

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless
sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the
years
Are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the
King,
And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels
keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His Heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
Him still
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure
and happy.
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where Misery cries out
to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands
watching, and Faith holds
wide the door,
The dark night wakes,
the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes
once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

