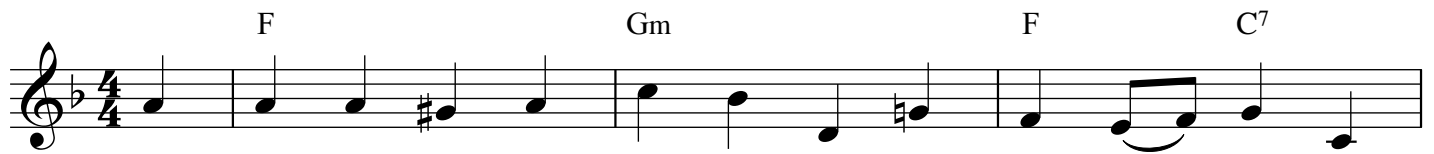


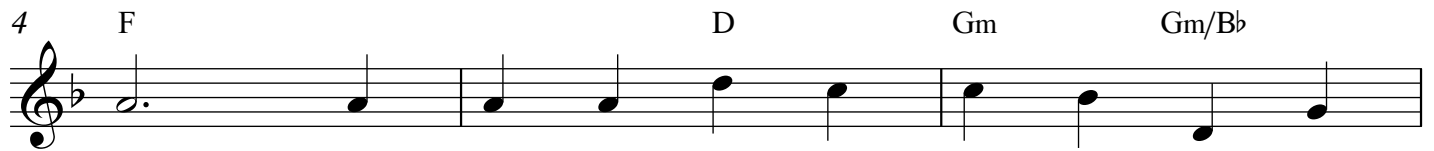
O Little Town Of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

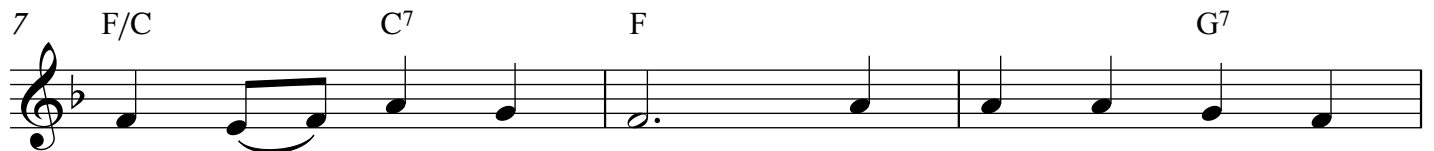
Lewis H. Redner



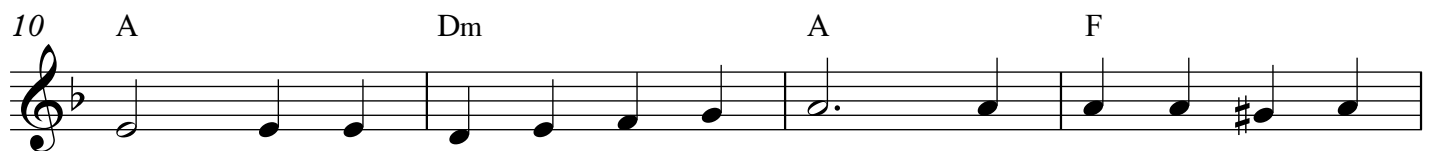
O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee
For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a -
How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly the won - drous gift is
O ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us, we



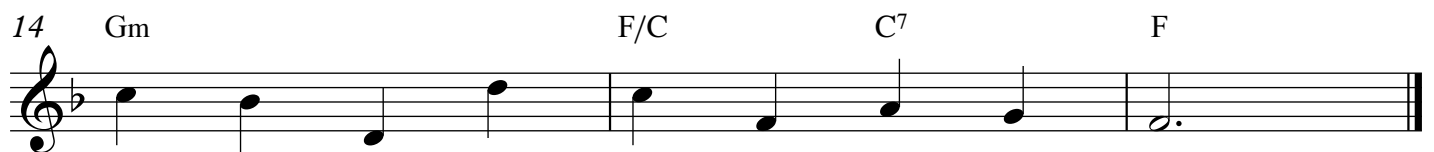
lie. A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the
bove, while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their
giv'n. So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the
pray. Cast out our sin and en - ter in, be



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.