O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Text: Phillips Brooks (1835–1893)
Music: Mike Dempsey

\[ \frac{\text{Flute}}{\text{Keyboard}} \]

\[ \frac{\text{Solo}}{\text{Flute}} \]

1. O little town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee

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G-6033 Photocopying of this publication without permission of the publisher is a violation of the U.S. Code of Law for which the responsible individual or institution is subject to criminal prosecution. No one is exempt.
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-
Christ is born of Mar-y, And gath-ered all a - bove, While

[T, B unis.]

Oo oo
mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

morn-ing stars, to-geth-er
Pro-claim the ho-ly birth!