Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

“Among whom ye shine as light in the world.” (Phil. 2:15)

PHILIP P. BLISS

1. Brightly beams our Father’s mercy 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.