

O Little Town of Bethlehem

words by Phillips Brooks, 1867

Forest Green, traditional English
harm. by Ralph Vaughan Williams

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie! A -
 2. For Christ is born of Mar - y, and gath - ered all a - bove, While
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous Gift is giv'n; So
 4. Where chil - dren pure and hap - py pray to the bles - sed Child, Where

bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by. Yet
 mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love. O
 God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bles - sings of His heav'n. No
 mis - er - y cries out to Thee, Son of the moth - er mild; Where

in thy dark streets shi - neth the ev - er - las - ting Light; The
 mor - ning stars to - geth - er, pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And
 ear may hear His com - ing, but in this world of sin, Where
 char - i - ty stands watch - ing and faith holds wide the door, The

hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
 prai - ses sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth!
 meek souls will re - ceive Him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.
 dark night wakes, the glo - ry breaks, and Christ - mas comes once more.