

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Tarja Turunen

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

In Bethlehem, in Israel
This blessed babe was born
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn
The which his mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
Oh, 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
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy

Fear not, then said the Angel
Let nothing you affright
This day is born a Savior
Of a pure virgin bright
To free all those who trust in him
From Satan's power and might
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
Oh, 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 son of God to find
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
Oh, 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
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy