

O WORD OF GOD INCARNATE

W. W. How

(Munich. 7s. 6s. D.)

Mendelssohn

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
 2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine,
 3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furled:
 4. O make Thy Church, dear Sav - iour, A lamp of pur - est gold,

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky!
 And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine;
 It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world;
 To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as ling of old;

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,
 It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stored,
 O teach Thy wan - d'ring pil - grims That o'er life's surg - ing sea,
 Thy path to trace,

A lamp to guide our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
 It is the heav'n - drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
 Mid mists and rocks and quick - sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
 Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face. A - men.