

WHEN ALL YOUR MERCIES

Psalm 78:3-4

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CCLI #3477254

When all your mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Chorus:

*So for all of eternity to you I'll raise
A joyful song of praise.
For all of eternity is too short
To utter all your praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Your tender care bestowed.
Before my infant heart did know
From whom those comforts flowed.*

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

Through ev'ry season of my life
Your goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.*