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 everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.

O little town so battered down behind that towering wall;
How can the world ignore your plight and fail to hear the call
To change the way that nations live – and silence hatred's roar?
Let freedom ring and people sing instead of waging war!

O town where once a baby cried – as to the world he came,
The silence of each passing year puts all of us to shame!
O Lord, we lift our hearts in prayer and cry frustration's tears!
When will we see your people free – and cruelty disappear?

In Liverpool, we stand with you - O Bethlehem in pain!
We long to see your region be The Holy Land again;
When children grow up knowing; their future is secure;
Where justice reigns in God's domain and Christmas comes once more.

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