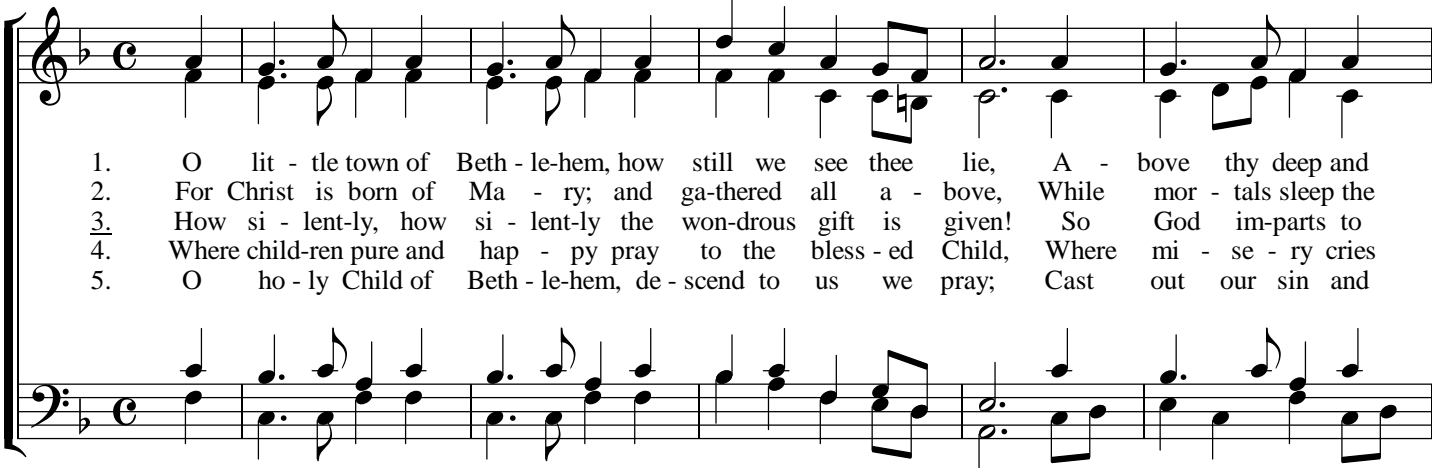


O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

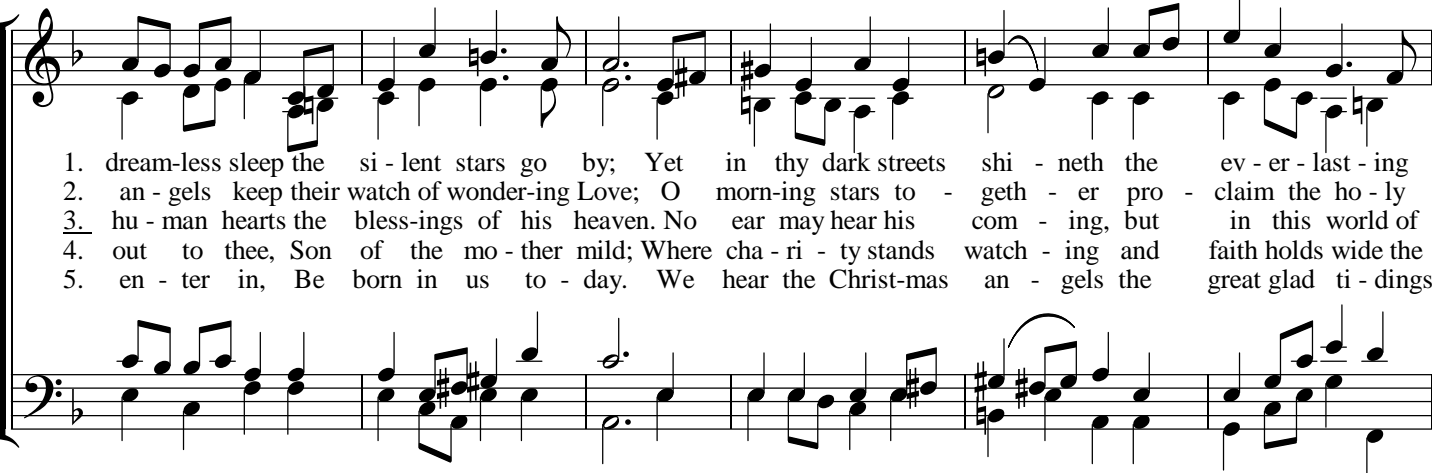
Henry Walford Davies (1869-1941)

