



- Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 3. When in the slippery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran,
 Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the least a cheerful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.
- Through every period of my life, Thy goodness I'll pursue; And after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.