

552 O little town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

Lewis H Redner (1830-1908)

♩ = 84

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to

see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the
all a - bove, while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their
gift is giv'n! So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the
us, we pray; cast out our sin and en - ter in, be

si - lent stars go by; yet in thy dark streets
watch of won - d'ring love. O morn - ing stars, to -
bless - ings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His
born in us to - day. We hear the Christ - mas

shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing Light; the hopes and
geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And prais - es
com - ing, but in this world of sin, where meek souls
an - gels the great glad ti - dings tell; O come to

fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.
will re - ceive Him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.
us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el!