

O Little Town of Bethlehem

♩ = 120 B E A E F#m E C#m B 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 F#m E F#m7 B7 E B E A E F#m

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 E B C#m F#m E F#m7 B7 E C#m

dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by; yet
 an - gels keep their watch of won - dering love. O
 hu - man hearts the gift that is our own. No

9 G#m A B7 C#m7 B7 E C#m B B7

in thy dark streets shin - - neth the
 morn - ing stars, to - geth - - er pro -
 ear may hear that com - - ing, but

11 E F#m C#m B C#m7 B E A E F#m

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 E C#m B C#m F#m E F#m7 B7 E

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.