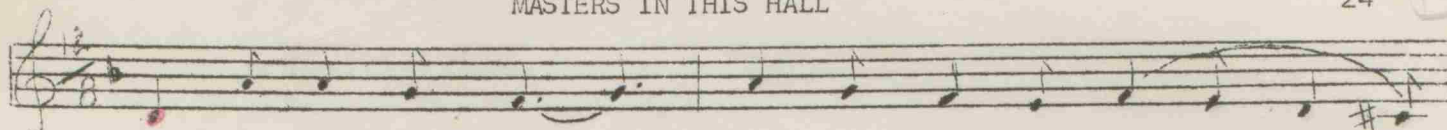


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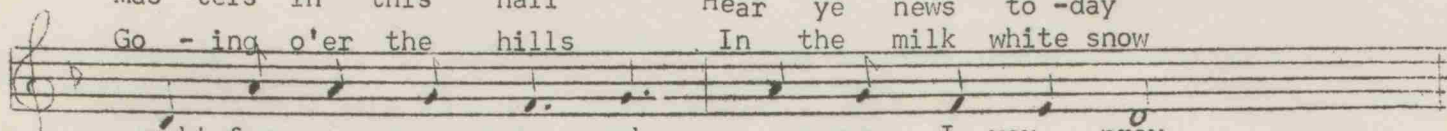
MASTERS IN THIS HALL

24

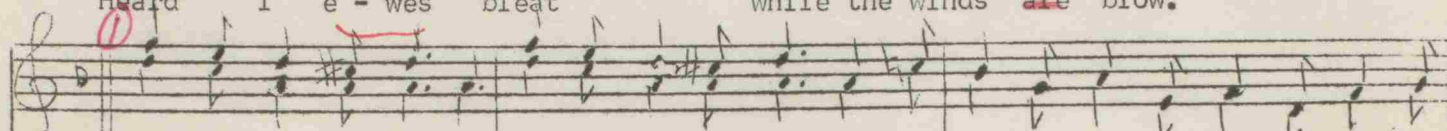
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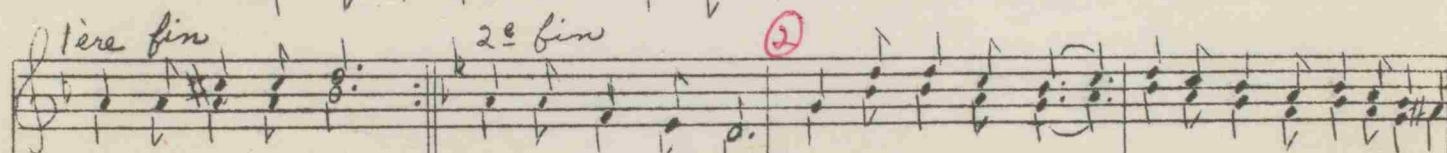
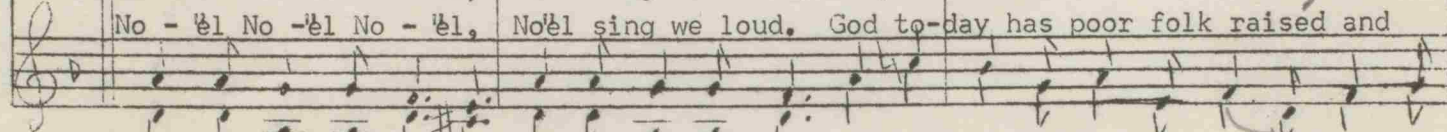
Mas - ters in this hall Hear ye news to - day
Go - ing o'er the hills In the milk white snow



