

If I Could Shut the Gate

Anonymous

If I could shut the gate against my thoughts
And keep out sorrow from this room within,
Or memory could cancel all the notes
Of my misdeeds, and I unthinking my sin:
How free, how clear, how clean my soul should lie,
Discharged of such a loathsome company!

Or were there other rooms without my heart
That did not to my conscience join so near,
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart
There I might not their clam'rous crying hear;
What peace, what joy, what ease should possess,
Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress!

But, O my Savior, who my refuge art,
Let my dear mercies stand 'twixt them and me,
And be the wall to separate my heart
So that I may at length repose me free;
That peace, and joy, and rest may be within,
And I remain divided from my sin.



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