

Phillips Brooks

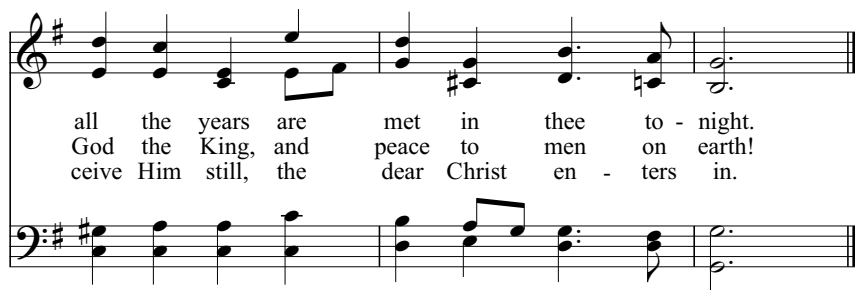
Lewis H. Redner

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a -
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous Gift is

lie! A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the
 bove, While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their
 giv'n; So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the

si - lent stars go by. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the
 watch of won - d'ring love. O morn - ing stars to - geth - er, pro -
 bles - ings of His Heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing, but

ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of
 claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to
 in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re -



all the years are met in thee to - night.
God the King, and peace to men on earth!
ceive Him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.