

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

Lewis H. Redner

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - lent - ry— And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - le - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n;
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n.
 Cast out our sin and en - ter in—Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light—The
 O morning stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But, in this world of sin, Where
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell; O

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men 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 - man - u - el!