

The Year Is Gone

1. The year is gone, be - yond re - call, With all its hopes and fears.
2. To You we come, O gra - cious Lord, The new-born year to bless;

Your thank - ful peo - ple praise You, Lord, For count - less gifts re - ceived;
De - fend our land from pest - i - lence; Give peace and plen - teous - ness.

And pray for grace to keep the faith Which saints of old be - lieved.
We pray that fu - ture years may all Be spent, dear Lord, for You.

So God send you all much joy in the year, in the year,

So God send you all much joy in the year.

Music: Anonymous Shropshire; harm. Martin Shaw, 1928
Text: Anonymous Latin; tr. Frances Pott (1832-1909)

LAMB OF GOD
8 6. 8 6. 8 6. w/ refrain