

# God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Roger Whittaker

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 power  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,  
This blessed Babe was born,  
And laid within a manger,  
Upon this blessed morn;  
That which His Mother Mary,  
Did nothing take in scorn.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
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,  
Comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

"Fear not," then said the Angel,  
"let nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Savior  
Of pure Virgin bright,  
To free all those who trust in Him  
From Satan's power and might."  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
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,  
The Son of God to find.  
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 other doth deface.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy