

O Little Town of Bethlehem

♩ = 120 E A D A Bm A F#m E F#m

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry, and
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the

3 Bm A Bm7 E7 A E A D A Bm

still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
 gath - ered all a - bove, while mor - tals sleep, the
 won - der is made known, when God im - parts to

6 A E F#m Bm A Bm7 E7 A F#m

dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by; yet
 an - gels keep their watch of won - dering love. O
 hu - man hearts the gift that is our own. No

9 C#m D E7 F#m7 E7 A F#m E E7

in thy dark streets shin - - neth the
 morn - ing stars, to - geth - - er pro -
 ear may hear that com - - ing, but

11 A Bm F#m E F#m7 E A D A Bm

ev - er - last - ing light; the hopes and fears of
 - claim the ho - ly birth. Let prais - es ring: from
 in this world - ly din, when souls are tru - ly

14 A F#m E F#m Bm A Bm7 E7 A

all the years are met in thee to - night.
 God they bring good - will to all on earth.
 hum - ble, then the dear babe rests with - in.

Words: Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893, alt.

Music: English melody, harmony by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958

Singing the Living Tradition #247

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FOREST GREEN

8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.