

Preserve Me, Lord  
Isaac Watts, 1719.  
William Smallwood(1831-1897)

Preserve me, Lord, in time of need;  
For succor to Thy throne I flee,  
But have no merits there to plead:  
My goodness cannot reach to Thee.

Oft have my heart and tongue confessed  
How empty and how poor I am;  
My praise can never make Thee blessed,  
Nor add new glories to Thy name.

Yet, Lord, Thy saints on earth may reap  
Some profit by the good we do;  
These are the company I keep,  
These are the choicest friends I know.

Let others choose the songs of mirth  
To give a relish to their wine;  
I love the men of heav'nly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.