

# Oh Little Town of Bethlehem

Lyrics: Philips Brooks (1835–1893)

♩ = 90

S I  
 1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see the lie. A -  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and, ga - thered all a - bove, while  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is gi - ven! So  
 4. Where chil - dren pure and hap - py pray to the bles - sed Child, where  
 5. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we pray; Cast

S II  
 A I  
 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, ga - thered all a - bove, while  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is gi - ven! So  
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A II

5  
 bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by. Yet  
 mor - tals sleep the angels keep their watch of won - dering love. Oh  
 God im - p - to hu - man hearts the bles - sings of his hea - ven. No  
 mi - se - ries out to thee, son of the mo - ther mild; Where  
 out our sin, and en - ter in, be born in us to - day. We



in thy dark streets shi - neth the e - ve - ning light, the  
mor - ning stars, to - ge - ther pro - claim the Birth! And  
ear may hear his com - ing, but, in the world of sin, where  
Cha - ri - ty stands watch - ing and Faith holds wide the door, the  
hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad tidings tell; Oh

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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 soft will re - ceive him, still the dear Christ en - ters in.  
dark night wakes, the glo - ry breaks, and Christ - mas comes once more.  
come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - ma - nu - el!

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