

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Brooks / FOREST GREEN



1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!
2. O morn - ing stars, to - ge - ther pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
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;



1. A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by;
2. and prais - es sing to God the king, and peace to all on earth;
3. So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of his heav'n.
4. cast out our sin and en - ter in; be born in us to - day.



1. yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing Light:
2. for Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a - bove,
3. No ear may hear his com - ing, but in this world of sin,
4. We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad tid - ings tell;



1. the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
2. while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love.
3. where meek souls will re - ceive him, still the dear Christ en - ters in.
4. O come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el!

Lyrics: 86.86.76.86; Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893, in 1868.
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