**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.**