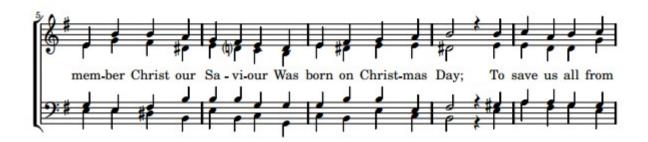
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

Traditional









In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
 This blessed Babe was born,
 And laid within a manger,
 Upon this blessed Morn;
 The which His Mother Mary,
 Did nothing take in scorn.

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy, O tidings of comfort and joy.

- 3. 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.
- 4. 'Fear not then,' said the Angel, 'Let nothing you affright, This day is born a Saviour Of a poor Virgin bright, To free all those who trust in Him From Satan's power and might.'

- 5. 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.
- 6. 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.
- 7. 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.