

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

Words: Phillips Brooks

Melody: Lewis Henry Redner

Arr.: Matthias Bretschneider

S / A

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 given; \_\_\_\_\_ So  
 4. O ho- ly Child of Beth- le- hem, De- scent to us we pray, \_\_\_\_\_ Cast

T / B

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bove thy deep and dream- less sleep, The si- lent stars go by; \_\_\_\_\_ Yet  
 mor- tals sleep, the an- gels keep Their watch of won- d'ring love. \_\_\_\_\_ O  
 God im- parts to hu- man hearts The bless- ings of His heaven. \_\_\_\_\_ No  
 out our sin, and en- ter in, Be born in us to- day. \_\_\_\_\_ We

T: stars go by, go by; Yet  
 won- d'ring, won- d'ring love. O  
 of His heaven, His heaven. No  
 us to day, to day. We

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in thy dark streets shie - net The ev- er- last- ing light, \_\_\_\_\_ The  
 mor- ning stars, to- geth - er Pro- claim the ho- ly birth, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 ear may hear his com - ming, But in this world of sin, \_\_\_\_\_ Where  
 hear the Christ- mas an - gels, The great glad tid- ings tell; \_\_\_\_\_ O

T+B: in thy dark streets \_\_\_\_\_ shie - net The  
 mor- ning stars, to \_\_\_\_\_ geth - er Pro- claim  
 ear may hear his \_\_\_\_\_ com - ming, But  
 hear the Christ- mas \_\_\_\_\_ an - gels, The

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hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to- night.  
 prais- es 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.