

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks, 1867

Lewis Henry Redner

$\text{♩} = 110$

1. O lit - tle town of Bethle - hem, how still we see thee lie! A-  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and ga - thered all a - bove, While  
 3. How si - lent-ly, how silent - ly, the won - drous Gift is giv'n; So  
 4. Where child - ren pure and hap - py pray to the bless-èd Child, Where  
 5. O ho - ly Child of Bethle - 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 - dering love. O  
 God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of His heav'n. No  
 mis - er - y, cries out to Thee, Son of the mo - ther mild; Where  
 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 - ge - ther, pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And  
 ear may hear His com - ing, but in this world of sin, Where  
 char - i - ty stands watch - ing and faith holds wide the door, The  
 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.  
 dark night wakes, the glor - y breaks, and Christ-mas comes once more.  
 come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el!