Lamp of Our Feet! Whose Hallowed Beam

Doh is Db · 6/8 Tune: SWEET HOUR

| d | m - f s - s | l - t d' - l | s - m m r d | r - m r - d |
Lamp of our feet! whose hallowed beam Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath, How

| m - f s - s | l - t d' - l | s - m m r d | m - r d - s |
welcome is the cheering gleam Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path! Light

| d' - t d' - l | s - m s - s | d' - t d' - l | s - m r - d |
of our way! whose ways are flung In mercy o'er our pilgrim road, How

| m - f s - s | l - t d' - l | s - m m r d | m - r d - |
blessed, its dark shades among, The star that guides us to our God.

The other verses

2 In the sweet morning's hour of prime,
Thy blessed words our lips engage,
And round our hearths at evening time
Our children spell the holy page;
The waymark through long distant years,
To guide their wandering footsteps on,
Till thy last loveliest beam appears,
Inscribed upon the churchyard stone.

3 Lamp of our feet! which day by day
Are passing to the quiet tomb,
If on it fall thy peaceful ray,
Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.
How beautiful their calm repose
To whom thy blessed hope is given
Whose pilgrimage on earth is closed
By the unfolding gates of heaven!

Tune SWEET HOUR by William Batchelder Bradbury (1816–1868); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.