

# Africa

The Singing Master's Assistant (1781, 3rd ed.)

SATB a cappella

William Billings  
(1746-1800)

Soprano      Now shall my inward joy arise, And

Alto      Now shall my inward joy arise, And

Tenor      Now shall my inward joy arise, And

Bass      Now shall my inward joy arise, And

6      burst into a song; Al - migh - ty Love in -

burst into a song; Al - migh - ty Love in -

burst into a song; Al - migh - ty Love in -

burst into a song; Al - migh - ty Love in -

11      spires my heart, and Plea - - - sure tunes my tongue.

spires my heart, and Plea - - - sure tunes my tongue.

spires my heart, and Plea - - - sure tunes my tongue.

spires my heart, and Plea - - - sure tunes my tongue.

# Bolton

From *The Singing Master's Assistant* (1778)

Edition: J. Kelecom  
Transposed one step down  
Minor text adjustments

William Billings  
(1746 - 1800)

Soprano

Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore,  
Je - sus the Sa - viour reigns, The God of Truth and Love.  
Re - joice, in glo - rious Hope, Je - sus the Judge shall come,

Alto

Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore,  
Je - sus the Sa - viour reigns, The God of Truth and Love.  
Re - joice, in glo - rious Hope, Je - sus the Judge shall come,

Tenor

Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore,  
Je - sus the Sa - viour reigns, The God of Truth and Love.  
Re - joice, in glo - rious Hope, Je - sus the Judge shall come,

Bass

Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore,  
Je - sus the Sa - viour reigns, The God of Truth and Love.  
Re - joice, in glo - rious Hope, Je - sus the Judge shall come,

S

Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, \_\_\_\_\_ And tri - umph ev - er - more:  
When he had purg'd our Stains, \_\_\_\_\_ He took his seat a - bove:  
And take his Ser - vants up \_\_\_\_\_ To their e - ter - nal Home:

A

Mor - tals give thanks and sing, \_\_\_\_\_ And tri - umph ev - er - more:  
When he had purg'd our Stains, \_\_\_\_\_ He took his seat a - bove:  
And take his Ser - vants up \_\_\_\_\_ To their e - ter - nal Home:

T

Mor - tals give thanks and sing, \_\_\_\_\_ And tri - umph ev - er - more:  
When he had purg'd our Stains, \_\_\_\_\_ He took his seat a - bove:  
And take his Ser - vants up \_\_\_\_\_ To their e - ter - nal Home:

B

Mor - tals give thanks and sing, \_\_\_\_\_ And tri - umph ev - er - more:  
When he had purg'd our Stains, \_\_\_\_\_ He took his seat a - bove:  
And take his Ser - vants up \_\_\_\_\_ To their e - ter - nal Home:

9

S Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice, \_\_\_\_\_ Lift up your

A Re - joice, a - gain I say, — re - joice. Lift up your

T 8 Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice, Re-joice, a - gain I say, re - joice. Lift up your

B Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice. Lift up your

14

S Hearts, lift up your Voice, Re - joice, — a - gain I say, re - joice.

A Hearts, Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.

T 8 Hearts, lift up your Voice, Re - joice, — a - gain — I say, — re - joice.

B Hearts, lift up your Voice, Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.

# Boston

SATB a cappella

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

William Billings  
(1746-1800)

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

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:  
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:

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 -  
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 -

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.

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

**NOTES:** Only one verse appears in the edition.

# When Jesus Wept

A Canon of 4 in 1

From *The New England Psalm Singer* (1770)

William Billings  
(1746-1800)

(♩ = 72)

When Je - sus wept, \_\_\_\_\_ the fall - ing tear,  
In mer - cy flowed \_\_\_\_\_ be - yond all bound;  
When Je - sus groan'd \_\_\_\_\_ a trem - bling fear,  
Siez'd all \_\_\_\_\_ the guil - ty world \_\_\_\_\_ a - round.

Note: This canon can be sung by any combination of voices. The MIDI file associated with this song has four voices which sing through the entire line once.

# Chester

The Singing Master's Assistant, 1782  
(\*The New-England Psalm Singer, 1778)

SATB a cappella

William Billings  
(1746-1800)

Soprano

1. Let ty - rants shake their i - - - ron rod, And Slav - 'ry  
2. Howe and Bur - goyne and Clin - - - ton too, With Pres - cot  
3. When God in - spir'd us for - - - the fight, Their ranks were  
4. The Foe comes on with haugh - - - ty stride. Our What  
5. What grate - ful Off' - - - shall we bring? What shall we

Alto

Tenor (melody)

Bass

6

clank and her gall - - ing chains, We fear them not, we  
broke, Corn wal - - lis join'd. To geth - er plot our  
vance their lines - - were forc'd, Their Ships were Shat ter'd  
ren with mar - - tial noise, Their Vet' -rans flee be iahs  
der to - - the Lord? Loud Hal - le lu

clank and her gall - - ing chains, We fear them not, we  
broke, Corn wal - - lis join'd. To geth - er plot our  
vance their lines - - were forc'd, Their Ships were Shat ter'd  
ren with mar - - tial noise, Their Vet' -rans flee be iahs  
der to - - the Lord? Loud Hal - le lu

11

trust in God, New eng - land's God for e - - er reigns.  
O - ver - throw, In one In - fer nal league com - bin'd.  
in our sight, Of swift - ly dri ven from our Coast.  
fore our Youth, And Gen' - rals yield less Boys.  
let us sing. And praise His name on bearded Chord.  
trust in God, New eng - land's God for e - - er reigns.  
O - ver - throw, In one In - fer nal league com - bin'd.  
in our sight, Of swift - ly dri ven from our Coast.  
fore our Youth, And Gen' - rals yield less Boys.  
let us sing. And praise His name on bearded Chord.

\* extra notes found in New England Psalm-Singer are written as small notes.