

Ye Sons of Men, a Feeble Race

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Scottish Psalter, 1650.

Ye sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust His care.

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.

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.

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?

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

"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.

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.

"They that on earth My name have known
I'll honor them in Heav'n;
There My salvation shall be shown,
And endless live be giv'n."