Sin Like a Venomous Disease

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Sin like a veno- mous disease In-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
fects our vital blood; Th'on-

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
ly balm is sov- ereign grace, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
the physician, God.

The other verses

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with skill divine
The inward fire assuage.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heaven prevents the fall.

6 The man possess'd amongst the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh and cries;
He foams, and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.