PLANTATION MELODIES

BY

MARSHALL W. TAYLOR, D.D.

SLAVERY DAYS FREEDOM DAYS

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REV. MARSHALL W. TAYLOR, D. D.

PLANTATION MELODIES.

MARSHALL W. TAYLOR, L. D.

MUSICAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY

MISS JOSEPHINE RICHARDS

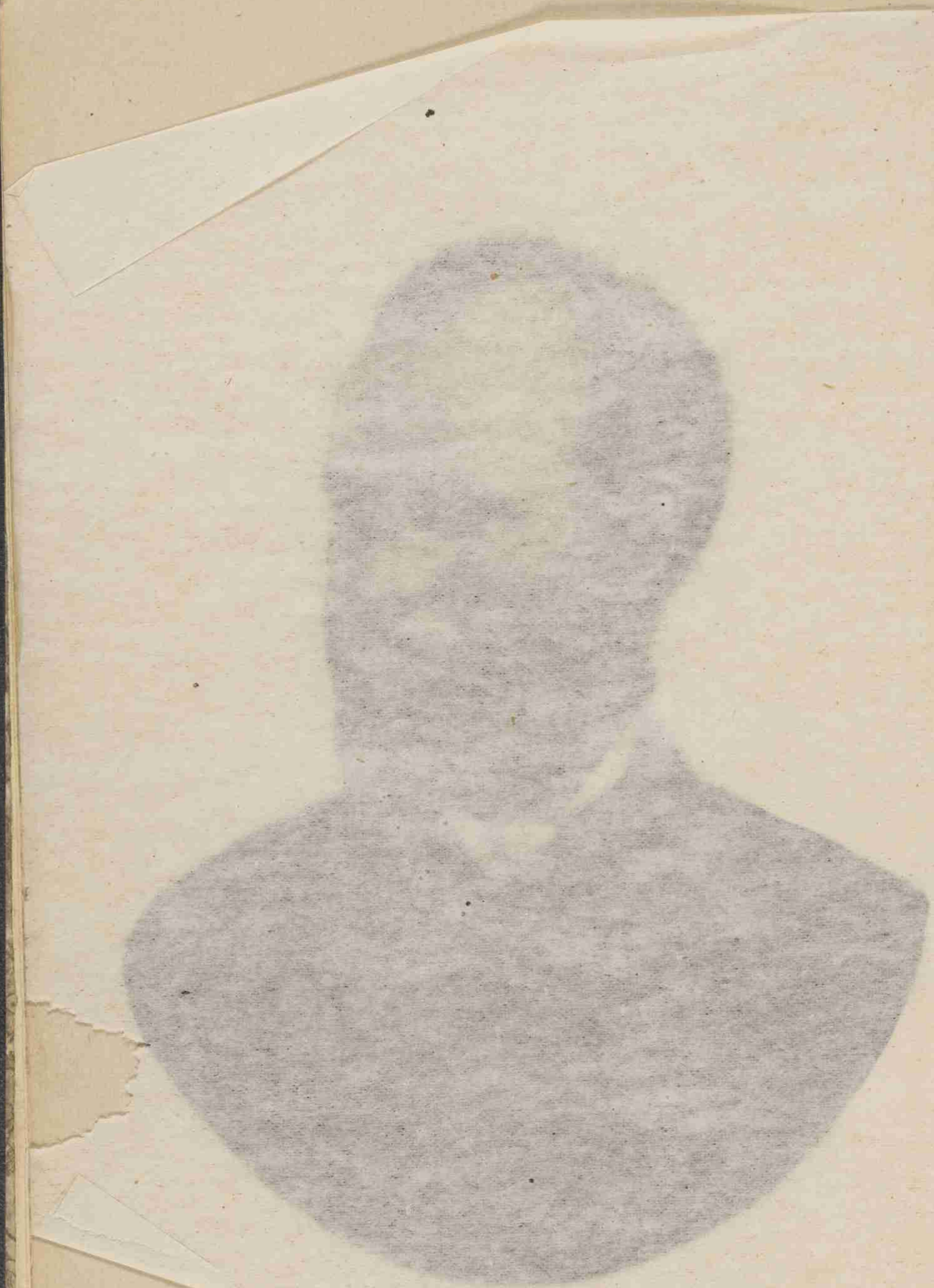
AND

MARSHALL W. TAYLOR.

CINCINNATI:

W. C. ECHOLS, PUBLISHERS.

1882.



REV.

A COLLECTION

OF

REVIVAL HYMNS

AND

PLANTATION MELODIES.

BY

MARSHALL W. TAYLOR, D. D.

MUSICAL COMPOSITION BY

MISS JOSEPHINE ROBINSON.

COPIED BY

MISS AMELIA C. AND HETTIE G. TAYLOR.

CINCINNATI:

MARSHALL W. TAYLOR AND W. C. ECHOLS, PUBLISHERS.

1882.

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Author's Preface.

IF you would know the colored people, learn their songs. The best history of a nation is often found in its poetry, when that is fairly and fully interpreted. I propose to preserve the history, but the interpretation I leave to another time and possibly to other and more skillful hands. Every line contained in these melodies breathes a prayer for liberty, physical and spiritual. They reveal in every sentence either the pathetic moan of a slave in almost utter despair, yet panting, groaning, bitterly wailing and still hoping for freedom; or of a freedman with his heart lifted up to God, melting in the purest fires of devotional thanksgiving for deliverance from cruel bonds, the auction-block, and years of unrequited, grinding toil given for those who had no right to his labor.

In the desperate extreme of separation from all they loved and revered — husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, children and friends being parted oftentimes forever for speculation — the victims of avarice, they have been sustained by the instrumentality of these songs, under God. Indeed, these songs were accepted of God, and he seemed to use these simple ditties, as some of our modern ministers and people have chosen to call them, as his means of communication with a people from whom the oppressor had denied and taken his Holy Book away. "What God has cleansed, call thou not common or unclean." The Book has come back to us, and every man may worship now under his own vine

and fig-tree. But this does not argue in favor of obliterating the only surviving memorial of those days agone. A vivid recollection of those times, red and fiery with their record of suffering, will serve well to chasten and keep us pure. While these songs remain the colored people, like the Jews of old, will remember that "they were once bondmen in Egypt;" and then will they go their way with memory on the alert, lest a worse thing come unto them, singing as they go:

"Brother, ain't you glad you 've left that heatheren army;
Brotheren, ain't you glad the sea give away."

These melodies have sweetened the bitter pang of cruel mockings and lashing, and turned the gall into honey for the praying, singing slave. Ofttimes in the field amid the cane, the corn, the cotton, the rice, the hemp, or the tobacco, has God met and blessed them. Almost visible choirs of angels have at times seemed to join them in these strains of praise to the Father of lights. In slave-pen, barn, jungle or palace, these melodies have done good wherever they were sung or heard. Slaves have leaped, freedmen shouted, kings and queens have wept, and Presidents have been moved to tears of joy, when these songs, ringing in their ears, burned into their hearts, and left the fires of philanthropy, if not of religion, aglow, to burn on forever there. They have mightily lifted and strengthened the hands of the Negro's friends in the North, while for their success they have pierced the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

My work is to rescue them, lest after all these good fruits they themselves perish from the minds of men. Their influence is not done. The race is free, an era of light and culture has dawned, but ere all the fruits of freedom be gathered these melodies have many a mighty task to perform, in lifting up bowed hearts

to Jesus and overturning the prejudices against color, which are so ruinously wide-spread. Whoever will learn and sing these melodies, drinking from the same spring whence they flow, will of necessity grow warmer in feeling for those whose fathers sang them first. This collection is no competitor with other books of song; it fills a place and supplies a want wholly its own. The melodies and songs here have been gathered from every direction, and the music prepared by Miss Josephine Robinson and Miss Amelia C. Taylor. The arrangement and supervision of the work was largely done by Mrs. Kate Taylor, my wife, and the copying by Miss Hettie G. Taylor. The introduction was written by Rev. Dr. F. S. Hoyt, Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and the general drift of public opinion will appear in the numerous testimonials found in the back of the book.

Bishop Gilbert Haven has said, speaking of the singers of these songs and melodies:

"They have given the nation a style of music which has become more diffused and more popular than any other in the world. Tasso's songs are said to be sung by Venetian boatmen. A few ballads live by the genius of Burns in the glens of Scotland. Such national strains are found elsewhere confined to the lands where they were born. But the songs of our enslaved brethren have taken captive the whole world. Bayard Taylor says, that Arabian minstrels on the Nile sing them to their tambourines, instead of their old humdrum discords. The singers of Hindoostan relieve the auditors of *ennui* and money by the merry or plaintive strains of our favorite airs. Borne by their masters on the wings of commerce, these plaints and consolations are carried to all the world, and all the world repeats their strains. They are in

higher honor here; every street-corner attests their popularity. Every city has its band of minstrels, who blacken their faces, and reproduce plantation melodies and manners for the greedy delight of every class in society. One of the wealthiest gentlemen of New York, of the highest social rank, said to me: 'I very much prefer to visit the Negro ministrels than the opera.' The unabated success of these companies — a success beyond that of any other class of amusements — shows its deep and extensive popularity.

"It has made those rich who can catch these wild wails of our national captives, and fashion them into songs. If these composers invent melodies and give them this dialect, they still keep close to the character they assume, and make both words and tones sound forth the depths of breaking hearts. Few more pathetic pieces are in all musical literature, than 'Lucy Neal,' 'Uncle Ned,' 'Old Folks at Home,' or 'Carry me back to old Virginny.' How wonderfully did this experience of the slaves agree with that of their Hebrew brethren by the side of the River of Babylon."

That there has been a wondrous growth in literary matters among the colored people is obvious. That this elevating of the mind would cause rapid and radical changes in their religious and social life was not only to be expected, but greatly desired. These changes are not more clearly defined or easily distinguished in any direction than in that of their singing. Naturally gifted in imaginative and musical ability, their culture is seen in the more artistic manner of their musical performance as well as elsewhere. In view of these things, while retaining much of the old, we have also laid hands upon the new order of things, accompanying each song or melody with music originally prepared for it, and for use only in this book. Verses apparently

meaningless have been given an interpretation which render them no less beautiful, but far more useful. The syntax has occasionally been corrected, but the dialect is left unchanged, as it was desired to preserve in their original grandeur the forms of speech.

Publishers, ministers, members, male and female, have aided me, furnishing songs, and in many other ways too numerous to name, without which my work must have been much less successful than it is. Returning my grateful acknowledgments for all these services and invoking continued interest and co-operation in the work, I would in love and great affection dedicate it to my mother, from whom in childhood I learned many of the songs it contains, and the rudiments of all else I know; to whose early piety I am under God indebted for the peace of believing in Jesus and an humble place in his ministry.

Respectfully yours, for humanity,

MARSHALL W. TAYLOR.

19 NOBLE COURT,
CINCINNATI, O., April 29., 1882.

INTRODUCTION.

WE take pleasure in giving to this timely publication our hearty commendation. The compiler and editor, Rev. Marshall W. Taylor, D. D., now the presiding elder on the Ohio District of the Lexington Conference, is not only well qualified in important particulars for the preparation of this work, but he has wrought at his task with most praiseworthy diligence and patience. We are glad that he undertook it, and we congratulate him on its successful completion. We know of no one who has had better opportunity than he to hear these melodies and songs, as sung with their many variations in language, tune, and style in different parts of the country, and under differing circumstances, and we know of no one who would be more likely to select the best of these varieties for permanent preservation. No one, we are sure, more justly appreciates their historic value, their usefulness in the past, and their promise of usefulness in the future. During a considerable number of years he has given much time and labor, and expended not a little money, in the performance of his task; and the result does him great credit. Those who read the Preface, from his pen, will be able to appreciate the motives which have inspired his toil, and will most heartily wish for his book all the success he hopes for it in the noble mission upon which it is now sent forth.

The tunes accompanying these songs were caught

by the musical composer as they were sung in her hearing. This composer was once a slave, and is well acquainted with all the characteristics of the music and the songs prevalent in the religious meetings of the colored people. Dr. Taylor's wife, who, as the Preface indicates, has been an efficient assistant, was likewise once a slave. The compiler has enjoyed special advantages. Having been constantly associated from childhood with the people of his race, both in social and Church life, he has had the best of opportunities for perfect familiarity, by observation and practice, with the usages, music, and language of their religious worship under a great variety of circumstances.

The songs in this volume are of two classes. The first class comprises those which the compiler designates as "Revival Songs." These were sung in the white congregations of the South, and were found in old religious song-books, which, though published by individual enterprise rather than upon denominational authority, had considerable circulation. These stirring devotional hymns, with their well adapted tunes, the colored people attendant upon the white congregations memorized, loved, and adopted. Not being able to read, and, therefore, unable to correct their recollections by reference to the printed page, they often confused both the sense and the verses — thus bringing these "revival songs" of their adoption to partake more or less of the character of those which were entirely of their own invention. These hymns were obtained, the compiler informs us, from his mother, a most devout Christian woman, who was set free, with many others, just before the time of her son's birth. The songs of the other class, the "Plantation Melodies," originated with the colored people themselves,

and are the outgrowth of their peculiar experiences, reflections, and fancies. These have been collected by the compiler in various ways and from many sources. Some were written down as he heard them sung in religious meetings; others from dictation; others were found in "ballad-books;" and a few have been composed by Dr. Taylor when he found no appropriate words—that is, no words appropriate for his book—attached to tunes which he desired to preserve.

