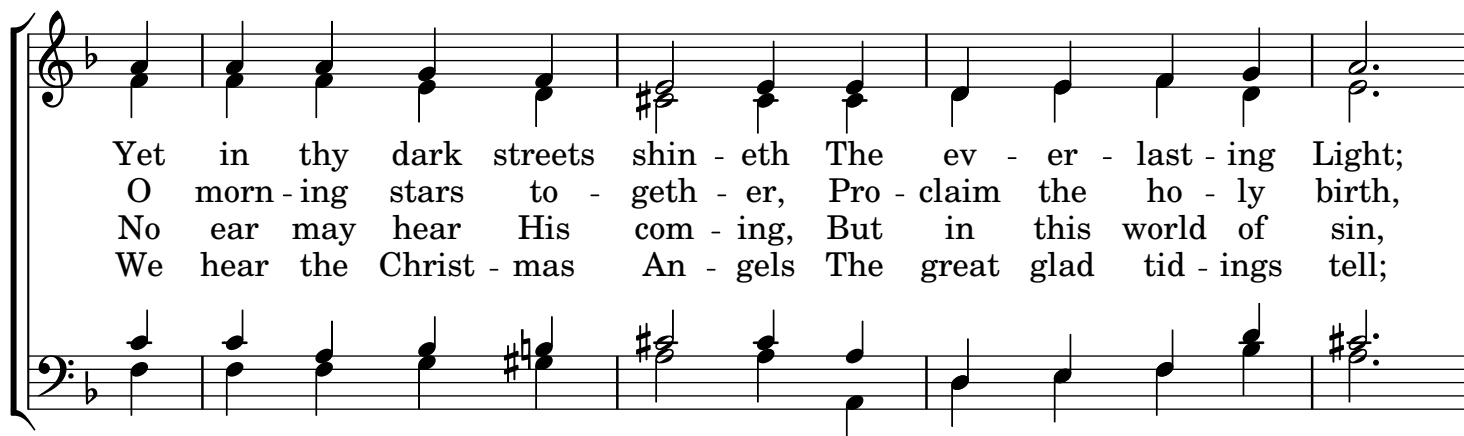


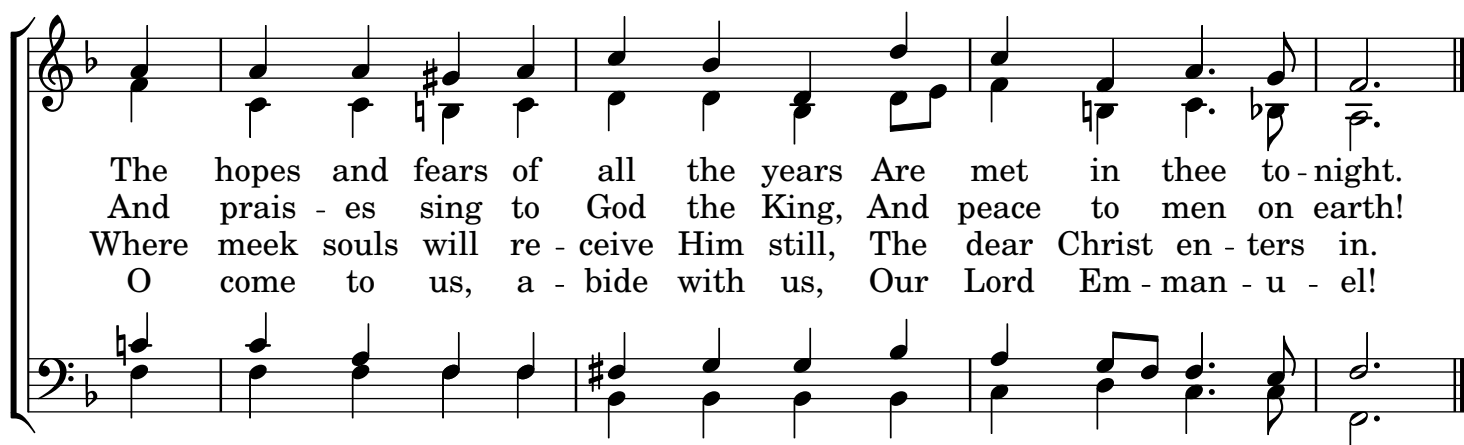
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2. For Christ is born of Mar - y, And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous Gift is giv'n;
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, Des - cend to us, we pray;



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 - d'ring love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bles - sings of His Heav'n.
 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;



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 Em - man - u - el!

4. Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessèd Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

5. O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas Angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!
Phillips Brooks, 1868