

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Harry Connick, Jr.

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by Yet in they 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 starts together
Proclaim thy holy birth
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth

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