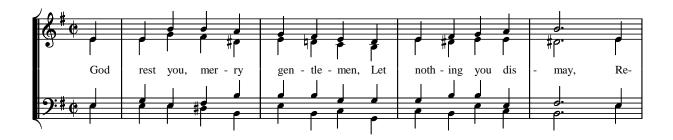
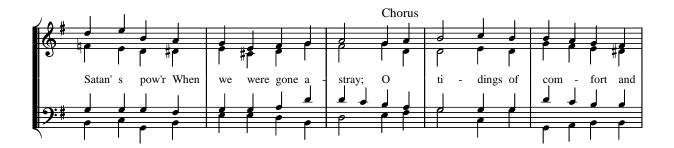
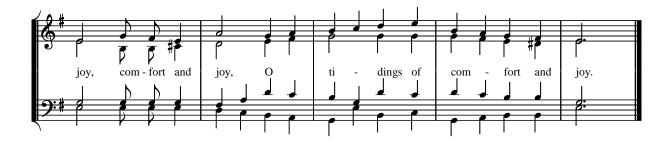
God rest you merry, gentlemen

English traditional (arr. John Stainer)









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2.

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, &c.

### 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. O tidings, &c.

### 4.

"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, &c.

#### 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. O tidings, &c.

# 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. O tidings, &c.

# 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. O tidings, &c.