

# Addison

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F Major  
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

Thy mer-cy sweetens eve-ry soil,

Makes eve-ry re-gion please;

1. Thy mer-cy sweetens eve-ry soil, The hoary frozen

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

And smooths the boi-sterous seas.

hills it warms, And smooths the boi-sterous seas;

2. How are thy Servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defense!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help omnipotence.

3. In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by Thy care,  
Thro' burning climes I passed unhurt,  
And breathed in tainted air.

4. Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How with affrighted eyes  
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
In all its horrors rise!

5. Confusion dwelt in every Face,  
And fear in every Heart;  
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.

6. Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free,  
While in the confidence of prayer  
My soul took hold on Thee;

7. For though in dreadful whirls we hung  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

8. The storm was laid, the winds retired,  
Obedient to Thy will;  
The sea that roared at Thy command,  
At Thy command was still.

9. In midst of dangers, fears and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past;  
And humbly hope for more.

10. My life, if thou preserv'st my Life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to Thee.