

Oh Little Town of Bethlehem

Worte: Phillips Brooks
Musik: Lewis Auguste Landner (1850-1908)
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Softly $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 86$

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A



1. Oh lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we - see - ne.
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and shone - ered all a - bove,
3. Oh ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem!

M



(1.) bove thy deep and dream - less sleep - si - lent stars go by. Yet
(2.) mor - tals sleep, the an - ges sleep - of watch of won - d'ring love. Oh
(3.) out our sin, and en - ter - ne - in - us to - day. We



(1.) in thy gloom - shi - neth the ev - er - last - ing light: The
(2.) morn - ing stars to - er - pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And
(3.) hear the Christ - gies the great glad ti - dings tell! Oh



(1.) bared feet of a the years are met in thee to - night.
(2.) rising to God the King and peace to men on earth.
Come to us, a bide with us, our Lord Em - ma - nu -

