

Choir

## O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks (1868)

Lewis H. Redner

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie.  
For Christ is born of Ma - ry and ga - ther - ed all a - bove.  
How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is given.  
O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem de - scend to us we pray.

A - bove thy deep and dream - less 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 bless - ings of his heaven.  
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, be born in us to - day

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the e - ver - las - ting Light.  
O mor - ning stars to - ge - ther 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 ti - dings 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 all the 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 - ma - nu - el.