In many instances, as was to be expected, different versions of the same songs have been found, and much carefulness and skill have been required in fitting together the best parts of these versions and in writing for them the music to which they were originally sung. The result, it is believed, is a unique and valuable collection of the religious songs and the weird, but charming, melodies for which the colored people of America have become famous the world over.

Strange as it now seems, until within a comparatively brief period of time, only a few of the genuine songs and melodies of the Southern negro were known in the North among that very considerable majority of our population who had never visited the South. But in very recent years, through the agency of the "Jubilee Singers," "Tennesseeans," and other concert troupes, it has become universally known in the North, and in Europe as well, that in addition to whatever was of a humorous and festive character, the negroes of the South have a considerable body of religious music and song,—weird, pathetic, and jubilant, exceedingly varied in style and measure, and wholly unlike that which exists elsewhere in the world. The performances of the bands of singers referred to, received everywhere with enthusiastic applause, awakened a very general desire that every song and mel-

ody which had been popular among the religious negroes of the South during the period of their enslavement, should be gathered up and published in a form and style which would insure their preservation and give them the widest circulation.

The desire thus created still exists. It is not based on curiosity, but on the knowledge that these songs and their musical accompaniments have a unique character and a remarkable history, which are likely to give them an enduring interest among all the civilized peoples of the earth. The songs and their music, in most instances, are not only felt to be wonderfully adapted to each other, but to be the two parts of one whole—as if the one had inspired the other, or as if both were the simultaneous products of the same event, experience, or sentiment. As the creation of the peculiar experiences of an enslaved people; as a faithful witness to their abject bondage, to their mental darkness, to their yearnings for deliverance, to their religious aspirations as the solace for earthly and bodily woes, to their scanty joys mingled with many sorrows, and to their touching and almost incredible patience and hope under all forms and degrees of deprivation, neglect, and outrage, they speak with an almost infinite pathos to the heart of humanity, and become an important, though fragmentary, contribution to the history of mankind. Here are indelibly fixed those phases of thought and character which exhibit at once the characteristics of the colored people and their experiences during their period of bondage. These will appeal to sensitive natures in the generations to come as they now do in ours. On these pages, as in formal history, we have presented to us a remarkable phenomenon—an exhibition of the best qualities that have ennobled any race of men. We see a people

who were torn by violence from their native soil, humiliated, robbed of all civil rights, often outraged by the infliction of every conceivable wrong and cruelty, yet not becoming, one and all, vengeful and implacable toward the white race, but, in general, preserving their amiability and affectionateness, slowly but surely emerging from ancestral heathenism, and, as far and fast as opportunity was afforded, taking language and Christian truth and civilization from those who held them in bondage! Here we see these people voicing as best they could the religious truths which solaced them in their heart-breaking sorrows, softened their natures, and kindled in them unquenchable hopes of deliverance and joy in a life to come. Here we see immortal, though darkened, minds grasping with a firm faith Bible facts and truths, and weaving them into verse—not of orderly arrangement and artistic style, but full of energy and fervor—and creating for that verse music which, in its plaintive tenderness, its joyful notes, and its triumphant strains, has never been surpassed. Here, then, we have a body of song and music which is worth preserving, which is not likely to lose its interest until the sad history in which it had its origin ceases to be remembered.

These songs and melodies, as we now have them, are obviously the growth of many years and of a great variety of circumstances. At first the spontaneous, unpremeditated expression of aroused sensibilities, of truths caught up at random and imperfectly remembered, they were afterward repeated and rehearsed by multitudes of sympathetic souls—many of them gifted in musical conceptions and expression — until they were molded into the shapes now presented to us. That period of growth, we must conclude, has closed. For now a period of change, of schools and book-learn-

ing, of self-dependence and mental development, has not only begun, but made considerable progress among the colored people of the South, which will probably work as great a transformation in their musical tastes as in other matters. We can not, therefore, expect that hereafter they will originate songs and music of the kind found in this volume. It is to be hoped that in the future no painful experiences, no deprivations and sorrows equaling those in the past will awaken such echoes in their responsive hearts. And not only has the period for the origination of such material passed, but with the changes now going on, it may be doubted whether, if these songs and melodies had not been collected and put into imperishable type, it would have been possible, a few years hence, to recover them in their present form.

For these reasons we regard the work of Dr. Taylor as both timely and valuable. The idea of collecting these song-fabrics came to him at a fortunate hour—when he had before him ample time to carry out his design, and while his material was obtainable in matured form, but as yet unspoiled by the people who gave it birth and growth, or by the hands of ruthless innovators of the white race who would soon "adapt" it into conformity with their "high-art" tastes. Such "adaptation" would rob it of its most charming characteristics, as well as of its historic value as an exponent of the mind and heart, of the religious knowledge, experiences, and aspirations of the best portion of the colored people while in enslavement.

F. S. HOYT.

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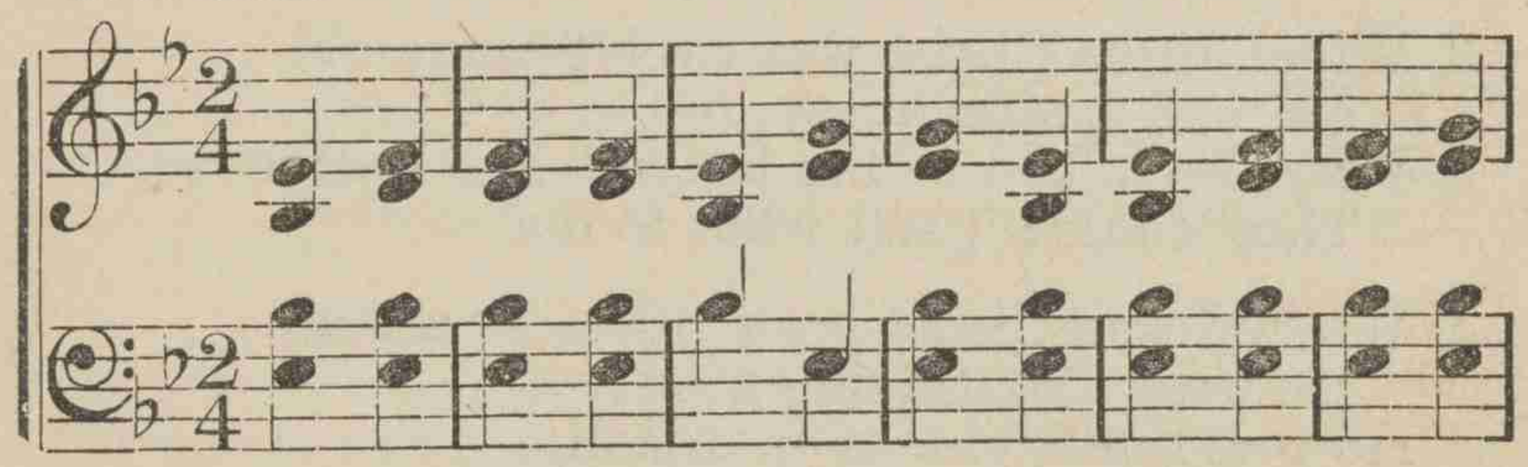
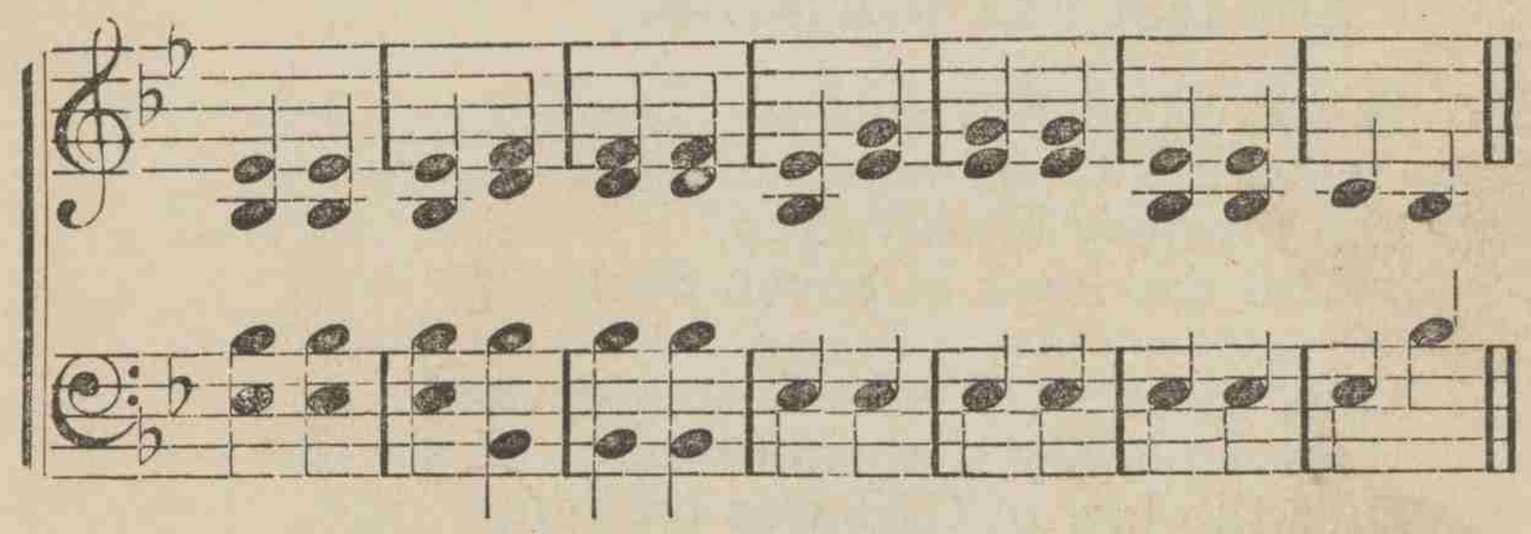
STANDARD

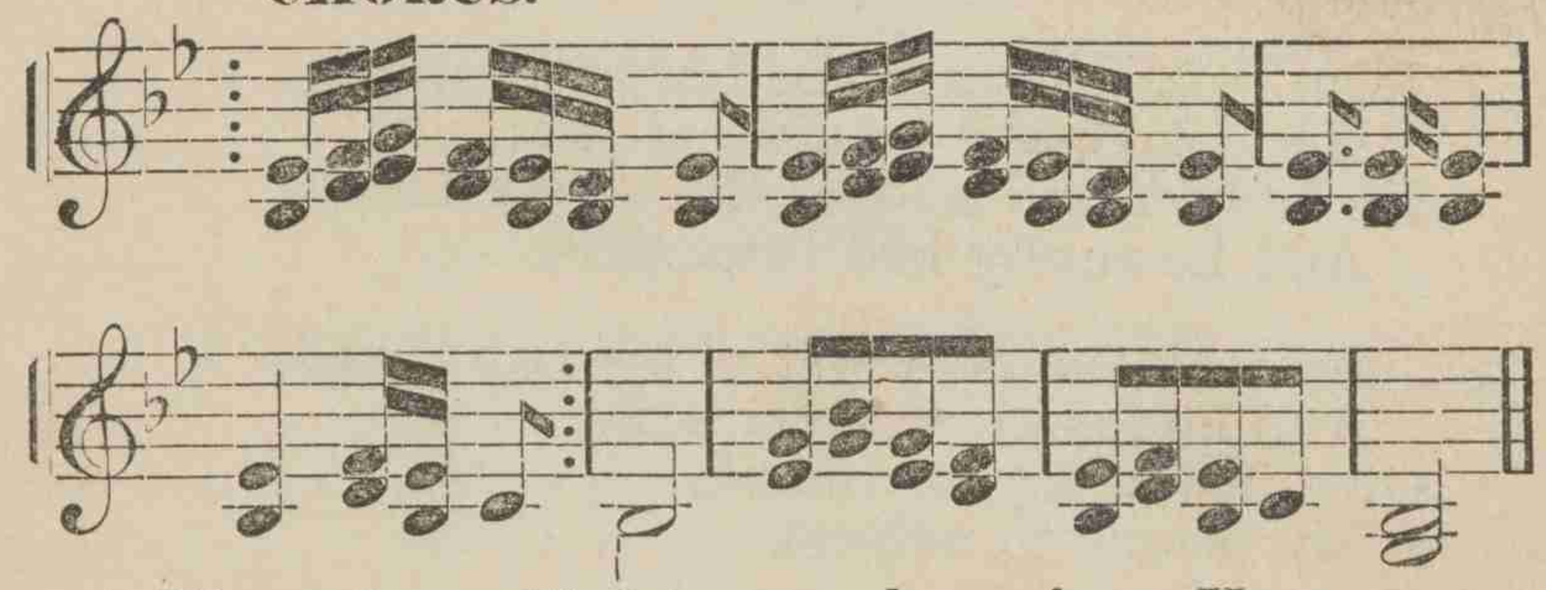
Plantation Melodies and Revival Songs.

1. Do n't You Hear Jerusalem Mourn?

W. L. MUIR. Luke 2 : 7. C. M.





CHORUS.

