

## Lynnhurst New

1. When all thy mercies O my God, my rising soul sur - veys, Tran -  
 sported with the view I'm lost, In wonder love and praise.

2. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts, My daily thanks em - ploy, Nor  
 is the least - a cheerful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

Un - number'd comforts to my soul, Thy tender care be - stowed, Be -  
 fore my infant heart con - ceived from whom those comforts flowed.

Through all e - terni - ty to thee, a grateful song I'll raise, But  
 O! e - terni - ty's too short, To utter all thy praise.