

Masters In This Hall

1. Masters in this Hall,
Hear ye news to-day
Brought from over sea,
And ever I you pray:

Chorus

Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell, sing we clear!
Holpen are all folk on earth,
Born is God's son so dear:
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell, sing we loud!
God to-day hath poor folk raised
And cast a-down the proud.

2. Going o'er the hills,
Through the milk-white snow,
Heard I ewes bleat
While the wind did blow: Chorus

3. Shepherds many an one
Sat among the sheep,
No man spake more word
Than they had been asleep: Chorus

4. Quoth I, "Fellows mine,
Why this guise sit ye?
Making but dull cheer,
Shepherds though ye be? Chorus

5. "Shepherds should of right
Leap and dance and sing,
Thus to see ye sit,
Is a right strange thing": Chorus

6. Quoth these fellows then,
"To Bethlem town we go,
To see a mighty lord
Lie in manger low": Chorus

7. "How name ye this lord,
Shepherds?" then said I,
"Very God," they said,
"Come from Heaven high": Chorus

8. Then to Bethlem town
We went two and two,
And in a sorry place
Heard the oxen low: Chorus

9. Therein did we see
A sweet and goodly may
And a fair old man,
Upon the straw she lay: Chorus

10. And a little child
On her arm had she,
"Wot ye who this is?"
Said the hinds to me: Chorus

11. Ox and ass him know,
Kneeling on their knee,
Wondrous joy had I
This little babe to see: Chorus

12. This is Christ the Lord,
Masters be ye glad!
Christmas is come in,
And no folk should be sad: Chorus

The tune was collected by Edmund Setting before 1860 from the organist of Chartres Cathedral. The words were written by William Morris. The carol was originally published in Sedding's **Antient Christmas Carols** in 1860. It appears is #137 in **The Oxford Book of Carols** (1928) reharmonized by Gustav Holst.