

A HYMN FOR

**NEW YEAR'S DAY.**

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**AGAIN** time's ever fleeting hand  
Points to the finish'd year ;  
It's moments with past ages stand,  
Nor more for me appear.

Say has improvement mark'd your flight,  
Seasons in mercy given ?  
Does the recording angel write  
His testimony, heaven ?

For tho' from me for ever flown,  
Unchang'd yon awful mount ;  
And angels smile, or fiends you frown  
Upon my last account.

Then as the opening dawn I hail,  
 Of time to me renew'd ;  
 Be what I do and where I fail,  
 Impartially review'd.

And while th' important moments pass,  
 And time again revolves ;  
 Spirit of power and heavenly grace,  
 Assist my weak resolves.

From each imperfect virtuous part,  
 Then purer good shall spring ;  
 From errors past, a contrite heart,  
 Sainted repentance bring.