

Manoah C. M.



1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
2. Un - num - bered com - forts, to 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 em - ploy;
5. Thru ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue;
6. Thru all e - ter - ni - ty, to Thee A joy - ful song I'll raise;



Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In, won - der, love, and praise.
Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flowed.
Thine arm, un - seen, con - veyed me safe, And led me up to man.
Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.
And af - ter death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.
For O, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all Thy praise! A - men.

