



- 2. Count the moments as they fly, sunbeams floating in the sky; smiles of morning's golden hours, bright with breathing bloom of flowers; quivering shadows of the trees, playing between sun and breeze; blessed things of earth and air, that surround thee everywhere.
- 3. Count the pulses of thy heart, search thro' memory every part, all the thousand nameless ways, in which God, thro' all thy days, hath thy life sustained and blessed, giving thee the thing that's best, tho' alas! that life has proved all unworthy to be loved: -
- 4. When thou hast the sum of all blessings, that uncounted fall round thy path, the light and love waiting on thee from above, all by boundless Mercy brought, into judgment ent'ring not; thou hast some reply from Heav'n how offenders are forgiven.
- 5. Then my soul! be this thy law, for each breath, which thou dost draw, of God's mercy full and free, let thy love outbrèathed be; and, as with each Heav'n-sent gale thou forgiveness dost inhale, let thy heart breathe out again kindness to thy fellow-men.

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