O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

DEVONSHIRE L. M.

1. O God, beneath Thy guiding hand, Our exiled fathers cross'd the sea; And when they trod the wintry strand, With prayer and psalm they worship'd Thee.

2. Thou heard'st, well pleas'd, the song, the pray'r: Thy blessing exiles o'er the waves; And where their pilgrim feet have bear The memory of that holy hour.

3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those children shall adore, Till these eternal hills move, And spring adorns the earth no more. Amen.

4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's came; and still its pow'r Shall onward, thru all ages, children shall adore, Till these eternal hills move, And spring adorns the earth no more. Amen.

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