

2. O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Words by
BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS

English traditional tune
arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
Descant by THOMAS ARMSTRONG
Verse 3 arranged by PHILIP LEDGER

SOPRANO
ALTO

(ORGAN)

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee
2 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly

TENOR
BASS

lie! A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by. Yet
birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth; For

in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light; The
Christ is born of Ma - ry; And, gath - ered all a - bove, While

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond - 'ring love.

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nur Sopra beginnt

SOPRANO
ALTO

(ORGAN)

TENOR
BASS

3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is

giv'n! So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his

heav'n. No ear may hear his com - ing; But in this world of

sin, Where meek souls will re - ceive him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.

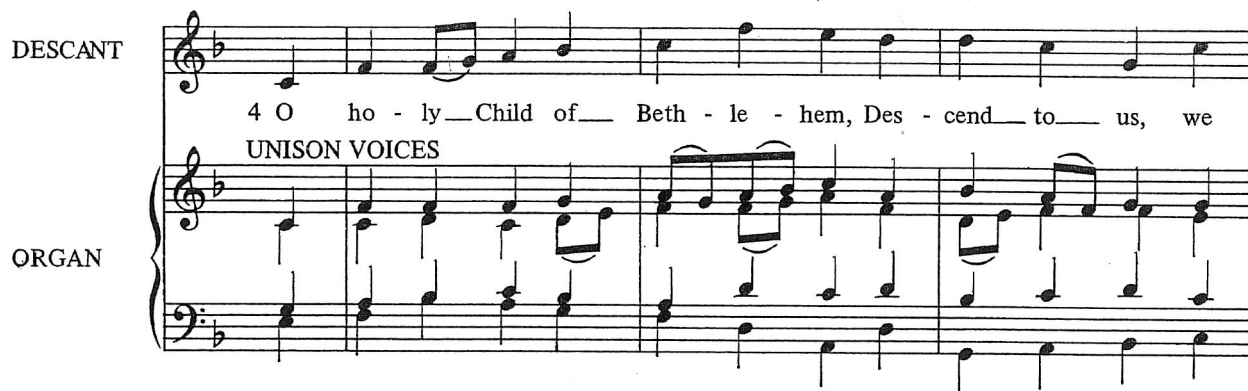
nur Sopran 1

DESCANT

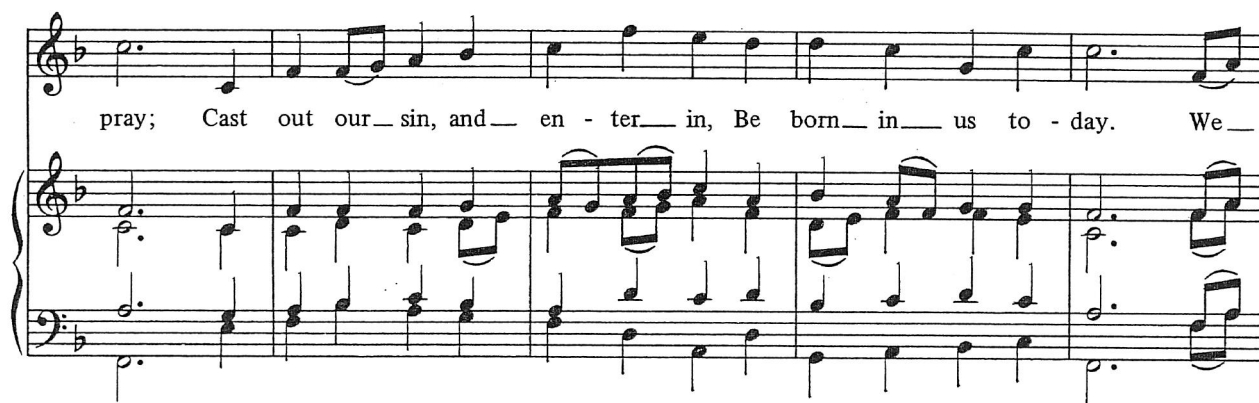
4 O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, Des - cend to us, we

UNISON VOICES

ORGAN



pray; Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day. We



hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell: O



come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.

