

Masters in This Hall

traditional French carol, English lyrics 1860
by William Morris. (I, I)

Am Em Am G C C Am Am₍₂₎ E₍₁₎
Masters in this Hall, hear ye news today
Am Em Am G C F₍₂₎ G₍₁₎ Am Am
Brought from over sea, and ever I you pray:

Am Am₍₂₎ E7₍₁₎ Am Am Am Am₍₂₎ E7₍₁₎ Am Am₍₂₎ Am7₍₁₎
Nowell! No well! No well! Nowell, sing we clear! Hol pen
Dm E Am F Am E Am Am
are all folk on earth, born is God's son so dear:
Am Am₍₂₎ E7₍₁₎ Am Am Am Am₍₂₎ E7₍₁₎ Am Am₍₂₎ Am7₍₁₎
Nowell! No well! No well! Nowell, sing we loud! God to
Dm E Am F Am F₍₂₎ G₍₁₎ Am Am
day 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 by 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 folks should be sad: