

Masters In This Hall

Masters in this hall, hear ye news today
Brought from over the sea and ever I you pray

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 today hath poor folk raised and cast a-down the proud

Going o'er the hills, through the milk-white snow
Heard I ewes bleat, while the wind did blow

Then to Bethlem town, we went two and two
And in a sorry place, heard the oxen low

Therein did we see, a sweet and goodly may
And a fair old man, upon the straw she lay

And a little child, on her arm had she
"Wot ye who this is?" said the hinds to me

This is Christ the Lord, masters be ye glad!
Christmas is come in, and no folk should be sad