

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with ample warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my thankful heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Before my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
That mercy cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

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

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

7 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.