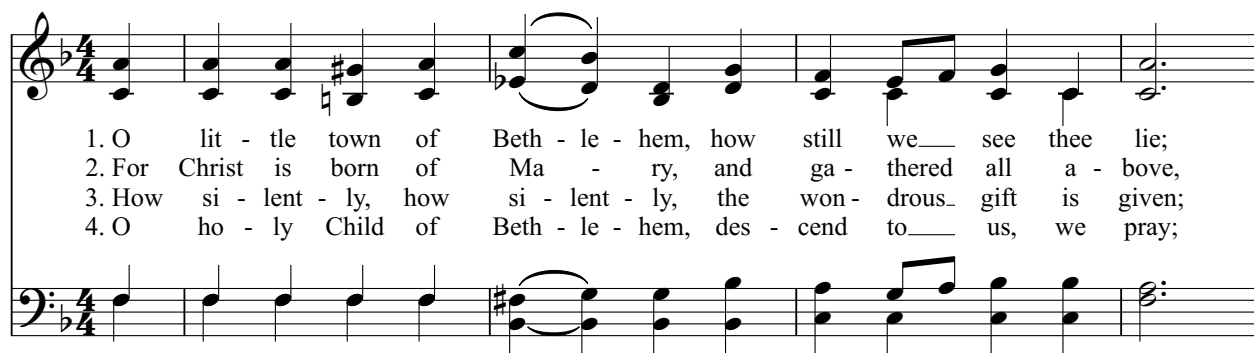


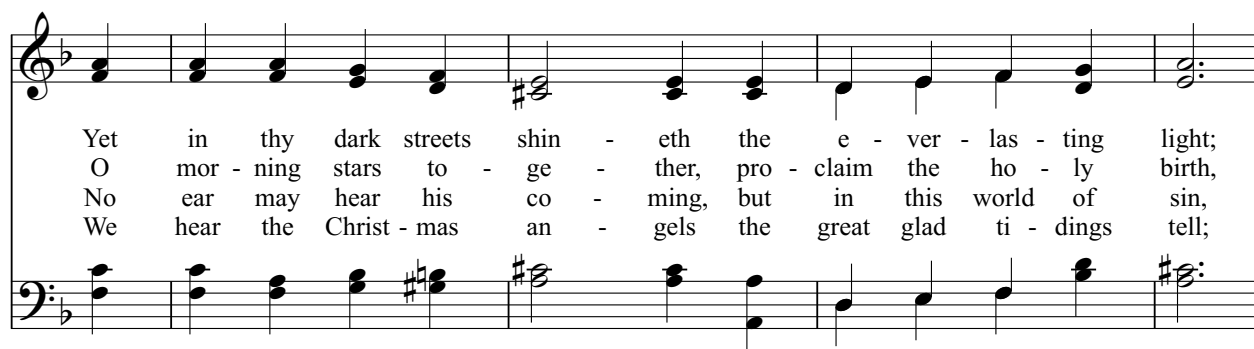
# O Little Town of Bethlehem



1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie;  
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and ga - thered 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, des - cend 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 bles - sings 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 e - ver - las - ting light;  
O mor - ning stars to - ge - ther, pro - claim the ho - ly birth,  
No ear may hear his co - ming, 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 prai - ses 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!

Text: Phillips Brooks, ca. 1868  
Tune: Lewis H. Redner, 1868



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ST. LOUIS  
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