

Lord, All I Am Is Known to Thee

Isaac Watts, 1719.

William Gardiner, 1812.

Lord, all I am is known to Thee:  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun Thy presence, or to flee  
The notice of Thine eye.

Thy all surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,  
Before they're formed within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou knowest the sense I mean.

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

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