

Listen, Lordings, unto Me
Henry Bramley, 1871.
Frederick Gore-Ouseley.

Listen, Lordings, unto me, a tale I will you tell;
Which, as on this night of glee, in David's town befell.
Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary that sweet maid:
Weary they were, nigh to death; and for a lodging prayed.

Refrain

Sing high, sing high, sing low, sing low.
Sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,
Go tell it out with speed,
Cry out and shout all round about,
That Christ is born indeed.

In the inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made:
Soon a Babe from Mary's womb was in the manger laid.
Forth He came as light through glass: He came to save us all.
In the stable ox and ass before their Maker fall.

Refrain

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
Hosts of angels in their sight came down from Heav'n's high steep.
Tidings! Tidings! unto you: to you a Child is born,
Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.

Refrain

Onward then the angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent.
In the morning see ye mind, my masters one and all,
At the altar Him to find, who lay within the stall.

Refrain