

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

Words: Phillips Brooks

Music: Lewis H. Redner

*Reverently*



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

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

in thy dark streets shin - eth The e - ver - last - ing light. The

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

2. 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.

3. 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.

