

When all thy mercies, O my God

AMNS 109

Melody: Contemplation

C.M.



When all thy mercies, O my God,  
my rising soul surveys,  
transported with the view, I'm lost  
in wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
thy tender care bestowed,  
before my infant heart conceived  
from whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
with heedless steps I ran,  
thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
and led me up to man.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
my daily thanks employ,  
and not the least a cheerful heart  
which tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
thy goodness I'll pursue,  
and after death in distant worlds  
the glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee  
a joyful song I'll raise;  
for O, eternity's too short  
to utter all thy praise.

Words: Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

Music: Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley (1825-1889)