

Phillips Brooks

20. O little town of Bethlehem

Lewis H. Redner

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.
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we pray;

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 wond'ring his love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of his heav'n.
cast out our sin, and en - ter in, be born in us to day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the e - ver - 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,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad ti - dings tell:

the and where o hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
prai - ses sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.
meek souls will re - ceive him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el!