

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Thoughtfully ♩ = 70-80

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie. A -
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And, gath - ered all a - bove While
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n! So

bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets
mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love. O morn - ing stars, to -
God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n. No ear may hear his

shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light. The hopes and fears of
geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to
com - ing; But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re -

all the years Are met in thee to - night.
God the King, And peace to men on earth. Glo - ry to God on high!
ceive him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.

Text: Philips Brooks, 1835-1893
Music: Anon., 16th century; altered

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