When All Thy Mercies, O My God

BELMONT C. M.

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
2. Un - num - ber'd com - forts to my soul Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
3. When worn with sick - ness, oft hast Thou With health re - newed my face;
4. Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy:
5. Thru ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue;

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flowed.
And, when in sins and sor - rows sunk, Re - vived my soul with grace.
Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart That tastes those gifts of joy.
And af - ter death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new. A - men.