

# God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Fit for a King

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

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  
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

"Fear not then," said the Angel,  
"Let nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Saviour  
Of a pure Virgin bright,  
To free all those who trust in Him  
From Satan's power and might."  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O 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  
The Son of God to find.  
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.