Masters In This Hall

by

TRADITIONAL FRENCH CAROL

Lyrics by: WILLIAM MORRIS

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MASTERS IN THIS HALL

Words by WILLIAM MORRIS FRENCH DANCE TUNE



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Additional lyrics

- 3. Shepherds many an one, Sat among the sheep, No man spake more word than They had been asleep.
- 4. Quoth I, "Fellows mine, Why this guise sit ye? Making but dull cheer, Shepherds though ye be?
- 5. Shepherds should of right, Leap and dance and sing, Thus to see ye sit, Is a right strange thing."
- 6. Quoth these fellows then to, "Bethl'em town we go, To see a mighty lord, Lie in manger low."
- "How name ye this lord, Shepherds?" then said I.
 "Very God," they said,
 "Come from Heaven high."

- 8. Then to Bethl'em town, Went we two by two. In a sorry place we Heard the oxen low.
- 9. Therein did we see a Sweet and goodly may, And a fair old man, Upon the straw she lay.
- 10. And a little child, On her arm had she, "Wot ye who this is?" Said the hinds to me.
- 11. Ox and ass Him know, Kneeling on their knee, Wonderous joy had this, Little babe to see.
- 12. This is Christ, the Lord, Masters be ye glad! Christmas is come in and, No folk shall be sad!