

O Little Town of Bethlehem

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WORDS: Phillips Brooks, ca. 1868

- 1. O little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see thee lie;
above thy deep
and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by.**

**Yet in thy dark
streets shineth
the everlasting light;
the hopes and fears
of all the years
are met in thee tonight.**

**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
all 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.**

**4. O holy Child
of Bethlehem,
descend to us, we pray;
cast out our sin,
and enter in,
be born in us today.**

**We hear the
Christmas angels
the great glad tidings tell;
O come to us,
abide with us,
our Lord Emmanuel!**