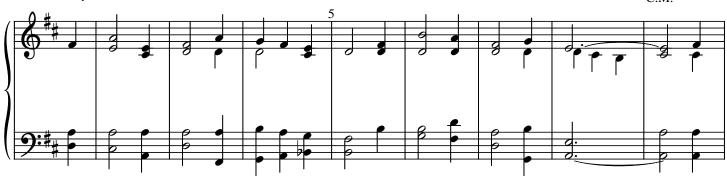
## When all your mercies, O my God

F.A.G. Ouseley, 1825-1889 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.

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

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