My God, My Portion, and My Love

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
My God, my portion, and my love, My

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
everlasting all, I've

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
none but thee in heaven above, Or

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
on this earthly ball.

The other verses

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

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shew his head
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 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.

6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compar'd to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

8 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.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.