

O Little Town of Bethlehem (Phillips Brooks, 1868)

(1, 2, 3, 4) -F- -G7- C—

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 to - gether proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King and peace to men 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.

X-20: O Little Town of Bethlehem

