

Phillips Brooks

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 on us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by:
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring 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 ev - er - last - ing Light; The
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth; And
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin, Where
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell; O



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. A - men.

