

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Words by: Phillips Brooks

Piano

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie. A

5

bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by. Yet

9

in thy dark streets shine - eth the ev - er - last - ing Light. The hopes and fears of

14

all the years Are met in thee to night. O night.

1. 2.