


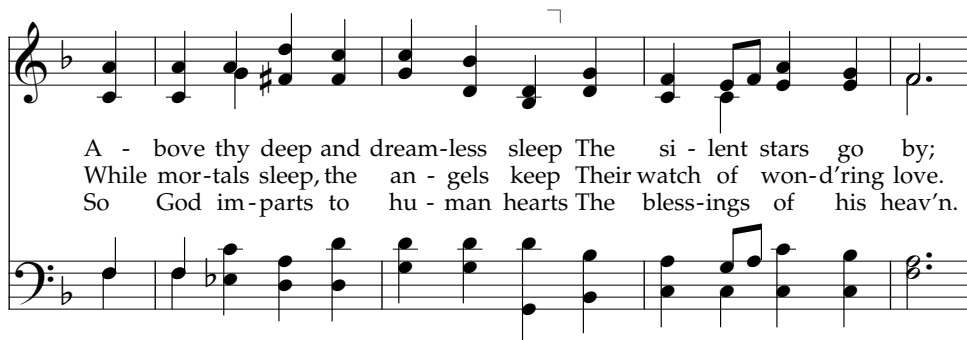
# O Little Town of Bethlehem

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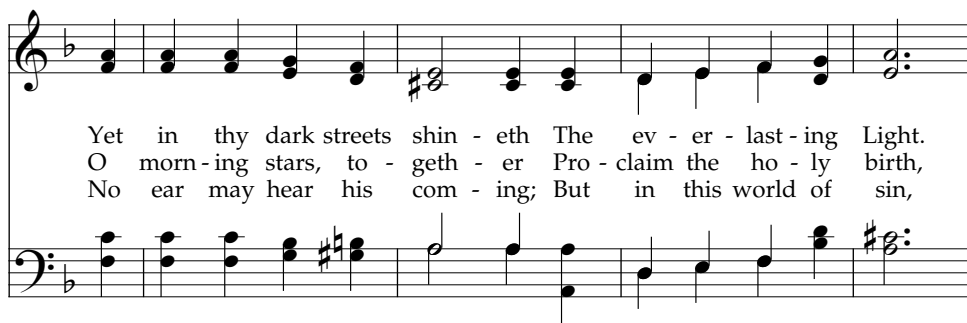
*Peacefully* ♩ = 84-100



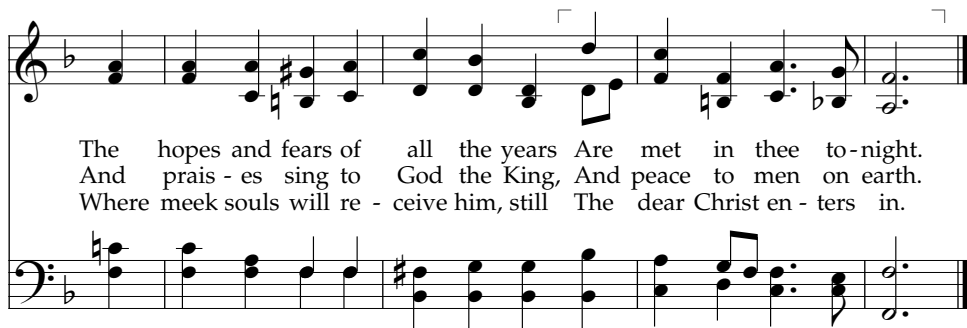
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie.  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And, gath - ered all a - bove  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!



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.