

# Sit You, Merry Gentlemen

## Cornish Christmas Carol

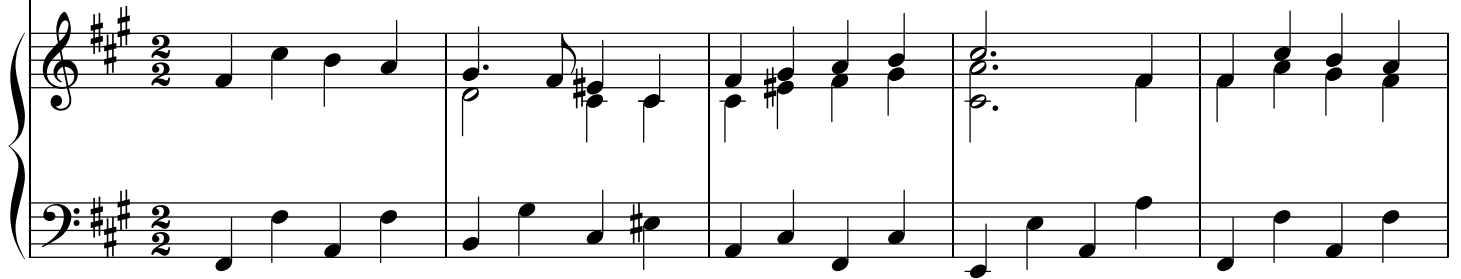
Bodleian Library, MS Eng. poet. b. 5.  
Circa 1650

"Chestnut or Jack Dove's Figary" (1651)  
arr. Cecil Sharp (1859-1924), arr. JLS

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- |    |                                      |                               |                                 |                         |
|----|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. | Sit yow mer - ry                     | Gen - tle men,                | Let no - thing you dis - may,   | For Je - sus Christ is  |
| 2. | In Beth-lem sweet                    | Ju - ry                       | This bless - ed Babe was fownd  | And layd with - in a    |
| 3. | ffrom God that was his               | Fa - ther                     | A bless - ed An - gell came,    | And un - to cer - taine |
| 4. | O feare not sayde the                | An - gell,                    | Let no - thing you af - fright, | This day is borne a     |
| 5. | The sheep-headers at this hear - ing | Re - joy - ced much in minde; | Did cease their sheepe a -      |                         |



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|----|---------------|---------------------------|--------|----------------------------|
| 1. | bor - ne      | Up - on this hap - py     | day,   | To save our soules from    |
| 2. | man - ger     | Up - on this bless - ed   | morne, | When as his mo - ther      |
| 3. | sheap - heads | Brought ti - dings of the | same,  | How that in Ju - ry        |
| 4. | Sa - viour    | Of ver - tue, power and   | might, | Suf - fi - cient for to    |
| 5. | feed - ing    | In tem-pest, storms and   | winde, | And went straight - way to |





1. Sa - tan's power as we runne a - tray, O ti - dings of com - fort & joy.
2. Ma - ry did no-thing take in Vaine, O ti - dings of com - fort & joy.
3. there was borne the Sonne of God by name, O ti - dings of com - fort & joy.
4. van - quish the frendes of Sat - tan quite, O ti - dings of com - fort & joy.
5. Beth - le-hem the bless-ed Babe to finde, O ti - dings of com - fort & joy.

6. And when they came to Bethlehem,  
Whereat this Infant lay,  
They found him in a manger,  
Where oxen bed with hay;  
The Virgin Mary kneeling by,  
Who to our Lord did pray,  
O tidings of comfort & joy.
7. With sudden joy and gladnesse  
There shepherds harts were fild,  
To see the babe of Israell,  
Before his mother milde;  
Therefore with mirth and cheerefullnesse  
Rejoice each mothers childe,  
It is tidings of comfort & joy.
8. Unto our Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And wth true love and brotherhood,  
Each other now embrace;  
This moving time of Christmas  
All malice now defame  
At this tidings of comfort & joy.

*The last three lines of each stanza are repeated*