

Chris Eaton

"Little Town"

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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 Emanuael.

No ear may hear His calling,
But, in this world of sin,
Where meak souls will receive Him still
The dear Christ enters in.

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