

## 99. O little town of Bethlehem

Words by  
PHILLIPS BROOKS  
(1835–93)

English traditional melody  
arranged by  
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)  
and (V. 4) THOMAS ARMSTRONG (b. 1898)

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
O morning stars, to - ge - ther Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,  
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.  
And prai - ses sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth;  
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n.

Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth The e - ver - last - ing light;  
For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And, gath - ered all a - bove,  
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.  
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.  
Where meek souls will re - ceive him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.

O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, Des - cend to us, we 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: *undotted*

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