

Nazareth

Transcribed from *Music In Miniature*, 1779.

5 10 15

1. My God, how ma - ny are my fears! How fast my foes increase! Con-spi-ring my e - ter - nal death, They break my pre - sent peace.
2. The ly - ing temp - ter would persuade There's no relief in heav'n; And all my swel - ling sins ap - pear Too big to be for-given.

3. But thou, my glo - ry and my strength, Shalt on the temp-ter tread, Shalt si-lence all my threatening guilt, And raise my drooping head.
4. I cried, and from his ho - ly hill He bowed a listening ear; I called my Fa - ther, and my God, And he sub - dued my fear.

5. He shed soft slum - bers on mine eyes, In spite of all my foes; I woke, and won - dered at the grace That guar - ded my re - pose.
6. What though the hosts of death and hell All armed a - gainst me stood, Terrors no more shall shake my soul; My re - fuge is my God.

7. A - rise, O Lord, ful - fill thy grace, While I thy glo - ry sing; My God has broke the serpent's teeth, And death has lost his sting.
8. Sal - va - tion to the Lord belongs; His arm a - lone can save: Blessings at-tend thy people here, And reach be - yond the grave.