

O Little Town of Bethlehem

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O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee
 For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And, gath - ered all a -
 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is

lie. A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go
 bove While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring
 giv'n! So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his

by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing
 love. O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly
 heav'n. No ear may hear his com - ing; But in this world of

Light. The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 sin, Where meek souls will re - ceive him, still the dear Christ ent - ers in.