

God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

Bruce Cockburn

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 layed within a manger
Upon this blessed morn
For 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! 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!

Songwriters

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