

Choral

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Bishop Phillips Brooks

English traditional tune

S
A

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A -
2. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er, Pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And

T
B

7

bove they deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by. Yet -
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth; For -

13

in they dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light; The
Christ is born of Ma - ry; And, gath - ered all a - bove, While

19

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond - ring love.

3. How silently how silently,
The wonderous 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.

*Optional
Descant
Below*

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.

Descant
(Sopranos)

4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, Des - cend to us, we pray;

All Other
Voices

6

Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

11

We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell:

16

O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.