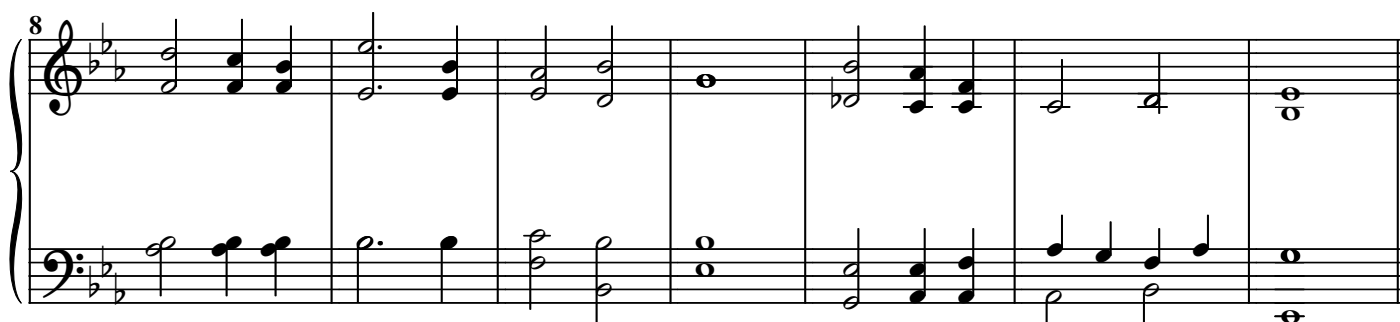


# In All My Vast Concerns With Thee

Cuthbert Howard: 1856-1927

Lloyd  
C.M.



(1.) In all my vast concerns with Thee, - In vain my soul would try - To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee - The notice of Thine eye.

(2.) Thy all-surrounding sight surveys - My rising and my rest, - My public walks, my private ways, - And secrets of my breast.

(3.) My thoughts lie open to the Lord - Before they're formed within; - And ere my lips pronounce the word - He knows the sense I mean.

(4.) O wondrous knowledge, deep and high! - Where can a creature hide? - Within Thy circling arms I lie, - Beset on every side.

(5.) So let Thy grace surround me still, - And like a bulwark prove, - To guard my soul from every ill, - Secured by sovereign love.

(6.) Lord, where shall guilty souls retire, - Forgotten and unknown? - In hell they meet Thy dreadful fire, - In Heav'n Thy glorious throne.

(7.) Should I suppress my vital breath - To 'scape the wrath divine, - Thy voice would break the bars of death, - And make the grave resign.

(8.) If winged with beams of morning light - I fly beyond the west, - Thy hand, which must support my flight, - Would soon betray my rest.

(9.) If o'er my sins I think to draw - The curtains of the night, - Those flaming eyes that guard Thy law - Would turn the shades to light.

(10.) The beams of moon, the midnight hour, - Are both alike to Thee: - O may I ne'er provoke that power - From which I cannot flee.

Isaac Watts: 1674-1748