

When all thy Mer-cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans -

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1. When all thy Mer - cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed

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port-ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

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2. Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom these comforts flow'd.
3. When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
5. Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.