

When All Thy Mercies

Fernando Ortega

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed
Before my infant heart could know
From whom those comforts flowed

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

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