



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

# God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen

*Unknown writer*

God rest you merry, gentlemen!  
Let nothing you dismay;  
Remember Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem in Jury  
This blessed Babe was born,  
And laid within a manger  
Upon this blessed morn;  
The which His Mother Mary  
Nothing did take in scorn.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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 of comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

"Fear not," then said the angel,  
"Let nothing you affright;  
This day is born a Saviour  
Of virtue, power, and might;  
So frequently to vanquish all  
The friends of Satan quite."  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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  
This blessed Babe to find.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.



But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Where this dear Infant lay,  
They found Him in a manger  
Where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary, kneeling,  
Unto the Lord did pray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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 others doth efface.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

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