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-

6. 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 throng 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,

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

9. there’s a Savi-our born to-day, and Je-sus is his name.
search the sta-ble see your God ex-tended 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 Hea’vn and earth.
First and Last, the Last and First e-ter-nal praise af-for-d.

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

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-

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 obe-isance 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
random you with blood. The mas-ter of the
nan-i-mous-ly fall. The roy-al guest you
thus a-address 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-
ent-er-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-on-d to the Great I Am The God of Heav'n and earth.
First and Last, the Last and First e-ter-nal praise af-frd.

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

1. Me - thinks I see a heav'n-ly host of
   an - gels on the wing Me - thinks I hear their cheer - ful notes, so
   Ban - ish'd hence, glad ti - dings we pro - claim, For
   there's a Saviour born to - day, and Jesus is his name.

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
   inn re - fused a more com - mod - ious place; Un - search the sta - ble see your God ex - ten - ded on the straw.

3. Then learn from hence, ye rural swains, the
   meek - ness of your God who left the bound - less realms of joy to
   en - ter - tain is not of com - mon birth, But
   gen - rous soul of sav - age mould, and des - ti - tute of grace.

4. Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye
   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
   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 -
   thus a - dress their song. To God the Fa - ther,
   Christ the Son, and Ho - ly Ghost a - dor'd The
   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
William Billings
1 2 3 4

1. Me-thinks I see a heav'n-ly host of
   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
2. Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to
   mer-ri-ly they sing. Let all your fears be
yon-der shin-ing star. Seek not in courts or
3. Then learn from hence, ye rur-al swains, the
   ban-ish'd hence, glad ti-dings we pro-claim, For
ran-som you with blood. The mas-ter of the
4. Ex-alt ye ox-en, low for joy ye
   pal-a-ces, nor roy-al cur-tains draw, But
nan-i-mous-ly fall. The roy-al guest you
5. Then sud-den-ly a heav'n-ly host A-
   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.
   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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Boston

1. Me-thinks I see a heav’n-ly host of an-gels on the
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
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
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
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

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wing 
Me-thinks I hear their cheer-ful notes, so mer-rily 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 ad-dress their song.

wing 
Me-thinks I hear their cheer-ful notes, so mer-rily 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.

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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 ad-dress their song.
Let all your fears be ban-ished hence, glad tidings we proclaim, For
Seek not in courts or pal-aces, 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 Holy Ghost a-dor’d The

Let all your fears be ban-ished hence, glad tidings we proclaim, For
Seek not in courts or pal-aces, nor roy-al cur-tains draw, But
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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 Holy 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 afford.

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