



O, Little Town of Bethlehem

Nat King Cole

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie.
Above thy (=the) deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy (=the) 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.

ANOTHER VERSION (CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS LINES):

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous (=wonderful) gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek (=kind) souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

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

