

God Rest ye Merry Gentlemen

Rhett Taylor

God rest ye merry, gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay
Remember Christ our Saviour
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
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
And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Saviour 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
Comfort and joy, comfort and joy
Comfort and joy, comfort and joy, joy

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