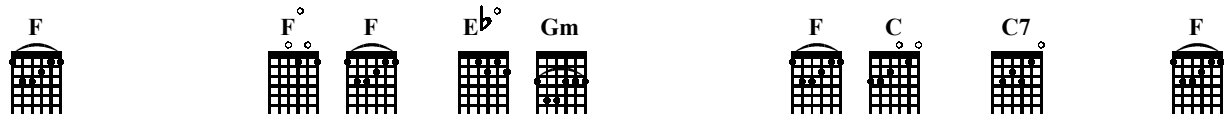
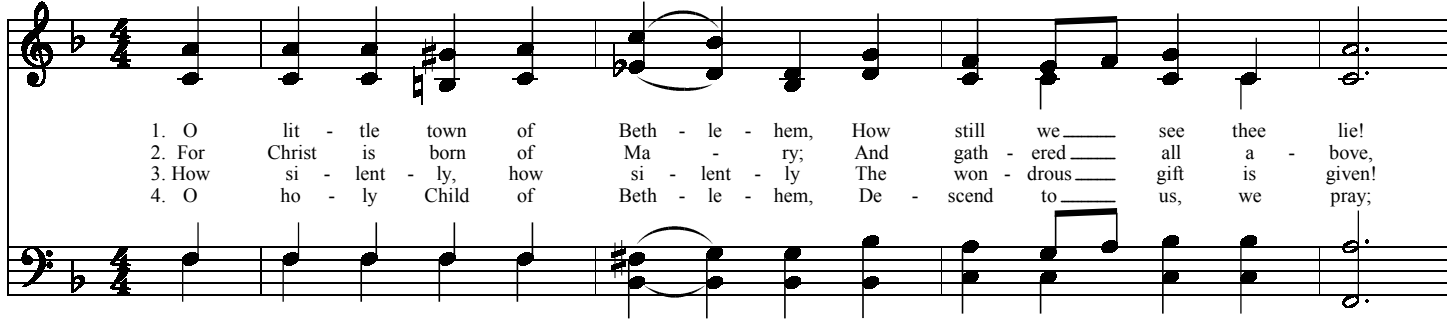


# O Little Town of Bethlehem


Phillips Brooks

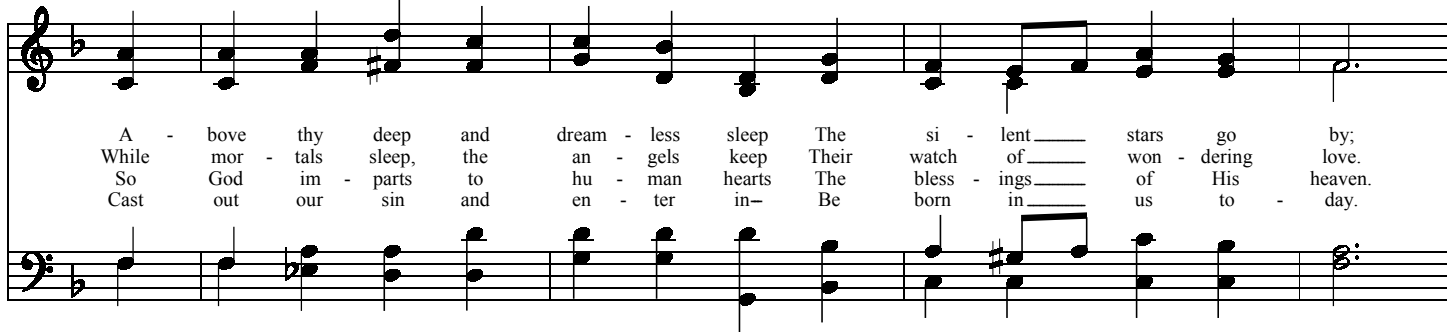
Lewis Henry Redner






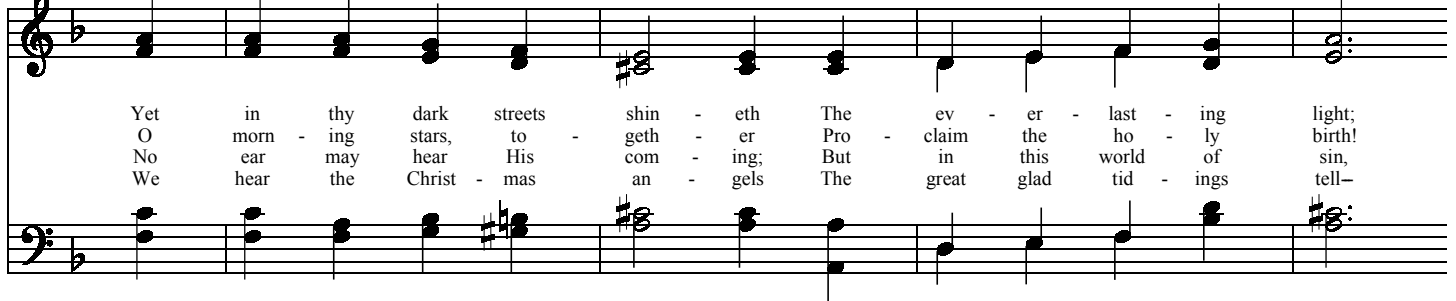
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is given!  
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;





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 - dering love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven.  
 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 -

F                      F<sup>o</sup>   F            B<sup>b</sup><sup>o</sup>   Gm                      B<sup>b</sup>                      F            G7                      F            C7                      F

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 men 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 Im - man - u - el!