When All Thy Mercies, O My God
17th cent. Latin Text

When all Thy mercies, O my God, My
Then thousand thousand precious gifts My
Through every period of my life Thy
When nature fails and day and night Di-
Through all eternity, to Thee A

ris-ing soul surveys, Trans-
daily thanks em-ploy; Nor
good-ness I'll pur-sue, And
vide Thy works no more, My
joy-ful song I'll raise; But,

port-ed with the view, I'm lost In
is the least a cheer-ful heart That
after death, in dis-tant worlds, The
ever grate-ful heart, O Lord, Thy
oh, e-ter-ni-ty's too short To

won-der, love, and praise.
tastes those gifts with joy.
glo-rious theme re-new.
mer-cies shall a-dore.
utter all Thy praise!