In All My Vast Concerns With Thee

BURLINGTON C. M.

1. In all my vast concerns with Thee, In vain my soul would try, To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee.

2. Thine all surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest, My public walks, my notice of Thine love.

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. Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high, Where can a creature hide? With in Thy circling arms I lie, Enclosed on ev'ry side.

5. So let Thy grace surround me still, And like a bulwark prove, To guard my soul from every ill, Secured by sov'reign love.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: J. F. Burrows

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