

O Little Town of Bethlehem

♩ = 116 C C D#dim7 C Gø7 Dm

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

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

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

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

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

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.