

# O Little Town Of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

Lewis H. Redner

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie! a -  
For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a - bove, While  
How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is giv'n! So  
O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we pray; Cast

bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by. Yet  
mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love. O  
God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of His heav'n. No  
out our sin and en - ter in be, born in us to day. We

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  
ear may hear His com - ing, but, in this world of sin, Where  
hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad ti - dings 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.