Lord, Thou Hast Search'd and Seen Me Thro'

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'; Thine

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
eye commands with piercing view My

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
rising and my resting hours, My

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
heart and flesh with all their powers.

The other verses

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon,
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); 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.