

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

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Words by Phillips Brooks
Music by Lewis H. Red

Slowly

F F^o F C^o Gm F C7 F

O Lit - tle Town Of Beth - le - hem. How still we see thee lie; A
Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - er'd all a - bove, while

D7 Gm F C7 F

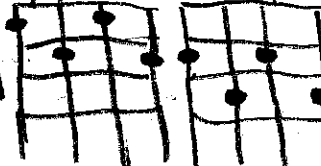
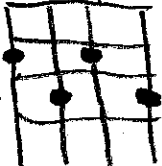
bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by. Yet
mor - tals sleep, and the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love. O

Gm F^o A Dm A7 Dm A

in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing light; The
morn - ing stars, to geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And

F F^o F C^o Gm F C7 F F

hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night. For
prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth!

F^o = Fdim  **Cdim = C^o**  **^o = diminished**

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

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Words by C. F. Alexander
Music by Henry J. Gauntl

F C F C C7 F Dm Am B^b C

Once in Roy - al Da - vid's Cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tie
He came down to earth from heav - en. Who is God and Lord of

F C F C C7 F Dm Am B^b C

shed, Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His
all, And His shel - ter was a sta - ble. And His cra - die was a

F B^b F C^{sus} F B^b F B^b C F

bed: Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle
stall: With the poor, and mean, and low - ly Lived on earth our Sav - ior Child.
ho - ly.

3. Jesus is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

4. And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heav'n above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.