

Thou Who Roll'st the Year Around
Ray Palmer, 1832.
Samuel Wesley(1810-1876)

Thou who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich Thy gifts to us abound;
Warm our praise shall rise to Thee.

Kindly to our worship bow
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by Thee, we now
Bid the parting year farewell.

All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.

Mingled with th'eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay,
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn Judgment Day.

All our follies, Lord, forgive;
Cleanse us from each guilty stain.
Let Thy grace within us live
That we spend not years in vain.

Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!