



O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Words by
PHILLIPS BROOKS

Music by
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Slowly

C C^o C G^o/F Dm/F

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how

C/G G G7 G/B C Gm6/B^b A A7

still we_ see thee lie. A - bove thy deep and

Dmsus4 Dm Dm/F C/G G Em/G G7 C

dream - less sleep, the si - lent_ stars go by. Yet

B^o/D D#^o7 E Am Dm/F

in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing

6
O Little Town

light. The hopes and fears of all the years are

met in thee to - night. 2. For el.

2. For Christ is born of Mary, and gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God, the King, and peace to men on earth.

3. How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heav'n.
No ear may hear His coming, but in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still, the dear Christ enters in.

4. O Holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us, we pray.
Cast out our sin and enter in; be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings tell.
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.