

# Boston

## Trebles

William Billings

① 2 3 4

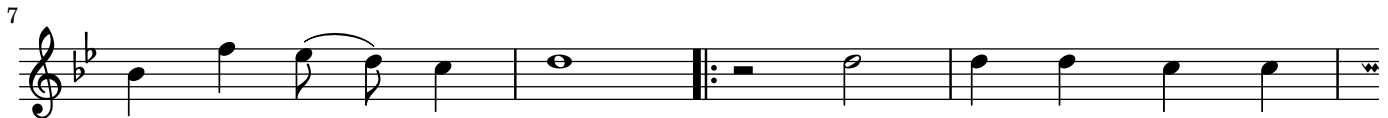
William Billings



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*.

# Boston

William Billings

Altos

William Billings

1 ② 3 4



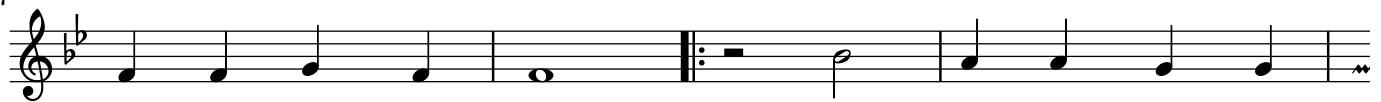
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4. *Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy ye*
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3



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



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2. *Lay down your crooks and quit your flocks to*
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5. Then sud - den - ly a heav'n - ly host A -



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*ten - ants of the stall, Pay your o - bei - sance on your knees, u -*  
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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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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



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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

Basses

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*  
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round the shep-herds throug Ex - ul - ting in the three-fold God And

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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.*  
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William Billings

William Billings

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.

wing Me - thinks I hear their cheer - ful notes, so mer - ri - ly they sing.  
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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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there's a Sav - iour born to - day, and Je - sus is his name.  
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