

# Lamp of Our Feet

Doh is G · 3/4    Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |  
Lamp of our                feet! where-                by we                trace

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |  
Our path, when                wont to                stray;                Stream from the

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |  
fount of                heav'nly                grace!                Brook by the

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |  
trav'ler's                way!

## The other verses

- |                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                               |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>2</b> Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;<br>True manna from on high!<br>Our guide, and chart wherein we read<br>Of realms beyond the sky.           | <b>7</b> Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!<br>Old age's firm ally!<br>Our hope\—when we go down to dust,<br>Of immortality.             |
| <b>3</b> Pillar of fire—through watches dark!<br>Or radiant cloud by day!<br>When waves would whelm our tossing bark—<br>Our anchor and our stay!        | <b>8</b> Pure oracles of truth divine!<br>Unlike each fabled dream<br>Given forth from Delphos' mystic shrine<br>Or groves of Academe!        |
| <b>4</b> Pole—star on life's tempestuous deep!<br>Beacon! when doubts surround;<br>Compass! by which our course we keep;<br>Our deep sea—lead, to sound! | <b>9</b> Word of the ever-living God!<br>Will of His glorious Son!<br>Without Thee, how could earth be trod?<br>Or Heaven itself be won?      |
| <b>5</b> Riches in poverty! our aid<br>In every needful hour!<br>Unshaken rock! the pilgrim's shade;<br>The soldier's fortress tow'r.                    | <b>10</b> Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,<br>Thy mysteries to reveal,<br>That Spirit which first gave thee forth,<br>Thy volume must unseal!  |
| <b>6</b> Our shield and buckler in the fight!<br>Vict'ry's triumphant palm!<br>Comfort in grief! in weakness, might!<br>In sickness, Gilead's balm.      | <b>11</b> And we, if we aright would learn<br>The wisdom it imparts,<br>Must to its heavenly teaching turn<br>With simple, child-like hearts! |

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