

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning
PFTL 397

1

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.

2

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

3

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

La merced de nuestro Padre

Tr: Juan N. de los Santos

1

La merced de nuestro Padre,
Es un faro_en su brillar,
Él nos cuida_y nos protege
Con las luces de_alta mar.

CORO

¡Mantened el faro_ardiendo!
¡Arrojad su luz al mar!
Que si_hay nautas pereciendo
Los podréis así salvar.

2

Reina noche de pecado,
Ruge_airada negra mar,
Almas hay que van buscando
Esas luces de_alta mar.

3

Ten tu lámpara_encendida
Que_en la tempestad habrá,
Algún náufrago perdido
Y tu luz le salvará.