


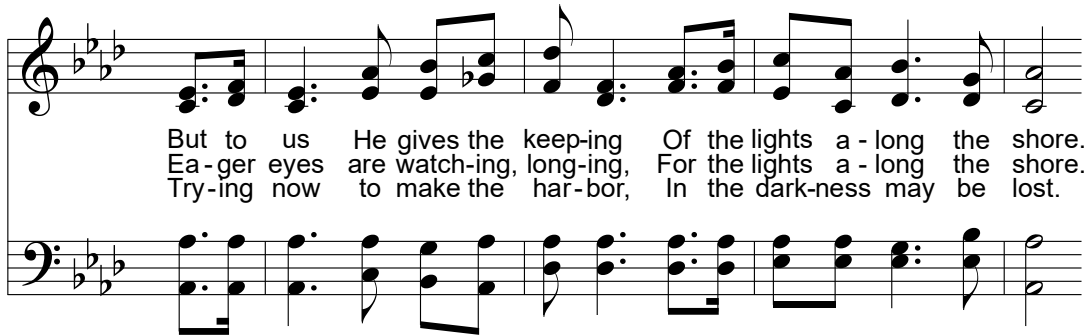
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

Philip P. Bliss (1838–1876)


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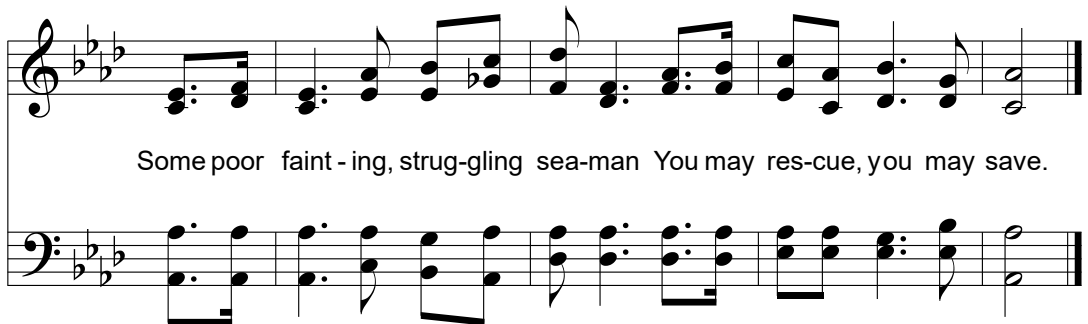
1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er! Some poor sail - or tem - pest - tossed,



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.