

Masters In This Hall

William Morris

Em B7 Em B7 Em
 Masters in this hall, hear ye news today;
 B7 Em Am B7 Em
 Brought from over sea and now rejoice, I pray.

Chorus :

B7 Em B7 Em
 No-well, No-well No-well! No-well sing clear!
 we
 E7 Am B7 Em C B7 Em
 Hol-pen are all folk on earth, gone is sorrowing and fear.
 B7 Em B7 Em
 No-well, No-well No-well! No-well sing loud!
 we
 B7 Em B7 Em
 E7 Am B7 Em C
 For today are poor fold raised up
 B7 Em
 and cast a-down the proud.

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

Shepherds, many a one, sat among the sheep,
 No man spake more word than had they been asleep.

Quoth I, "Fellows mind, why this guise sit ye?
 Making but dull cheer, shepherds though ye be?"

"Shepherds should of right leap and dance and sing.
 Thus to see ye sit is a right strange thing."

Quoth these fellows then, "To Bethl'em Town we go,
 To see a mighty Lord lie in a manger low."

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

Then to Bethl'em 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.

Ox and ass him know, kneeling on their knee,
 Wondrous joy had I this little babe to see.

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