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

2. He'll give his angels charge to keep Your feet in all their ways, Watch your pillow while you're asleep, And guard your

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

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.

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?

When they die. "Those that on earth my name have known I'll honor them in heaven; There my salvation shall be shown, And endless life be given.

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