

Phillips Brooks

Lewis H. Red

A

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De -

B

still we see thee lie; A - bove thy deep and
 gath - ered all a - bove, While mor - tals sleep, the
 won - drous gift is given! So God im - parts to
 scend on us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and

Emir

dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go
 an - gels keep Their watch of won - dering
 hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His
 en - ter in, Be born in us to -

B

by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
 love. O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro -
 heaven. No ear may hear His com - ing, But
 day. We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The

ev - er - last - ing light; The hopes and fears of
 claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to
 in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re -
 great glad ti - dings tell; O come to us, a -

all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.
 bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.