

TENDER CARE. C.M.

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P.M.A

P.M. Ackley
D.C.

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
 Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love and praise; O how can words with e-qual warmth The grat-i-tude de-clare,
D.C. That glows with-in my rav-ish-ed heart? But Thou canst read it there.

2. Un-num-bered com-forts on my soul, Thy ten-der care be-stowed,
 Be-fore my in-fant heart con-ceived, From whence those com-forts flowed. When in the slip-p'ry paths of youth With heed-less steps I ran,
D.C. Thine arm, un-seen, con-veyed me safe, And led me up to man.