

# 17. If I could shut the gate

John Danyel

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If I could shut the gate a- gainst my thoughts  
 Or were there o- ther rooms with- out my heart  
 But, O my Sa- vior who my re- fuge art,

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and keep out sor- row from this room with- in, or me-  
 that did not to my con- science join so near, where I  
 let thy dear mer- cies stand twixt them and me, and be

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mo- ry could can- cel all the notes of my mis- deeds,  
 might lodge the thoughts of sin a- part, that I might not,  
 the wall to se- par- ate my heart, so that I may,

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of my mis- deeds, and I un- think my sin. How free, how clear,  
 where I might not their clam- 'rous cry- ing hear. What peace, what joy,  
 so that I may at length re- pose me free, that peace and joy

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how clean my soul should lie, dis- charg'd of such  
 what ease should I pos- sess, free'd from their hor-  
 and rest may be with- in, and I re- main

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a loath- some com- pa- ny, how free, ny.  
 rors that my soul op- press, what peace, press.  
 di- vi- ded from my sin, that peace sin.

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