

My God, Permit Me Not to Be  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.  
Music: 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 heavenly 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Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,  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.