

Blessings implor'd, and sins to be confessed ;  
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed.  
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid ;  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the  
pain  
And brought back life and hope, and strength  
again.

3 Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;  
All to each one assigned of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear ;  
All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
Longish for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
Oh ! what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path ; but this, Thou knowest, Lord!

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing ;  
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:  
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved :  
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.