Bethlehem-Town
Words: Eugene Field (1850-1895)
Music: Charles Gabriel

As I was going to Bethlehem-town,
Upon the earth I cast me down
All underneath a little tree
That whispered in this way to me:
"Oh, I shall stand on Calvary
And bear what burden saveth thee:
Oh, I shall stand on Calvary
And bear what burden saveth thee!"

As up I fared to Bethlehem-town,
I met a shepherd coming down,
And thus he said: "A wondrous sight
Hath spread before mine eyes this night-
An angel host most fair to see,
That sung full sweetly of a tree
That shall uplift on Calvary
What burden saveth you and me!"

And as I got to Bethlehem-town,
Lo! wise men came that bore a crown.
"Is there," cried I, "in Bethlehem
A King shall wear this diadem?"
"Most sure," they said, "and it is He
That shall be lifted on the tree
And freely shed on Calvary
What blood redeemeth us and thee!"

Unto a Child in Bethlehem-town
The wise men came and brought the crown;
And while the Infant smiling slept,
Upon their knees they fell and wept;
But, with her Babe upon her knee,
Naught recked that Mother of the tree,
That should uplift on Calvary
What burden saveth all and me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem-town
And think on Him that wears the crown.
I may not kiss His feet again,
Nor worship Him as did I then;
My King hath died upon the tree,
And hath outpoured on Calvary
What blood redeemeth you and me:
Outpoured for us on Calvary.