

# Nazareth

Transcribed from *Music In Miniature*, 1779.

5

1. My God, how ma - ny are \_\_\_\_\_ my fears! How fast \_\_\_\_\_ my foes \_\_\_\_\_ in -  
2. The ly - ing temp - ter would \_\_\_\_\_ per - suade 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 lis - tening

8

5. He shed soft slum - bers on \_\_\_\_\_ mine eyes, In spite \_\_\_\_\_ of all \_\_\_\_\_ my  
6. What though the hosts \_\_\_\_\_ of death \_\_\_\_\_ and hell All armed \_\_\_\_\_ a - gainst \_\_\_\_\_ me

7. A - rise, O Lord, ful - fill \_\_\_\_\_ thy grace, While I \_\_\_\_\_ thy glo - ry  
8. Sal - va - tion to the Lord \_\_\_\_\_ be - longs, His arm \_\_\_\_\_ a - lone can

10 15

Tr. crease! Con - spi - ring my e - ter - nal death, They break \_\_\_\_\_ my pre - sent peace.  
heav'n; And all my swel - ling sins \_\_\_\_\_ ap - pear Too big \_\_\_\_\_ to be for - given.

C. tread, Shalt si - lence all my threat - ening guilt, And raise my droo - ping head.  
ear; I called my Fa - ther and my God, And he sub - dued my fear.

T. 8 foes; I woke, \_\_\_\_\_ and won - dered at \_\_\_\_\_ the grace That guar - ded my \_\_\_\_\_ re - pose.  
stood, Ter - rors \_\_\_\_\_ no more \_\_\_\_\_ shall shake \_\_\_\_\_ my soul; My re - fuge is \_\_\_\_\_ my God.

B. sing; My God has broke the ser - pent's teeth, And death has lost \_\_\_\_\_ his sting.  
save; Bles - sings at - tend thy peo - ple here, And reach be - yond \_\_\_\_\_ the grave.