

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 blessing 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 waits, 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, bide with us,  
our Lord Emmanuel.