



1 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of today, and burdens for tomorrow,
Blessings implored, 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 myself assigned, of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings 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.

6 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting Strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known.