

- 3 Man we for his kindness love,  
How much more our God above?  
Give him then, and ever give,  
Thanks for all that we receive;  
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,  
To be honour'd and adored;  
God of all-creating grace,  
Take the everlasting praise.

C. M.

6

ADDISON

- 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 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When I, a helpless infant, hung  
Upon my mother's breast.

- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in prayer.

- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,