1 WHEN Jesus Christ came down from Heaven,
To make salvation plain,
He made his way to the earth abroad,
To raise poor fallen man.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, do n't you hear Jerusalem mourn?
Do n't you hear Jerusalem mourn?
Hallelujah, do n't you hear Jerusalem mourn?
O do n't you hear Jerusalem mourn? *Repeat.*

2 When Jesus Christ was an infant babe,
He lay in Mary's arm,
All in the stable of Bethlehem,
And the beasts did keep him warm.

3 When Jesus Christ was twelve years old
He was a missionary, too.
Why, he talked to the lawyers and doctors so,
They could n't tell what to do.

4 When Jesus Christ grew up to be a man,
He went about doing good;
He was the Savior of mankind,
And that was understood.

5 The Book of Revelation
God has to us revealed;
The mystery of salvation,
And the book of Seven Seals.

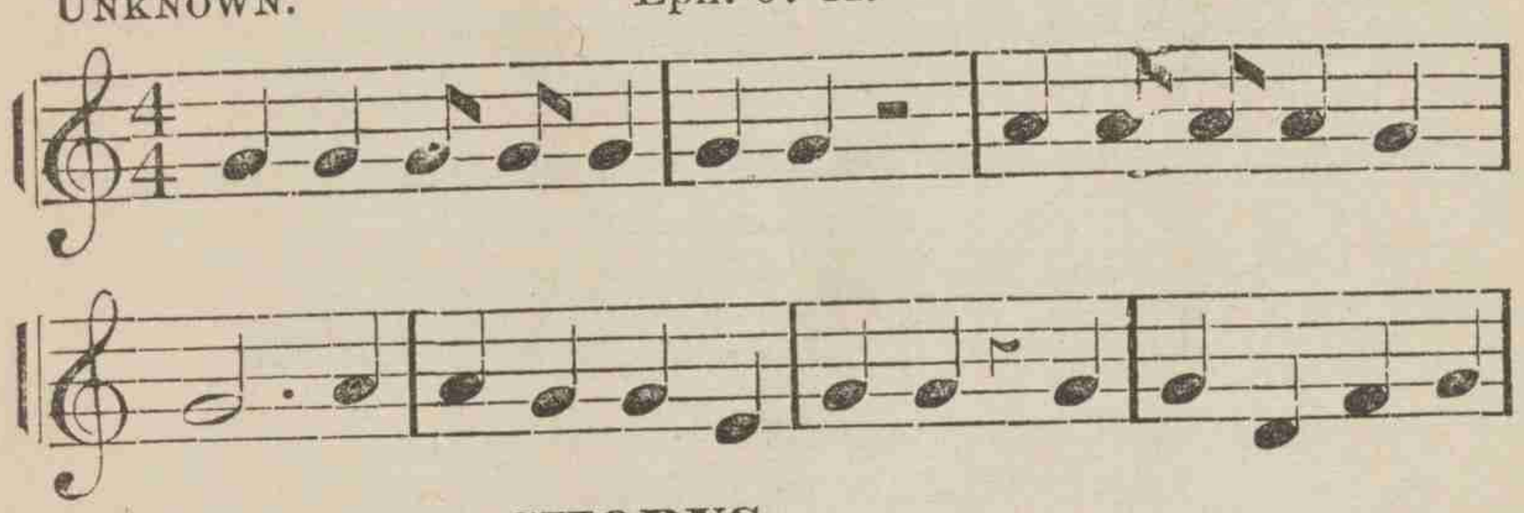
6 Now, the way this book was opened
John plainly doth inform;
That the law of God was broken,
And a Savior must be born.

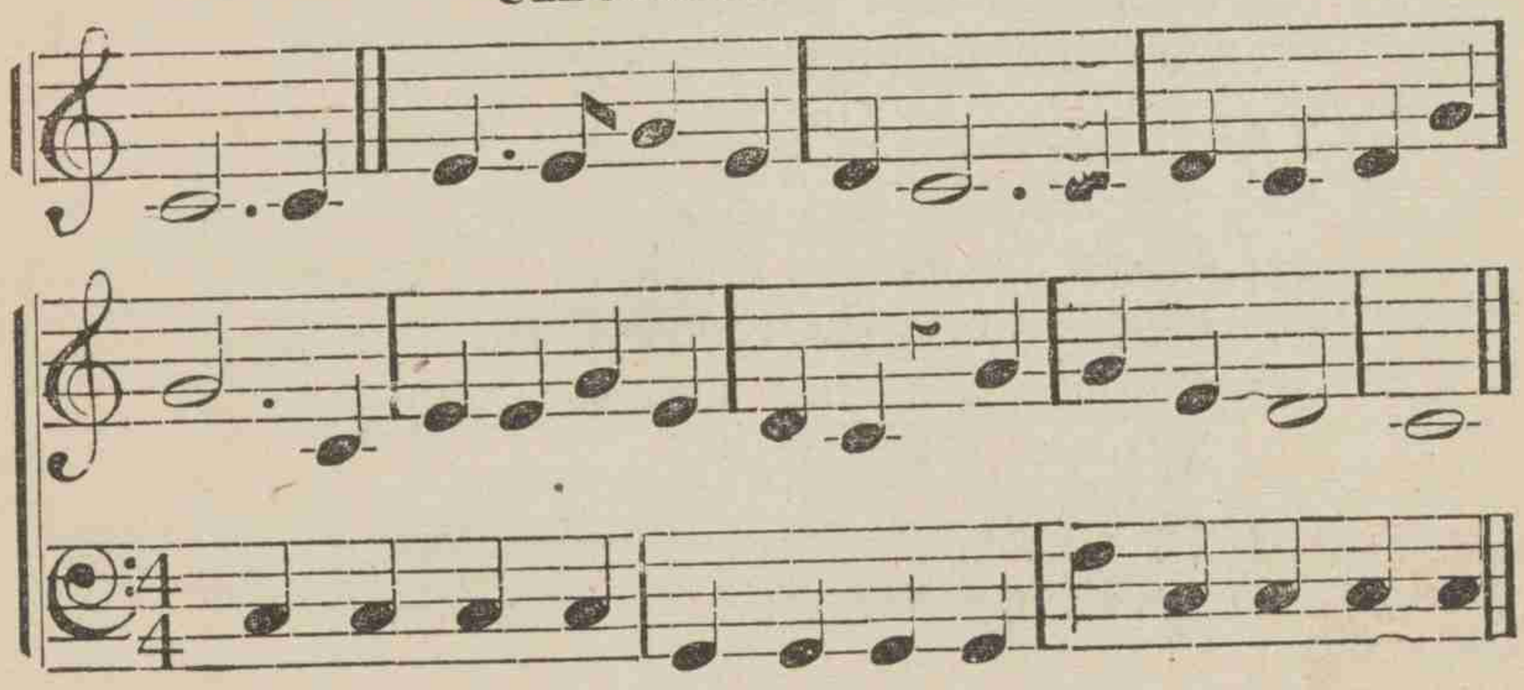
7 John looked toward the burning throne;
He looked, and he did not fail;
He looked, and he saw the lovely Lamb,
And he surely had been slain.

8 John took the book out of his right hand,
And he loosened every seal;
Give justice my command,
My people to redeem.

9 If you want to know the Conqueror's name,
It is the Word of God;
His eyes are like a burning flame,
And he is the Lord of lords.

2. I Want to be a Soldier.

UNKNOWN. Eph. 6: 11. C. M.

CHORUS.



1 We are the sons of Wesley,
We are the sons of God;
We'll stand by our Discipline,
And by God's holy Word.

CHORUS.

I want to be a soldier,
The Lord hath set me free.
I want to be a soldier,
Fighting for liberty.

2 God bless our Church and bishop,
And the local brethren, too.
God bless our Church and people,
With all the traveling crew.

3 We Methodists get happy—
The Lord hath set us free.
We'll shout and give him glory,
To all eternity.

4 We'll unfold the Gospel banner,
Wherever we do go,
And spread our free communion
While journeying below.

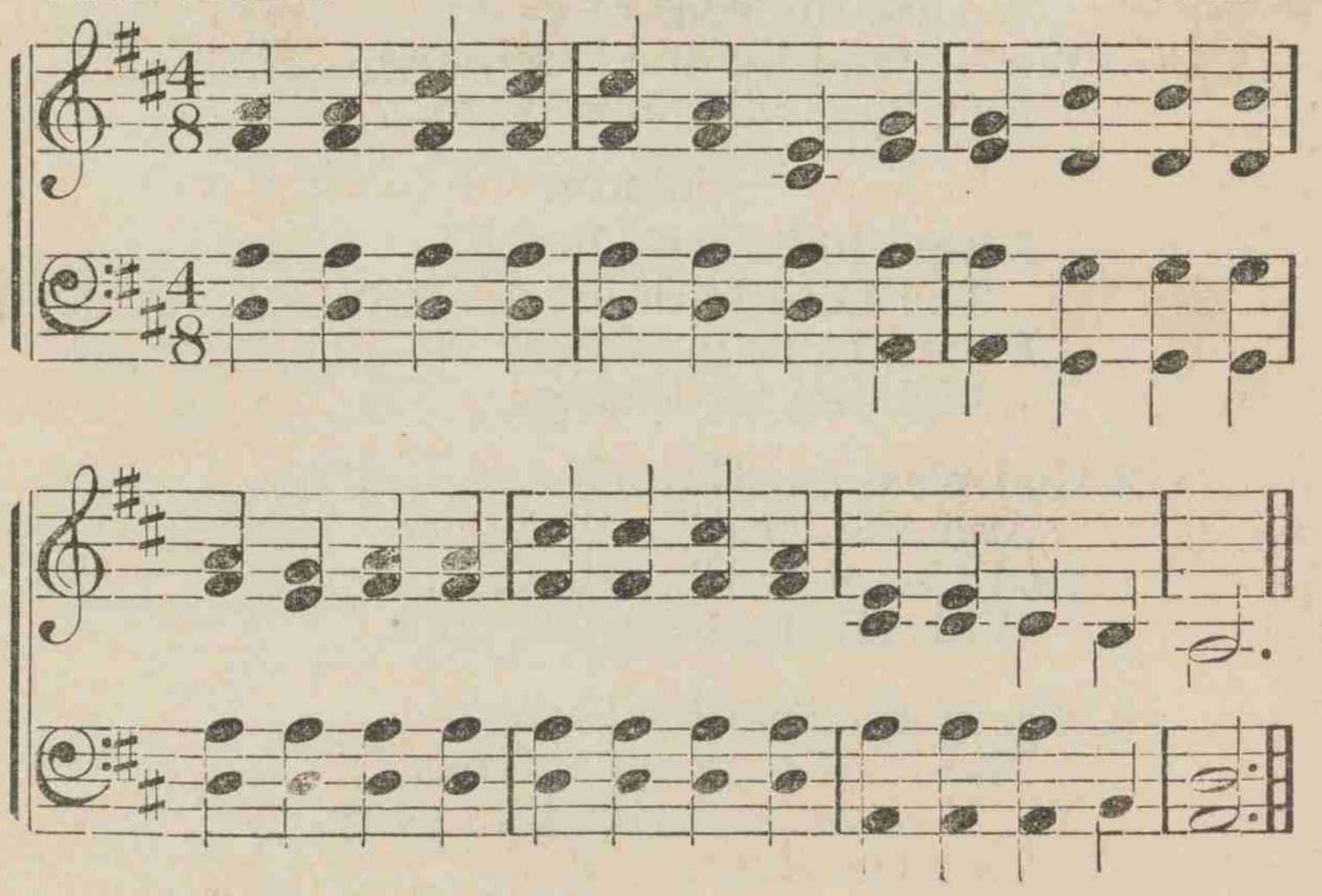
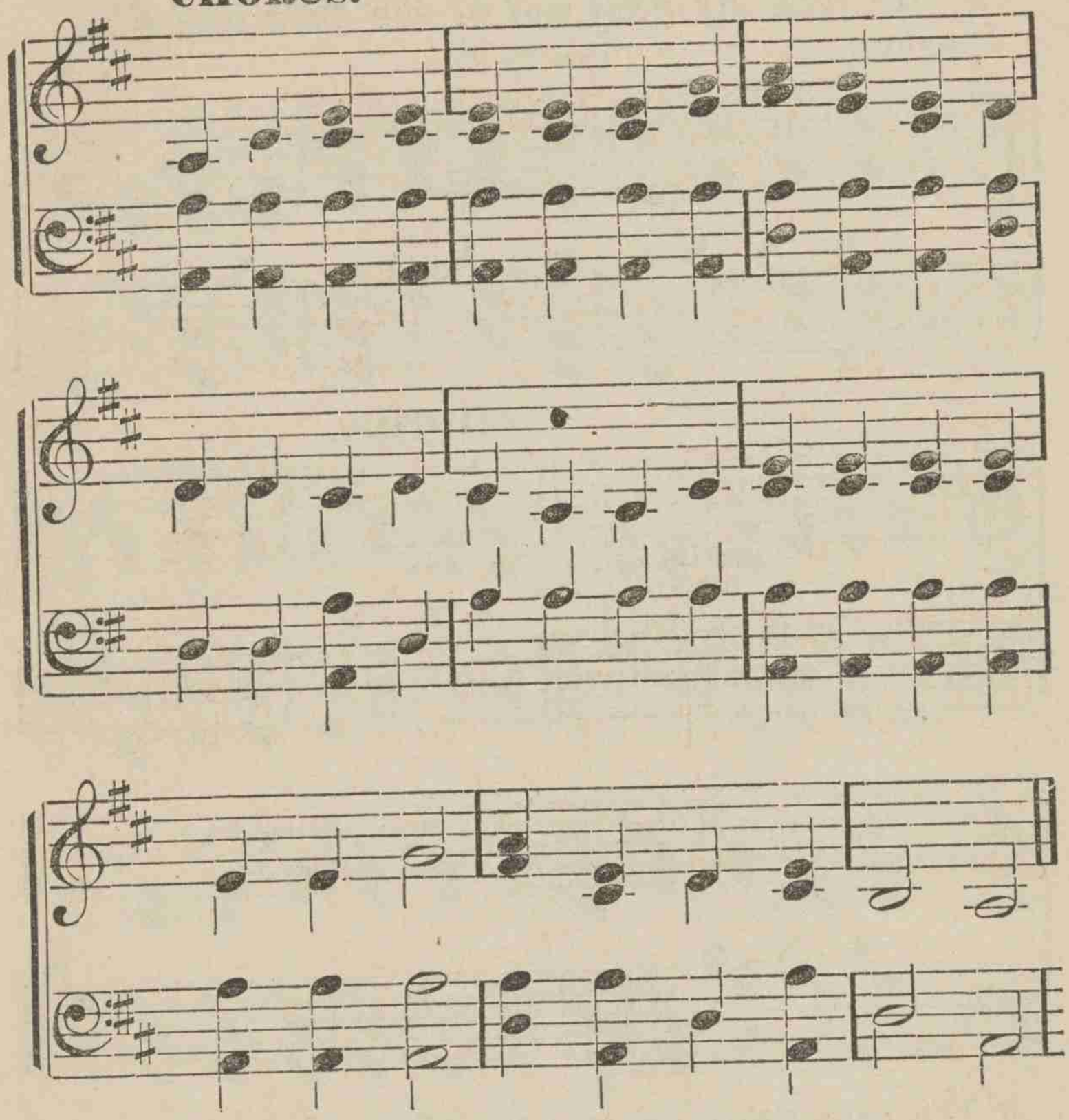
5 I saw a mighty army,
Which went along before;
So great no man could number,
Through blood and tears no more.

