The Subtle Spider Often Weaves

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

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The subtle spider often weaves His

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unsuspected snares, A-

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
mong the balmy flow'rs and leaves, To

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
which the bee re- pairs.

The other verses

2 When in his web he sees one hang,
With a malicious joy,
He darts upon it with his fang,
To poison and destroy.

3 How welcome then, some pitying friend,
To save the threatened bee!
The spider's treach'rous web to rend,
And set the captive free!

4 My soul has been in such a case,
When first I knew the Lord,
I hasted to the means of grace,
Where sweets I knew were stored.

5 Little I thought of danger near,
That soon my joys would ebb;
But ah! I met a spider there,
Who caught me in his web.

6 Then Satan raised his pois'nous sting,
And aimed his blows at me;
While I, poor helpless trembling thing,
Could neither fight nor flee.

7 But O! the Savior's pitying eye
Relieved me from despair;
He saw me at the point to die
And broke the fatal snare.

8 My case his heedless saints should warn,
Or cheer them if afraid;
May you from me your danger learn,
And where to look for aid.

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.