

Ye Sons of Men, a Feeble Race

Isaac Watts, (from Ps 91)

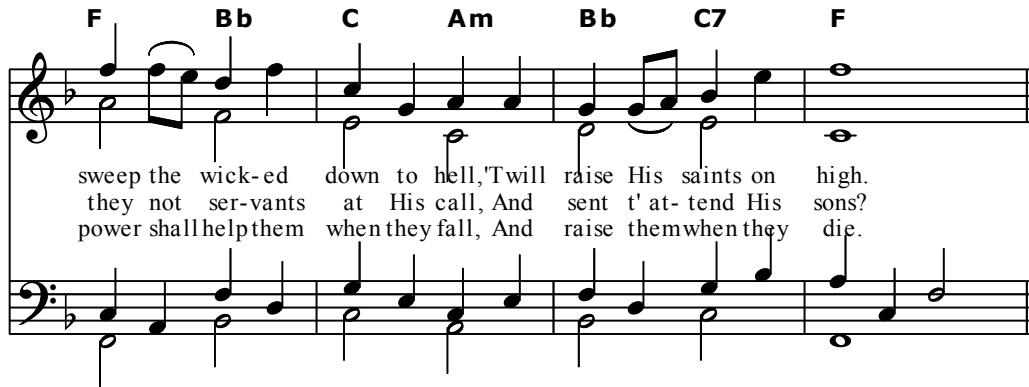
Ye sons of men, a fee - ble race, Ex - posed to ev - ery snare, Come,
He'll give His an - gels charge to keep Your feet in all their ways; To
Ad - ders and li - ons ye shall tread; The tempt - er's wiles de - feat; He

make the Lord your dwell - ing place, And try and trust His care. No
watch your pil - low while you sleep, And guard your hap - py days. Their
that hath broke the ser - pent's head Puts him be - neath your feet. My

I'll shall en - ter where you dwell; Or if the plague come nigh, And
hands shall bear you, lest you fall And dash a - gainst the stones; Are
grace shall ans - wer when they call; In troub - le I'll be nigh; My

Tune: TRUST HIS CARE by Mitch Cervinka, Apr 2006
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F **Bb** **C** **Am** **Bb** **C7** **F**



sweep the wick-ed down to hell, 'Twill raise His saints on high.
 they not ser-vants at His call, And sent t' at- tend His sons?
 power shall help them when they fall, And raise them when they die.