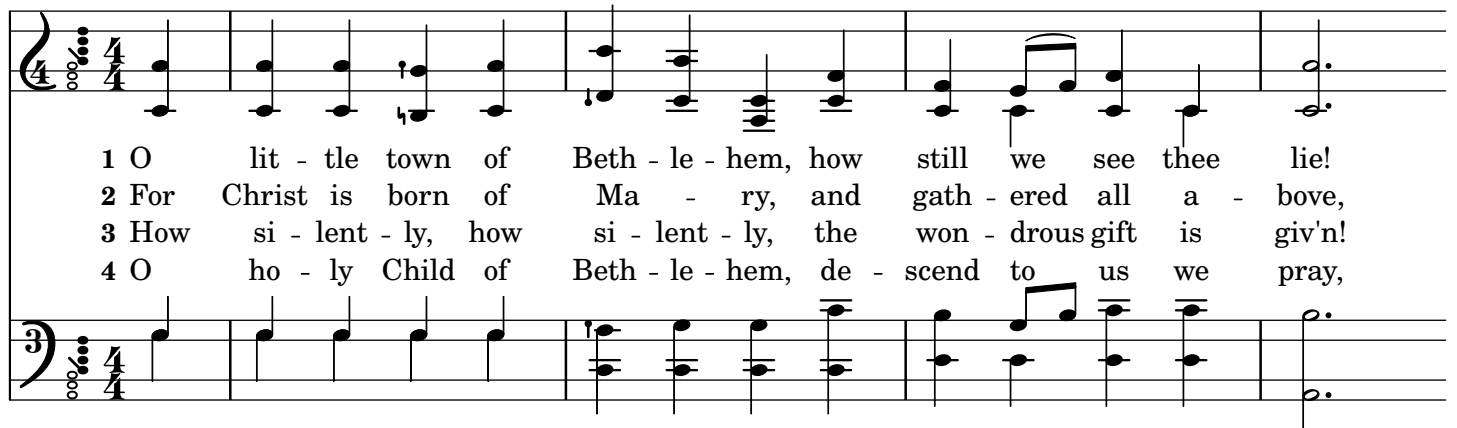


O little town of Bethlehem

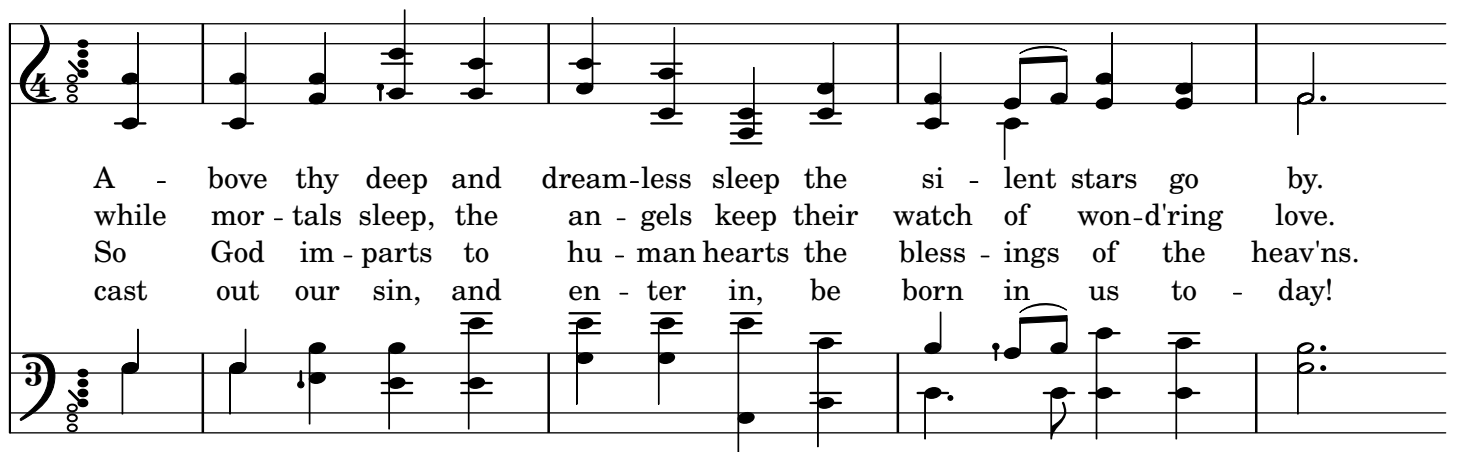
Text: Phillips Brooks, 1874

Music: Lewis H. Redner, 1874

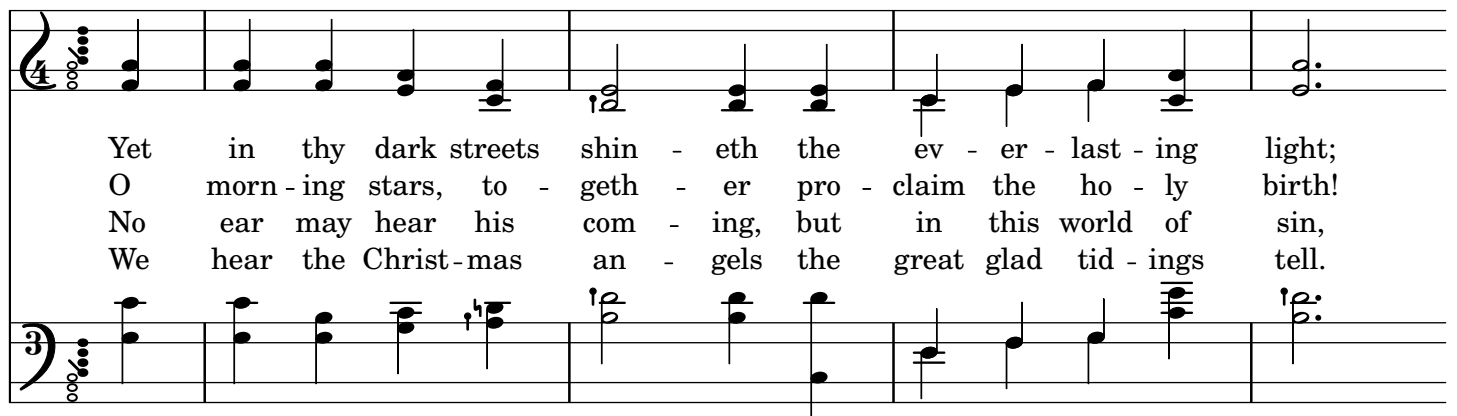
ST. LOUIS 86.86.76.86



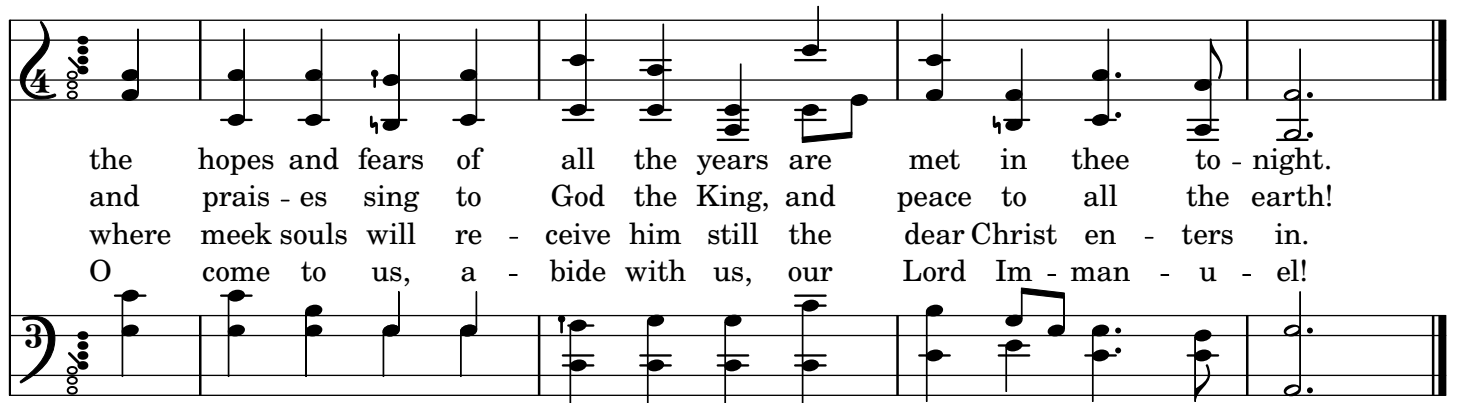
1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!
2 For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a - bove,
3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous gift is giv'n!
4 O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us we pray,



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep the si - lent stars go by.
while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won-d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of the heav'ns.
cast out our sin, and en - ter in, be born in us to - day!



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
No ear may hear his com - ing, but in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad tid - ings tell.



the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
and prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to all the earth!
where meek souls will re - ceive him still the dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Im - man - u - el!