

GOD: HIS ATTRIBUTES AND WORKS.

33

KEY G.

WINCHESTER.—C.M.

From *Esté's Psalter*. 1592.

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"How great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee."

f 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Oh how shall words, with equal
warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

mp 3 Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man:

mp 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

mf 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.

11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

f 13 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.