

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Words by Phillips Brooks
Music by Lewis H. Redner

Slowly

O Lit - tle Town Of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie; A -
Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - er'd all a - bove, while

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

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

hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night. For
prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth!