Help, Lord, for Men of Virtue Fail

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

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| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
  Help,   Lord, for men of          virtue fail, Re-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
  ligion loses              ground, The

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
  sons of vio-              lence prevail, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  treacheries a-            bound.
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The other verses

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
"Are not our lips our own" they cry,
"And who shall be our lord?"

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,

6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given this sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
"And make oppressors flee;
"I shall appear to their surprise,
"And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,
Thro' ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide,
Shall find thy promise sure.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.