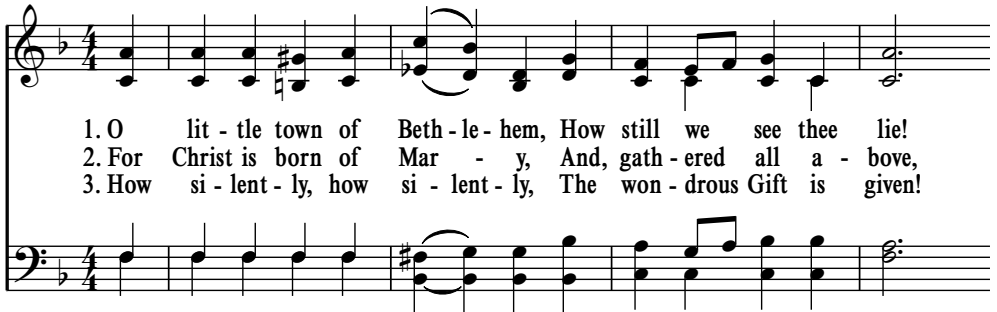
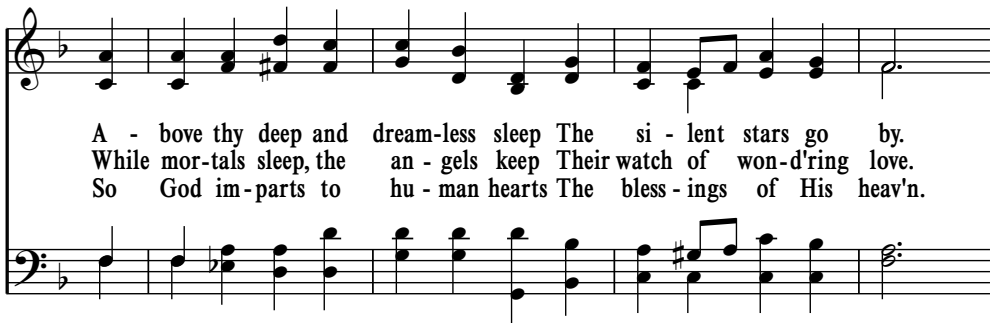


# 17. O Little Town of Bethlehem

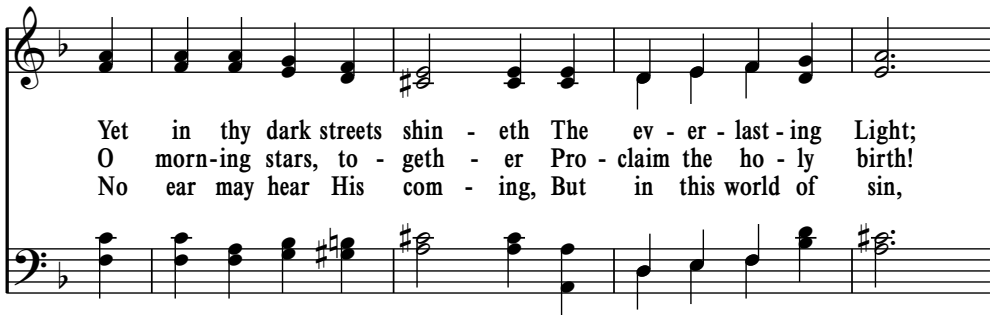
"...Bethlehem...for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people..." Mt. 2:6



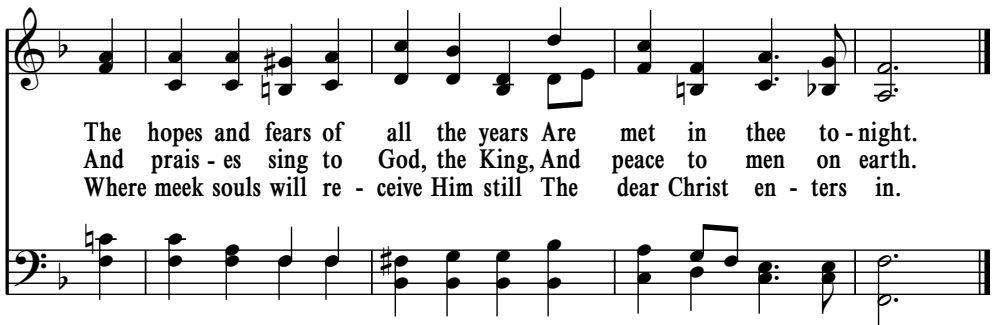
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
 2. For Christ is born of Mar - y, And, gath - ered all a - bove,  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous Gift is given!



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



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
 O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!  
 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.  
 And prais - es sing to God, the King, And peace to men on earth.  
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still The dear Christ en - ters in.