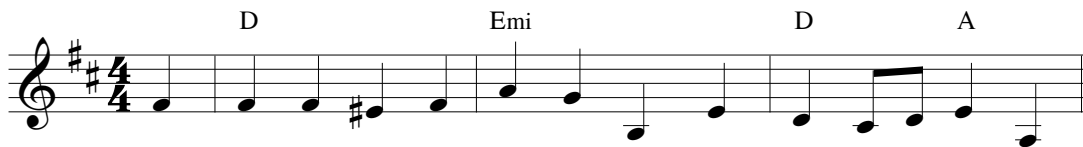


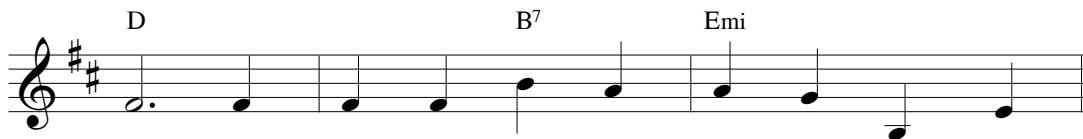
O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

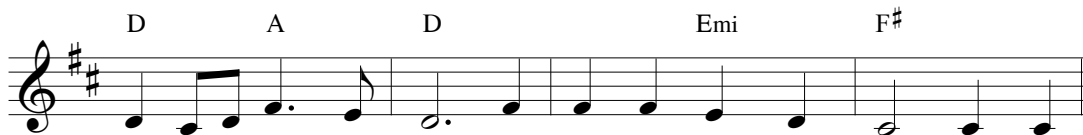
Lewis H. Redner



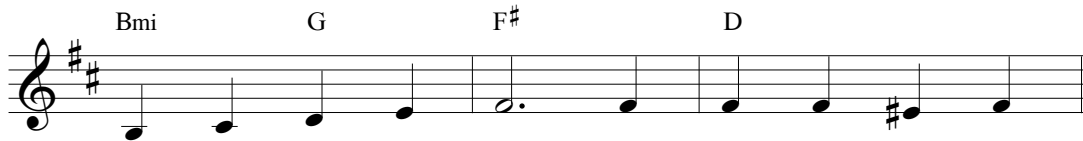
O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee
For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a -
How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is
O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we



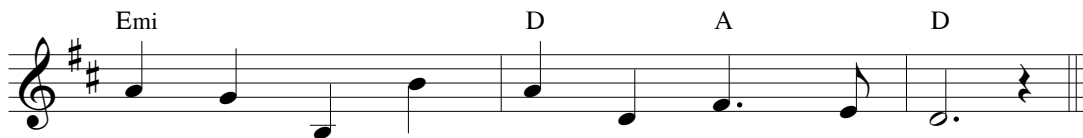
lie! A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The
bove, While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their
given! So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The
pray; Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be



si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
watch of won - dering love. O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro -
bless - ings of His heaven. No ear may hear His com - ing, But
born in us to - day. We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The



ev - er - last - ing Light: The hopes and fears of
claim the ho - ly birth! And prais - es sing to
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re -
great glad ti - dings tell; O come to us, a -



all the years Are met in thee to - night.
God the King, And peace to men on earth.
ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!