

William Walker, March 15th, 1873

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
 2. Un - num - bered com - forts on my soul Thy ten - der care be - stowed,

3. When in the slip - p'ry paths of youth With heed - less steps I ran,
 4. Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - cious gifts My dai - ly thanks I em - ploy;

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise, In won - der, love, and praise.
 Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flowed, From whom those com - forts flowed.

Thine arm, un - seen, con - veyed me safe, And led me up to man, And led me up to man.
 Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy, That tastes those gifts with joy.