

# Cliff Richard, Little Town

O little town of Bethlehem  
How still we see thee lie,  
Above the deep and dreamless sleep,  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in the 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,  
The 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.