

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1868

LEWIS H. REDNER, 1868

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 given!

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 - dering love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heaven.

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,

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 men on earth.
Where meek souls will re - ceive him still, The dear Christ en - ters in. A - MEN.

From "Alleluia,"