



2. This year will prove a happy one if quickened by thy grace, with swifter, firmer steps I run the arduous heavenly race; if stumbling, lingering now no more, "forgetting things behind," I press towards those that are before with undiverted mind.

3. This year will prove a happy one, bring with it what it may, if, Lord, thy strength be made my own, in every trying day.
For thou canst make all grace abound, thou canst my faith increase, and with thy mercy fence me round, and keep my mind in peace.

4. This year will prove a happy one, if every moment lent, each day, each hour, with thee begun, for thee alone be spent; if as the weeks revolve, my aim, my one desire may be, on earth to glorify thy name, to live, my God, for thee!

Words: Charlotte Elliott. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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