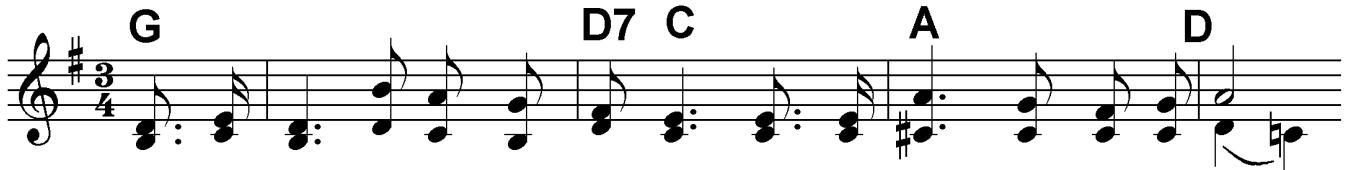


Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

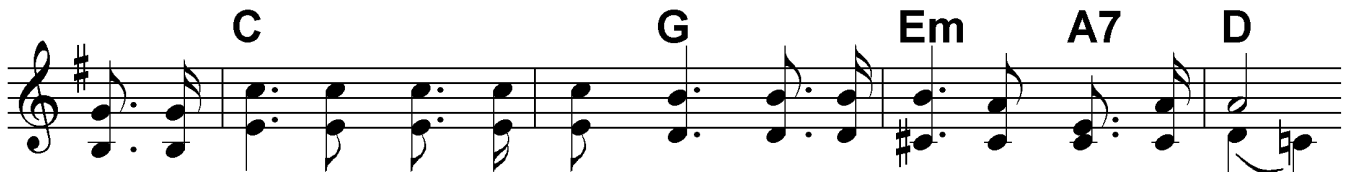
Words and music by Philip P. Bliss, 1871



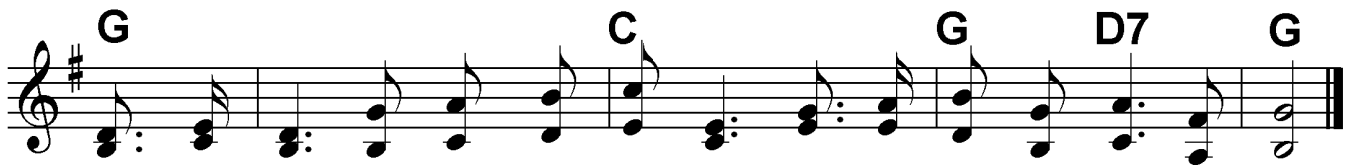
1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,



But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!



Some poor, faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.