

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Words by Phillips Brooks

Music traditional

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee
 2. O morn - ing stars, to - ge - ther Pro - claim the ho - ly
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is

lie! A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep, the si - lent stars go
 birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to men on
 giv'n! So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his

by. yet in thy dark streets shin - - eth The
 earth; For Christ is born of Ma - - ry; And,
 heav'n. No ear may hear his com - - ing; But

ev - er - last - ing light; The hopes and fears of
 ga - thered all a - bove, The While mor - tals sleep, the
 in tghis world of sin, Where meek souls will re -

FOREST GREEN, music collected, adapted and arranged by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

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THE THREE KINGS

Words and Music by Peter Cornelius

Translated by H.N. Bates

Arranged by Ivor Atkins

$\text{♩} = 54$

1. Three kings from Per - sian lands a - far To Jor - dan fol - low the

point - ing star: And to this quest of the tra - vel - lers three, Where the

new - born King of the Jews may be. Full roy - al gifts they bear for the

King: Gold, in - cense, myrrh are their of - fer - ing. 2. The star shines

out with a stead - fast ray; The kings to Beth - le hem make their way, And there in

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

Anon.

$\text{♩} = 104$

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O
 2. God of God, Light of Light
 3. See how the shep - herds, Sum - moned to his cra - dle,

come ye, O come ye to Beth - - le - hem;
 Lo! he ab - hors ye not the Vir - - gin's womb;
 Leav - ing their flocks, draw nigh to gaze.

Come and be - hold God, him Born the King of An - gels:
 Ve - ry will God, be - got - ten, not cre - at - ed: O
 We, too, will thi - ther Bend our joy - ful foot - steps:

come let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, O

come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord!

4. Lo! Star-led chieftains,
 Magi, Christ adoring,
 Offer him incense, gold and myrrh;
 We to the Christ Child
 Bring our hearts' oblations:

5. Child, for us sinners
 Poor and in the manger,
 Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
 Who would not love thee,
 Loving us so dearly?