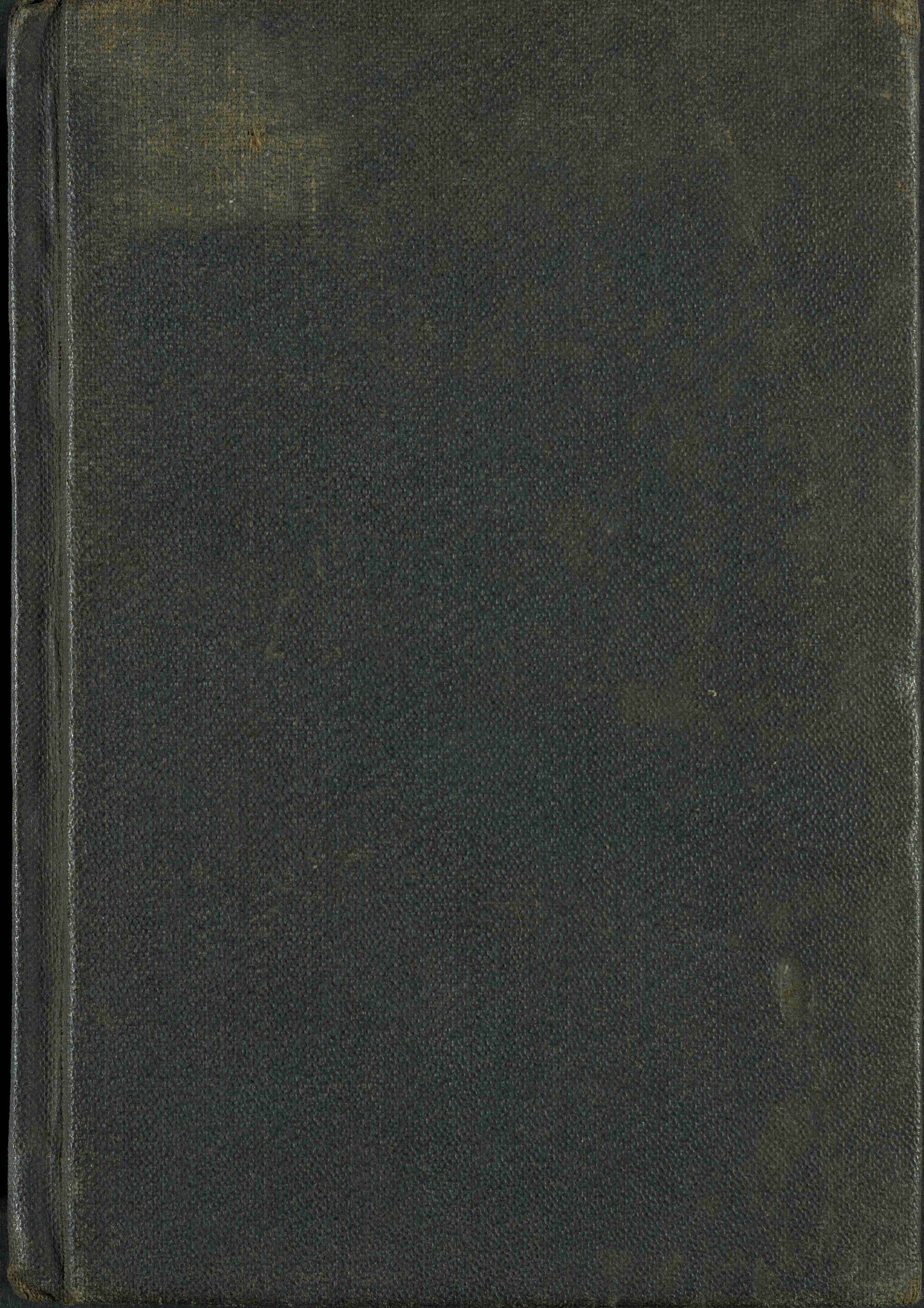
