

Winds through the Olive Trees

1) Winds through the olive trees,
Softly did blow
'Round little Bethlehem,
Long, long ago.
Sheep on the hillside lay
Whiter than snow,
Shepherds were watching them,
Long, long ago.

2) Then from the happy skies,
Angels bent low,
Singing their songs of joy;
Long, long ago,
For in a manger bed,
Cradled we know,
Christ came to Bethlehem,
Long, long ago.

Text: traditionell

Melodie: England