

O THAT I knew the secret place,  
Where I might find my God!  
I'd spread my wants before His face  
And pour my woes abroad.

- 2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain;  
How grace decays and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God;  
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones;  
He takes the meaning of His saints,  
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear;  
He calls you to His throne of grace  
To spread your sorrows there.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*