

The New Year

I do not know, I cannot see
What God's kind hand prepares for me,

Nor can my glance pierce through the haze
Which covers all my future ways;

But yet I know that o'er it all
Rules He who notes the sparrow's fall.

I know the Hand that hath me fed
And through the year my feet hath led;

I know the everlasting arm
That hath upheld and kept from harm.

I trust Him as my God and Guide
And know that He will still provide.

So at the opening of the year,
I banish care and doubt and fear,

And clasping His kind hand, essay
To walk with God from day to day.

Trusting in Him who hath me fed,
Walking with Him who hath me led.

Farewell, Old Year, with goodness crowned.
A hand divine hath set thy bound

Welcome the New Year, which shall bring
Fresh blessings from my God and King.

The Old we leave without a tear,
The New we hail without a fear.
