
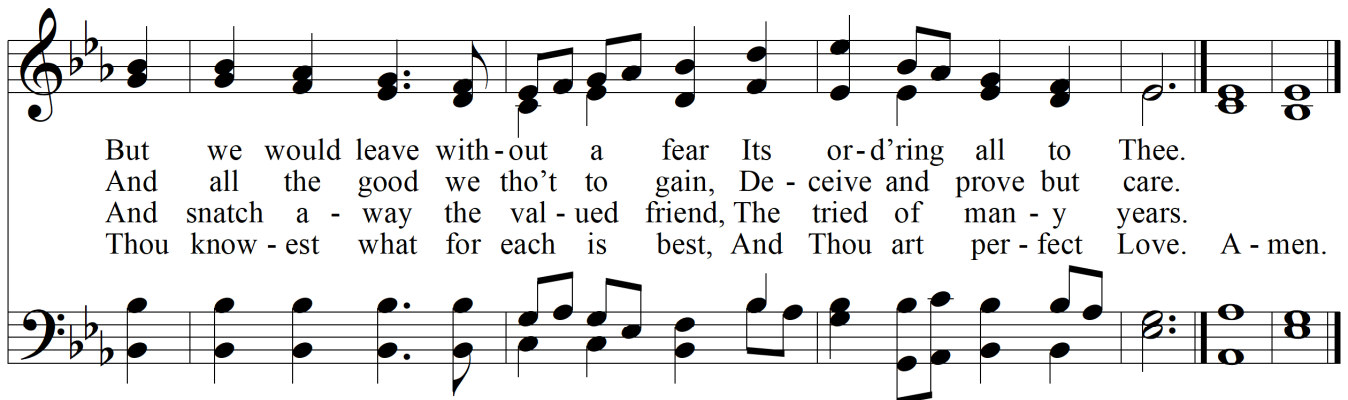


# Our Father, Through The Coming Year

FROM C. M.



1. Our Fa - ther, thru the com - ing year We know not what shall be;  
2. It may be we shall toil in vain For what the world holds fair;  
3. It may be it shall dark - ly blend Our love with anx - ious fears,  
4. But calm - ly, Lord, on Thee we rest; No fears our trust shall move;



But we would leave with - out a fear Its or - d'ring all to Thee.  
And all the good we tho't to gain, De - ceive and prove but care.  
And snatch a - way the val - ued friend, The tried of man - y years.  
Thou know - est what for each is best, And Thou art per - fect Love. A - men.

Words: Anonymous

Music: Arr. Hugh Bond (1762-1792)