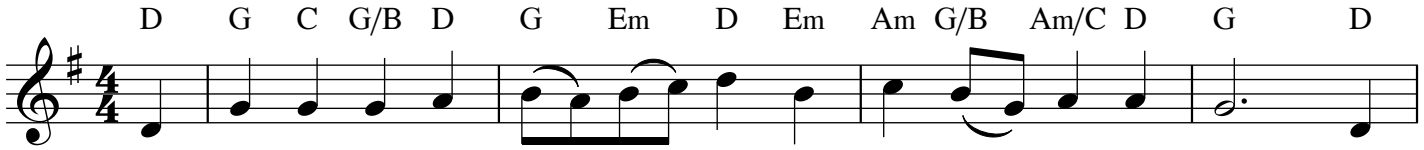
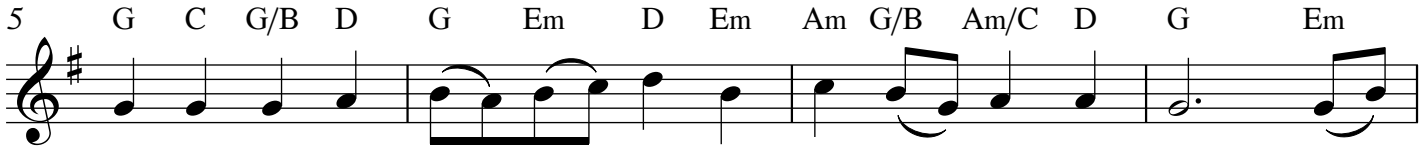
# O Little Town Of Bethlehem

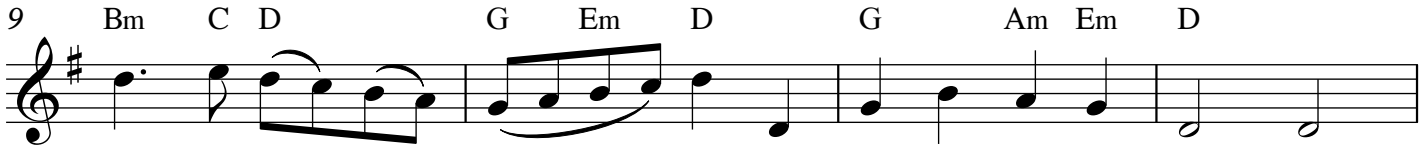
Phillips Brooks



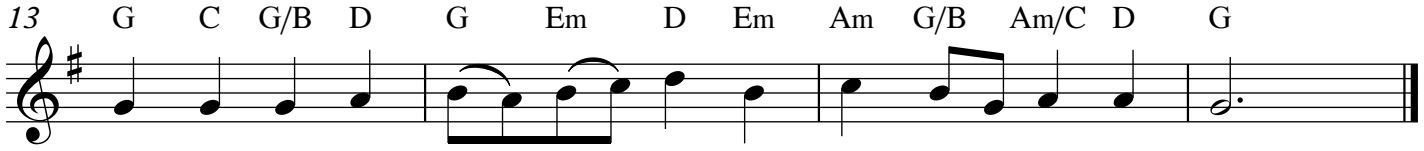

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we__ see thee lie! A -
For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath ered_ all a - bove, while
How si - lent - ly how si - lent - ly the won drous gift is given! So
O ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to__ us, we pray; cast




bove thy deep and dream less_ sleep the si - lent_ stars go by. Yet__
mor - tals sleep, the an - gels_ keep their watch of__ won-d'ring love. O__
God im - parts to hu - man_hearts the bless ings_ of his heaven. No__
out our sin and en - ter__ in; be born in__ us to - day. We__




in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing Light; the
morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And
ear may hear_ his__ co - ming; but in this world of sin, where
hear the Christ mas_ an - gels the great glad tid - ings tell; O




hopes and fears of all__ the__ years are met in Thee to - night.
prais - es sing to God_ the__ King, and peace to__ men on earth.
meek souls will re - cieve Him, still the dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide_ with_ us, our Lord I - man - u - el!

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