

Preserve me, Lord, in time of need

W.Smallwood, 1831-1897

Antwerp
L.M.

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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.

Isaac Watts