

Nowell Hail, Gentle King  
Walter Maristow, before 1917.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.  
Hail, gentle King! Blest be Thy manger throne,  
Blest be this stable mean, this lodging lowly.  
Blest be this royal city Bethlehem,  
Blest be Thy mother holy.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.  
Hail, gracious Lord! Blest be the kindly night,  
Hushing in slumber pure the world unholy.  
Veiling in dusky shade the landscape wide,  
Hiding Thy cabin lowly.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.  
Hail, Prince of Peace! Blest be Thy star above,  
Telling the sleeping earth the happy story;  
Blest the angelic choir, whose echoing song  
Welcomes Thy rising glory.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.  
Hail, Light of light! Rise on our darkened hearts;  
Let Thy bright beams dispel our sin and sadness,  
Brighter and brighter shining till the day  
Dawn in eternal gladness.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.  
Hail, Lord of life! Blest be Thy wondrous love,  
Blest be Thy pitying care for sinners friendless,  
Blest be the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Blest through the ages endless.