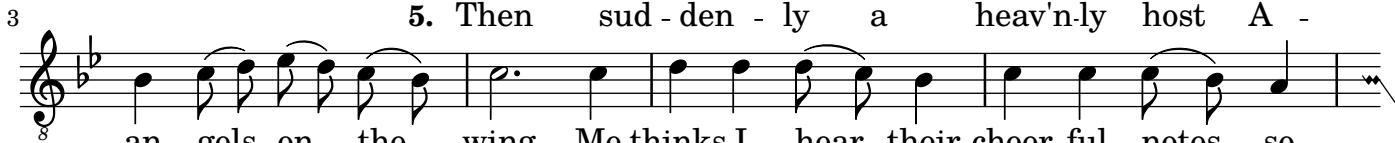


Tenors

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 -



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



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
 14 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.