

My God, How Many Are My Fears

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: Christopher Tye, 1533.

My God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

The lying tempter would persuade
Theres no relief in Heavn;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgivn.

But Thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

I cried, and from His holy hill
He bowed a listening ear;
I called my Father, and my God,
And He subdued my fear.

He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke, and wondered at the grace
That guarded my repose.

What though the hosts of death and hell
All armed against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

Arise, O Lord, fulfill Thy grace,
While I Thy glory sing;
My God has broke the serpents teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend Thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.