

Ray Price, O Little Town Of Bethlehem

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 street shineth the everlasting light
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in Thee tonight
For Christ is born of merry and gathered all above
While mortal sleepy angels keep their watch of wondering love
(All morning stars together proclaim the holy birth)
And praises sing to God the king and peace to men on earth