**1 When all thy mercies, O my God,  
 my rising soul surveys,  
 transported with the view, I'm lost  
 in wonder, love, and praise.  
  
2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul,  
 thy tender care bestowed,  
 before my infant heart conceived  
 from whom those comforts flowed.  
  
3 When in the slippery paths of youth  
 with heedless steps I ran,  
 thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
 and led me up to man  
  
4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
 with health renewed my face;  
 and, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 revived my soul with grace.  
  
5 Through every period of my life  
 thy goodness I'll pursue,  
 and after death in distant worlds  
 the glorious theme renew.  
  
6 Through all eternity to thee  
 a joyful song I'll raise;  
 for O, eternity's too short  
 to utter all thy praise.**