

"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 often traivel throo;
 But in vain we look for something
 To which our hearts can cling,
 For its beauty is as naething
 To the palace o' the King.

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

Then, again, I've just been thinkin'
 That when a' thing here's aae 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' it's here that He prepares
 A' His chloes for the raiment
 Which the ransomed sinner wears.
 An' its here that He wad hear us,
 'Mid oor tribulations sing,
 "We'll trust oor God who 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,
 And 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' of sin an' pain;
 An' it's fu'est love an' service
 That the Christian aye should bring
 To the feet of Him who reigneth
 I' the palace o' the King.

An' lat us trust Him better
 Than we've ever done afore
 For the King will feed His servants
 Frae His ever-bounteous store;
 Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him,
 For time is on the wing,
 An' soon He'll come and tak us
 Tae the palace o' the King

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie,
 Upon which the rainbows shine;
 An' it's Eden bowers are trellised
 Wi' a never-fadin' Vine;
 An' the pearly gates of heaven
 Do a glorious radiance finging
 On the starry floor that shimmers
 I' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven,
 An' 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 our frien's await us
 Ower yonner at His gate;
 Then let us a' be ready,
 For ye ken it's gettin' late;
 Lat our lamps be brichtly burnin';
 Lat's raise our voice and sing,
 Syne we'll meet to part nae mair,
 I' the palace o' the King!