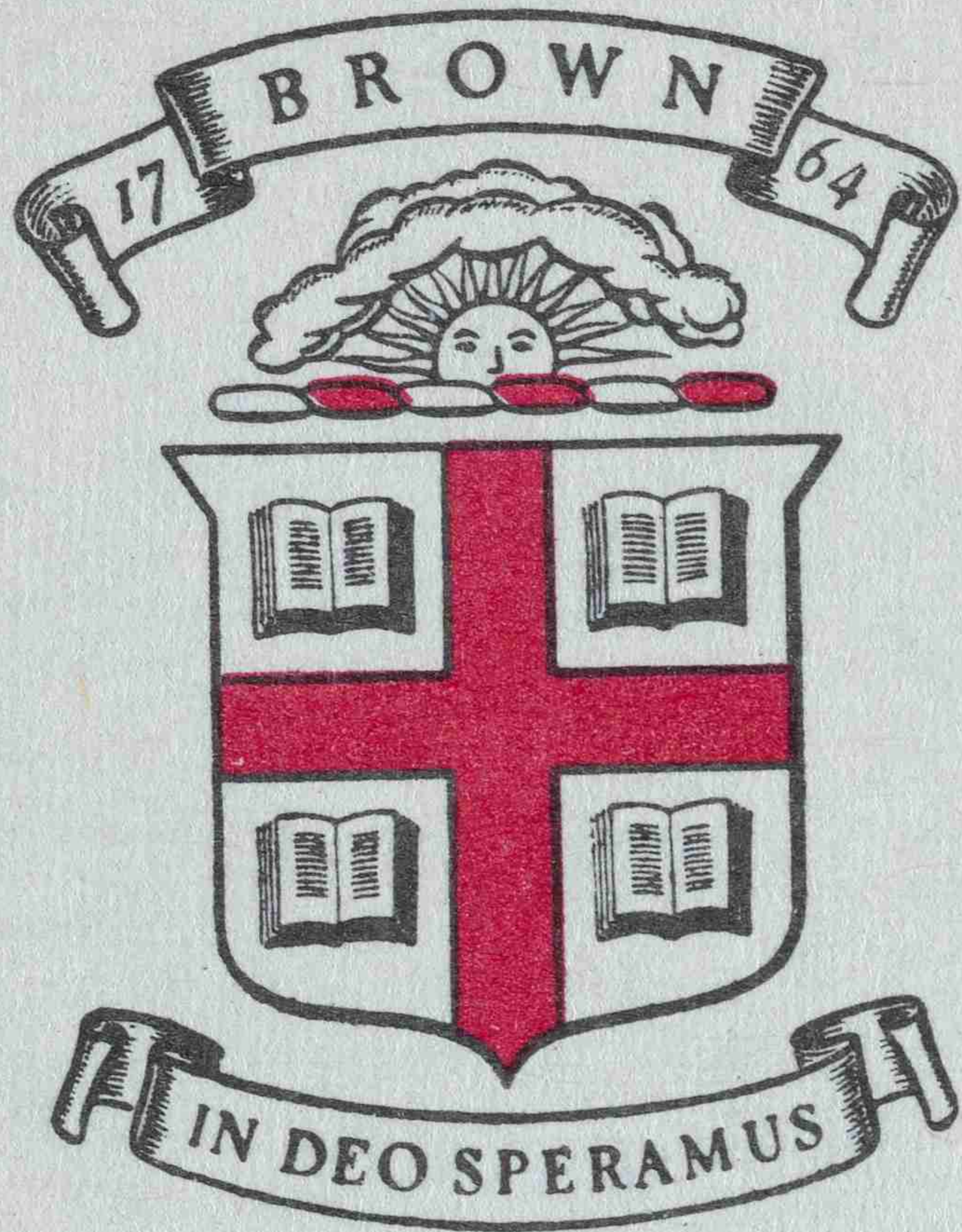




