

# 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 of stars go by, yet  
 mor - tals sleep, and the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love. O  
 God im - parts, to hu - man hearts in, bles - sings of His heav'n. No  
 out our sin and en - ter in, be born in us His to day. We

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, dear Christ men - ters in.  
 come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el.