1



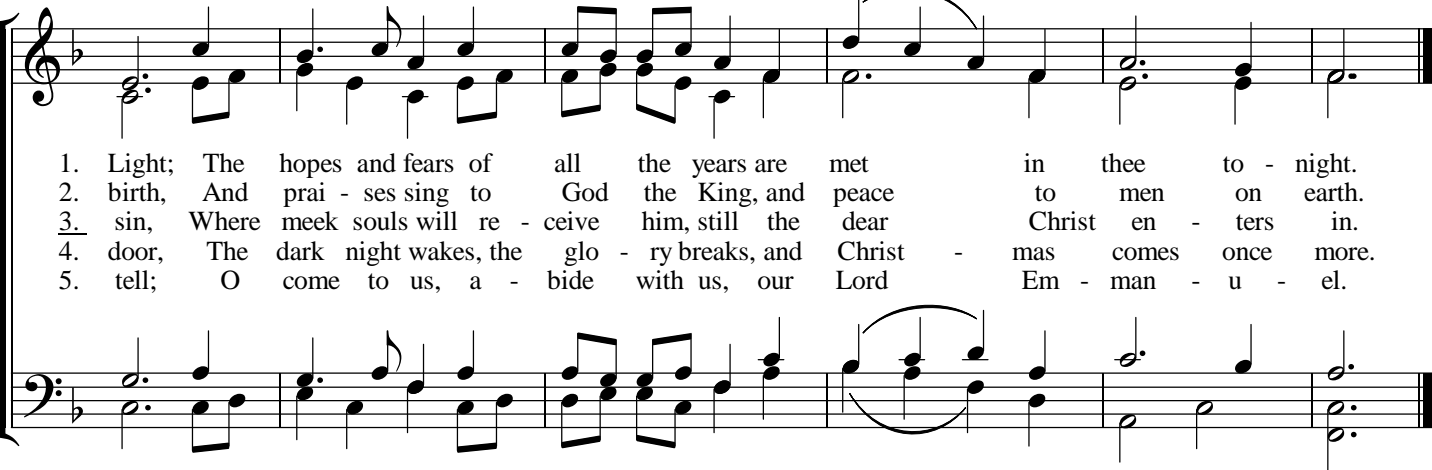
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le-hem, how still we see thee lie, A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; and ga-thered all a - bove, While mor - tals sleep the
3. How si - lent-ly, how si - lent-ly the won-drous gift is given! So God im-parts to
4. Where child-ren pure and hap - py pray to the bless - ed Child, Where mi - se - ry cries
5. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le-hem, de - scend to us we pray; Cast out our sin and

6



1. dream-less sleep the si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth the ev - er - last - ing
2. an - gels keep their watch of wonder-ing Love; O morn-ing stars to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly
3. hu - man hearts the bless-ings of his heaven. No ear may hear his com - ing, but in this world of
4. out to thee, Son of the mo - ther mild; Where cha - ri - ty stands watch - ing and faith holds wide the
5. en - ter in, Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christ-mas an - gels the great glad ti - dings

12



1. Light; The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
2. birth, And prai - ses sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.
3. sin, Where meek souls will re - ceive him, still the dear Christ en - ters in.
4. door, The dark night wakes, the glo - ry breaks, and Christ - mas comes once more.
5. tell; O come to us, a - bid with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el.