1. O Word of God incarnate,  
   O wisdom from on high,  
   O truth unchanged, unchanging, 
   O light of our dark sky;  
   We praise Thee for the radiance 
   That from the hallowed page, 
   A lantern to our footsteps, 
   Shines on from age to age.

2. The church from her dear Master, 
   Received the gift divine, 
   And still the light she lifteth, 
   O'er all the earth to shine. 
   It is the golden casket 
   Where gems of truth are stored; 
   It is the heav'n-drawn picture 
   Of Christ, the living Word.

3. It floateth like a banner 
   Before God's host unfurled; 
   It shineth like a beacon 
   Above the darkling world. 
   It is the chart and compass 
   That o'er life's surging sea, 
   'Mid mists and rocks and quick sands, 
   Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4. O make Thy church, dear Savior, 
   A lamp of purest gold, 
   To bear before the nations 
   Thy true light as of old. 
   O teach Thy wand'ring pilgrims 
   By this their path to trace, 
   'Til, clouds and darkness ended, 
   They see Thee face to face.