

God of the Changing Year

Emily Taylor, 1818.

Edward Dearle, 1874.

God of the changing year, whose arm of power  
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,  
Here in Thy temple bow Thy children down,  
To bless Thy mercy and Thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,  
And pour around the gladdening light of day;  
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine  
To cheer its hours of darkness; all are Thine.

If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,  
And mortal friends were faithless, Thou wast true;  
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear  
The wounded spirit, Thou was present there.

O lend Thine ear, and lift our voice to Thee;  
Where'er we dwell, still let Thy mercy be;  
From year to year still nearer to Thy shrine  
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly Thine.