

Lower Lights

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

Chorus

*Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor failing, struggling, sailor
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.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness may be lost.

Chorus <x 2>