

57. O little town of Bethlehem

Words by
PHILLIPS BROOKS
(1835-93)

English traditional melody
arranged by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)
and (V. 4) THOMAS ARMSTRONG (6. 1898)

1. O lit tle town of Beth-le hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. O morn-ing stars, to- ge - ther Pro- claim the ho - ly birth,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won-drous gift is giv'n!

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by.
And prai - ses sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth;
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The e - ver - last - ing light;
For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And, gath - ered all a - bove,
No ear may hear his com - ing; But in this world of sin,

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
While mor-tais sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond - 'ring love.
Where meek souls will re - ceive-him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.

DESCANT

4. O ho - ly__ Child of Beth - le - hem, Des - cend to us, we pray;

UNISON VOICES

Cast out our__ sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

We__ hear the Christ - mas an - - gels The great glad ti - dings tell:

O come to__ us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.