

B $\flat$  Major. William Billings, 1778.

William Billings, 1770.

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 mer-ri - ly they sing:

2. Then learn from hence, ye ru - ral swains, The meek-ness of your God, Who left the bound-less realms of joy, To ran-som you with blood.

3. Ex - ult ye ox - en, low for joy, Ye ten - ants of the stall; Pay your o - bei - sance; on your knees U - nan-i - mous-ly fall.

Let all your fears be ban-ish'd hence, Glad tid - ings we pro - claim, For there's a Sav - ior born to - day, And Je - sus is his name.

The mas - ter of the inn re - fus'd A more com - mo - dious place; Un - gen - 'rous soul of sav - age mould, And des - ti - tute of grace.

The roy - al guest you en - ter - tain Is not of com - mon birth, But sec - ond in the great I am, The God of heav'n and earth.