

William Billings

America

America

Transcribed from *The New England Psalm Singer*

Mather Byles

William Billings, 1770

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To Thee the tune - ful An - them soars, To Thee, Our Fa - ther's God, and ours;
 See how the flocks of Je - sus rise, See how the Face of Pa - ra - dise
 Lord, guard Thy Fa - vors; Lord ex - tend Where far - ther West - ern suns de - scend;

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This wil - der - ness we chose our seat: To Rights se - cur'd by E - qual Laws,
 Blooms through the Thi - ckets of the Wild. Here Li - ber - ty e - rected her Throne;
 Nor South - ern Seas the Bless - ings bound; Till Free - dom lifts her cheer - ful Head,

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From Per - se - cu - tion's I - ron Claws, We here have sought our calm Re - treat.
Here Plen - ty pours her Treas - ures down; Peace smiles, as heav'n - ly Che - rubs mild.
Till pure Re - li - gion on - ward spread, And beam - ing, wrap_ the Globe a - round.

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