

Everywhere the Lamb Went  
Randy Swift 4/15/98

It was a struggle to find shelter on the night the baby came,  
As she remembered what the angel said, Thou shalt call his name.  
And when she first looked in his eyes and sung her nursery rhyme,  
Creator to creator, It was such a special time  
And the star did shine.

Mary had a little lamb with a heart as white as snow.  
And everywhere the lamb went Mary had to go.  
She followed him from Bethlehem all the way to Calvary.  
From a manger in a stable to a cruel tree  
He went there for you and me.

She followed close and watched him as he grew up day by day  
The weeks turned into months turned into year's time slips away.  
One day while he was twelve years old, she missed him and she cried  
Till she found him in the temple teaching about the Fathers light,  
And they were mystified.

One sad day she followed him to a place called Pilot's hall  
And she remembered the little baby she held in the manger stall.  
When they ask him to speak out, it all seemed so absurd  
The silence of the lamb was the loudest sound she'd ever heard  
When he spoke not one word.