In All My Vast Concerns with Thee

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
In all my vast con- cerns with thee In

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
vain my soul would try To

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
shun thy presence, Lord, or flee The

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
notice of thine eye.

The other verses

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 form'd 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,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven 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 wing'd 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 noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); 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.