



O Little Town Of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

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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 given! So
O ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we pray; cast

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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 heaven. No
out our sin and en - ter in; be born in us to - day. We

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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 co - ming; but in this world of sin, where
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 - cieve Him, still the dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord I - man - u - el!