

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

Lewis H. Redner

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee  
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And ga - thered all a -  
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous Gift is  
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, Des - cend to us, we

lie! A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars  
bove, While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won -  
giv'n; So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of  
pray; Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us

go by. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The  
d'ring love. O morn - ing stars to - ge - ther, Pro -  
His Heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing, But  
to - day. We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The

ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years  
claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King,  
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still,  
great glad tid - ings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us,

Are met in thee to - night.  
And peace to men on earth!  
The dear Lord Christ en - ters in.  
Our Lord Em - man - u - el!