1 O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!
2 For Christ is born of Mary, and gathered all above,
3 How silently, how silently the world's great gift is given!
4 O holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us, we pray;

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go
while mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of dawning
So God imparts to human hearts the balm of his

Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting love, O morning stars, together proclaim the holy heaven. No ear may hear his coming, but in this world of day. We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings

Light; the hopes and fears of birth, and praises sing to sin, where meek souls will rest;

all the years are met in thee tonight.
God the King, and peace to all on earth.
receive him still, the dear Christ enters in.
bide with us, our Lord Emmanuel.

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