Masters in this Hall
Arr: Philip Norman - 1 Dec 2010

V1. Masters in this hall, hear you news today
brought from over sea, and

V5. Shepherds should of right leap and dance and sing,
thus to see you sit

Now, now, now, now, now! Holpen
ever I you pray: Now, now, now, now!
is a right strange thing: Now, now, now, now!

are all folk on earth, born is God's son so dear: Now, now, now, noel,

now, now, now! God today hath poor folk rais'd and cast down the proud.

eell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell!
eell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell, noell!

V2. Going over the hills through the milk white snow,
heard I ewes bleat

V6. Quoth these fellows then: To Bethlehem we go, to see a mighty lord

while the wind did blow: Now, now, now, now, now! Holpen
now - ell, now - ell! Now - ell,
are all folk on earth, born is God's son so dear: Now - ell, noe - ell, now - ell,

now - ell, now - ell, now - ell!
now - ell, now - ell, now - ell!
now - ell sing we loud! God to - day hath poor folk rais'd and cast a - down the proud!

V3. Shep-herds many a one sat a - mong the sheep, no manspake more word than
V7. How name ye this lord, Shep-herds? then said I, Ve- ry God, they said,
Ah:

Now - ell, now - ell, now - ell, now - ell sing we clear! Hol - pen
they had been a sleep:
Now ell, now - ell, now - ell,
Come from hea - ven high:
Now ell, now - ell

are all folk on earth, born is God's son so dear:

now - ell, now - ell! Now - ell,
now - ell, now - ell! Now - ell, now - ell, now - ell
now - ell, now - ell!
V4. Quoth I: Fellows mine, why this guise sit ye? Making but dull cheer,
V8. This is Christ the Lord, masters be ye glad! Christmas is come in, and

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell sing we clear! Holpen shepherds though ye be? Nowell, nowell, nowell sing we no folk should be sad:

Nowell, nowell sing we clear!

Are all folk on earth, born is God's son so dear: Nowell, nowell, nowell, clear! Nowell! Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell sing we

Nowell, nowell, sing we clear! Nowell, nowell

Nowell sing we loud! God today hath poor folk rais'd and cast a down the proud.

Sing we loud! Poor folk rais'd and cast a down the proud.

Some basses may prefer to sing these passages an octave lower.