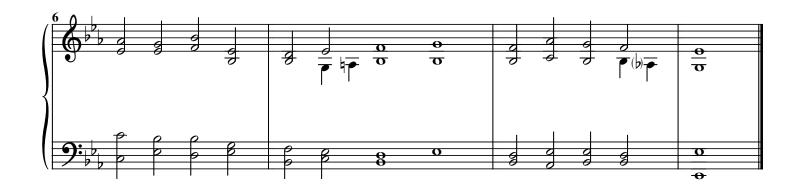
When all Thy mercies, O my God





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

O how shall words with equal warmth The gratitude declare, That glows within my ravished heart? But thou canst read it there.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the last a cheerful heart That tastes those gifts with joy. When nature fails, and day and night Divide Thy works no more, My ever grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore.

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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