

Boston

Trebles

William Billings

① 2 3 4

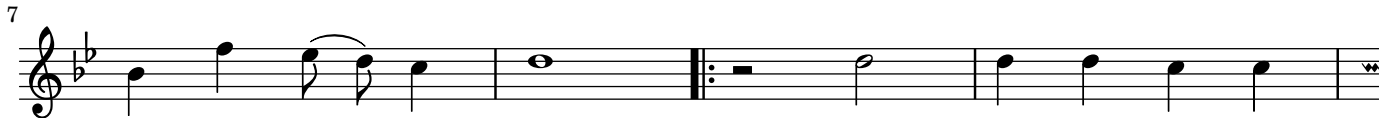
William Billings



1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n-ly host of
2. *Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to*
3. Then learn from hence, ye rur - al swains, the
4. *Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye*
5. Then sud - den - ly a heav'n-ly host A -



an - gels on the wing Me - thinks I hear their cheer-ful notes, so
Beth - le - hem re - pair; And let your wan - d'ring steps be squar'd by
meek-ness of your God who left the bound-less realms of joy to
ten - ants of the stall, Pay your o - bei - sance on your knees, u -
round the shep - herds thron'g Ex - ul - ting in the three-fold God And



mer - ri - ly they sing. Let all your fears be
yon - der shin - ing star. Seek not in courts or
ran - som you with blood. The mas - ter of the
nan - i - mous - ly fall. The roy - al guest you
thus a - dress their song. To God the Fa - ther,



ban - ish'd hence, glad ti - dings we pro - claim, For
pal - a - ces, nor roy - al cur - tains draw, But
inn re - fused a more com - mod - ious place; Un -
en - ter - tain is not of com - mon birth, But
Christ the Son, and Ho - ly Ghost a - dor'd The



there's a Sav - iour born to - day, and Je - sus is his name.
search the sta - ble see your God ex - ten - ded on the straw.
gen - 'rous soul of sav - age mould, and des - ti - tute of grace.
sec - ond to the Great I Am The God of Heav'n and earth.
First and Last, the Last and First e - ter - nal praise af - ford.

Tune and first verse from *The Singing Master's Assistant* (1778); other verses from *Suffolk Harmony* (1784), printed with the tune *Shiloh*.

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William Billings

Altos

William Billings

1 ② 3 4



1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n - ly host of
2. *Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to*
3. Then learn from hence, ye rur - al swains, the
4. *Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye*
5. Then sud - den - ly a heav'n - ly host A -

3



an - gels on the wing Me-thinks I hear their cheer - ful notes, so
Beth - le - hem re - pair; And let your wan - d'ring steps be squar'd by
meek-ness of your God who left the bound-less realms of joy to
ten - ants of the stall, Pay your o - bei - sance on your knees, u -
round the shep-herds throug Ex - ul - ting in the three-fold God And

7



mer - ri - ly they sing. Let all your fears be
yon - der shin - ing star. Seek not in courts or
ran - som you with blood. The mas - ter of the
nan - i - mous - ly fall. The roy - al guest you
thus a - dress their song. To God the Fa - ther,

11



ban - ish'd hence, glad ti - dings we pro - claim, For
pal - a - ces, nor roy - al cur - tains draw, But
inn re - fused a more com - mod - ious place; Un -
en - ter - tain is not of com - mon birth, But
Christ the Son, and Ho - ly Ghost a - dor'd The

14



there's a Sav - iour born to - day, and Je - sus is his name.
search the sta - ble see your God ex - ten - ded on the straw.
gen - 'rous soul of sav - age mould, and des - ti - tute of grace.
sec - ond to the Great I Am The God of Heav'n and earth.
First and Last, the Last and First e - ter - nal praise af - ford.

Tune and first verse from *The Singing Master's Assistant* (1778); other verses from *Suffolk Harmony* (1784), printed with the tune *Shiloh*.

