

## It Must Be Bethlehem - A Shepherd's Lullaby

A Poem Written by Rich Hoffman

Hey little man, can you tell me where I am?  
I just saw a light o'er the fields below  
So, I took my sheep, I just had to know  
Where that dazzling light had bid me go.  
Hey little man, can you tell me where I am?  
Well, I guess it must be Bethlehem.

Hey little man, can you tell me why you  
called?  
I chased a star in the darkening sky.  
I just had to see you and ask you why  
You would have a care for one such as I.  
Hey little man, can you tell me where I am?  
Well, I guess it must be Bethlehem.

Hey little man, can you tell me where I am?  
How I love to see where it all began  
Where you wove my fate in your holy plan  
Where you bridged the void between God  
and man  
And you freed mankind to begin again.  
Hey little man, can you tell me where I am?  
Well, I guess it must be Bethlehem!

But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou  
be little among the thousands of Judah, yet  
out of thee shall he come forth unto me that  
is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth  
have been from of old, from everlasting.

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## Bittersweet

A Poem Written by Rich Hoffman, June 5, 1991

We spent a few short years with him.  
We got to know him well.  
We ate and drank and laughed and spoke,  
until the day he fell.  
Bittersweet the friendship,  
the story that we tell.

We doubted him.  
We trusted him, and watched his  
wonderous deeds.  
With simple love, his greatest gift.  
He bowed to meet our needs.  
Bittersweet the thorns he bore.  
God's rose amidst the weeds.

We shared our travels on the road, in  
towns and by the sea.  
He quieted the storms inside,  
and on the sea in Galilee.  
Bittersweet the rescue,  
to drowning men set free.

We loved him with a moral love,  
the love of man to man,  
were torn asunder, left bereft,  
as he worked his father's plan.  
Bittersweet the parting cross,  
we did not understand.

His death, eternal friendship,  
his resurrection guaranteed,  
that though we part but briefly,  
he loves eternally,  
so bitter was his parting,  
so sweet the victory!

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