

O Little Town of Bethlehem

words by Phillips Brooks

music: *St. Louis*, Lewis H. Redner

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie. A -
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a - bove, while
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is giv'n. So
4. O ho - ly child of Beth - le - 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 - d'ring love. O
God in - parts to hu - man hearts the bles - sings of His Heav'n. No
out our sin and en - ter in, be born in us to day. We

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in thy dark streets shi - neth 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 ti - dings 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.
come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el.