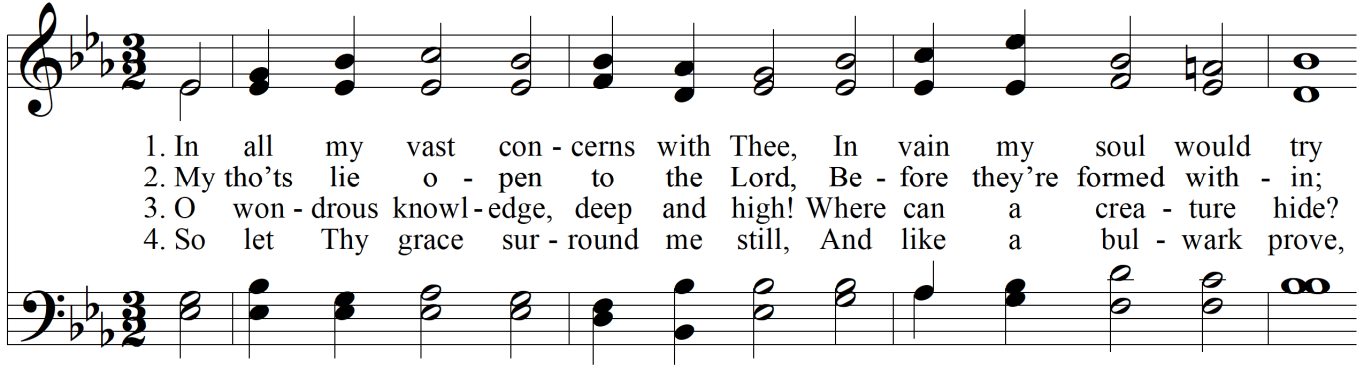
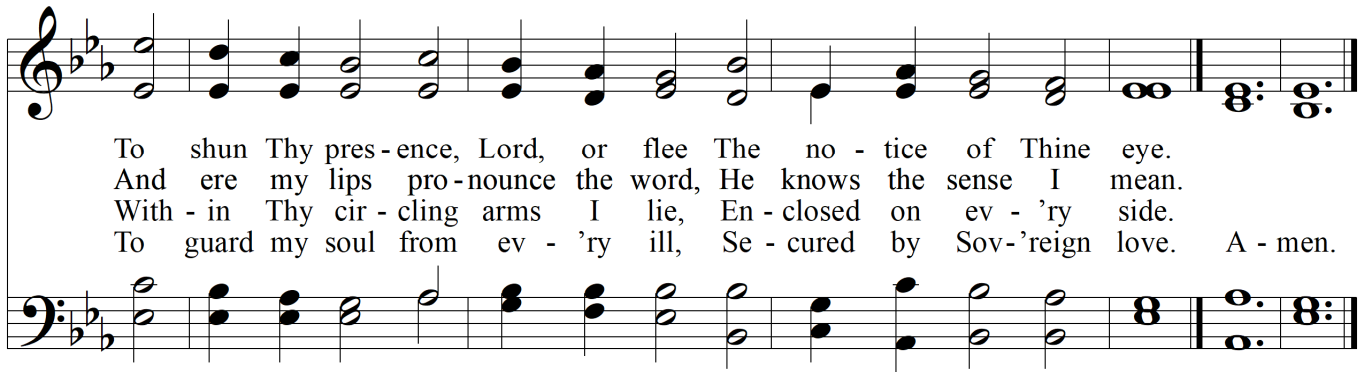


In All My Vast Concerns With Thee

DOWNS C. M.



1. In all my vast con - cerns with Thee, In vain my soul would try
2. My tho'ts lie o - pen to the Lord, Be - fore they're formed with - in;
3. O won - drous knowl - edge, deep and high! Where can a crea - ture hide?
4. So let Thy grace sur - round me still, And like a bul - wark prove,



To shun Thy pres - ence, Lord, or flee The no - tice of Thine eye.
And ere my lips pro - nounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.
With - in Thy cir - cling arms I lie, En - closed on ev - 'ry side.
To guard my soul from ev - 'ry ill, Se - cured by Sov - 'reign love. A - men.