

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

Brooks / SAINT LOUIS

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!