17. If I could shut the gate

John Danyel

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

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

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,

1) Sic!

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

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

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