

**THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM:  
A SHORT CANTATA FOR  
CHRISTMAS SERVICES, &C.**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649344604

The story of Bethlehem: a short cantata for Christmas services, &c. by John E. West & Shapcott  
Wensley

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**JOHN E. WEST & SHAPCOTT WENSLEY**

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A SHORT CANTATA FOR  
CHRISTMAS SERVICES, &C.**



NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

7:0306

THE  
STORY OF BETHLEHEM

A SHORT SACRED CANTATA

FOR CHRISTMAS SERVICES, &c.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

JOHN E. WEST.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Tonic Sol-fa, One Shilling.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

AND

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO., NEW YORK.

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J. SCHIRMER, JR.  
(Boston Music Co.)  
28 NASSAU ST. BOSTON

# THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM.

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## I.

Bethlehem, O Bethlehem !  
Not least art thou among fair Judah's princes.  
For out of thee a ruler shall come forth,  
And He shall be the shepherd of my people.

## II.

O'er Salem's towers and Zion's steep,  
The peaceful moonlight reigns ;  
And shepherds fold their flocks to sleep,  
On Bethlehem's star-lit plains.

Now hushed is every earthly sound  
Beneath the solemn skies ;  
In stillness deep, in peace profound,  
The world expectant lies.

O holy night ! Blest hour sublime !  
Thou gift divine and free !  
The troubled heart through endless time,  
Shall turn with joy to thee.

More blest by far than kings of might,  
Are Judah's lowly swains,  
Who watch their flocks this holy night,  
On Bethlehem's silent plains.

## III.

O lonely watchers through the silent hours,  
Uplift your eyes ! A growing glory breaks,  
More fair than all the jewels of the sky ;  
For shining angels bear to you this night  
Sweet words of peace from heaven's Eternal  
King !

## IV.

A light from the land immortal,  
All heaven with its splendour fills,  
It falls on the silent watchers,  
It shines on the midnight hills,  
O'erwhelmed by the wondrous glory,  
The shepherds are sore afraid ;  
But the angel of God is near them,  
And bids them be undismayed.

And the message of love is spoken :  
" Good tidings of joy I bring,  
Behold in the city of David,  
Is born your Saviour and King,"  
And lo ! with the radiant angel  
Is seen an immortal throng,  
And wide through the hush of midnight,  
Is borne their celestial song.

For the beauty of heaven is beaming,  
And stars of the night grow dim,  
While over the land enchanted,  
There rolls the majestic hymn,  
The wonderful angel-anthem,  
Proclaiming the Saviour's birth :  
" To God in the highest, glory,  
And peace and good-will on earth."

## V.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem,  
And see these things which have come to pass,  
Which the Lord hath made known unto us.

## VI.

*(From Hy. A. & M., No. 59.)*

O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;  
Come and behold Him  
Born, the King of Angels ;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.  
God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created :  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.  
Sing, choirs of Angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above :  
" Glory to God  
In the highest " ;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.  
Amen.

## VII.

In Bethlehem's ancient city,  
The infant Saviour lies,  
The mother is bending o'er him,  
With love in her gentle eyes ;  
The mother so pure and holy,  
With love in her gentle eyes.  
"The Inn has no room, beloved,  
Where Thou mayest lay Thy head ;  
But slumber Thou here, beloved,  
In peace in Thy manger bed."

O not to a stately palace,  
Are Bethlehem's shepherds shown ;  
For rude is the humble dwelling,  
And guarded by love alone ;  
Where Mary in saintly beauty,  
Bends over that lowly throne :  
"O calm be Thy sleep, beloved,  
Though poor be Thy natal shed,  
For angels of God, beloved,  
Shall watch o'er Thy manger bed."

## VIII.

And the shepherds made known the story  
Which was told them by the angels ;  
And they that heard it wondered.  
But Mary kept all these sayings,  
And pondered them in her heart.

## IX.

Now o'er the plains at break of day,  
The shepherds take their homeward way,  
And fill with joy the smiling morn,  
Proclaiming ever, Christ is born !

O blest are they who caught the sound,  
That rent the calm of night profound ;  
Who heard the herald angels sing,  
Glad tidings of the new born King.

O blest of all mankind are they,  
Who sought the manger where He lay :—  
On whom the gentle mother smiled,  
Whilst watching near the holy child.

O happy shepherds ! earth would raise  
Her song to join your fervent praise ;  
And turn with hope to catch the light,  
That filled your souls that wondrous night.

## X.

Shepherds of Bethlehem, rejoice !  
Uplift to God your grateful hearts !  
Proclaim afar the wonders of His grace,  
Till all the tongues of earth shall join your  
songs !

In Bethlehem's city there is born this day,  
A glorious Saviour, which is Christ the Lord !

## XI.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye nations,  
And bid contention cease !  
Go kneel with Bethlehem's shepherd swains,  
Before the Prince of Peace.  
Ye kings of earthly splendour,  
His mightier sway confess,  
Whose glory is humility,  
Whose crown is righteousness !

Ye sad and heavy laden,  
Who feel the proud world's scorn,  
Let hope light up your weary hearts,  
For Christ the Lord is born !  
All ye by sin enfeathered,  
All ye by grief oppressed,  
O dry your eyes, and turn to Him,  
And He will give you rest.

