

## THE PALACE O' THE KING.

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL.

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,  
 An' sunny is the lan' we aften travel throo;  
 But in vain we look to something to which oor herts can cling,  
 For its beauty is naething to the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,  
 An' we sigh when hoary winter lays it beauties wi' the dead;  
 For though bonnie are the snaw-flakes, and the down on Winter's wing,  
 It's fine tae ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

Then, again, I've just been thinkin' that when a' thing here's sae bricht,  
 The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,  
 The ocean i' the simmer, or the woodland i' the spring,  
 What maun it be up yonner i' the palace o' the King?

It's here we hae oor trials, an' its here that he prepares,  
 A' his chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner wears:  
 An' it's here that he wad hear us' mid oor tribulations sing,  
 "We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King."

Though his palace is up yonner, he has kingdoms here below,  
 An' we are his ambassadors, wherever we may go;  
 We've a message to deliver, an' we've lost anes hame to bring,  
 To be leal and loyal heartet i' the palace o' the King.

Oh! it's honour heaped on honour that his courtiers should be ta'en  
 Frae the wand'rin' anes he died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain.  
 An' its fu'est love an' service that the Christian aye should bring,  
 To the feet of him wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.

The time for sowin' seed, it is wearin' wearin' dune;  
 An' the time for winnin' souls will be ower verra sune.  
 Then let us a' be active, if a fruitfu' sheaf we'd bring.  
 To adorn the royal table i' the palace o' the King.

An' let us trust him better than we've ever dune afore,  
 For the King will feed his servants frae his ever-bounteous store:  
 Let us keep a closer grip o' him, for time is on the wing,  
 An' sune he'll come an' tak' us tae the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie upon which the rain-bows shine,  
 And its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never-fadin' Vine;  
 An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling,  
 On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, and nae desolatin' sea,  
 And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free;  
 There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never fadin' spring,  
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the palace o' the King.

We see oor friens await us ower yonner at his gate;  
 Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late:  
 Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let's raise oor voice and sing,  
 Sune we'll meet, tae pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King!