

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Words: Phillips Brooks

Music: Lewis H. Redner

1. O Lit - tle Town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. 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.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n;
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
No ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin,
We hear the heav'n - ly an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
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 - man - u - el!