6 Go preach ye sons of thunder,
Ye daughters of the Lamb,
For Jesus will be with you
Until the world shall end.

7 God bless us in the East,
As well as in the West,
Protect us in the North,
Stand by us in the South.

8 We've fought the mighty battle,
With the rebellious crew;
Don't you see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through?

3. I have a Little Time, 't ain't very Long.

KATE TAYLOR. 2 Tim. 4: 2. P. M.

CHORUS.

1 PREACHING soon in the morning,
Preaching soon in the morning,
Preaching soon in the morning,
I hope I 'll join the band.

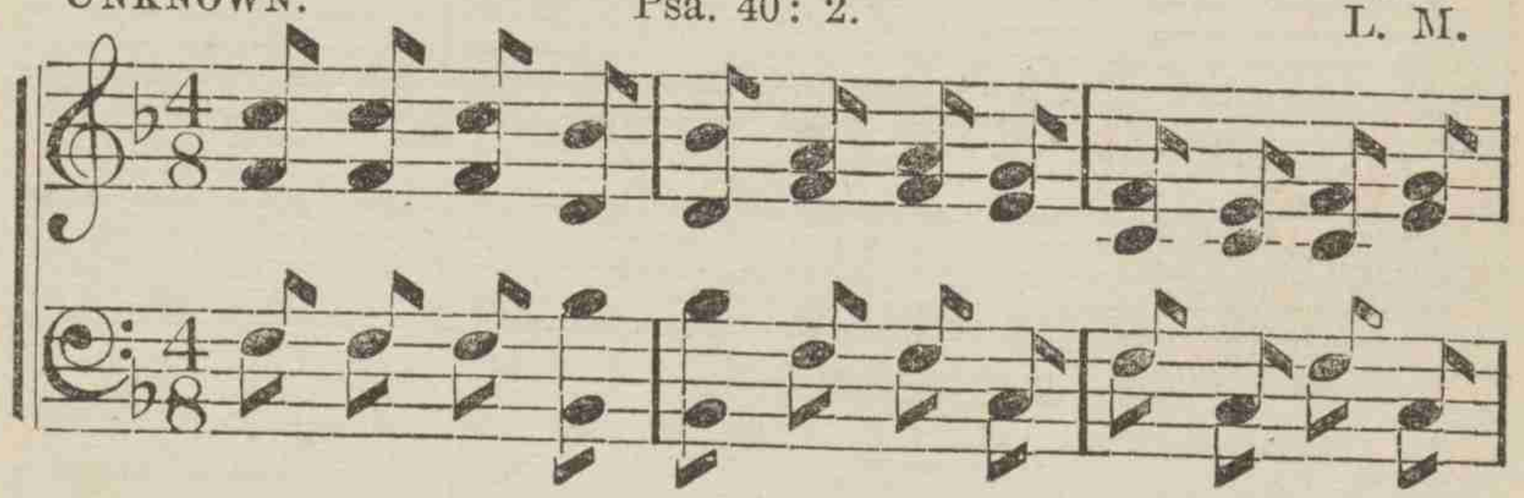
CHORUS.

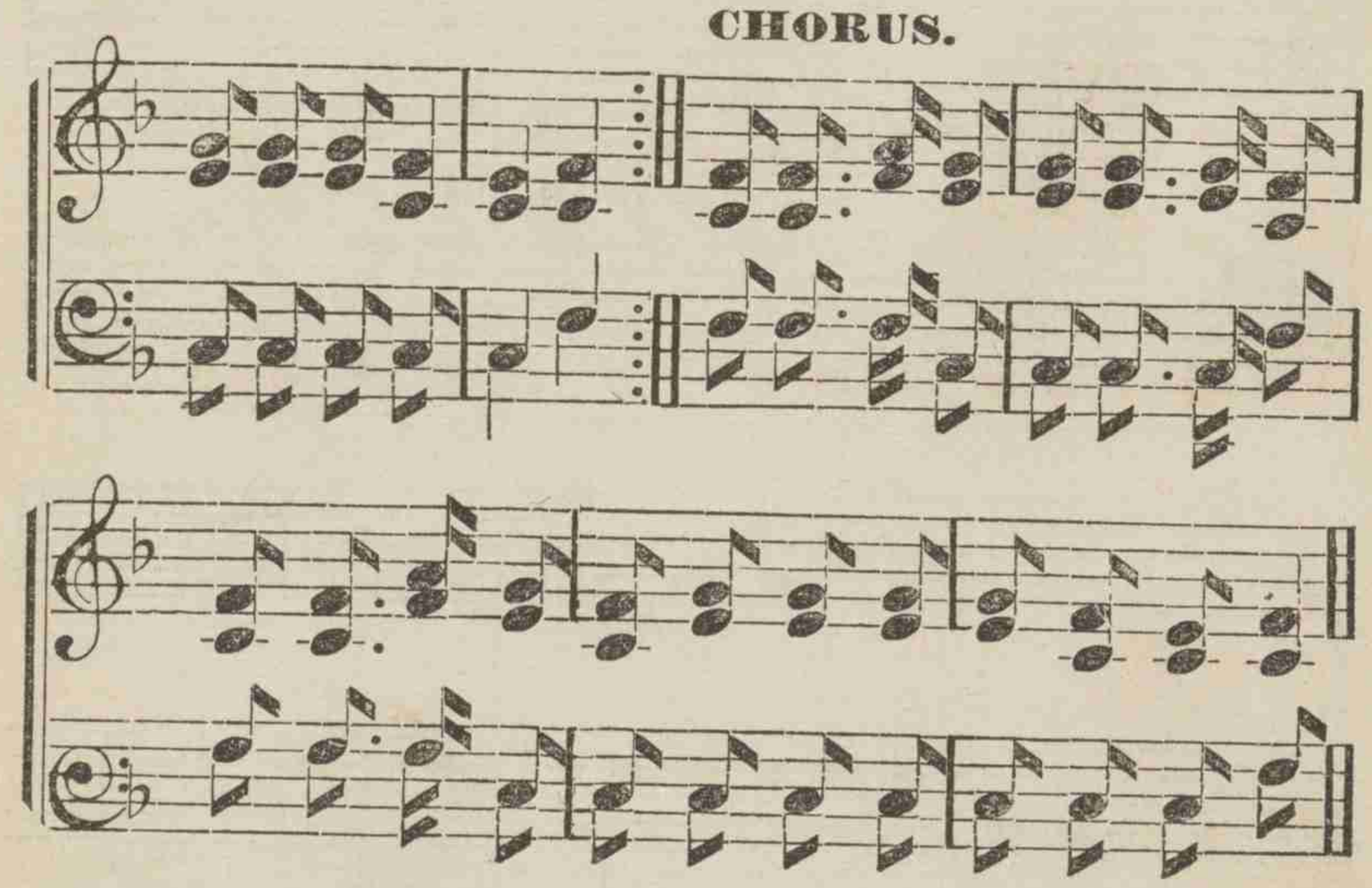
I have a little time, 't ain't very long;
I have a little time, 't ain't very long;
I have a little time, 't ain't very long,
And I hope I 'll join the band.

2 Praying soon in the morning, etc.
3 Seeking soon in the morning, etc.
4 Rising soon in the morning, etc.
5 Shouting soon in the morning, etc.

4. He took my Feet out of the Mire and Clay.

UNKNOWN. Psa. 40: 2. L. M.



CHORUS.

1 I'M sometimes up and sometimes down,
He took my feet out of the mire and clay.
Sometimes I feel I'm Heaven bound,
He took my feet out of the mire and clay.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, yes, I'm so glad
He took my feet out the mire and clay.

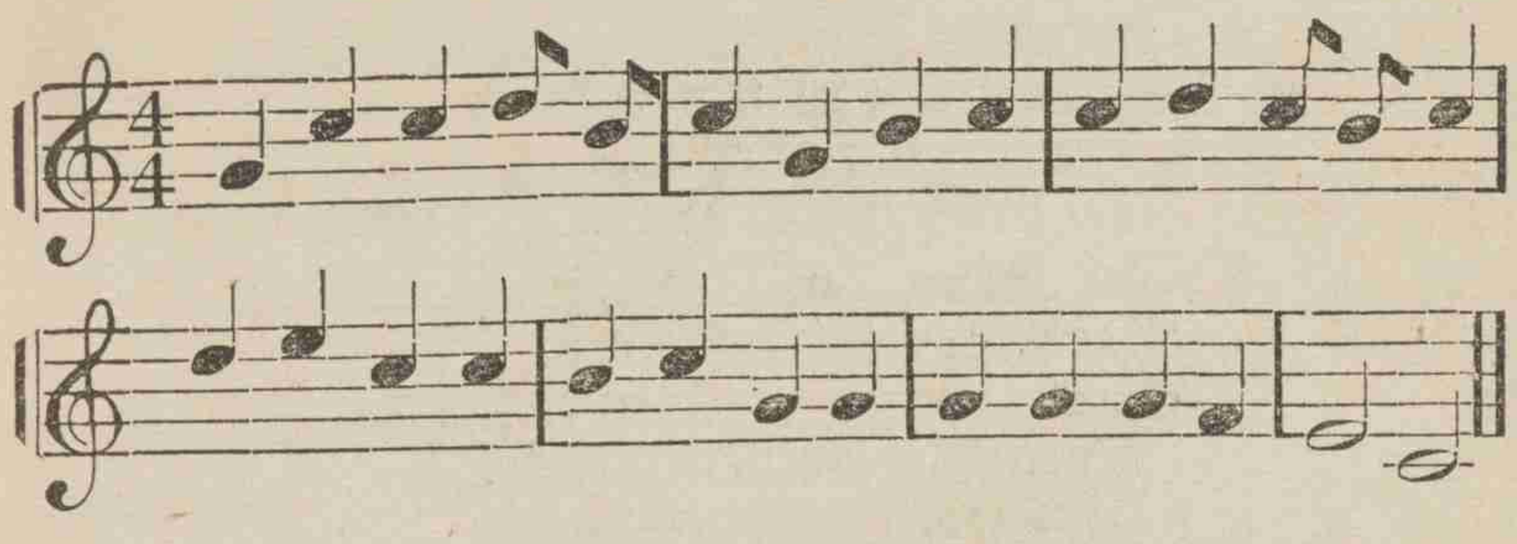
2 I wish these mourners would believe
That Christ is waiting to receive.

3 Let every Christian trim his lamp.
Jesus is marching through the camp.

4 I have my breast-plate sword and shield,
Boldly I'll march through Satan's field.

5 O come, young converts, can't you tell
How Jesus saved your souls from Hell?

5. Let us Cheer the Wearied Traveler.

Jer. 1: 4–10. L. M.

1 One day as I was walking,
Along the heavenly road,
My Savior spoke unto me,
And filled my heart with love.

Chorus.

