

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.

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.