

Bethlehem, A.D.
 [paraphrase, O Little Town of Bethlehem,
 Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)]

Words and music by
 James L. Clark

Tune: **Blast**
 [8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6]



1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How grim we see you lie,
 2. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The prayers to God on high
 3. O, ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem, Your pres - ence here is sensed,



A - bove your fright - en - ing may - hem The rock - ets thread the sky;
 That peace will come, all peo - ple free, Hush man - kind's woe - ful cry;
 For - give us of the world's may - hem That man - kind has in - censed;



Yet in your dark streets shines still God's light a - mong your fears,
 Though none may feel God's pres - ence Through - out this world of sin,
 May an - gel voi - ces sound out, The great glad tid - ings tell,



The hope that man - kind can - not kill - The Christ of end - less years.
 God's love is of the es - sence And drowns the bat - tles' din.
 Re - mind of Grace the world through - out - Our Lord E - man u - el.