Let us cheer the wearied traveler,
We 'll cheer the wearied traveler,
Let us cheer the wearied traveler
Along the heavenly road.

2 He chose me for his watchman,
To blow the trump of God,
And cheer the weary traveler
Along the heavenly road.

3 Said I unto my Savior,
My talent is but small,

And though I am a Christian,
I am the least of all.

4 The cross is great and heavy,
And I am in my youth;
I fear I am not able,
To preach the Word of Truth.

5 Said Jesus, Lo, I'm with you,
In every trying hour;
What though you are deficient,
I am the God of power.

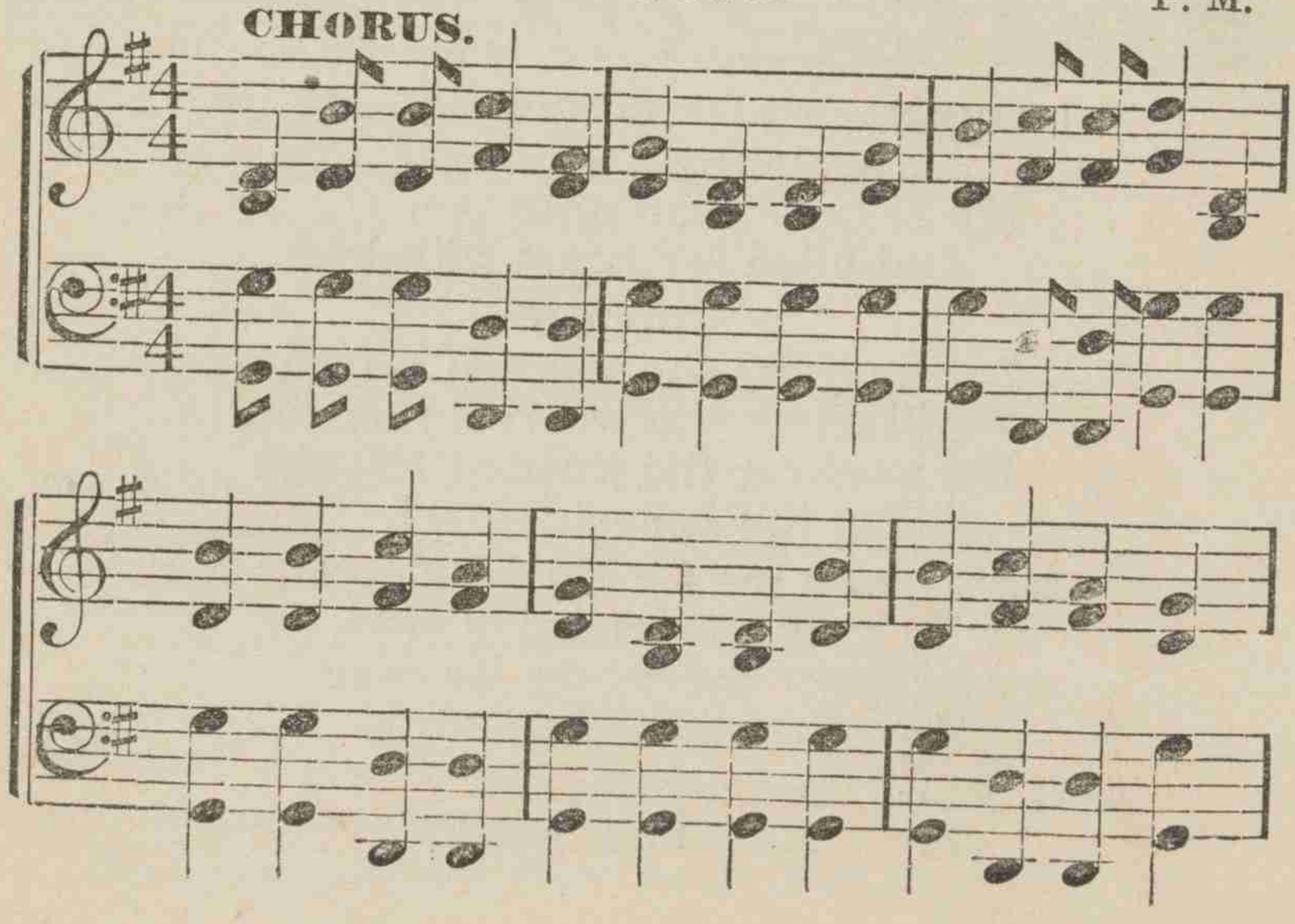
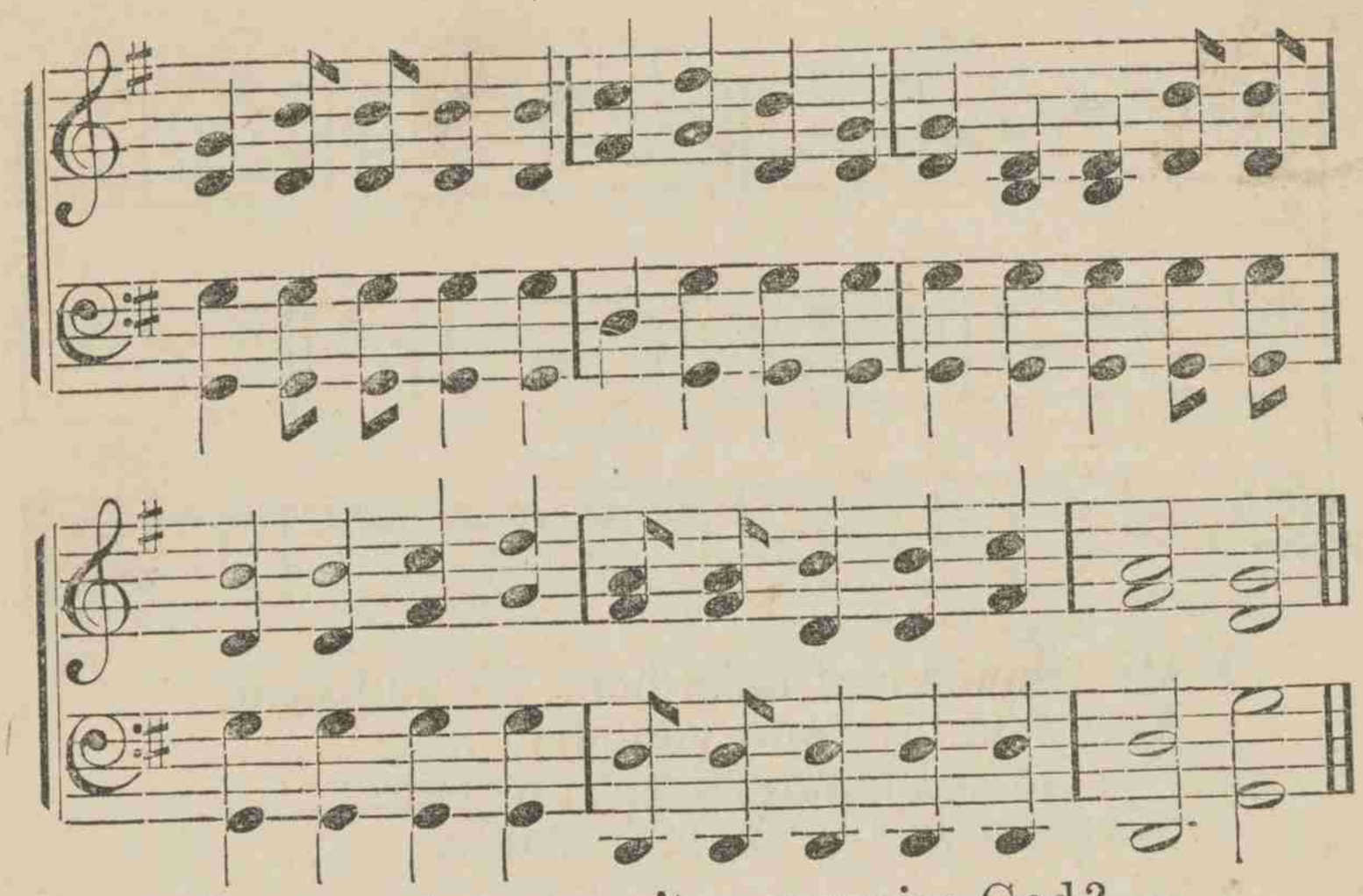
6 I took the Gospel trumpet,
And I began to blow;
And, now the Lord doth help me,
I'll blow where'er I go.

7 Though sinners may deride me,
And slight the Savior's love,
I'll wave the Gospel banner,
All stained with hallowed blood.

8 I'll cry, Behold Christ bleeding,
On rugged Calvary;
O look by faith and view him,
And he will set you free.

6. Go and Tell Jesus.

MATT. OWENS. Matt. 14: 12. P. M.

CHORUS.



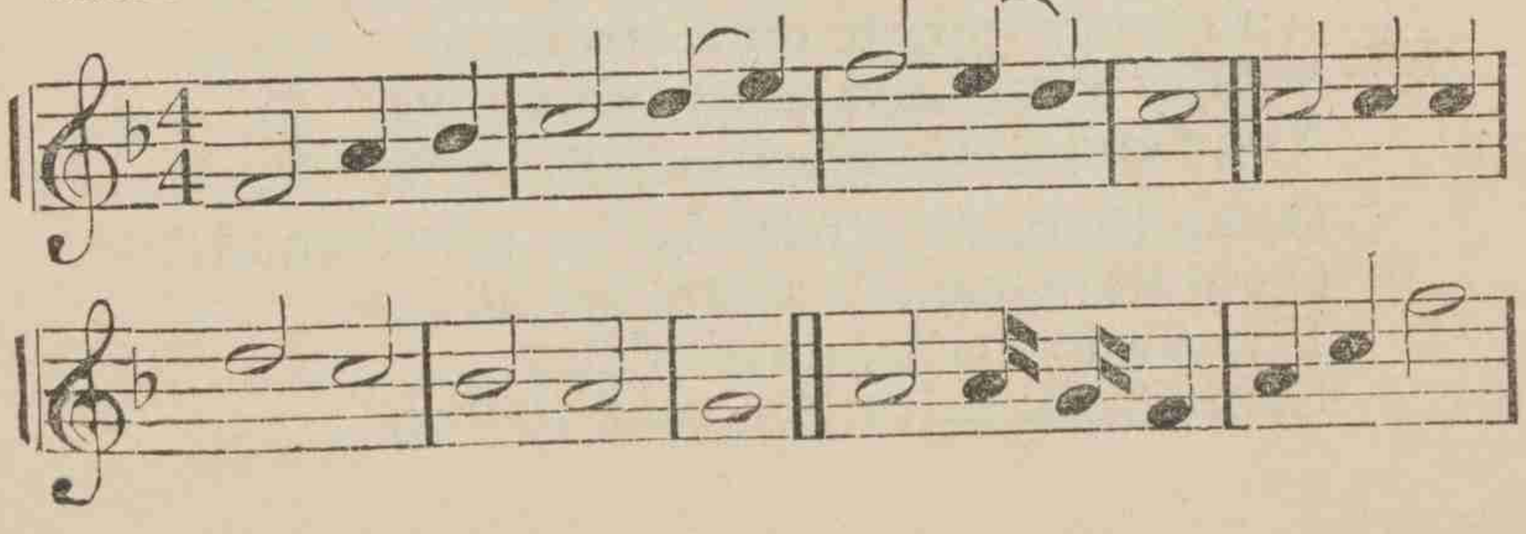
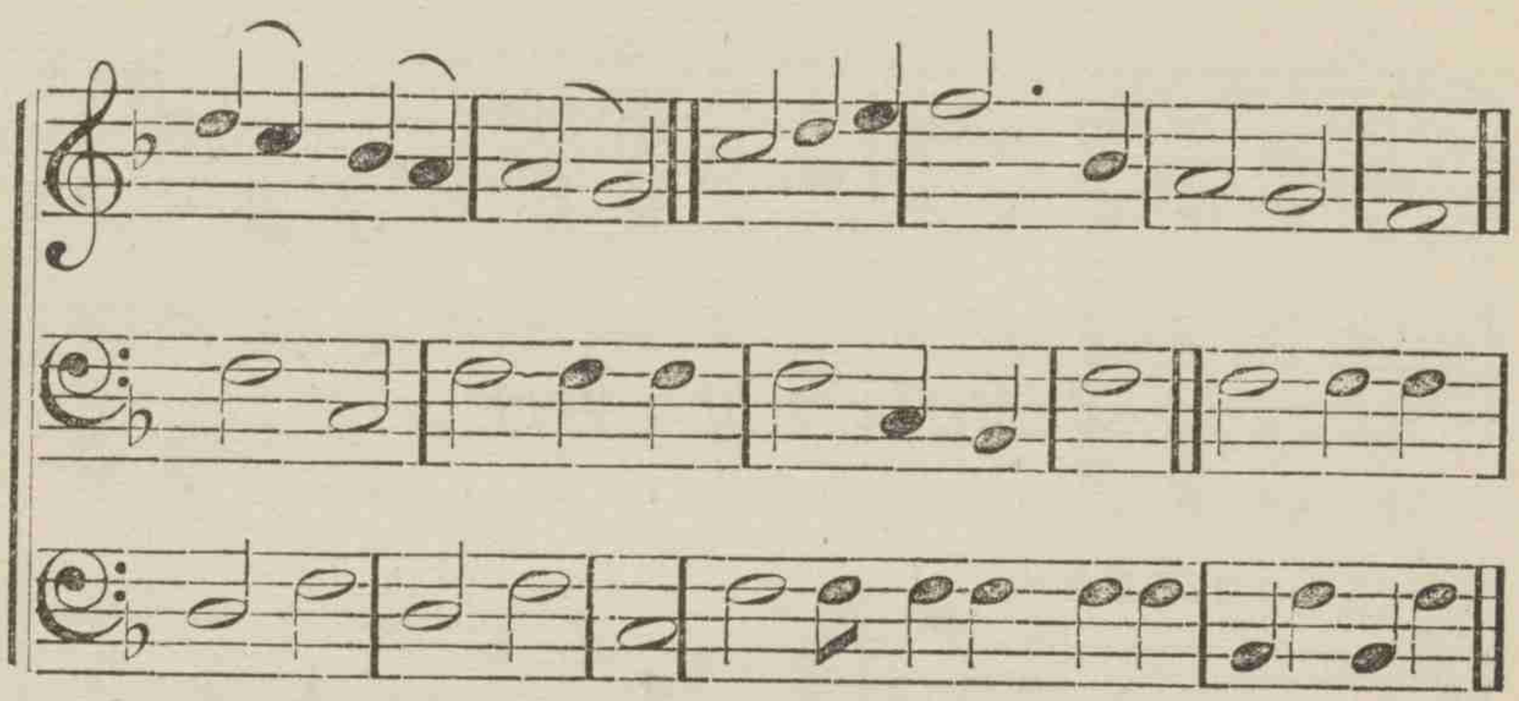
1 Oh, preachers, can 't you praise God?
Praise him, praise him.
Oh, preachers, can 't you praise God
As angels do on high?

