The Palace O' The King

Words: William Mitchell
Music: George C. Stebbins

1. It's a bon-nie, bon-nie war-l' that we're liv-in' in the noo',
   An' sunny is the lan' that now we aft-en traiv'll throo;
   But in vain we look for some-thing here to which oor hearts may cling,
   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.

2. Then a-gain, I've just been think-in' that when a' thing here's sae bricht,
   The sun in a' its gran-deur, an' the mune wi' quiv-erin' licht,
   The o-cean i' the sim-mer; or the wood-land i' the spring,
   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.

3. Oh! its hon-or heaped on hon-or that His cour-ti'rs should be ta'en
   Frae the wan-drin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
   An' its ful'est love an' ser-vice that the Chris-tians aye should bring,
   An' sune He'll come an' take us tae the pal-ace o' the King.
   An' sune He'll come an' take us tae the pal-ace o' the King.

4. Then lat us trust Him bet-ter than we've ev-er dune a-fore,
   For the King will feed His ser-vants frae His ev-er boun-teous store:
   Lat us keep a clos-er grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
   Where the Lamb is a' the glo-ry i' the pal-ace o' the King.
   Where the Lamb is a' the glo-ry i' the pal-ace o' the King.

5. Nae nicht shall be in Heav-en, an' nae des-o-la-tin' sea,
   And nae ty-rant hoofs shall tram-ple i' the cit-y o' the free;
   There's an ev-er 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.
   For its beau-ty is as nae-thing to the pal-ace o' the King.
The Palace O' The King

We like the gilded summer, wi' its merr - y, merr - y 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.