

# O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Philips Brooks (1835-1893)  
Bew.: Bert Koelwijn

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 - er - ed all a - bove, While  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the wond - rous gift is giv'n! So

bove thy deep and watch - lent stars go  
 mor - tals sleep, the of wond' - ring  
 God im - parts to bles - sings of His

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by. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the e - ver - last - ing  
 love. O mor - ning stars to - geth - er, Pro - claim the ho - ly  
 heav'n No ear may hear His co - ming: But in this world of

light. The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night  
 birth. And prais - es sing tot God the King, and peace to men on earth.  
 sin. Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters

1.2.

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in. 4. O Ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, des - cend to us we pray; Cast

out our sin, and en - ter in, be - born in us to - day. We

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hear the Christ - mas an - gels, the great glad ti - dings tell. O

come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Im - ma - nu - el.