## When all your mercies, O my God





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 worn with sickness, oft hast Thou With health renewed my face; And, when in sins and sorrows sunk, Revived my soul with grace.

Through every period of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue And after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.

Joseph Addison

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