

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 to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,

And, gathered all above,

While mortals sleep, the angels keep

Their watch of wondering love.

O shining stars, together

Proclaim the holy birth!

And joyous sing to God the King,

And peace to men on earth.

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.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!

Descend to us, we pray;

Cast out our sin, and enter in,

Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels

The great glad tidings tell;

Oh come to us, abide with us,

Our Lord Emmanuel!

by Phillips Brooks