

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks (1868) FOREST GREEN (English trad. harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams 187-1958)

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!  
2. For *Christ is born of Ma - ry, and ga - thered all a - bove,*  
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - len - tly the won - der - ous gift is givn!  
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, de - scend to us we pray.

6

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 - dering love.*  
so God im - parts to mor - tal hearts the bles - sings of his heaven.  
*Cast out our sin, and ent - er in, be born in us to - day.*

11

Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth the e - ver - last - ing light;  
O *mor - ningstars, to - ge - ther pro - claim the ho - ly birth,*  
No ear may hear his co - ming, but in this world of sin,  
We *hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad ti - dings tell;*

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the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.  
*and prai - ses sing to God the King, and peace to all on earth.*  
where meek souls will re - ceive him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.  
O *come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord E - man - nu - el.*