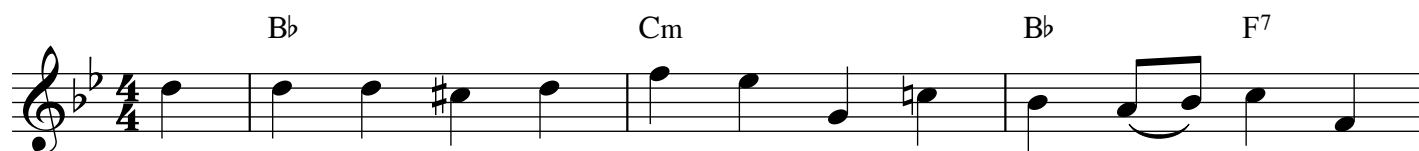


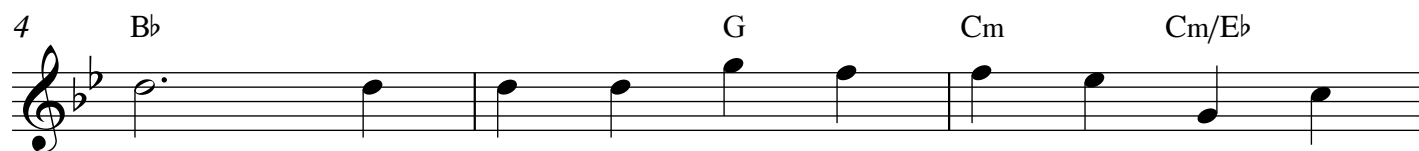
# O Little Town Of Bethlehem

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  
giv'n. 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  
watch of won - d'ring love. O morn - ing stars, to -  
bles - sings of His Heav'n. No ear may hear His  
born in us to - day. We hear the Christ - mas



shi - neth the ev - er - last - ing light; the hopes and fears of  
geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And prais - es sing to  
com - ing, but in this world of sin, where meek souls will re -  
an - gels the great glad ti - dings tell, O come to us, a -



all the years are me in thee to - night.  
God the King, and peace to men on earth.  
cieve him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.  
bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el.