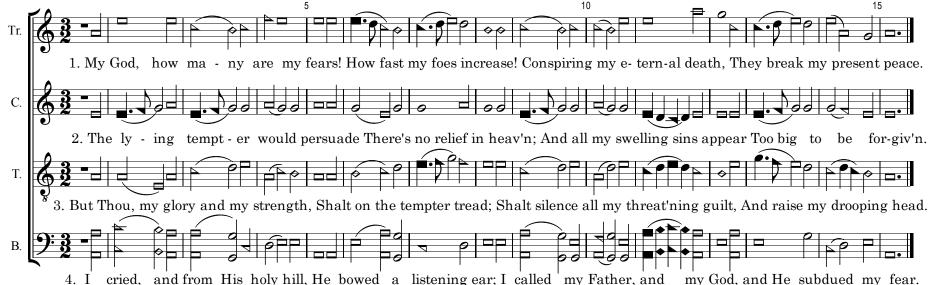
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A minor William Billings, 1770



- 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.