The Palace O' The King

Words: William Mitchell
Music: George C. Stebbins
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We like the gilded summer, wi' its mer - ry, mer - ry tread,
It's here we hae oor tri - als, an' it's here that He pre - pares
The time for saw - in' seed, it is a wear - in', wear - in' dune;
It's iv - 'ry halls are bon - nie up - on which the rain - bows shine,
We see oor friends a - wait us ow - er yon - ner at His gate.

Au' we sigh when hoar - y win - ter lays its beau - ties wi' the dead;
His cho - sen for the rai - ment which the ran - somed sin - ner wears.
An' the time for win - nin' souls will be ow - er 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 Win - ter'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 - rious 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.