

# When All Thy Mercies, O my God

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, my ris - ing  
 2. Un - num - bered com - forts to my soul thy ten - der  
 3. When worn with sick - ness, oft hast thou with health re -  
 4. Thy boun - teous hand with world - ly bliss hath made my  
 5. Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - cious gifts my dai - ly

soul sur - veys, trans - port - ed with the  
 care be - stowed, be - fore my in - fant  
 newed my face; and when in sins and  
 cup run o'er; and, in a kind and  
 thanks em - ploy; nor is the least a

view, I'm lost in won - der, love and praise.  
 heart con - ceived from whom those com - forts flowed.  
 sor - rows sunk, re - vived my soul with grace.  
 faith - ful Friend, hath dou - bled all my store.  
 cheer - ful heart that tastes those gifts with joy.

6. Through every period of my life  
 thy goodness I'll pursue,  
 and after death, in distant worlds,  
 the glorious theme renew.

7. Through all eternity, to thee  
 a joyful song I'll raise;  
 for, oh, eternity's too short  
 to utter all thy praise!

This hymn is from *The Spectator*, no. 453, in 1712. The accompanying essay begins, "There is not a more pleasing Exercise of the Mind than Gratitude," later declaring, "If Gratitude is due from Man to Man, how much more from Man to his Maker?"

Words: 1712 | Joseph Addison (1672-1719) Music: *Contemplation* | Frederick A. G. Ouseley (1825-1889)