O Little Town of Bethlehem

1. O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee!
   lie; above thy deep and dreamless sleep the

2. For Christ is born of Mary, and gathered all a-
   bove, while mortals sleep, the angels keep their
   given; so God imparts to human hearts the

3. How silently, how silently, the world asleep is
   watch of won dering love. O morning stars to-
   bles sings of his heaven. No ear may hear his co-

4. O holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us, we
   silent stars go by. Yet in thy dark streets shin-
   ing light; the hopes and fears of

   ever lasting light; the hopes and fears of
   claim the holy birth, and praises sing to
   in this world of sin, where meek souls will re-

   all the years are met in thee to-night.
   God the king, and peace to all on earth!
   receive him, still the dear Christ enters in.
   bide with us, our Lord Emmanuel!