

O Little Town of Bethlehem

♩ = 116 B B C^{*}dim7 B F[♯]ø7 C[♯]m

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the

3 B/F[♯] F[♯] F[♯]7 B B B7 G[♯] G[♯]7

still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
 gath - ered all a - bove, while mor - tals sleep, the
 won - der is made known, when God im - parts to

6 C[♯]sus C[♯]m B/F[♯] F[♯]+ B D[♯]m F[♯]7

dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go
 an - gels keep their watch of won - dering
 hu - man hearts the gift that is our

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8

B B A#dim C*dim7 D#

by; yet in thy dark street shin - eth the
love. O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro -
own. No ear may hear that com - ing, but

11

N.C. C#m D# B B C*dim7 B

ev - er - last - ing light; the hopes and fears of
- claim the ho - ly birth. Let prais - es ring: from
in this world - ly din, when souls are tru - ly

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G#7/E C#m E B/F# C#7 B/F# F#7 B

all the years are met in thee to - night.
God they bring good - will to all on earth.
hum - ble, then the dear babe rests with - in.