

METRE 1 Isaac Watts

ORRAMOOR L.M.

1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to my-self and thee; A-midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus de-base my heav'n-ly birth? Why should I cleave to things be-low, And let my God, my Sa-vior go?

3. Call me a-way from flesh and sense; One sov'-reign word can draw me thence; I would o-bey the voice di-vine, And all in-fe-rior joys re-sign.

4. Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn; Let noise and va-ni-ty be gone; In se-cret si-lence of the mind, My heav'n, and there my God, I find.