

$\text{♩} = 100$  New Year. Ps. 65. 11; 103. 4 W. Gadsby

1. Lord, we a - dore thee, and would fain ex - press Thy match-less good - ness  
 2. An - oth - er year of our short life is gone, And man - y are the  
 3. Some - times in sol - emn sil - ence we have sat, Then peev - ish - ly cried  
 4. We've swelled our woes to an im - mense de - gree, And of - ten said, None

and our worth - less - ness; A - shamed of self, we pros - trate at thy  
 won - ders we have known; Our path's been strewed with bles - sings rich and  
 out, How hard's our lot! Each tri - al we have viewed with fret - ful  
 are so tried as we; God's right - eous ways our car - nal hearts de -

door, Con - fess our sin, and thy free grace im - plore.  
 rare, Pro - ceed - ing from thy spe - cial love and care.  
 eye, And ever - y mer - cy passed in si - lence by.  
 - spise, And of - ten say they're nei - ther just nor wise.

5. Yet sovereign favours we have oft enjoyed;  
 To us the Holy Ghost has them applied;  
 Through God's free goodness, mercies, rich and rare,  
 Have cheered our souls and vanquished every fear.

6. Christ, and him crucified, has been our song;  
 His unctuous love has tuned our hearts and tongue;  
 We've been abashed, our vileness have confessed,  
 And felt that God in blessing has us blessed.