

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

*Lyrics 1868 by Rector Phillips Brooks (1835-1903) of Philadelphia  
-set to "House of the Rising Sun", a traditional American folk song*

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie. A -

5  
-bove thy deep and dream -less - - sleep, the si - lent stars - - go by. Yet

9  
in thy dark streets shi - neth - - - the ev - - er - last - ing light. The

13  
hopes and fears of all - - the years are met in thee - - to - night.

O lit- tle town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie.  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light.  
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary and gathered all above.  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars together proclaim the holy birth  
And praises sing to God the King and Peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently the wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming, but in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive him still, the dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us, we pray.  
Cast out our sin and enter in, be born to us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels, the great glad tidings tell.  
O come to us, abide with us, our Lord Emmanuel.