

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks (1868)

Alto

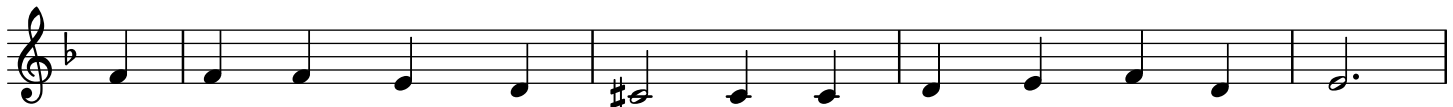
L. H. Redner (1868)



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



A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - dering love.  
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven.  
Cast out our sin and en - ter in— Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The eve - er - last - ing light;  
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!  
No ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin,  
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell—



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.  
Oh, come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el!