

A Year of Precious Blessings

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1907.

Music: Allan Sankey.

A year of precious blessings
And glorious victories won,
Of earnest work progressing,
Its onward course has run;
To Thee, O God, our Refuge,
Whose goodness crowns our days,
Within Thy earthly temple,
We lift our souls in praise;
Within Thy earthly temple,
We lift our souls in praise.

Thou Master of assemblies
In mighty power descend,
Behold our glad reunion,
Conduct it to the end;
Inspire our hearts with courage
And deeper love for Thee,
That all, Thy Name may honor,
Where'er our field may be,
That all, Thy Name may honor,
Where'er our field may be.

O Church of God's anointed,
March on the world to win,
Lead forth thy ranks by millions
Against the hosts of sin,
Till at His throne in glory,
Where angels prostrate fall,
One hallelujah chorus
Shall crown Him Lord of all,
One hallelujah chorus
Shall crown Him Lord of all.