1. Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break! Melodious voices move!
2. Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er; But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
3. Lord, from this year more service win, More glory, more delight!
4. Then we may press its precious things, If earthly cheer should come;
5. O golden then the hours must be! The year must needs be sweet:

On, rolling Time! Thou canst not make The Father cease to love.
Our sins are swelling ever more; But pard'ning grace still streams.
O make its hours less sad with sin, Its days with Thee more bright!
Or glad some mount on angel wings, If Thou wouldst take us home.
Yes, Lord, with happy melody Thine opening grace we greet.