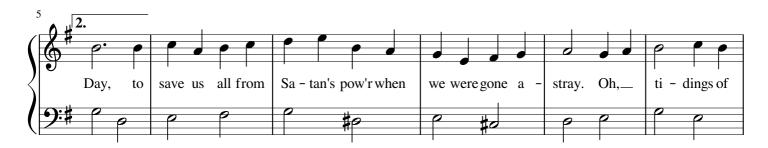
God Rest You Merry, Gentlmen

English Carol

Traditional, 1833































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 ...

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 ...

In Bethlehem, in Jury, This blessed Babe was born, And laid within a manger Upon this blessed morn, The which His Mother Mary Did nothing take in scorn: Oh tidings ...

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 ...

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, This blessed Babe to find: Oh tidings ...