

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

SATB and Piano

Words by Phillip Brooks (1835-1893)

Music by Jantz A. Black

Gently, rubato con moto ♩=76

*mp*

*Rub.* *Rub.* *Rub.* *Rub.*

3 *mp*

O lit - tle town of

*mf* *mp*

(pedal harmonically)

6

Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie; a -

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9 *cresc.* *mf*

bove thy deep and dream-less sleep the si - lent stars go

12 *mp* *cresc.*

by. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the

15 *mf* *mp*

ev - er - last - ing light. The hopes and fears of

18 *mf*

all the years are met in thee to - night.

*mp*

21

TB *mp*

For

24

Christ is born of Mar - y, and gath - ered all a -

*mp*

*Reo. sim.*

27

*cresc.*

bove,

while mor - tals sleep

the an - gels keep

their

30

*mf**mp**cresc.*

watch of won - d'ring love.

O morn-ing stars

to -

33

*mf**mp*

geth - er

pro - claim the ho - ly

birth,

and

*cresc.*

36

prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to all the

39

*mf* *subito p*

How How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the —

*mf* *subito p*

Earth. How;

*subito p*

42

*mf*

won - drous gift is giv'n. So — God im - parts to —

*mf*

*mf*

45 *mp*

hu - man hearts the bless - ing of His Heav'n. No

*mp*

48 *f*

ear may hear His com - ing, but — in this world of

*f*

51 *p* *slower, deliberate*

sin, where meek souls will re - ceive him still, the —

*p*

*slower, deliberate*