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O Little Town

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O Little Town

McParland: O Little Town [Christine McParland]

“A voice is heard in Ramah, weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted, because they are no more.” Matthew 2:18

O Little Town of Bethlehem,
How still thy victims lie,
For now they sleep their final sleep
While angels, watching, cry.
Now in thy dark streets loometh
The agony of night,
The hopes and fears and endless tears
Ache desperately for light.

For Christ was born of Mary
A Child like none the rest,
Hers now to treasure, firstborn son,
Sweet babe upon her breast.
Yet motherly elation
Saw distant shadow grim,
On that dark day Death's brutal hand
Would from her steal Him.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem
Who hears us as we pray,
Who bears our sin and grief within
And to Life is the Way.
Though cruel Death's grasp and raging,
It storms with vicious tread,
Yet it will bow before the One
Who will pronounce death “dead!”

Weep not thou town of Bethlehem
Thy Light will come again,
And raise to life all those
Who with their lives have trusted Him.
It is the Christmas season,
Though painful loss overwhelms,
Yet hurting, grieving with us
Our Lord Emmanuel.