

O Little Town of Bethlehem

♩ = 116 F# F# G*dim7 F# C#ø7 G#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 F#/C# C# C#7 F# F# F#7 D# D#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 G#sus G#m F#/C# C#+ F# A#m C#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

O Little Town of Bethlehem - 2

8

F# F# E#dim G#dim7 A#

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. G#m A# F# F# G#dim7 F#

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

14

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

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.