



O Little Town Of Bethlehem

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Phillips Brooks

4/4

F Gm F C⁷

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee
For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a -
How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is
O ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we

4 F D Gm Gm/B^b

lie. A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the
bove, while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their
giv'n. So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the
pray. Cast out our sin and en - ter in, be

7 F/C C⁷ F G⁷

si - lent stars go by, yet in thy dark streets
watch of won - d'ring love. O morn - ing stars, to -
bles - sings of His Heav'n. No ear may hear His
born in us to - day. We hear the Christ - mas

10 A Dm A F

shi - neth the ev - er - last - ing light; the hopes and fears of
geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And prais - es sing to
com - ing, but in this world of sin, where meek souls will re -
an - gels the great glad ti - dings tell, O come to us, a -

14 Gm F/C C⁷ F

all the years are me in thee to - night.
God the King, and peace to men on earth.
cieve him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.
bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el.