The Lion That on Sampson Roared

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
The lion that on Sampson roared, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
thirsted for his blood; With

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
honey after- wards was stored, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
furnished him with food.

The other verses

2 Believers, as they pace along,
With many lions meet;
But gather sweetness from the strong,
And from the eater, meat.

3 The lions rage and roar in vain,
For Jesus is their shield;
Their losses prove a certain gain,
Their troubles comfort yield.

4 The world and Satan join their strength,
To fill their souls with fears;
But crops of joy they reap at length,
From what they sow in tears.

5 Afflictions make them love the word,
Stir up their hearts to prayer;
And many precious proofs afford,
Of their Redeemer's care.

6 The lions roar but cannot kill,
Then fear them not, my friends,
They bring us, though against their will,
The honey Jesus sends.

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