

# 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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