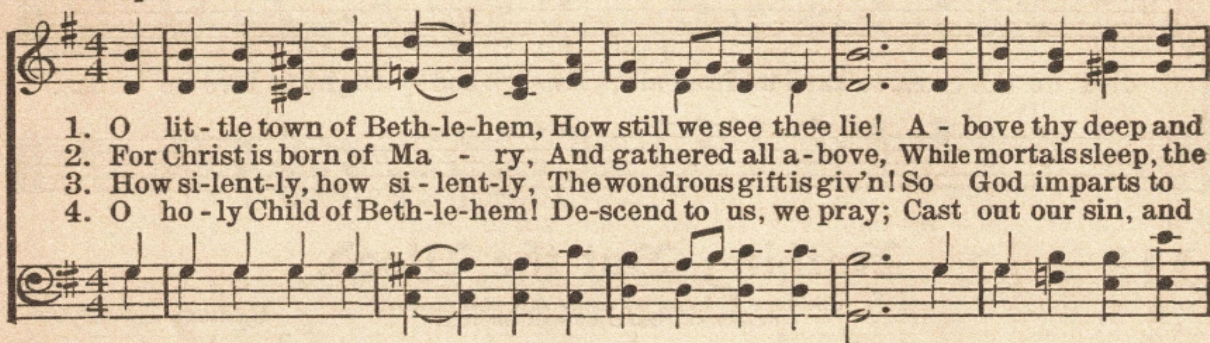


O Little Town of Bethlehem.

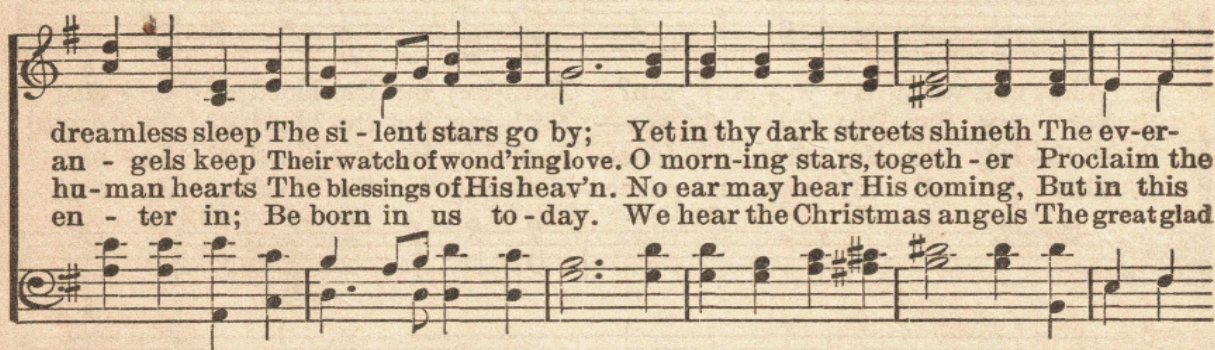
Phillips Brooks.

St. Louis.

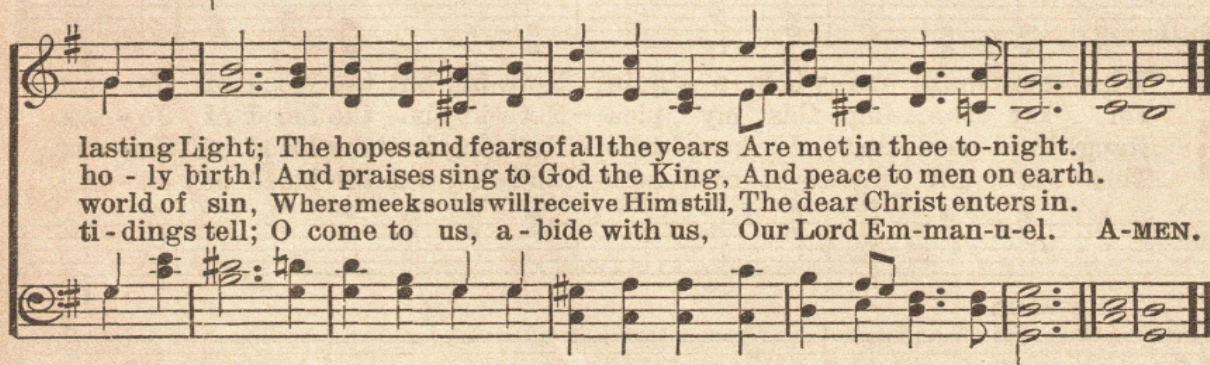
Lewis H. Redner.



1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a - bove, While mortallssleep, the
 3. How si-lent-ly, how si - lent-ly, The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God imparts to
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem! De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and



dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev-er-
 an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, togeth - er Proclaim the
 hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His coming, But in this
 en - ter in; Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad



lasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
 ho - ly birth! And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
 ti - dings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el. A-MEN.