

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Refrain

Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

Refrain

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother!
Some poor seaman, tempest-tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

Refrain

