

Amy Grant, O Little Town

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

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel

No ear may hear his coming
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive Him
Still the dear Christ enters in.