Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

Philip Paul Bliss, 1871

1. Brightly beams our Father’s mercy from His light-house ever-

2. Dark the night of sin has settled, loud the angry billows

3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother, some poor sailor temp-est

— more, But to us He gives the keep-ing of the lights a-long the shore.
— roar; Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, for the lights, a-long the shore.
— tossed, Try-ing now to make the har-bor, in the dark-ness may be lost.

Refrain

Let the lower lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! For to
Let the lower lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! Ea-ger
Let the lower lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! Try-ing

us He gives the keep-ing of the lights a-long the shore.
eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, for the lights, a-long the shore.
now to make the ha-rbor, some poor sai-lor may be lost.

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