

O That I Knew the Secret Place.

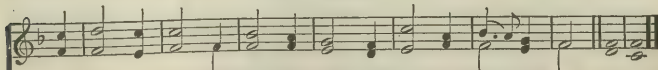
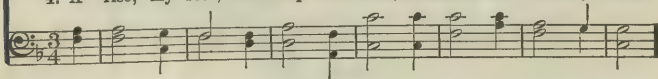
Isaac Watts.

Mear. C. M.

American Air.



1. O that I knew the se - cret place Where I might find my God!
2. I'd tell Him how my sins a - rise; What sor - rows I sus - tain;
3. He knows what ar - gu - ments I'd take To wres - tle with my God;
4. A - rise, my soul, from deep dis - tress, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear;



I'd spread my wants be - fore His face, And pour my woes a - broad.
 How grace de - cays, and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
 I'd plead for His own mer - cy's sake And for my Sav - ior's blood.
 He calls thee to His throne of grace, To spread thy sor - rows there. A-MEN.