CHORUS.

Go home and tell my Jesus,
Go home and tell him now;
Go home and tell my Jesus
I 'll rise to sin no more.

2 Oh, brothers, won't you praise God? etc.
3 Oh, sisters, won't you praise God? etc.
4 Oh, Christians, you are praising God! etc.
5 Oh, converts, praise God! etc.
6 Oh, mourners, learn to praise God! etc.

7. My Friends and Neighbors, Far and Near.

SELECTED. Joel 2: 15. L. M.



1 My friends and neighbors, far and near,
Attention give and you shall hear
The Gospel trumpet still proclaim
Salvation in the Savior's name.

2 Many a seaman you have heard
Inviting you to seek the Lord,
Yet still the Gospel you disdain,
And Jesus hath been preached in vain.

3 When in affliction you do mourn,
In sickness promise to return,
But when in health run on in sin,
And drink and swear and dance again.

4 Beloved soul, sad is your case;
You mock God's people to their face.
Merry you live, but do not know
God's wrath pursues where'er you go?

5 The wicked will he sent to hell,
With devils must forever dwell.
I pray you, now return to God,
While mercy 's offered in his Word.

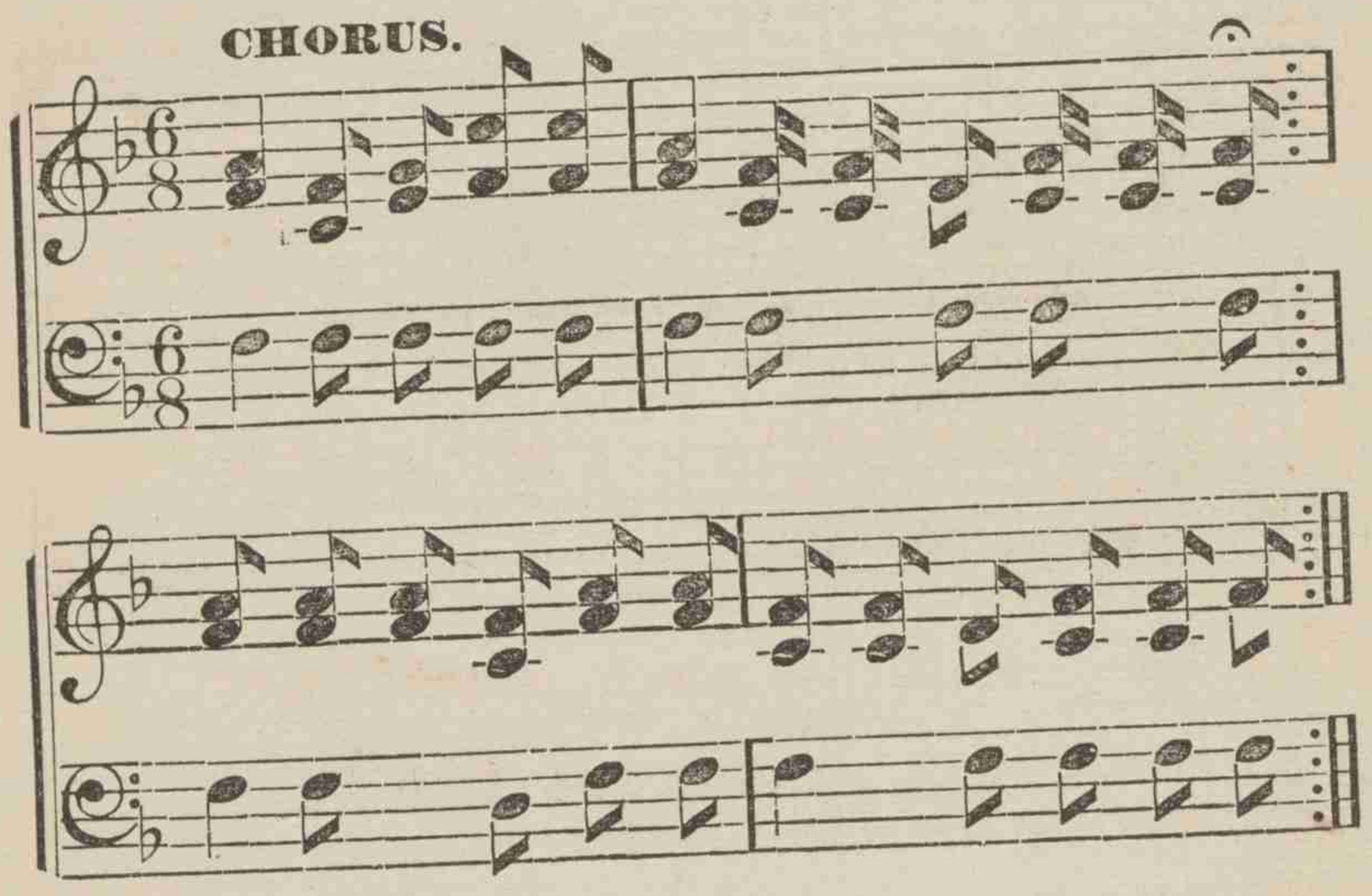
6 Your life is short, 't is but a dream,
An empty bubble on a stream.
Swiftly your days are passing by;
Your end 's approaching, you must die.

7 Come then, dear friends, for ruin bound,
Obey the Gospel's joyful sound;
Fly, fly to Jesus, do n't delay,
Come, seek salvation, seek to-day.

8 To-day the Gospel bids you come,
To-day for sinners there is room.
Prepare to meet your God in peace,
Accept the offers of his grace.

8. My Lord, this Union.

MARGARET HINES. John. 16: 2. L. M.



1 TROUBLE in the morning, trouble all day—
My Lord, this union;
There 'll be no trouble in that day—
My Lord, this union.

CHORUS.

O Lord, O my Lord,
O Lord, my Lord, this union.

2 I left my burden at the foot of the hill,
To serve the Lord with a free good will.

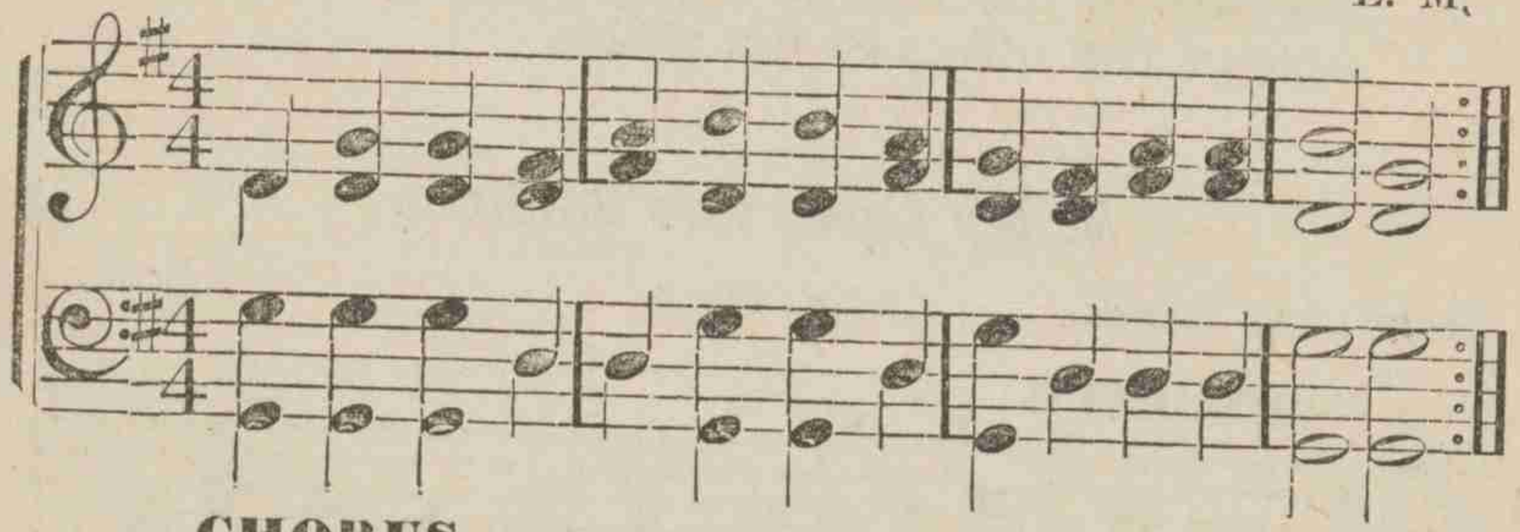
3 Jesus camped in the middle of the air;
None but the righteous shall be there.

4 My head was wet with the midnight dew;
My knees bowed down on the hillside too.

5 It was just about the break of day—
I thought my soul would fly away.

9. A Little More Faith in Jesus.

AMERICA BELL. Matt. 17 : 20. L. M.



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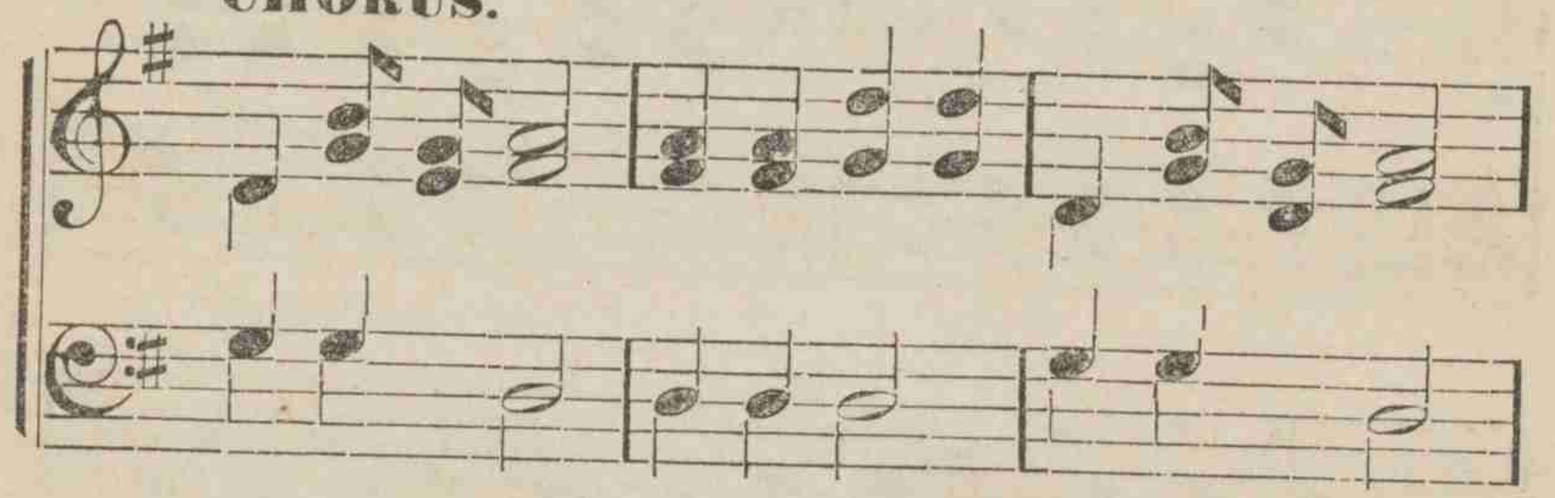
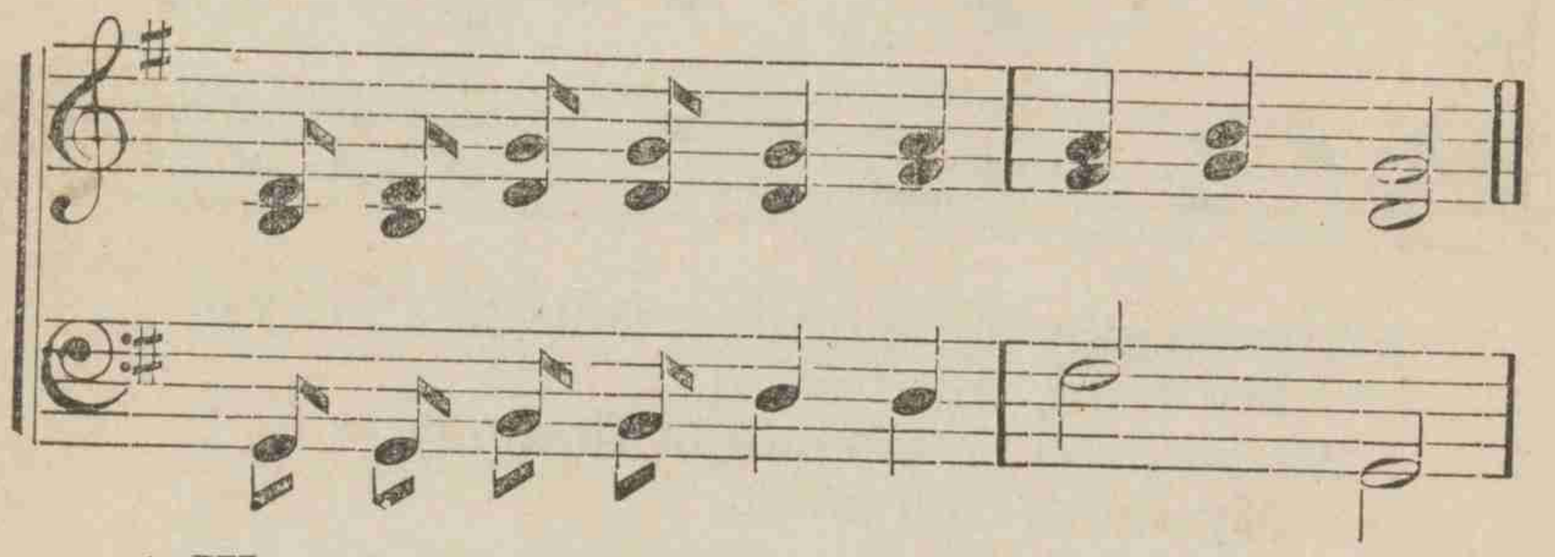

