

**My God, My Portion, and My Love**

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: From Haydn.

My God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all!  
I've none but Thee in Heavn above,  
Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod!  
Theres nothing here deserves my joys,  
Theres nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning sun  
Scatters his feeble light;  
Tis Thy sweet beams create my noon;  
If Thou withdraw, tis night.

And whilst upon my restless bed,  
Amongst the shades I roll,  
If my Redeemer shows His head,  
Tis morning with my soul.

To Thee we owe our wealth, and friends,  
And health, and safe abode:  
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.

How vain a toy is glittering wealth,  
If once compared to Thee!  
Or whats my safety, or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?

Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own,  
Without Thy graces and Thyself  
I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms like seas  
And grasp in all the shore,  
Grant me the visits of Thy face,  
And I desire no more.