Boston
Trebles
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 -

angels 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 throng 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
rang - som you with blood. The mas - ter of the
nan - i - mous - ly fall. The roy - al guest you
thus a - dress their song.

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.
Boston
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-ul-t ye ox-en, low for joy ye
5. Then sud-den-ly a heav’n-ly host A-

Thomas William Billings

1. 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 throng Ex-ul-ting in the three-fold God And

2. 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,

3. 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-i-ous place; Un-
en-ter-tain is not of com-mon birth, But
Christ the Son, and Ho-ly Ghost a-dor’d The

4. 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

1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n-ly host of angels on the wing Me - thinks I hear their cheer - ful notes, so

2. Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to Beth - le - hem re - pair; And let your wan - d'ring steps be squar'd by

3. Then learn from hence, ye rur - al swains, the 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 -

4. Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye round the shep - herds throng 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.
Boston
Basses

1. Me-thinks I see a heav'n-ly host of
   an-gels on the wing
   ban-ish'd hence, glad ti-dings we pro-claim,
   there's a Saviour born to-day, and J es-us is his name.

2. Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to
   Me-thinks I hear their cheer-ful notes, so
   nor ra-ces, nor roy-al cur-tains draw, But
   search the sta-ble see your God ex-tend-ed on the straw.

3. Then learn from hence, ye rur-al swains, the
   Beth-le-hem re-pair; And let your wan-d'ring steps be sgu-ar'd by
   inn re-fused a more com-mod-ious place; Un-
   gen-rous soul of sav-age mould, and des-ti-tute of grace.

4. Ex-ult ye ox-en, low for joy ye
   meek-ness of your God who left the bound-less realms of joy to
   The mas-ter of the
   sec-ond to the Great I Am The God of Heav'n and earth.

5. Then sud-den-ly a heav'n-ly host A-
   ten-ants of the stall, Pay your o-bei-sance on your knees, u-
   thus a-dress their song.
   To God the Fa-ther,

And

Let all your fears be
Seek not in courts or
The roy-al guest you

William Billings (1778); other verses from Suffolk Harmony (1784), printed with the tune Shiloh.

Tune and first verse from The Singing Master’s Assistant (1778).
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

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

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.
Let all your fears be ban-ished hence, glad tidings 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-i-ous 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

Let all your fears be ban-ished hence, glad tidings 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-i-ous place; Un -
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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
there's a Saviour born today, and Jesus is his name.
search the stable see your God extended on the straw.
gen'rous soul of savage mould, and destitute of grace.
second to the Great I Am The God of Heav'n and earth.
First and Last, the Last and First eternal praise afforded.

there's a Saviour born today, and Jesus is his name.
search the stable see your God extended on the straw.
gen'rous soul of savage mould, and destitute of grace.
second to the Great I Am The God of Heav'n and earth.
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