O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

Words by Leonard Bacon
Music by J. Hatton

1. O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
   Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
   And when they trod the wintry strand,
   With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.

2. Thou hearestd, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
   Thy blessing came; and still its pow’r
   Shall onward thru all ages bear
   The memory of that holy hour.

3. What change! thru path less wilds no more
   The fierce and naked savage roams:
   Sweet praise, a long the cultured shore,
   Breaks from ten thousand sandy happy homes.

4. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
   Came with those exiles o’er the waves,
   And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
   The God they trusted guards their graves.

5. And here Thy name, O God of love,
   Their children’s children shall adore,
   Till these eternal hills remove,
   And spring adorns the earth no more.