

MY helper God! I bless His name:
Whose power and grace remain the same!
The tokens of His friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

- 2 I, 'midst so many dangers, stand,
Supported by His guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
So many monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far His arm has led me on;
And He has made His mercy known;
Now, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:
Then bear, in His bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51