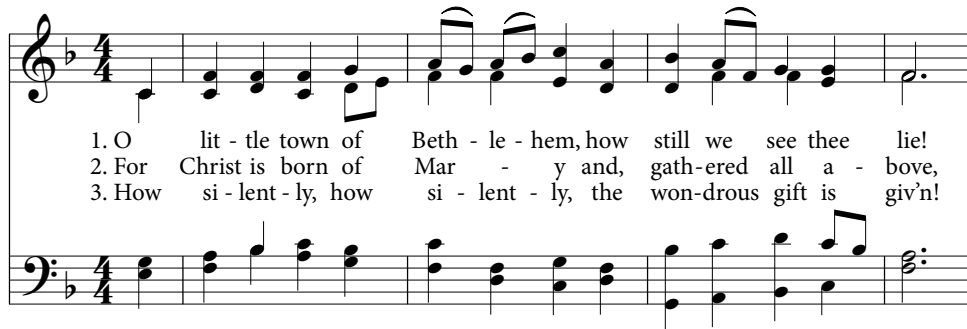


# O Little Town of Bethlehem

FOREST GREEN



1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!  
2. For Christ is born of Mar - y and, gath - ered all a - bove,  
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous gift is giv'n!



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 won - d'ring love.  
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of His heav'n.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - 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,



the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.  
and prais - es 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.