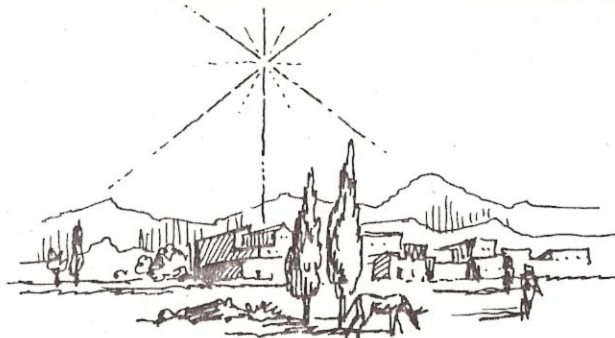


O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Blue
Purple

Slowly

1. *O*
mf

lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we — see thee

lie; A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent — stars go

by. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing

Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

2. For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3. How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heav'n.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.