

# 5      O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

1. O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by:  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light:  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.
  
2. How silently, how silently  
The wondrous 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.