

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a -
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous Gift is
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we

lie! A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep
bove, While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep
giv'n; So God im - parts to hu - man hearts
pray; Cast out our sin, and en - ter in,

The si - lent stars go by. Yet in thy dark streets
Their watch of won - d'ring love. O morn - ing stars to -
The bless - ings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His
Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christ - mas

shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
geth - er, Pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And
com - ing, But in this world of sin, Where
an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell; O

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!