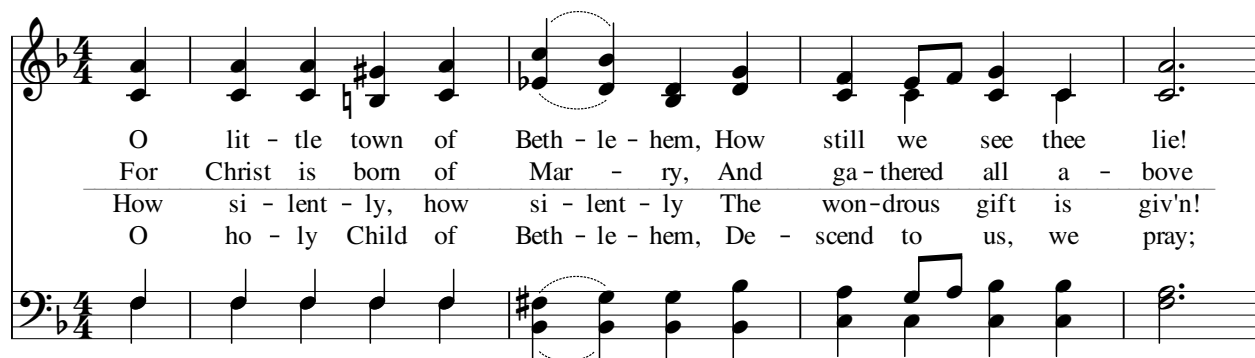


# O Little Town of Bethlehem

ST LOUIS

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

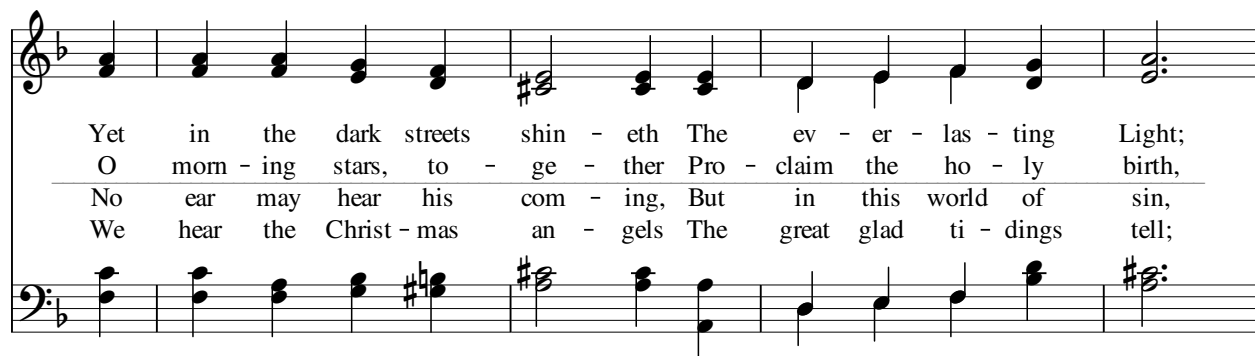
Lewis H Redner (1831-1908)



O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
For Christ is born of Mar - ry, And ga - thered all a - bove  
How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!  
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 his heav'n.  
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.



Yet in the dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - las - ting Light;  
O morn - ing stars, to - ge - ther 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 ti - dings 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 on 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 Em - ma - nu - el!