

THY MERCIES

(Geneva. C. M.)

Joseph Addison

John Cole

1. When all ——— When all ——— Thy mer - cies, O ——— my ——— God!
 When all Thy mer - cies, O my God!

My ris - ing soul ——— sur - veys, Trans - port - ed ———
 Trans -

with ——— the view, ——— I'm ——— lost ——— in ———
 port - ed with the

won - - - der, ——— love, ——— and praise.

2. Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart discerned
 From whom those blessings flowed.

3. Ten thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

4. O, how can words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my raptured heart? —
 But Thou canst read it there.

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