Boston

Tenors

William Billings

William Billings

1 2 ③ 4



1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n - ly host of
2. Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to
3. Then learn from hence, ye rur - al swains, the
4. Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye
5. Then sud - den - ly a heav'n - ly host A -

3



an - gels on the wing Me - thinks I hear their cheer - ful notes, so
Beth - le - hem re - pair; And let your wan - d'ring steps be squar'd by
meek - ness of your God who left the bound - less realms of joy to
ten - ants of the stall, Pay your o - bei - sance on your knees, u -
round the shep - herds thron'g Ex - ul - ting in the three - fold God And

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mer - ri - ly they sing. Let all your fears be
yon - der shin - ing star. Seek not in courts or
ran - som you with blood. The mas - ter of the
nan - i - mous - ly fall. The roy - al guest you
thus a - dress their song. To God the Fa - ther,

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pal - a - ces, nor roy - al cur - tains draw, But
inn re - fused a more com - mod - ious place; Un -
en - ter - tain is not of com - mon birth, But
Christ the Son, and Ho - ly Ghost a - dor'd The

14



there's a Sav - iour born to - day, and Je - sus is his name.
search the sta - ble see your God ex - ten - ded on the straw.
gen - 'rous soul of sav - age mould, and des - ti - tute of grace.
sec - ond to the Great I Am The God of Heav'n and earth.
First and Last, the Last and First e - ter - nal praise af - ford.

Tune and first verse from *The Singing Master's Assistant* (1778); other verses from *Suffolk Harmony* (1784), printed with the tune *Shiloh*.

Boston

William Billings
1 2 3 ④

Basses

William Billings



1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n - ly host of
2. *Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to*
3. Then learn from hence, ye rur - al swains, the
4. *Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye*
5. Then sud - den - ly a heav'n - ly host A -

3



an - gels on the wing Me - thinks I hear their cheer - ful notes, so
Beth - le - hem re - pair; And let your wan - d'ring steps be squar'd by
meek - ness of your God who left the bound - less realms of joy to
ten - ants of the stall, Pay your o - bei - sance on your knees, u -
round the shep - herds throug Ex - ul - ting in the three - fold God And

7



mer - ri - ly they sing. Let all your fears be
yon - der shin - ing star. Seek not in courts or
ran - som you with blood. The mas - ter of the
nan - i - mous - ly fall. The roy - al guest you
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sec - ond to the Great I Am The God of Heav'n and earth.
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Tune and first verse from *The Singing Master's Assistant* (1778); other verses from *Suffolk Harmony* (1784), printed with the tune *Shiloh*.

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William Billings

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Trebles



1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n - ly host of an - gels on the
2. *Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to Beth - le - hem re -*
3. Then learn from hence, ye rur - al swains, the meek-ness of your
4. *Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye ten - ants of the*
5. Then sud - den - ly a heav'n - ly host A - round the shep - herds

Contratenor



1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n - ly host of an - gels on the
2. *Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to Beth - le - hem re -*
3. Then learn from hence, ye rur - al swains, the meek-ness of your
4. *Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye ten - ants of the*
5. Then sud - den - ly a heav'n - ly host A - round the shep-herds

Tenor



1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n-ly host of an - gels on the
2. *Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to Beth - le - hem re -*
3. Then learn from hence, ye rur - al swains, the meek - ness of your
4. *Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye ten - ants of the*
5. Then sud - den - ly a heav'n-ly host A - round the shep-herds

Bassus



1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n - ly host of an - gels on the
2. *Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to Beth - le - hem re -*
3. Then learn from hence, ye rur - al swains, the meek-ness of your
4. *Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye ten - ants of the*
5. Then sud - den - ly a heav'n - ly host A - round the shep-herds



wing Me - thinks I hear their cheer-ful notes, so mer - ri - ly they sing.
 pair; And let your wan - d'ring steps be squar'd by yon - der shin - ing star.
 God who left the bound - less realms of joy to ran - som you with blood.
 stall, Pay your o - bei - sance on your knees, u - nan - i - mous - ly fall.
 throng Ex - ul - ting in the three-fold God And thus a - dress their song.

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 God who left the bound - less realms of joy to ran - som you with blood.
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 throng Ex - ul - ting in the three-fold God And thus a - dress their song.

9

Let all your fears be ban-ish'd hence, glad ti - dings we pro - claim, For
Seek not in courts or pal - a - ces, nor roy - al cur - tains draw, But
 The mas - ter of the inn re - fused a more com - mod - ious place; Un -
The roy - al guest you en - ter - tain is not of com - mon birth, But
 To God the Fa - ther, Christ the Son, and Ho - ly Ghost a - dor'd The

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