

Long, Long Ago was written in 1985 for my sister, Elaine Phillips, who at that time was conducting a small church choir. The author of the text is unknown.

duration: c. 1:45

Wind 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.
Then from the happy sky Angels bent low,
Singing their songs of joy, long, long ago.
For in a manger bed, cradled below,
Christ came to Bethlehem, long, long ago.