

When All Thy Mercies, O My God  
by Charles Wesley

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 Thy Providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redressed,  
While in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

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

4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

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

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

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

8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a thankful heart,  
That takes those gifts with joy.

9 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The pleasing theme renew.

10 Through all eternity, to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But O eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise!