

O Little Town of Bethlehem

♩ = 84-100 *Peacefully*

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!

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.

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,

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.

Text: Phillips Brooks, 1835–1893
Music: Lewis H. Redner, 1831–1908

Micah 5:2
Luke 2:4–16