

**MASTERS IN THIS HALL (lyrics by William Morris to a French carol tune,
arr. Anna Tabbush)**

1. Masters in this hall, hear ye news today
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 today 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
3. Then to Bethle'm town, we went two and two
And in a sorry place heard the oxen low
4. Therein did we see, a sweet and goodly may
And a fair old man, upon the straw she lay
5. And a little child, on her arm had she
"Wot ye who this is?" said the hinds to me
6. This is Christ the Lord, masters be ye glad!
Christmas is come in, and no folk should be sad