Incarnate God! the Soul That Knows

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
In- carnate God! the soul that knows Thy

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
name's mysterious power Shall

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
dwell in undis- turbed repose, Nor

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
fear the trying hour.

The other verses

2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness and love,
To feeble helpless worms;
A buckler and a refuge prove,
From enemies and storms.

3 In vain the fowler spreads his net,
To draw them from thy care;
Thy timely call instructs their feet,
To shun the artful snare.

4 When like a baneful pestilence,
Sin mows its thousands down
On every side, without defence,
Thy grace secures thine own.

5 No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
No arrow wounds by day;
Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
If found in duty's way.

6 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms;
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

7 The angels' Lord, himself is nigh,
To them that love his name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

8 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Savior changes not,
What have the saints to fear?

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); 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.