

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

Philip P. Bliss

1. Brightly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy, From His
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the
 3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor

light-house ev-er-more, But to us He gives the
 an-gry bil-lows roar; Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing,
 sail-or, tem-pest tossed, Try-ing now to make the

keeping Of the lights a-long the shore. Let the low-er lights be
 long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 har-bor, In the dark ness may be lost.

burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! Some poor faint-ing,

struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.