1 WHEN I was mourning just like you—
A little more faith in Jesus;
I mourned and prayed till I came through—
A little more faith in Jesus.

CHORUS.

All I want, all I want, all I want
Is a little more faith in Jesus.

2 O, poor mourner, just now believe
That Christ is waiting to receive.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.

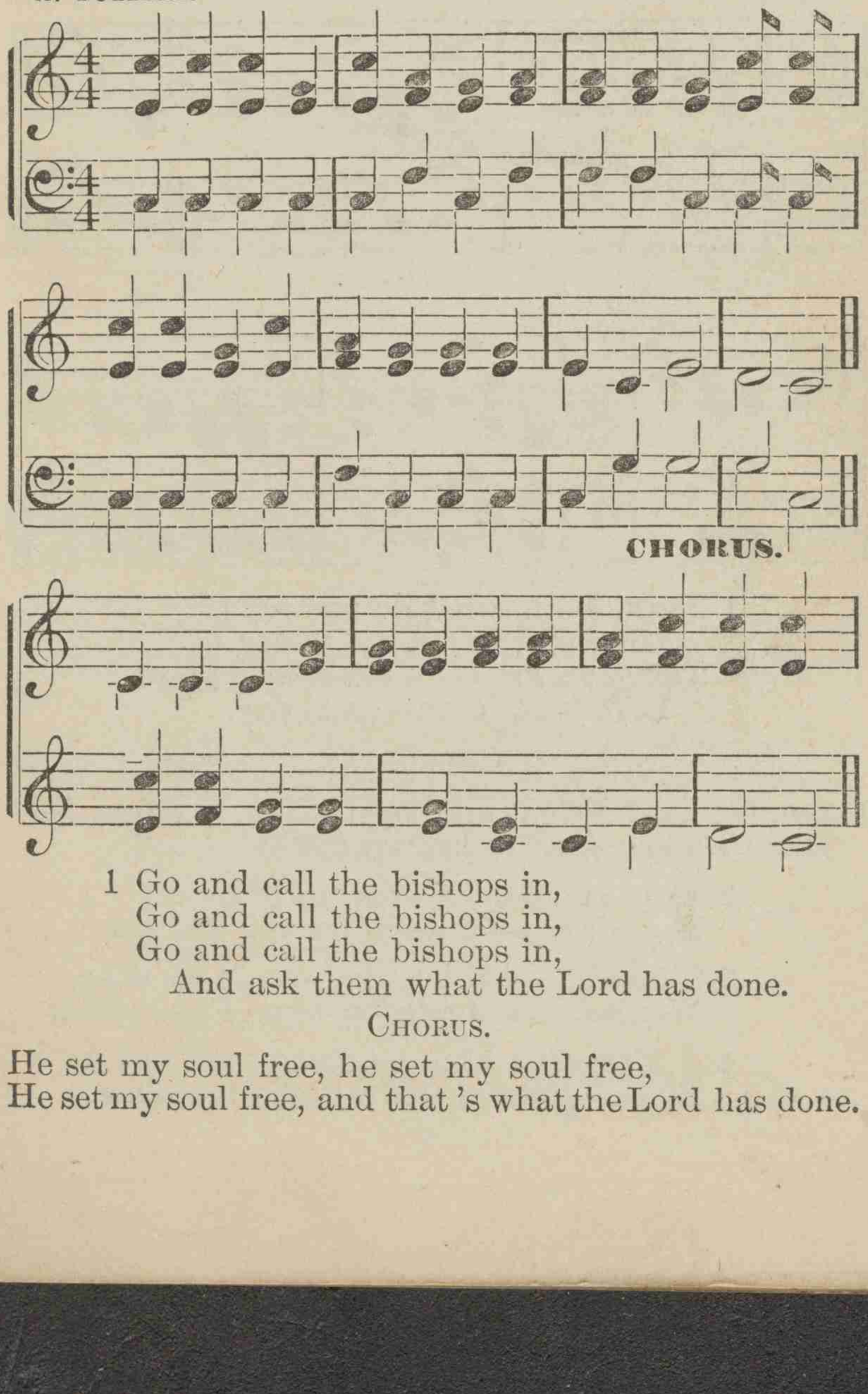
4 The road the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment.

5 Should I get on the mountain top,
I 'll praise the Lord and never stop.

6 If hindered here, I can 't be there;
My Lord in heaven answers prayer.

10. He Set my Soul Free.

H. TOLBERT. Jno. 8 : 36. P. M.



1 Go and call the bishops in,
Go and call the bishops in,
Go and call the bishops in,
And ask them what the Lord has done.

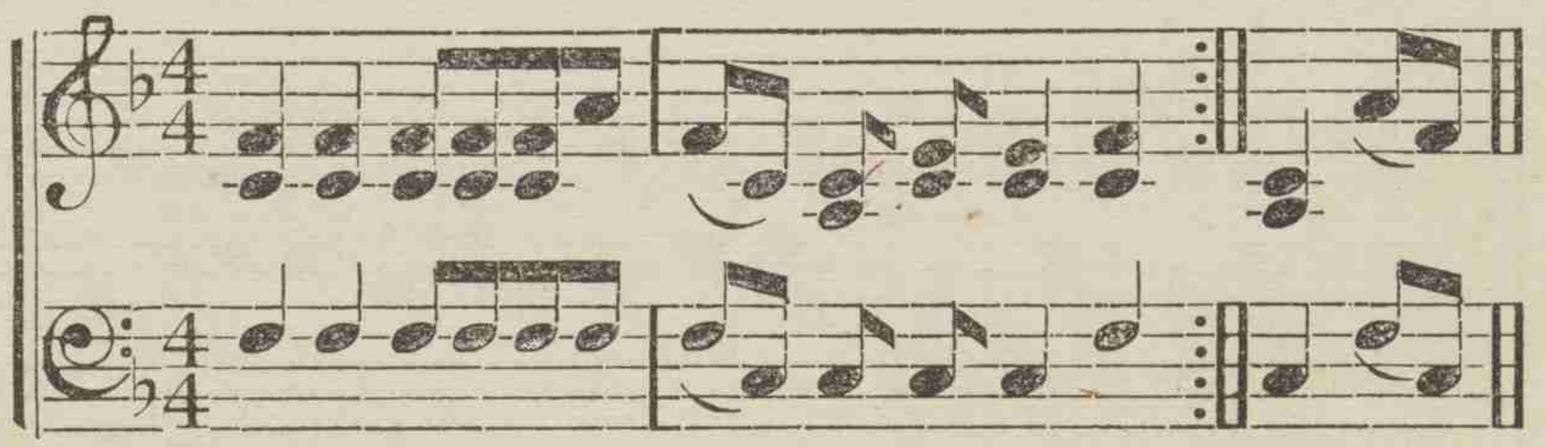
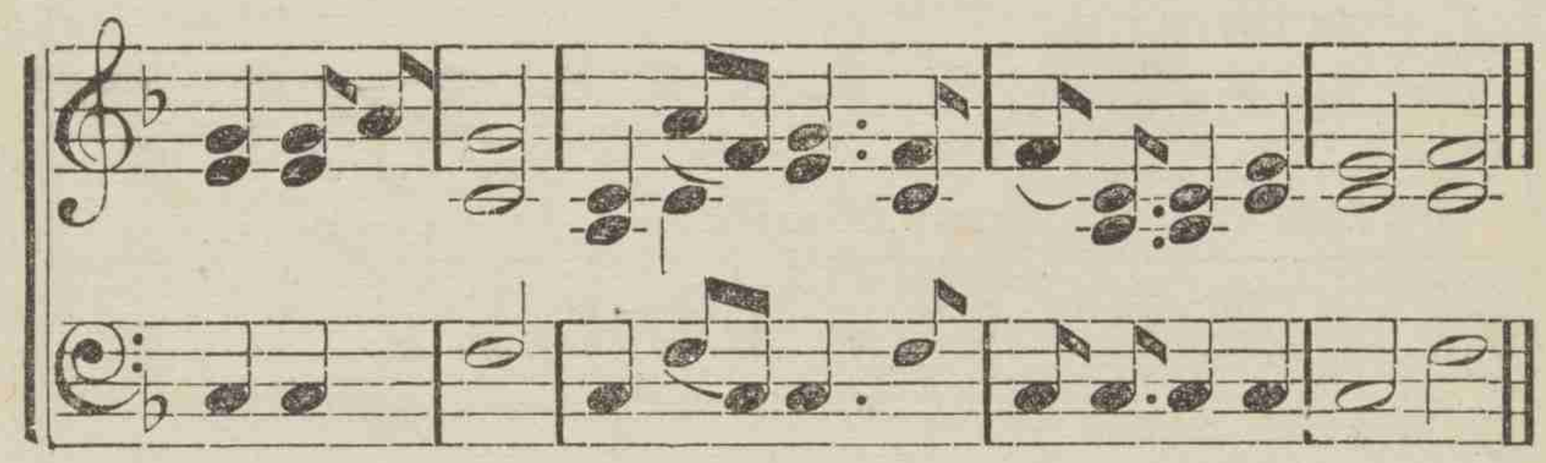
CHORUS.

He set my soul free, he set my soul free,
He set my soul free, and that 's what the Lord has done.

2 Go and call the elders in, etc.
3 Go and call the deacons in, etc.
4 Go and call the leaders in, etc.
5 Go and call the christians in, etc.

11. Love-feast in Heaven To-day.

W. H. Brown. Luke 15 : 23.

CHORUS.

1 John, John, what do you say?
Love-feast in heaven to-day.
The gates are open to all who pray:
Love-feast in heaven to-day.

Chorus.

