

Albany

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

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A minor
William Billings, 1770

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. My God, how ma - ny are my fears! How fast my foes in -

2. The ly - ing temp - ter would persuade There's no re - lief in

3. But Thou, my glo - ry and my strength, Shalt on the temp - ter

4. I cried, and from His ho - ly hill, He bowed a listen - ing

5. When though the hosts of death and hell All armed a - gainst me

6. A - rise, O Lord, ful - fill Thy grace, While I Thy glo - ry

7. Sal - va - tion to the Lord be - longs; His arm a - lone can

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. crease! Con-spir - ing my e - ter - nal death, They break my pre - sent peace.

2. heav'n; And all my swelling sins ap - pear Too big to be for - giv'n.

3. tread; Shalt sil - ence all my threat'ning guilt, And raise my droop - ing head.

4. ear; I called my Fath - er, and my God, and He sub - dued my fear.

5. stood, Ter - rors no more shall shake my soul, My ref - uge is my God.

6. sing; My God has broke the serp - ent's teeth, And death has lost his sting.

7. save; Bles-sings at - tend Thy peo - ple here, And reach be - yond the grave.