

Ø Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893

Not too slowly

Lewis H. Redner, 1831-1908

F Fdim. F Gmi. F C C⁷ F

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we - see thee lie! A -
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath-ered - all a - bove, While

mf

F⁷ D Gmi. F C C⁷ F

bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet
 mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of - won - d'ring love. O

C Dmi. A Dmi. A Dmi. Gmi. A F

in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
 morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And

BETHLEHEM



F Fdim. F Gmi. Gdim. F C C⁷ F D.C.
 hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!

D.C.

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!