

God rest you merry, gentlemen

English traditional (arr. John Stainer)

God rest you, mer - ry gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may, Re-

- mem - ber Christ our Sa - vi - our Was born on Christ - mas Day; To save us all from

Chorus

Satan' s pow'r When we were gone a - stray; O ti - dings of com - fort and

joy, com - fort and joy, O ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

2.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed Morn;
The which His Mother Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.

3.

From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came;
And unto certain Shepherds,
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.
O tidings, &c.

4.

“Fear not then,” said the Angel,
“Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan’s power and might.”
O tidings, &c.

5.

The shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.
O tidings, &c.

6.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings, &c.

7.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.
O tidings, &c.