

# Anne Murray, Oh Little Town of Bethlehem

Oh, 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  
Oh, morning stars together, proclaim the holy birth  
And praises sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth