

O, little town of Bethlehem

Villancico de Inglaterra

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Arm.: R. J. N.

Slowly

S-C

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie, a -

T-B

bove thy deep and dream - less sleep, the si - lent stars go by. Yet

in thy dark streets shi - neth the ev - er last - ing light, the

hopes and fears of all the years, are met in thee to - night. **D.C.**

2. How silently, how silently, the wond'rous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heav'n.
No ear my hear His coming, but in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still The dear Christ enters in.
3. O holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in, be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tiding tell;
O come to us abide with us, our Loed Emanuel.