


O Little Town of Bethlehem



1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And ga - thered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem! Des - cend 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 wond' - ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bles - sing of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day!



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The e - ver - las - ting Light;
O mor - ning stars, to - ge - ther Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
No ear may hear His co - ming, 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 prai - ses 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.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - ma - nu - el!

Text: Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893
Tune: Lewis H. Redner, 1831-1908



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