

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.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the last a cheerful heart That 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, oh, eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison

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