

- P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
In Thee alone is all my trust;
No merits of my own I plead,
Only the righteousness of Christ.
- 2 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.
- 3 But from the saints on earth I reap
Pleasures exceeding all below;
Such is the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Though once I chose the sons of earth,
Pleasures of flesh and sense were mine,
Now I love those of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.
- 5 My Lord remains before mine eyes;
At my right hand He stands prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
My sure and everlasting Guard.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748