

Why are you still so small?
With battered homes and crowded roads,
Surrounded by a wall!
Yet in your dark streets shineth,
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of recent years
Still meet in you each night.

O Christ once born in Bethlehem,
You suffer there each day;
You feel the pain, with us the pain;
When will it pass away?
Send back the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell:
The child with us, who died for us,
Is still Immanuel!

Wish You a Meaningful



And a Challenging



