

# The Palace O' The King



1. It's a bon - nie, bon - nie war - l' that we're liv - in' in the noo',  
 2. Then a - gain, I've just been think - in' 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 - er 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' quiv - erin' 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 - er boun - teous store:  
 And nae ty - rant 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 - cean i' the sim - mer; or the wood - land i' the spring,  
 An' its fu - est love an' ser - vice 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 - 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.  
 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' sune 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

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We like the gild - ed sim - mer, 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 yonn - er 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 bricht - 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.