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20
REVIVAL SONGS:

AS USED BY

MRS. M. B. WOODWORTH,

THE EVANGELIST,

IN HER REVIVAL MEETINGS.



DAYTON, OHIO:

Published by the Author.

1888.

PRINTED AT
UNITED BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
DAYTON, OHIO.

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ET 8825v
Harris

PREFACE.

So great has been the demand for my songs, and feeling the need of a song book in convenient shape, and within the reach of all, I have at last yielded to the urgent appeals of my many friends in publishing this little book of songs, as used by me in revival meetings.

MARIA B. WOODWORTH.

11,705,1930
59578

69 RAY

REVIVAL SONGS.

I

THE POWER.

1. 'Tis the very same power,
The very same power ;
'Tis the very same power
That they had at Pentecost ;
'Tis the pow'r, the power ;
'Tis the pow'r that Jesus promis'd should
come down.
2. While with one accord assembled,
All in an upper room,
Came the power, etc.
3. With cloven tongues of fire,
And a rushing mighty wind,
Came the power, etc.
4. 'Twas while they were praying,
And believing it would come,
Came the power, etc.

REVIVAL SONGS.

5. Some thought they were fanatic,
Or were drunken with new wine ;
'Twas the power, etc.
 6. Three thousand were converted,
And were added to the church,
By the power, etc.
 7. The martyrs had this power,
As they triumphed in the flames ;
'Twas the power, etc.
 8. Our fathers had this power,
And we may have it, too ;
'Tis the power, etc.
 9. 'Tis the very same power,
For I feel it in my soul ;
'Tis the power, etc.
-

2

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

[Tune—Gospel Hymns No. 3, by permission, page 31.]

1. Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2. Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King,
But children of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad.

3. The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

3

THE PILGRIM.

1. How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's
ear,
As he wanders in exile from home ;
Soon will the Savior in glory appear,
And soon will the kingdom come.

CHORUS.

He's coming, coming soon, I know,
Coming back to this earth again,
And the weary pilgrim will to glory go,
When the Savior comes to reign.

2. The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep,
Shall be opened as wide as before,
And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep
Shall live on this earth once more.
3. There we'll meet all our loved ones in our Eden
homes ;
Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing ;
From the North, from the South, all the ransomed
shall come,
And worship our heavenly King.
4. Hallelujah, amen, Hallelujah again,
In a little while we shall be there,
Oh ! be faithful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,
And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

4

HAPPY PILGRIM.

1. I saw a happy pilgrim,
In shining garments clad,

REVIVAL SONGS.

Traveling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was glad.
His back did bear no burden,
He'd laid it at the cross.
The blood of Christ his Savior
Had cleansed him from all dross.

CHORUS.

Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall bear.

2. The summer sun was shining,
But he had found a shield—
A covert in the desert—
Upon life's battle-field.
His soul was filled with glory,
As he kept pressing on ;
He heard no other music
But what was heaven-born.

CHORUS.

3. No pleasure in sin's arbor
Could catch his eye or ear,
The precious name of Jesus
Was all he loved to hear.
Thus he kept pressing onward,
Delighted with the way,
And shouting, Glory ! Glory !
To Jesus all the day.

CHORUS.

4. I saw him in the morning,
On Canaan's sunny plain,
Gathering for his Master
The rich and golden grain ;
He bound them up in bundles
Until the angels come,
To gather in the harvest
In heaven, his happy home.

CHORUS.

5. I saw him in mid summer,
Still happy on his way.
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing night and day ;
He found a store of honey,
And wine upon the lees,
And fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.

CHORUS.

6. I saw him in the evening,
Life's sun was bending low.
He'd reached the Golden City,
His robes still white as snow ;
He joined the bridal cortege,
And drank of the new wine,
And now among the angels
Eternally doth shine.

CHORUS.

5

BEEN IN THE GRAVE AND ROSE
AGAIN

1. Oh, run on, mourner, you're none too late,
 Been in the grave and rose again,
King Jesus is waiting at the gate,
 Been in the grave and rose again.

