

Boston

SATB a cappella

SOURCE: *The Singing Master's Assistant* (1781)

William Billings
(1746-1800)

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

Me - thinks I see a heav'n - ly host of An - gels on the

1 Me - thinks I see a heav'n - ly host of An - gels on the
2 Shep - herds, re - joice! lift up your eyes And send your fears a -
3 Lord! and shall an - gels have their songs and men no tunes to

5

wing, Me - thinks I hear their cheer-ful tones So mer - ri - ly they sing:

wing, Me - thinks I hear their cheer-ful tones So mer - ri - ly they sing:
way. News from the re - gion of the skies: Sal - va - tion's born to - day!
raise? O may we lose those use-less tongues When they for - get to praise!

10

Let all your fears be ban - ished hence, Glad tid - ings we pro -

Let all your fears be ban - ished hence, Glad tid - ings we pro -
Je - sus the God whom an - gels love, comes down to dwell with
Glo - ry to God that reigns a - bove, That pi - tied us for -

14

claim. For there's a Sa - viour born to - day, and Je - sus is his name.

claim. For there's a Sa - viour — born to - day, and Je - sus is his name.

claim. For there's a Sa - viour born to - day, and Je - sus is his name.

claim. For there's a Sa - viour born to - day, — and Je - sus — is his name.
 you; To - day he makes his en - trance here, but not as mon - archs do.
 lorn! We join to sing our Ma - ker's love, For there's a Sav - iour born.