

O Little Town of Bethlehem

FOREST GREEN

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Mar - y and, gath - ered all a - bove,
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.
while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of His heav'n.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
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.
and prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.
where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.

WORDS: Phillips Brooks, 1868

MUSIC: English folk tune; harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

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