

# O Little Town of Bethlehem



1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we\_\_ see thee lie!  
2 For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and ga thered all a - bove,  
3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won drous gift is given!  
4 O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, des - cend to\_\_ us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent\_\_ stars go  
while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of\_\_ won dering  
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bles sings of his  
cast out our sin, and en - ter in; be born in\_\_ us to -



by. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the e - ver - las - ting  
love, O mor - ning stars, to - ge - ther pro - claim the ho - ly  
heaven. No ear may hear his co - ming, but in this world of  
day. We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad ti - dings



Light; the hopes and fears of  
birth, and prai - ses sing to  
sin, where meek souls will re -  
tell; O come to us, a -



all the years are met in thee to - night.  
God the King, and peace to all on earth.  
ceive him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.  
bide with us, our Lord Em - ma - nu - el.