Rejoice, ye teeming cities,  
Your Prince has come to reign !  
Rejoice, ye islands lone and far,  
That gem the azure main !  
Let flowers in fragrant beauty,  
Earth's desert wastes adorn,  
And love be throned in every heart,  
For Christ the Lord is born !

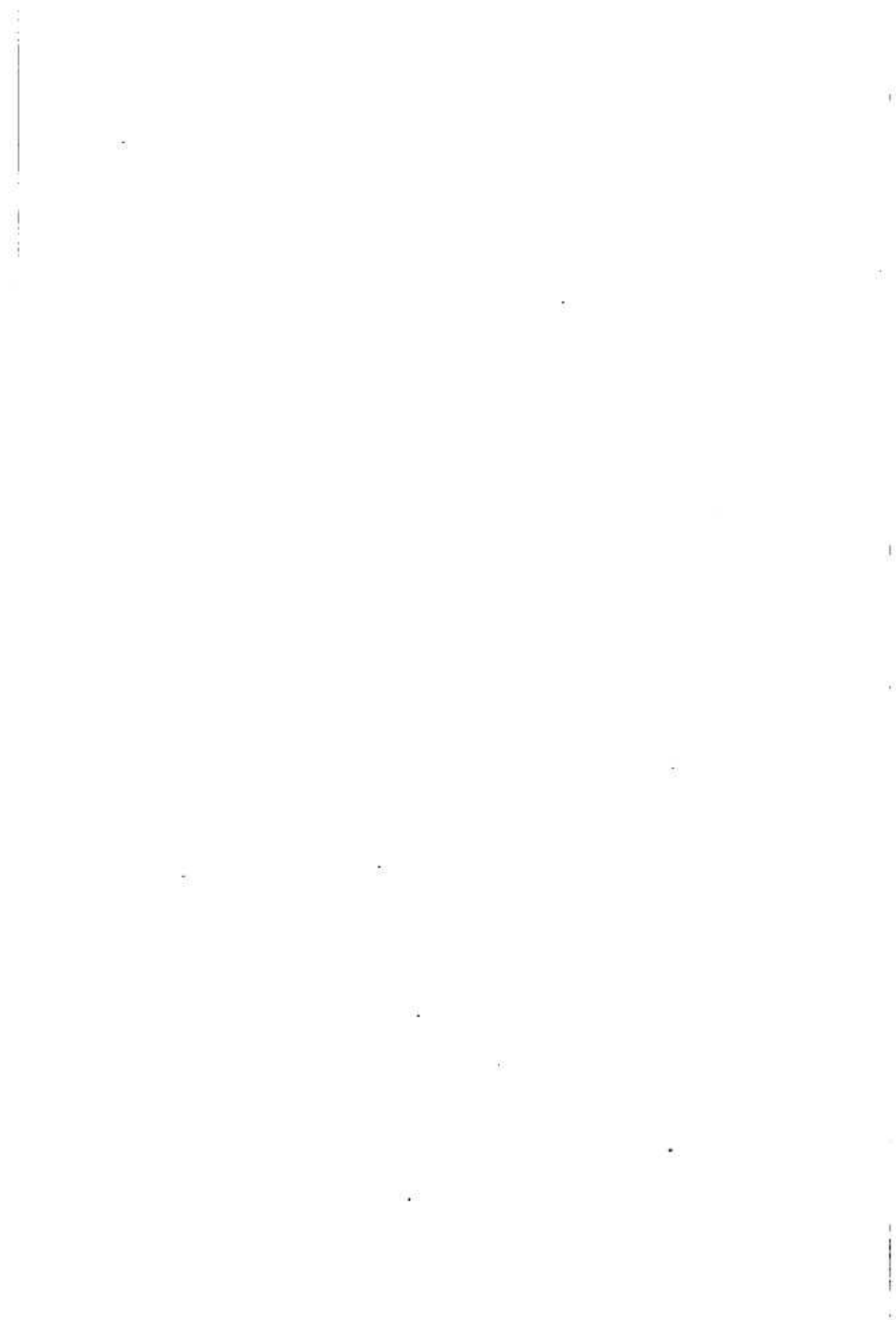
SHAPCOTT WENSLEY.

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# THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM.

## Nº1. INTRODUCTION, RECIT BASS, and CHORUS. BETHLEHEM, O BETHLEHEM.

Shapcott Wensley.

John E. West.

*Con moto moderato e maestoso. ♩ = 99.*

Organ.

*f* *Gt*

Ped.

*mf* Full Sw. *cresc.*

*f* *Gt* *cresc.*

*ff* *poco rit.*

10922

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*Adagio.*  
BASS SOLO. RECIT.

*Andante assai. ♩ = 66.*  
*a tempo*

Beth-le-hem, O— Beth-le-hem! Not least art thou a-mong fair

Sw. *sf*  
Ped.

Ju - dah's princes. For out of thee a

*cresc.*

*Gt. mf* *Sw. mf* *cresc.*

ruler shall come forth, And He shall be the shep-herd of my

*Ch. or Gt.*

Ped.

peo - - ple

*Sw.* *poco rall.*