

O Little Town Of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

Lewis H. Redner

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee
For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and ga - thered all a -
How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is
O ho - ly Child of Beth le - hem, des - cend to us, we

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lie! A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep the si - lent stars go
bove, while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - dering
given! So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bles - sings of his
pray; cast out our sin, and en - ter in; be born in us to -

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by. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the e - ver - las - ting Light; the
love, O mor - ning stars, to - ge - ther pro - claim the ho - ly birth, and
heaven. No ear may hear his co - ming, but in this world of sin, where
day. We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad ti - dings tell; O

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hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
prai - ses sing to God the King, and peace to all on earth.
meek souls will re - ceive him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - ma - nu - el.