CHO.—Oh, let your light shine,
 Oh, let your light shine,
 Oh, let your light shine,
I have been in the grave and rose again.
 Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Been in the grave and rose again,
The Lord is on the giving hand,
 Been in the grave and rose again.

2. Now I do believe without a doubt,
 Been in the grave and rose again,
That the Christians have a right to shout,
 Been in the grave and rose again.

3. If e'er I get on the mountain top,
 Been in the grave and rose again,
I will praise my Lord and never stop,
 Been in the grave and rose again.

6

THE CHILD OF A KING.

1. My father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands :
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffer are full, he has riches untold.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King,
With Jesus my Savior,
I'm the child of a King.

2. My father's own Son, the Savior of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of men,
But now he is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in the sweet by and by.
3. I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
But I've been adopted—my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care,
They're building a palace for me over there.
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing,
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

7

WHEAT AND TARES.

1. Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow,
Angels ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

We are passing away, we are passing away,
We are passing away to the great judgment day.
Have I done all, have I been true?
Have I finished the work God gave me to do?

2. Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?
3. Oh, this will aggravate their case,
To have perished midst the scenes of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
4. We seem alike when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all are wheat;
But, to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5. The tares are spared for various ends ;
Some for the sake of praying friends :
Others, the Lord against their will
Employs, his counsels to fulfill.
 6. But, though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long ;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
 7. Most awful thought ! and is it so ?
Must all mankind the harvest know ?
Is every man a wheat or tare ?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare !
-

8

THE LIFE-BOAT.

- I. Come, brother sailor,
And don't fall to sleep,
Pray night and day,
Or you'll sink in the deep ;
Hope is the anchor,
And this you must keep,
If you want to sit with Jesus
In the life-boat.

CHORUS.

Let me in the life-boat,
Let me in the life-boat,
She will stand the raging storm
Let me in the life-boat,
Let me in the life-boat,
She will bear my spirit home.

2. Know, brother sailors,
The voyage is short,
Hoist up the sails,
And we'll soon make the port
Call for the sailors,
And send them aloft,
For Christ is coming
In the life-boat.

CHORUS.

3. The storm is heavy,
The winds are loud,
The thunder is rolling,
And bursting in the clouds ;
Father and mother,
Are crying so loud,
Jesus will take us,
In the life-boat.

CHORUS.

4. Some at the helm,
And some down below,

The ship is dashing,
Her decks overflow,
See every sailor,
Standing at his post,
Waiting for the orders
Of the life-boat.

CHORUS.

5. Now, brother sailors,
The voyage is done,
The battle is fought,
The victory is won ;
Go tell your shipmates,
What Jesus has done—
He took the dying sailor
In the life-boat.

CHORUS.

6. All glory to Jesus,
For what he has done,
The storm is past,
And I have reached my home ;
With angels in glory,
I now sing the song,
My soul is safely landed
In the life-boat.

CHORUS.

9

HE SAVED A POOR SINNER LIKE ME.

1. I was once far away from the Savior,
And as vile as a sinner could be,
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer,
Could save a poor sinner like me.
2. I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see,
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There is no hope for a sinner like me.
3. As on in the darkness I was walking,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer hath power
To save a poor sinner like me.
4. I listened, and lo, 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me.
I cried, "I am the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me."
5. No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
6. And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,

I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

10

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

1. Oh, who'll stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene !
And raise the blood-stained banner,
Amid the hosts of sin ?

CHORUS.

The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear ;
All hail ! reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there.

2. Oh, who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame ?
While others shrink and falter,
Who'll glory in his name ?
3. Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storms may blow ;
Though friends may go forever,
I will with Jesus go.

4. Though foes may madly gather,
And devils rage and roar,
I'll choose the fiery furnace,
With Jesus evermore.
 5. My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time and voice,
Myself, my reputation ;
The lone way is my choice.
 6. O, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend,
Come fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.
-

II

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom
When he comes, when he comes ?
Are you ready for the Bridegroom
When he comes, when he comes ;
Behold ! he cometh ! Behold ! he cometh !
Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes !
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes !