

P. P. B.

USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

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.

D.S.—Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A. MEN.

D.S.