O God of Bethel by Whose Hand





O God of Bethel, by Whose hand Thy people still are fed, Who through this weary pilgrimage Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present Before Thy throne of grace; God of our fathers, be the God Of their succeeding race. Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide; Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around Till all our wanderings cease, And at our Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace.

Philip Doddridge

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