

# 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!**