

**Bethlehem**  
by Stephen M. Golden  
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Oh, Bethlehem Ephrathah  
though you are little among Judah,  
Oh, Bethlehem Ephrathah  
From you shall come the Savior,  
Which is Christ the Lord.

There was no place for Him to stay  
on the night of His birth.  
Foxes have holes, the birds have nests,  
but the Son of Man has not a place to lay His head.  
No place for Christ the Lord.

Oh Israel, Jerusalem,  
Did you not recognize the Savior?  
Oh Israel, Jerusalem,  
What made you nail Him to a cross?  
Our Christ, the Lord.

Bridge:  
My brothers, my sisters,  
Don't turn away His call today.  
He's waiting, He's waiting so patiently for you.

Oh weary one, oh traveler,  
is there a place in your heart?  
Oh troubled one, oh wonderer,  
let Him in and you'll find rest and peace.  
He is Christ the Lord.