

57. O little town of Bethlehem

Words by
PHILLIPS BROOKS
(1835-93)

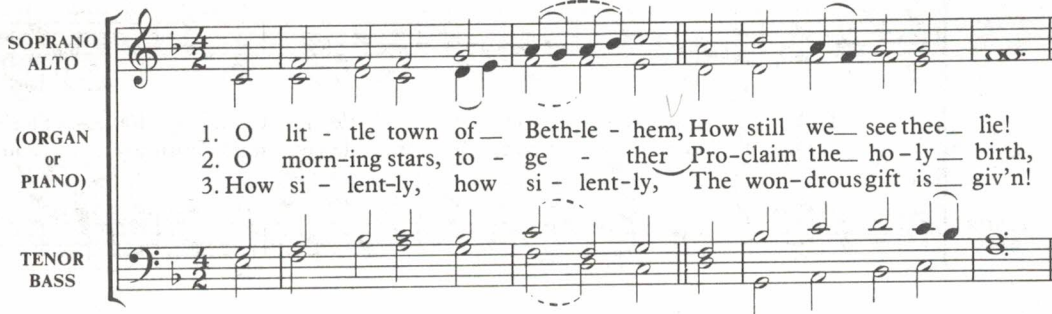
English traditional melody

arranged by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)
and (V. 4) THOMAS ARMSTRONG (b. 1898)

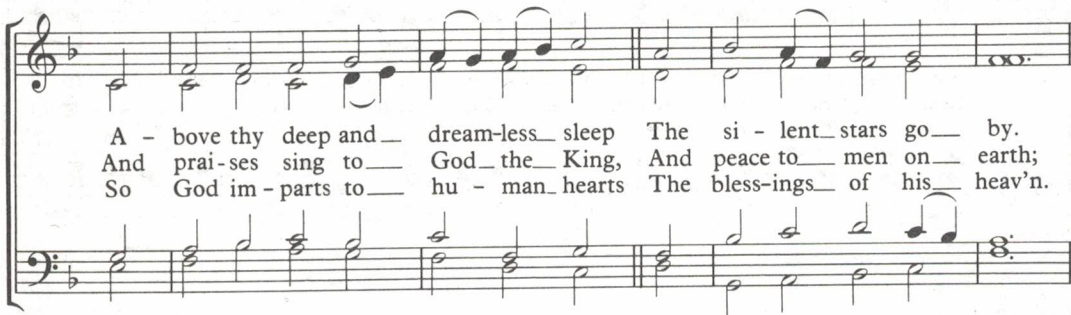
SOPRANO
ALTO

(ORGAN
or
PIANO)

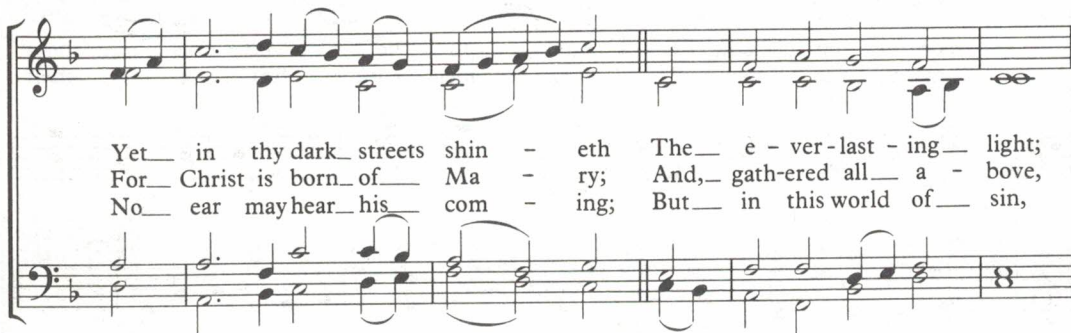
TENOR
BASS



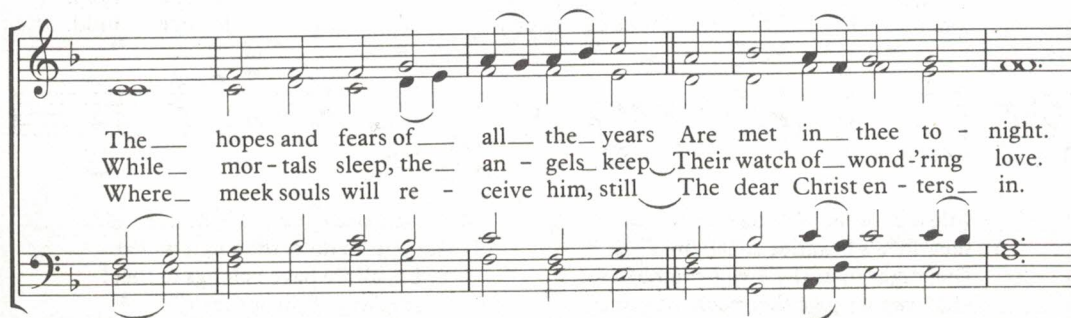
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. O morn - ing stars, to - ge - ther Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!



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 - tals 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.

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DESCANT

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

UNISON VOICES

ORGAN or PIANO

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.

For alternative tune by Walford Davies, see p. 382.