

WATCHMAN S.M.

1. My God, per - mit my tongue, This joy to call thee mine, And let my ear - ly cries pre - vail, To taste thy love di - vine.

2. My thirst-y, faint-ing soul Thy mer-cy does im-plore; Not trav - el - ers in des - ert lands, Can pant for wa - ter more.

3. With - in thy church-es, Lord, I long to find my place, Thy pow'r and glo - ry to be - hold, And feel thy quick-'ning grace.

4. For life with-out thy love No rel-ish can af - ford; Nor joy can be com - pared with this, To serve and praise the Lord.