O Little Town of Bethlehem

For Christ is born of Mary, and gathered all above, While si-lent, si-lent, The won-drous gift is given; So O ho-ly Child of Beth-lem, De-scend to us we pray, Cast thy deep and dream-less sleep. The si-lent stars go by; Yet God im-parts to hu-man hearts The bless-ing of His heaven. No

in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-last-ing light, The ear may hear his com-ing, But in this world of sin, Where

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. prai-s es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth. meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ en-ter-s in.

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