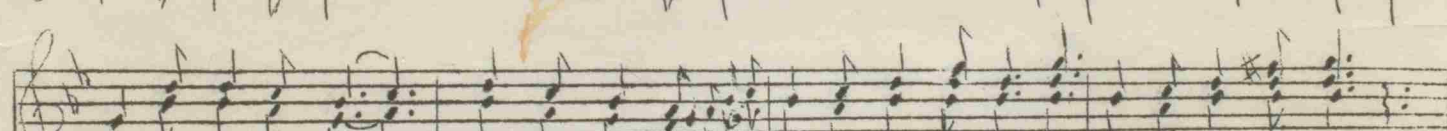
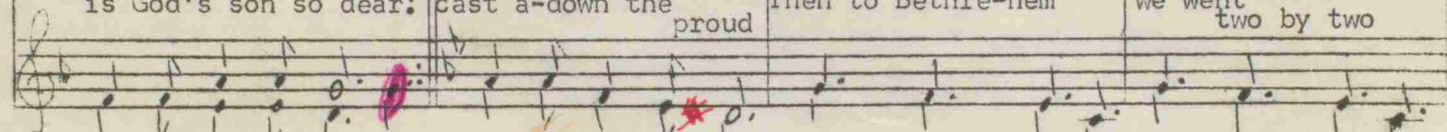
Brought from o - ver sea, and e - ver I you pray.
Heard I e - wes bleat while the winds are blow.



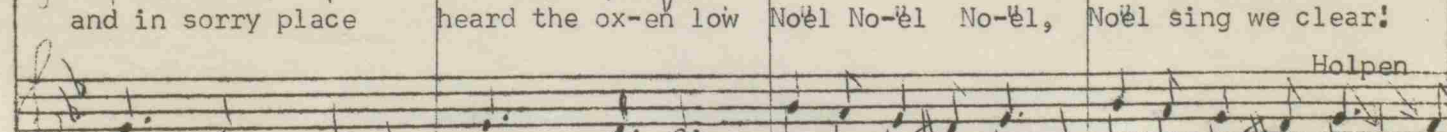
No - ël No - ël No - ël, Noël sing we clear! Holpen are all folk on earth born
No - ël No - ël No - ël, Noël sing we loud. God to - day has poor folk raised and



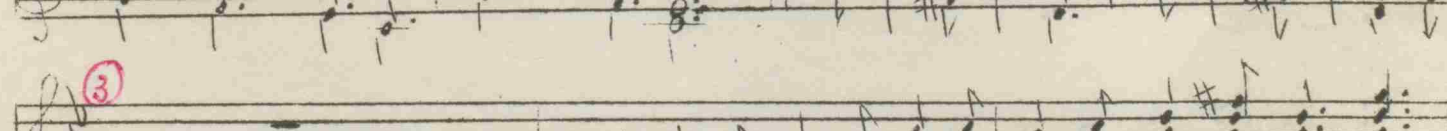
is God's son so dear! cast a - down the proud Then to Bethle - hem we went
two by two



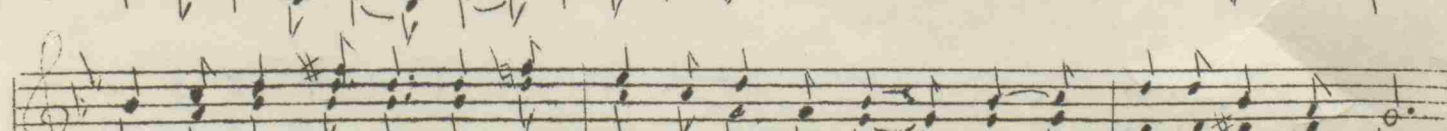
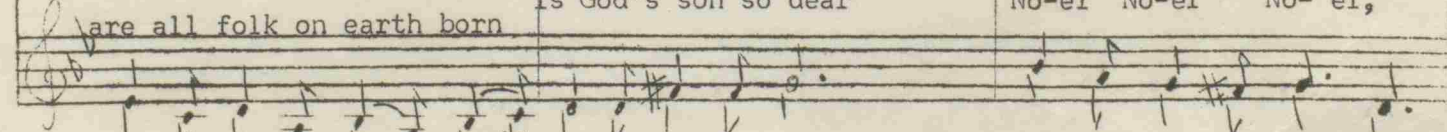
and in sorry place heard the ox - en low Noël No - ël No - ël, Noël sing we clear!



Holpen



are all folk on earth born is God's son so dear No - ël No - ël No - ël,



No - ël sing we loud! God to - day has poor folk raised and down the proud.
cast a

