The Palace O’ The King

1. It’s a bonnie, bonnie warl’ that we’re livin’ in the noo’,
2. Then again, I’ve just been thinkin’ that when a’ thing here’s sae bricht,
3. Oh! its hon’ or heaped on hon’ or that His cour-ti’rs should be ta’en
4. Then lat us trust Him bet-ter than we’ve ev’r dune a’ fore,
5. Nae nicht shall be in Heav-en, an’ nae des-o-la-tin’ sea,

An’ sun-ny is the lan’ that now we aft-en traiv’ll throo;
The sun in a’ its gran-deur, an’ the mune wi’ quot’er-in’ licht,
Frae the wan’drin’ anes He died for i’ this warl’ o’ sin an’ pain,
For the King will feed His ser-vants frae His ev’r boun-teous store:
And nae tyr-ant hoofs shall tram-ple i’ the cit-y o’ the free;

But in vain we look for some-thing here to which oor hearts may cling,
The o-cen i’ the sim-mer; or the wood-land i’ the spring,
An’ its ful’est love an’ ser-vise that the Chris-tians aye should bring
Lat us keep a clos-er grip o’ Him, for time is on the wing,
There’s an ev’r last-in’ day-light, au’ a nev-er fad’in’ spring,

For its beau-ty is as nae-thing to the pal-ace o’ the King.
What maun it be up youn-er i’ the pal-ace o’ the King.
To the feet o’ Him who reign-eth i’ the pal-ace o’ the King.
An’ sure He’ll come an’ take us tae the pal-ace o’ the King.
Where the Lamb is a’ the glo-ry i’ the pal-ace o’ the King.

Words: William Mitchell
Music: George C. Stebbins
**The Palace O’ The King**

We like the gilded summer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here that He prepares
The time for saw-in' seed, it is a wear-in', wear-in' dune;
It's iv'ry halls are bonnie upon which the rainbows shine,
We see oor friends a-wait us ower yonner at His gate.

Au' we sigh when hoar-y winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
His chosen for the rai-ment which the ransomed sin-ner wears.
An' the time for winnin' souls will be ower ver-y sune.
An' its E- den bow'rs are trel-lised wi' a nev-er fad-in' Vine;
Then lat us a' be read-y, for ye ken it's get-tin' late;

For tho' bon-nie are the snaw-flakes, an' the down on Winter's wing,
An' its here that He wad hear us 'mid oor trib-u-la-tions sing,
Then lat us a' be ac-tive, if a fruit-ful' sheaf we'd bring
An' the pearl-y gates o' Heav-en do a glo-ri-ous ra-diance fling,
Let oor lamps be bright-ly burn-in'; let us raise oor voice and sing,

It's fine to ken it daur-na touch the pal-ace o' the King.
We'll trust oor God wha' reign-eth i' the pal-ace o' the King.
To a-dorn the Roy-al ta-ble i' the pal-ace o' the King.
On the star-ry floor that shim-mers i' the pal-ace o' the King.
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the pal-ace o' the King.