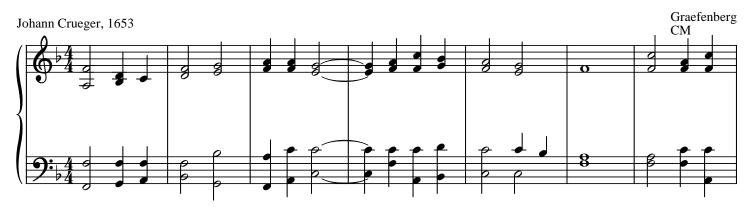
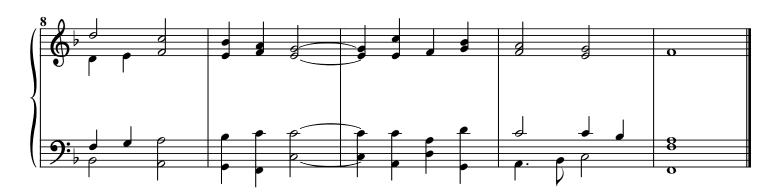
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace our path





Lamp of our feet whereby we trace Our path when wont to stray; Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the traveler's way.

Bread of our souls whereon we feed, True manna from on high; Our guide and chart wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky.

Pillar of fire, through watches dark, Or radiant cloud by day; When waves would break our tossing bark, Our anchor and our stay. Word of the ever living God, Will of His glorious Son; Without Thee, how could earth be trod Or Heav'n itself be won?

Lord, grant us all aright to learn The wisdom it imparts And to its heavenly teaching turn With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton

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