

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 3) 86. 86. (C.M.)

Albany

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A minor
William Billings, 1770

Tr. 5 10 15

1. My God, how ma - ny are my fears! How fast my foes increase! Conspiring my e- tern-al death, They break my present peace.

C. 2. The ly - ing tempt - er would persuade There's no relief in heav'n; And all my swelling sins appear Too big to be for-giv'n.

T. 3. But Thou, my glory and my strength, Shalt on the tempter tread; Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt, And raise my drooping head.

B. 4. I cried, and from His holy hill, He bowed a listening ear; I called my Father, and my God, and He subdued my fear.
5. When though the hosts of death and hell All armed against me stood, Terrors no more shall shake my soul, My refuge is my God.
6. A - rise, O Lord, fulfill Thy grace, While I Thy glory sing; My God has broke the serpent's teeth, And death has lost his sting.
7. Sal - va - tion to the Lord belongs; His arm a-lone can save; Blessings attend Thy people here, And reach be-yond the grave.