

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

Weihnachtslied aus England

1. God rest you mer - ry, gent - le - men, let no - thing you dis - may, for
Je - sus Christ, our sa - vi - our, was born on Christ - mas day, to
save us all from Sa - tan's power, when we had gone a - stray. Oh____
tid - ings of com - fort and joy, com - fort and joy! Oh____
tid - ings of com - fort and joy!

2. 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...
3. 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.
Oh tidings of comfort and joy...
4. 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 blessed babe to find.
Oh tidings of comfort and joy...
5. But when to Bethlehem they came, whereat this infant lay,
they found him in a manger, where oxen feed on hay;
his mother, Mary, kneeling unto the Lord did pray.
Oh tidings of comfort and joy...
6. 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.
Oh tidings of comfort and joy...