

H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God
my rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
in wonder, love and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
the gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart;
but Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
and all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
and hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries
thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
to form themselves in pray'r.
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
from whom these comforts flow'd.
When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
with heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
and led me up to man:
Thy hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
it gently clear'd my way;

And