

# 41 O Little Town of Bethlehem

ST. LOUIS

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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

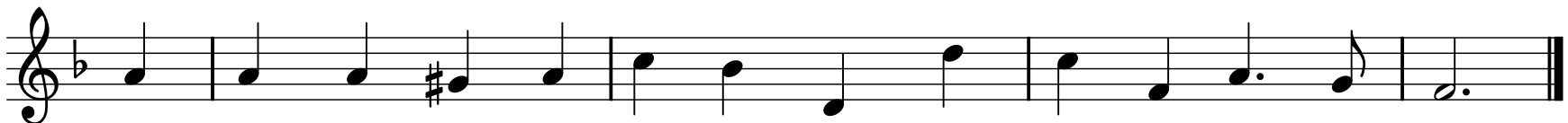


A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.



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,



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 all the earth!

3 How silently, how silently  
The wondrous gift is giv'n!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of his heav'n.  
No ear may hear his coming;  
But, in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive him still  
The dear Christ enters in.

4 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;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Immanuel!

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Hymn #41: O Little Town of Bethlehem

Text: Phillips Brooks, 1835-93

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*Lutheran Book of Worship*

Tune: Lewis H. Redner, 1831-1908

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