

Past Three a Clock

Trad carol – arr Charles Wood

*Past three a clock,
And a cold frosty morning,
Past three a clock;
Good morrow, masters all!*

Born is a Baby, Gentle as may be,
Son of the eternal Father supernal.

Past three a clock...

Seraph quire singeth, Angel bell ringeth;
Hark how they rime it, Time it and chime it.

Refrain

Mid earth rejoices Hearing such voices
Ne'ertofore so well Carolling Nowell.

Refrain

Hinds o'er the pearly Dewy lawn early
Seek the high Stranger Laid in the manger.

Refrain.

Cheese from the dairy Bring they for Mary
And, not for money, Butter and honey.

Refrain.

Light out of star-land Leadeth from far land
Princes, to meet him, Worship and greet him.

Refrain.

Thus they: I pray you, Up, sirs, nor stay you
Till ye confess him, Likewise and bless him.

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And a cold frosty morning,
Past three a clock;
Good morrow, masters all!*