When all thy mercies, O my God Hymnal 1982 no. 415 Melody: Durham C.M.



When all thy mercies, O my God,

my rising soul surveys,

transported with the view, I’m lost

in wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth

the gratitude declare,

that glows within my fervent heart?

But thou canst read it there.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts

my daily thanks employ;

nor is the least a cheerful heart

that tastes those gifts with joy.

When nature fails, and day and night

divide thy works no more,

my ever grateful heart, O Lord,

thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee

a joyful song I’ll raise;

but oh, eternity’s too short

to utter all thy praise!

Words: Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

Music: Melody and bass by Thomas Ravenscroft (1592?-1635?)