Enslaved to Sense, to Pleasure Prone

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
En- slaved to sense, to pleasure prone, Fond

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
of created good, Fa-

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
ther, our helpless- ness we own, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
trembling taste our food.

The other verses

2 Trembling we taste; for, ah! no more
To thee the creatures lead;
Changed, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.

3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.

4 Grovelling on earth we still must lie,
Till Christ the curse repeal;
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

5 Come then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give,
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat and live!

6 The bondage of corruption break,
For this our spirits groan;
Thy only will we fain would seek,
O save us from our own!

7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide;
Let all our actions tend
To thee their source; thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.

8 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be,
Sense shall point out the road,
The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Charles Wesley (1707–1788) or John Wesley (1703–1791). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.