

# O little town of Bethlehem

O lit - tle town of Be - hem, How still we\_ se thee lie!  
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - ther Pro - claim the\_ ho - ly birth,  
How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!

A - bove thy deep and dream - les\_ sleep The si - lent\_ stars go by.  
And prais - es sing to God\_ the\_ King, And peace to\_ men on earth;  
So God im - parts to hu - man\_ hearts The bless - ings\_ of his heav'n.

Yet\_ in thy dark\_ streets shin - eth The e - ver - last - ing light  
For\_ Christ is born\_ of\_ Ma - ry; And, gath - ered all a - bove,  
No\_ ear may hear\_ his\_ com - ing; But in this world of sin,

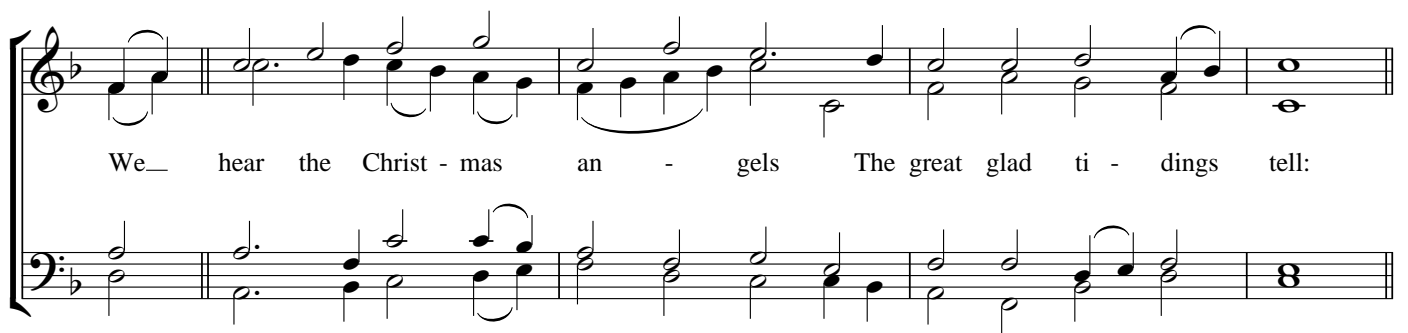
The hopes and fears of all\_ the\_ years Are met in\_ thee to - night.  
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels\_ keep Their watch of\_ wond - 'ring love.  
Where meek souls will re - ceive him,\_ still The dear Christ en - ters in.



O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, Des - cend to us, we pray;



Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.



We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell:



O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.