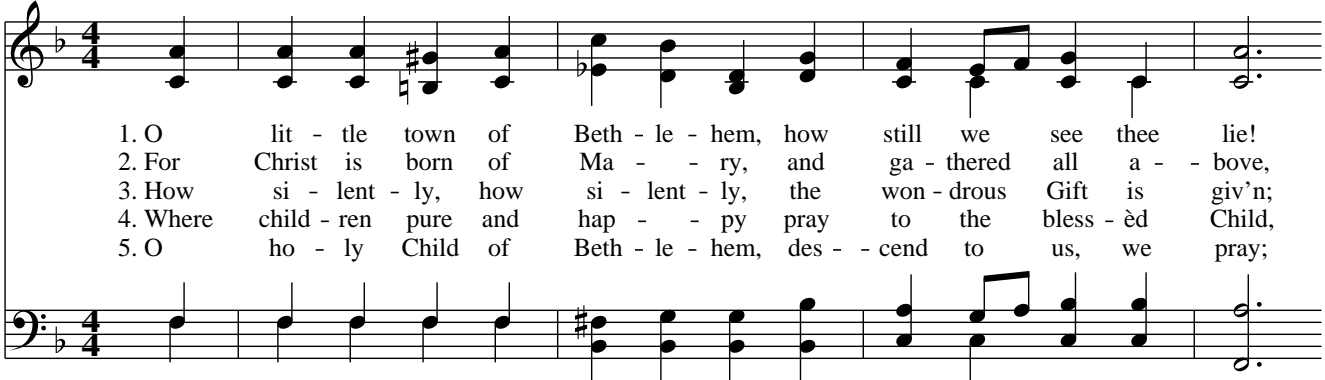



Words: Phillips Brooks, 1867. Music: 'St. Louis' Lewis H. Redner, 1868. Setting: "The Chapel Hymnal", 1898.  
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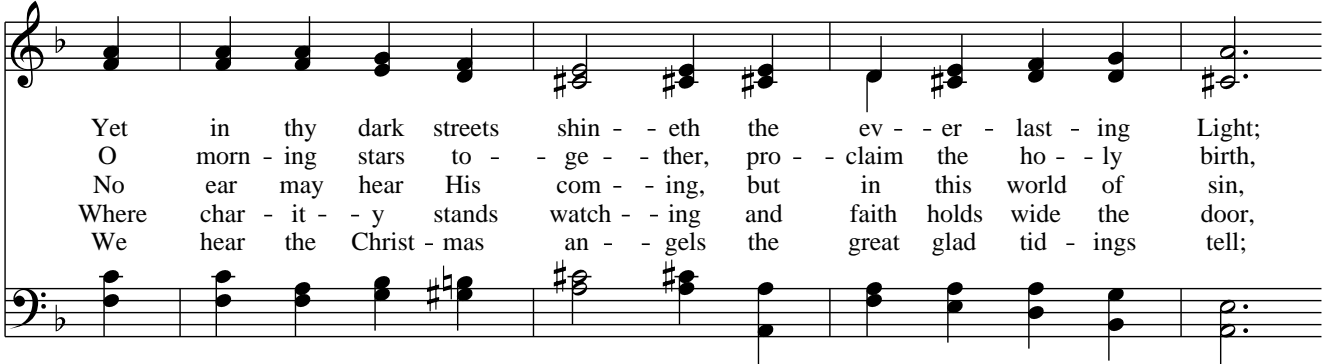
♩ = 100



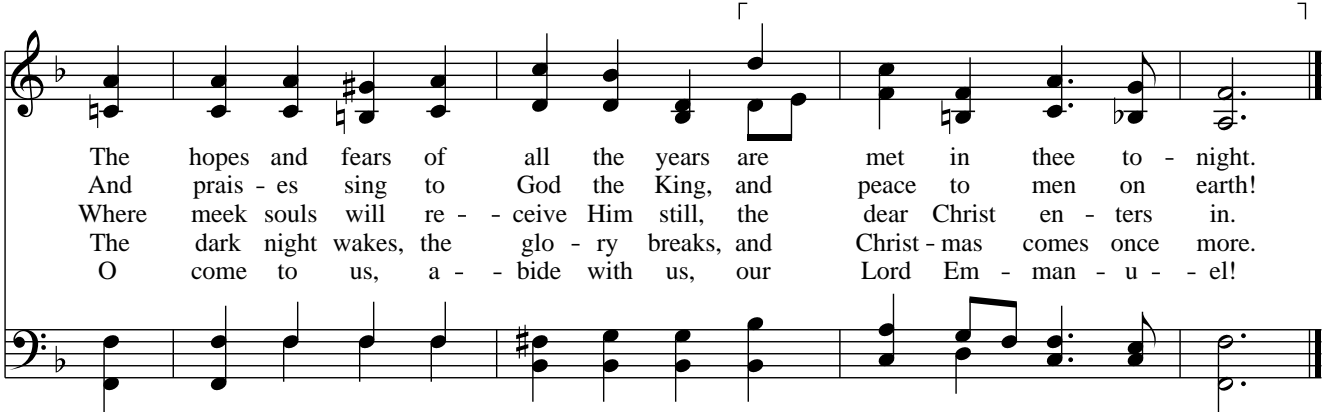
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry, and ga - thered all a - - bove,  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous Gift is giv'n;  
 4. Where child - ren pure and hap - - py pray to the bless - ed Child,  
 5. O ho - 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 - d'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of His Heav'n.  
 Where mi - ser - y cries out to Thee, Son of the mo - ther mild;  
 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 - - ge - - ther, pro - - claim the ho - - ly birth,  
 No ear may hear His com - - ing, but in this world of sin,  
 Where char - it - y stands watch - - ing and faith holds wide the door,  
 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 men on earth!  
 Where meek souls will re - - ceive Him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.  
 The dark night wakes, the glo - ry breaks, and Christ - mas comes once more.  
 O come to us, a - - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el!