Phillips Brooks (1835-93)

O little town of Bethlehem (III)

Joseph Barnby (1838-96)





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 O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth, and praises sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth. For Christ is born of Mary; and, gathered all above, while mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wondering love.

3 How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given! so God imparts to human hearts the blessings of his heaven.

No ear may hear his coming; but in this world of sin, where meek souls will receive him, still the dear Christ enters in.

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.