

F# Minor. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Joseph Stone, 1793.

In all my vast concerns with thee, In vain my soul would try To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee The notice of thine eye.

notice of thine eye. Thy all-surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest, My public walks, my private ways, And secrets of my breast. breast.

Lord, or flee The notice of thine eye. Thy all-surrounding sight surveys

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