



God rest ye merry gentlemen

(SMA choir and organ ad lib)

Traditional

Harm. : Jean-Luc Stoeckli

$\text{♩} = \pm 72$

Organ

S.
A.

God rest ye mer - ry gen - tle - men, let no - thing you dis -

God rest

Org.

10

S.
A.

may, Re - mem - ber Christ our Sa - viour was born on Christ - mas

ye, Re - mem - ber was born on Christ - mas

Org.

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14

S. day, to save us all from Sa - tan's power when we were gone a -

A. day, to save all from Sa - tan's power when we were gone a -

Org.

18

S. stray, Oh ti - dings of com fort and joy, com-fort and

A. stray, Oh ti dings of com - fort and joy, com-fort and

Org.

22

S. joy, Oh ti dings of com fort and joy.

A. joy, Oh ti dings of com - fort and joy.

Org.

26

S. In Beth - le - hem, in Is - ra - el, this bles - sed Babe was

A.

Org.

30

S. born, and laid with - in a man - ger u - pon this bles - sed

A.

Org.

34

S. morn, the wick His Mo - ther Ma - ry did no - thing take in

A. the wick Mo - ther Ma - ry did no - thing take in

Org.

38

S. scorn, Oh ti - dings of com fort and joy, com-fort and

A. scorn, Oh ti - dings of com - fort and joy, com-fort and

Org.

42

S. joy, Oh ti dings of com fort and joy

A. joy, Oh ti - dings of com fort and joy

Org.

47 Slightly slower

Org.

56 a tempo

S. From God our Hae-ven - ly Fa — ther a bles - sed An - gel

A. From God our Hae-ven - ly Fa — ther a bles - sed An - gel

Org.

60

S. came, and un - to cer - tain she — pherds brought ti - dings of the

A. came, and un - to cer - tain she — pherds brought ti - dings of the

Org.

64

S. same, how that in Beth - le - hem was born the Son of God by

A. same, how that in Beth - le - hem was born the Son of God by

Org.

68

S. Name, Oh ti - dings of com fort and joy, com-fort and

A. Name, Oh ti - dings of com - fort and joy, com-fort and

Org.

72

S. joy, Oh ti dings of com fort and joy.

A. joy, Oh ti dings of com - fort and joy.

Org.

76

S. Now to the Lord sing prai ses all you with - in this place, and

A. Now to the Lord sing prai ses all you with - in this place, and

Org.

81

S. with true love and bro-ther-hood each o - ther now em - brace, this ho - ly tide of

A. with true love and bro-ther-hood each o - ther now em - brace, this ho - ly tide of

Org.

86 *rit.*

S. Christ_ mas all o - thers doth de - face, Oh_ ti - dings of com_ fort and

A. Christ_ mas all o - thers doth de - face Com_ fort

Org.

91 *rall.*

S. joy, com-fort and joy, Oh_ ti_ dings of com_ fort and joy! and_ joy!

A. Com - fort and joy

Org.

God rest ye merry gentlemen

1. God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Savior was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's powers when we were gone astray,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

2. 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,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
Oh, 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,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

4. "Fear not then », said the Angel, « let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Savior of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him from Satan's power and might",
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

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

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

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,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy !