Honey Though the Bee Prepares

Doh is Ab · 4/4 Tune: ST. BEES

| d - d - d - - t, | l, - t, - d - - - |
Honey though the bee prepares,

| r - r - m - s, - | l, - r - t, - - - |
An envenomed sting he wears;

| r - f - m - - d | t, - r - d - - - |
Piercing thorns a guard compose

| d - r - d - d - | d - - t, d - - - |
Round the fragrant blooming rose.

The other verses

2 Where we think to find a sweet,
Oft a painful sting we meet:
When the rose invites our eye,
We forget the thorn is nigh.

3 Why are thus our hopes beguiled?
Why are all our pleasures spoiled?
Why do agony and woe
From our choicest comforts grow?

4 Sin has been the cause of all!
'Twas not thus before the fall:
What but pain, and thorn, and sting,
From the root of sin can spring?

5 Now with every good we find
Vanity and grief entwined;
What we feel, or what we fear,
All our joys embitter here.

6 Yet, through the Redeemer's love,
These afflictions blessings prove;
He the wounding stings and thorns,
Into healing med'cines turns.

7 From the earth our hearts they wean,
Teach us on his arm to lean;
Urge us to a throne of grace,
Make us seek a resting place.

8 In the mansions of our King
Sweets abound without a sting;
Thornless there the roses blow,
And the joys unmingled flow.

Tune ST. BEES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.