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O little town of Bethlehem

ST. LOUIS 86. 86. 76. 86

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 won - d'ring love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of the heav'n's.
 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;
 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 tid - ings tell.

the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
 and prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to all the earth!
 where meek souls will re - ceive him still the dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bid with us, our Lord Im - man - u - el!

Text: Phillips Brooks, 1868, *The Church Porch...*, 1874
 Music: Lewis H. Redner, 1868, *The Church Porch...*, 1874