

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.