O, little town of Bethlehem
Villancico de Inglaterra

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1. O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie, above thy deep and dreamless sleep, the silent stars go by. Yet hopes and fears of all the years, are met in thee tonight. D.C.

2. How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given! 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 Lord Emanuel.

Coral Hilarión Eslava