

Lord, Thou Hast Searched and Seen Me Through
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: George Kingsley, 1853.

Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through,
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

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.

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

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.

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?

If up to Heavn I take my flight,
Tis there Thou dwellest enthroned in light
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath Thy chains.

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

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.

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

Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, theyre both alike to Thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to His eye.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Whereer I rove, whereer I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.