

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

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1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Mar - y, And gath-ered 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, De-scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by.
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
So God im-parts to hu - man hearts The blessings 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 ev - 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 tid - ings 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.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man-u - el!

