O Little Town of Bethlehem

1. O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie: above thy deep and dreamless sleep the given; so God imparts to human hearts the

2. For Christ is born of Mary, and gathered all a - bove, while mortals sleep, the angels keep their

3. How silent, how the won drous gift is pray; cast out our sin, and enter in, be

4. O holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us, we

si lent stars go by. Yet in thy dark streets shin eth the watch of won der love. O mor ning stars to ge ther, pro
ever lasting light; the hopes and fears of claim the holy birth, and praises sing to

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 Em ma nu el!