

Masters in This Hall

1. Masters in this hall, Hear ye news today,
Brought from overseas, and ever you I 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 adown the
proud.

2. Then to Bethle'm town we went two and two,
And in a sorry place heard the oxen low:

Chorus

3. Ox and ass Him know, kneeling on their knee,
Wondrous joy had I this little Babe to see:

Chorus

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

Chorus