

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!  
 2. *For Christ is born of Ma - ry; and, gath - ered all a - bove,*  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous gift is giv'n.  
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep the si - lent stars go by.  
*while mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of wond'-ring love.*  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of his heav'n.  
*cast out our sin, and en - ter in, be born in us to - day.*

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the e - ver - last - ing Light;  
*O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth,*  
 No ear may hear his com - ing; but in this world of sin,  
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad ti - dings tell:

the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.  
*and prai - ses sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.*  
 where meek souls will re - ceive him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.  
 o come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el!