My God, Permit My Tongue

Doh is Ab · 4/4 Tune: SOUTHWELL

| l, - | d - d - t, - t, - | l, - - - - - d - |
My God, permit my tongue This

| d - d - r - r - | m - - - - - m - |
joy, to call thee mine, And

| s - s - f - f - | m - m - r - m - |
let my early cries prevail To

| r - d - t, - t, - | l, - - - - - |
taste thy love di- vine.

The other verses

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

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