

O Little Town of Bethlehem

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O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and

6 dream-less sleep the si - lent stars go by. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the

11 e - ver - las - ting light, The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.

2. All morning stars together
proclaim the holy birth,
and praises sing to God the king,
and peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born by Mary
and, gathered all above,
while mortals sleep the angels keep
their watch o wondering love.

3. How silently, how silently
the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
the blessing of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
but in this world of sin,
where meek souls will receive him, still
the dear Christ enters in.

4. O holy Child of Bethlehem,
descend to us, we pray,
cast out our sin and enter in,
be born in us today!
We hear the Christmas Angels,
the great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
our Lord Immanuel.