
“God sent his only Son.
He is God's special gift to you,
God's love to everyone.”



We found the baby sleeping,
just like the angel said,
wrapped snugly in his warm blanket
in a manger for a bed.



My little sheep are waking,
it is another day,



but God's love living in my heart
will never go away.