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.