

O Little Town of Bethlehem

In G major

Words by: Phillips Brooks
Arranged by Vibhas Kendzia

Flute

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie. A
bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by. Yet
in thy dark streets shine - eth the ev - er - last - ing Light. The
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to night. For

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And Peace to men on earth

Away in a manger
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head
The stars in the sky
Look down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us, we pray
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born to us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel