

I Am A Little Shepherd Boy

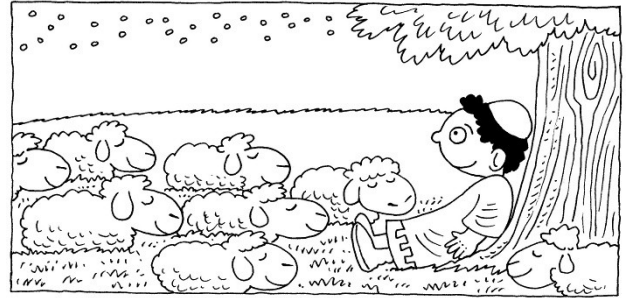
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By Jill Kemp

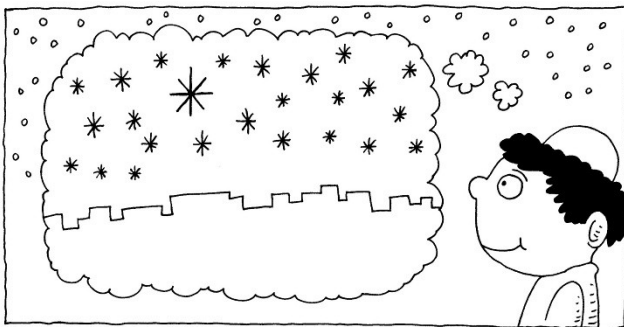
Illustrated by Richard Gunther



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.



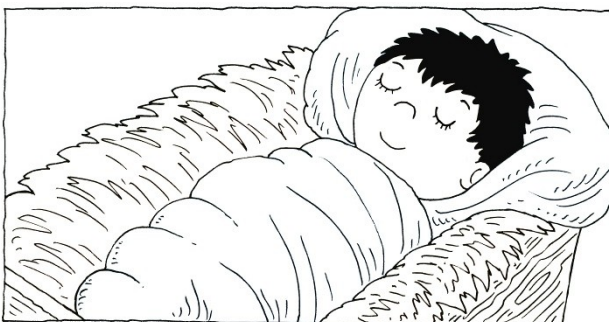
one special night,
so long ago,
when Jesus Christ
was born.



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.