

My God, Permit Me Not to Be
Isaac Watts, 1707-9.
Irving Morgan, 1895.

My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity begone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.