## God of the Changing Year







- (1.) 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.
- (2.) 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.
- (3.) If round our path the thorns of sorrow grow, And mortal friends are faithless, Thou wast true; Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear The wounded spirit, Thou was present there.
- (4.) 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 throne Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly Thine.

Emily Taylor: 1795-1872

For I am the LORD, I change not... Malachi 3:

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