

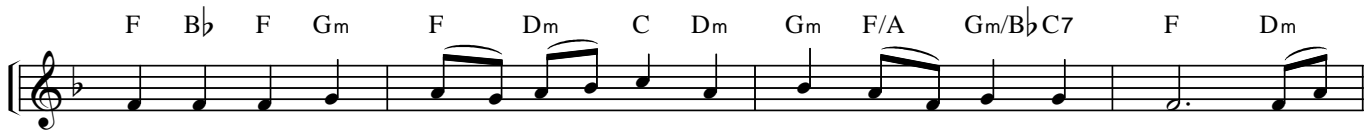
# O Little Town of Bethlehem

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.