

# John McDermott, 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 ever lasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.  
For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep the angels keep  
Their watch of wond'ring love.  
O morning stars together,  
Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.  
How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is giv'n!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of his heav'n.  
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 today.  
We heard the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.