

# God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Celtic Thunder

God rest ye merry, gentlemen  
Let nothing you dismay  
Remember, Christ, our Savior  
Was born on Christmas Day  
To save us all from Satan's pow'r  
When we were gone astray  
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy

From God, our Heav'nly 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, comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy

And when they came to Bethlehem

Where our dear Savior lay  
They found Him in a manger  
Where oxen feed on hay  
His Mother Mary kneeling down  
Unto the Lord did pray  
O tidings of comfort and joy, 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 deface  
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy