Ye Sons of Men, a Feeble Race

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Ye sons of men, a feeble race, Ex-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
pos'd to every snare, Come

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
make the Lord your dwelling place, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
try and trust his care.

The other verses

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones:
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love
"I'll save them," saith the Lord;
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction and the sword.

7 "My grace shall answer when they call;
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My power shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my Name have known,
"I'll honour them in heaven;
"There my salvation shall be shown,
"And endless life be given."

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); 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.