

Tidings of Comfort and Joy
Tune God rest you merry AHB 233

To Bethlehem, a stable bare,
 We journey to behold
 The baby born to change the world.
 The story has been told.
 He brings the lonely to his side.
 He makes the timid bold.
 O Tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
 O Tidings of comfort and joy.

The lowest class was first to hear;
 Downtrodden, they were poor;
 For shepherds were despised, oppressed;
 No rights before the law.
 Yet these are those who come to Christ
 To worship and adore.
 O Tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
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The priestly gift of frankincense
 Was 'holy' to the Lord.
 Gold for a king, Myrrh for the grave,
 Gifts we could not afford
 Are brought to Jesus at his birth
 By princes from abroad.
 O Tidings of comfort and joy
 Comfort and joy
 O Tidings of comfort and joy.

So rich and poor in every time
 Are welcome at the stall;
 The ones who count and those ignored,
 The strong and those who fall;
 For Jesus is the love of God
 Out-flowing for us all.
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 Comfort and joy
 O Tidings of comfort and joy.