

O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

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

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51,
Scottish Revision, 1781*