

O Little Town of Bethlehem. 1868. Lyrics by Phillips Brooks, (1835–1893), an Episcopal priest.
Inspired by a visit to Bethlehem, in 1865. His organist Lewis Redner, (1831-1908) added the music

O [D] little town of Bethlehem
How [G/] still we [A] see thee [D] lie
A-[D]-bove thy deep and dreamless sleep
The [G/] silent [A] stars go [D] by
Yet [D] in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting [A] Light
The [D] hopes and fears of all the years
Are [G/] met in [A] thee to-[D]-night End Here?

For [D] Christ is born of Mary
And [G/] gathered [A] all a-[D]-bove
While [D] mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their [G/] watch of [A] wondering [D] love
O [D] morning stars together
Proclaim the holy [A] birth
And [D] praises sing to God the King
And [G/] Peace to [A] men on [D] earth

How [D] silently, how silently
The [G/] wondrous [A] gift is [D] given!
So [D] God imparts to human hearts
The [G/] blessings [A] of His [D] heaven.
No [D] ear may his His coming,
But in this world of [A] sin,
Where [D] meek souls will receive him still,
The [G/] dear Christ [A] enters [D] in.

O [D] holy Child of Bethlehem
De-[G/]scend to [A] us, we [D] pray
Cast [D] out our sin and enter in
Be [G/] born to [A] us to-[D]-day
We [D] hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings [A] tell
O [D] come to us, abide with us
Our [G/] Lord Em-[A]-manu-[D]-el