

O Little Town of Bethlehem

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a - bove,
 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.
 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 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;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er 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 men on earth.
 where meek souls will re - ceive him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bid with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el.

Text: Phillip Brooks (1868)
 Music: ST. LOUIS, Lewis H. Redner (1868)

Micah 5:2, Luke 2
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