

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks, 1868

L. H. Redner, 1868

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O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie, A -  
 For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a - bove, While  
 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given; So  
 O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us we pray, Cast

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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 - d'ring love. O  
 God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven. No  
 out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day. We

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in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light, The  
 morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And  
 ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin, Where  
 hear the Christ - mas an - gels, The great glad tid - ings tell; O

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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.  
 come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.