

# Masters in this hall

text by William Morris (adapted)

tune traditional arr. Andrew Adams

$\bullet = 110$  Alla Marcia

*mf*

T  
8

Mas-ters in this hall, — hear ye news to-day,

B  
8

Mas-ters in this hall, — hear ye news to-day,

*mf* *marcato*

4

T  
8

brought from o-ver sea, and ev-er I you pray: *f* No-well! No-well! No - well!

B  
8

brought from o-ver sea, and ev-er I you pray: *f* No-well! No-well!

7

T  
8

No-well sing we clear! Hol-pen are all folk on earth: To us is born God's son so dear.

B  
8

No - well! Hol-pen, hol-pen are all folk on earth: To us is born God's son so dear.

masters in this hall 2

10 *f*

T  
8 *f* No-well! No-well! No - well! No-well sing we loud! God to - day hath poor folk rais-ed and

B  
*f* No-well! No-well! No - well! Sing we: God to - day hath poor folk rais-ed and

13 omit this bar if singing a cappella

T  
8 cast a-down the proud. Ox and ass him know, *mf*

B  
cast a-down the proud. omit this bar if singing a cappella Ox and ass him

16

T  
8 kneel-ing on their knee. Wond-rous joy had I this lit - tle babe to see.

B  
know, kneel - ing on their knee. Wond-rous joy had I this lit - tle babe to

masters in this hall 3

19 *f*

T  
8 *f*  
No-well! No-well! No - well! No-well sing we clear! Hol-pen are all folk on earth: To us is

B  
*f*  
see. No-well! No-well! No - well! Hol-pen, hol-pen are all folk on earth: To us is

22

T  
8  
born God's son so dear. No-well! No-well! No - well! No-well sing we loud! God to-

B  
born God's son so dear. No-well! No-well! No - well! Sing we: God to-

25 *mf*

T  
8 *f*  
day hath poor folk raised and cast a-down the proud. This is Christ the Lord, the

B  
day hath poor folk raised and cast a-down the proud. This is Christ the

28

T  
8 mas-ters be ye glad for Christ-mas is come in and no folk should be sad.

B  
Lord, mas - ters be ye glad for

31 *mf*

T  
8 This is Christ the Lord, come mas-ters be ye glad for Christ-mas is come in and

B  
Christ - mas is come in and no folk should be

34 *f*

T  
8 no folk should be sad. No-well! No-well! No - well! No-well sing we loud! God to-

B  
sad. No-well! No-well! No - well! Sing we: God to-

masters in this hall 5

37

T  
8  
day hath poor folk rais-ed and\_ cast a-down the proud. No-well! No-well! No - well!

B  
day hath poor folk rais-ed and\_ cast a-down the proud. No-well! No-well!

40

T  
8  
No-well sing we clear! Hol-pen are all folk on earth: To us is born God's

B  
No - well! Hol-pen, hol-pen are all folk on earth: To us is born God's

*cresc.*

43

T  
8  
son so dear.

B  
son: Mas-ters in this hall, sing we all No-well!

*ff senza rit.*