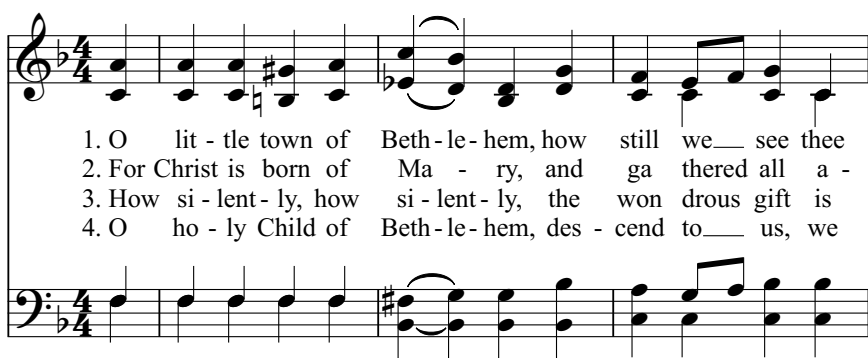



# O Little Town of Bethlehem



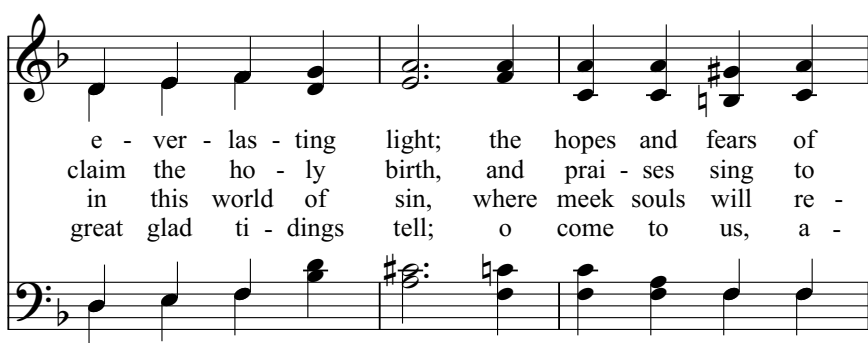
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee  
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and ga thered all a -  
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won drous gift is  
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, des - cend to us, we



lie; a - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the  
bove, while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their  
given; so God im - parts to hu - man hearts the  
pray; cast out our sin, and en - ter in, be



si - lent stars go by. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the  
watch of won dering love. O mor - ning stars to - ge - ther, pro  
bles sings of his heaven. No ear may hear his co - ming, but  
born in us to - day. We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the



e - ver - las - ting light; the hopes and fears of  
claim the ho - ly birth, and prai - ses sing to  
in this world of sin, where meek souls will re -  
great glad ti - dings tell; o come to us, a -



all the years are met in thee to - night.  
God the king, and peace to all on earth!  
ceive him, still the dear Christ en - ters in.  
bide with us, our Lord Em - ma - nu - el!