When Joseph went to Bethlehem



I think he took great care

To place his tools and close his shop



And leave no shavings there

He urged the donkey forward



Then with Mary on its back

And carried bread and goat cheese



In a little linen sack

Hosanna! Hosann



Oh, let us gladly sing

How blessed that our Lord was born



Let earth receive her King!

I think there at the busy inn



That he was meek and mild

And awed to be the guardian



Of Mary's sacred child

Perhaps all through the chilly hours



He smoothed the swaddling bands

And Jesus felt the quiet strength



Of Joseph's gentle hands

And close beside the manger bed



He dimmed the lantern's light

And held the little Jesus close



Upon that holy night

Hosanna! Hosann



Oh, let us gladly sing

How blessed that our Lord was born



Let earth receive her King!

Let earth receive her King!