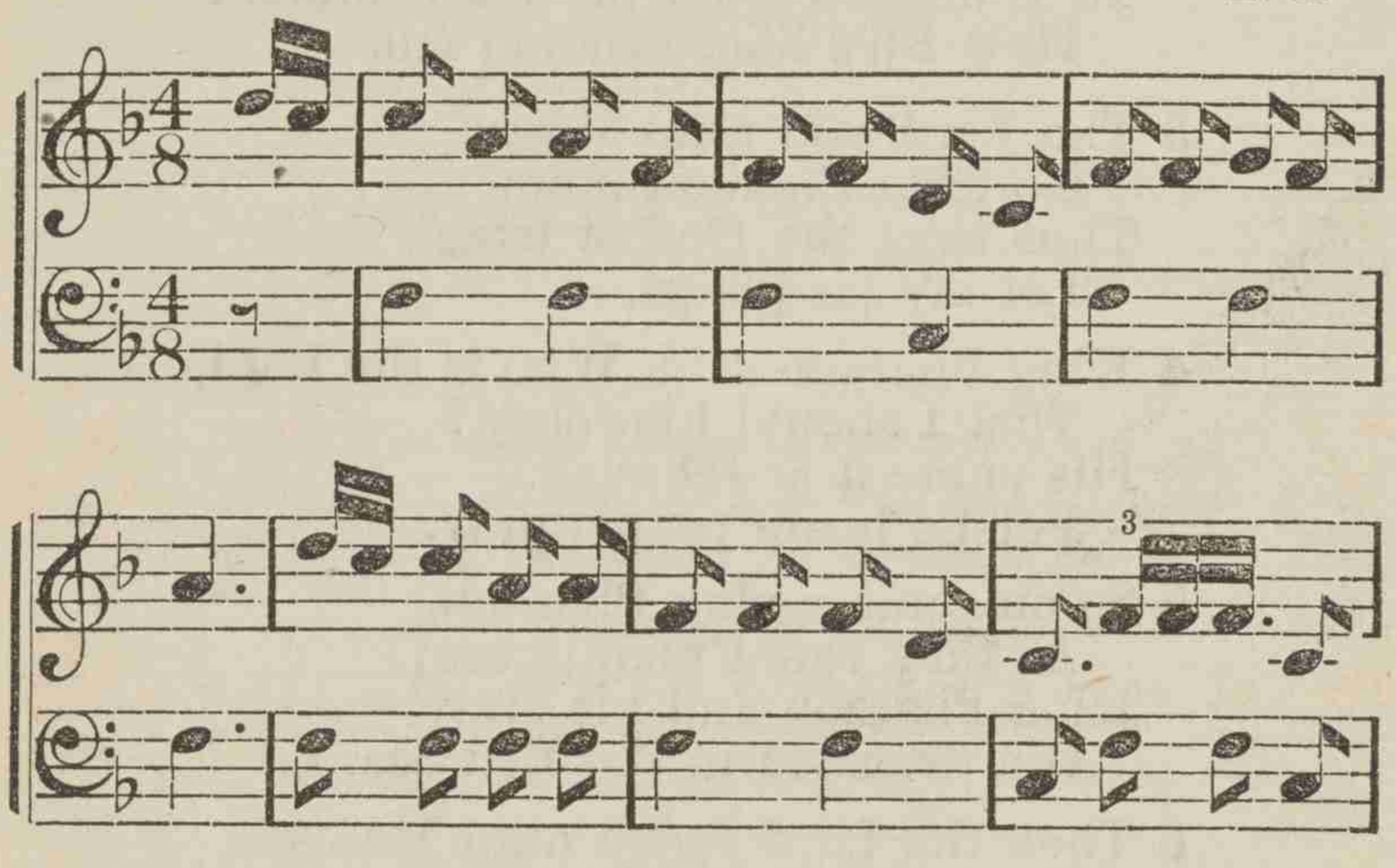
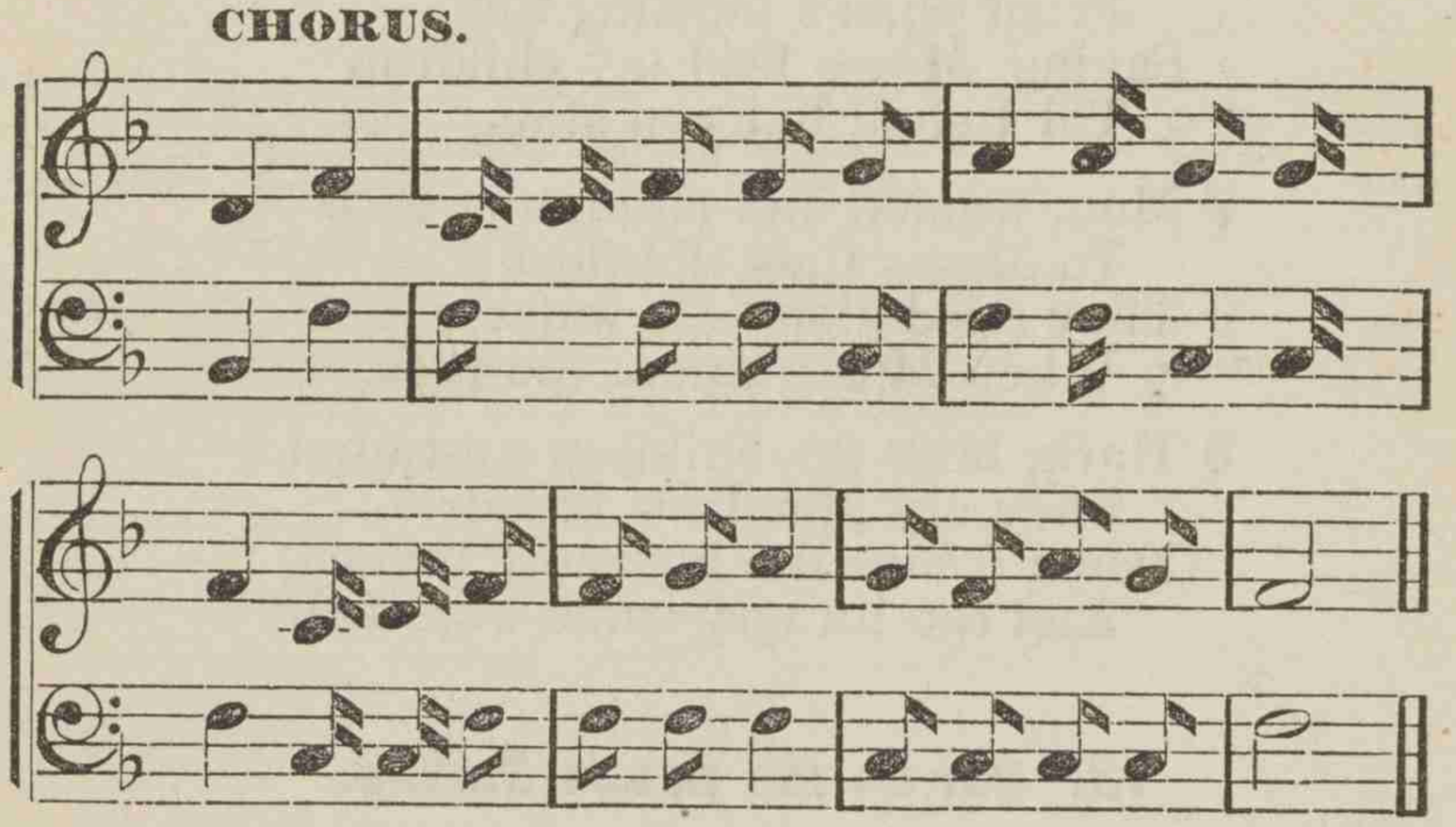
Reign, O reign! Reign, my Lord! Reign, O reign,
There 's a love-feast in heaven to-day.

2 Peter and James went up to see:
There 's room enough for you and me.

3 The prettiest thing, that ever I 've done,
Was seeking of religion when I was young.

4 A Methodist I am by name,
By the grace of God I 'll die the same.

12. Didn't Old Pharaoh get Lost?

M. MACOOMER. Exodus 14: 28. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 ISAAC a ransom while he lay,
Upon the altar bound.
Moses, an infant, cast away,
By Pharaoh's daughter found.

CHORUS.

Did 'nt old Pharaoh get lost, get lost, get lost,
Did 'nt old Pharaoh get lost in the Red Sea?

2 Joseph by his false brethren sold,
God raised above them all;
To Hannah's child the Lord foretold
How Eli's house should fall.

3 The Lord said unto Moses,
Go unto Pharaoh now;
Thus says the God of Israel,
Let my people go.

4 King Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord,
That I should him obey?
His name it is Jehovah,
For he hears people pray.

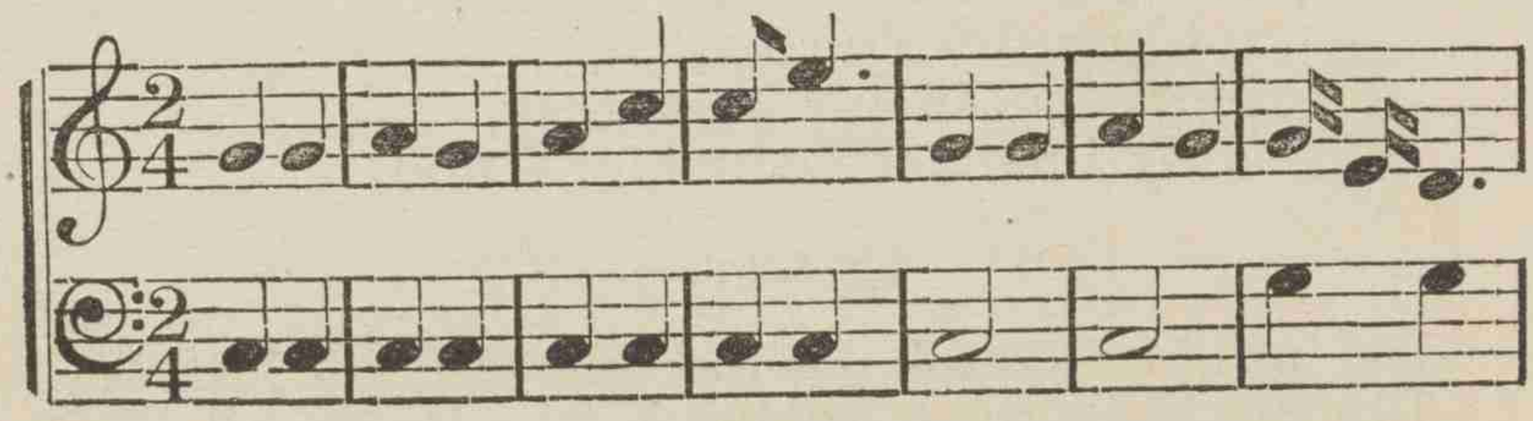
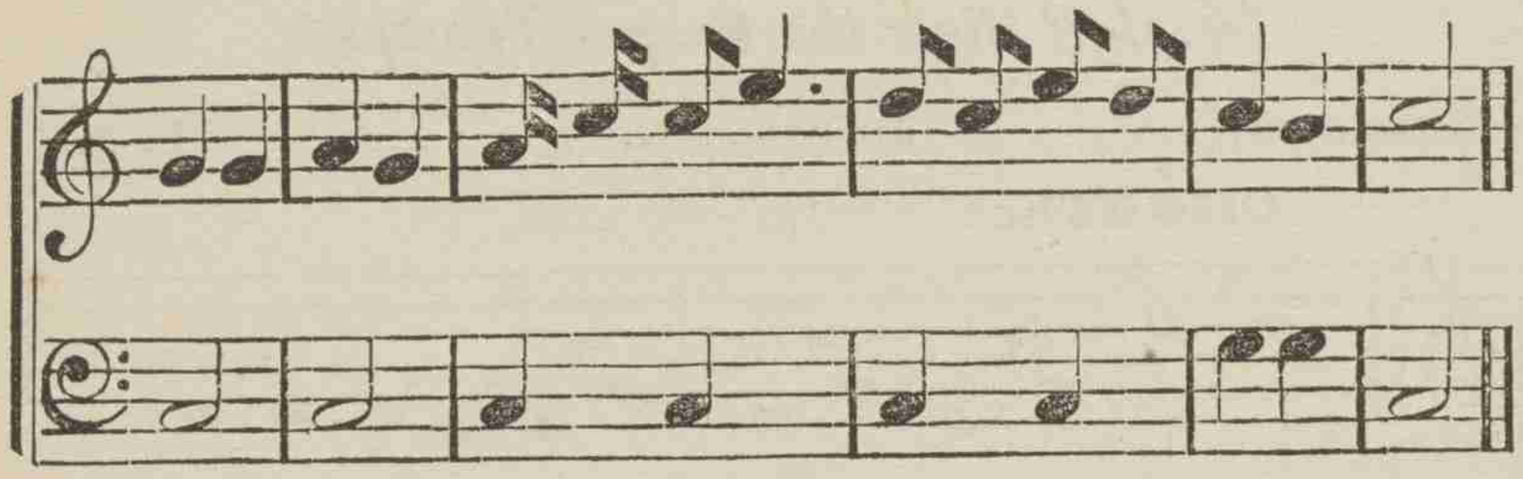
5 So on came raging Pharaoh,
As they could plainly see;
King Pharaoh and his army
Got drowned in the Red Sea.

6 Then the Lord spoke unto Moses
From Sinai's burning top,
Saying, Moses lead my children
Till I shall bid you stop.

7 Men, women and children,
To Moses they did flock;
They cried aloud for water,
When Moses smote the rock.

8 Hark, hear the children murmur!
They cry aloud for bread;
Down comes the heavenly manna,
And the hungry souls were fed.

13. Out on the Ocean Sailing.

SELECTED. Acts 27: 24. 25. C. M.

1 Though the sea be raging stormy
And the wind blows fierce and loud,
Jesus Christ will be my refuge,
And I'll reach the port at last.

Chorus.

We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we swiftly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Jordan's billows all around me,
And the stormy tempests rage.
Jesus shall command the ocean
And give a homeward breeze.

3 Yonder comes the pilot angel,
Come to waft my spirit home.
Soon with angels I 'll be waiting,
With Moses and the Lamb.

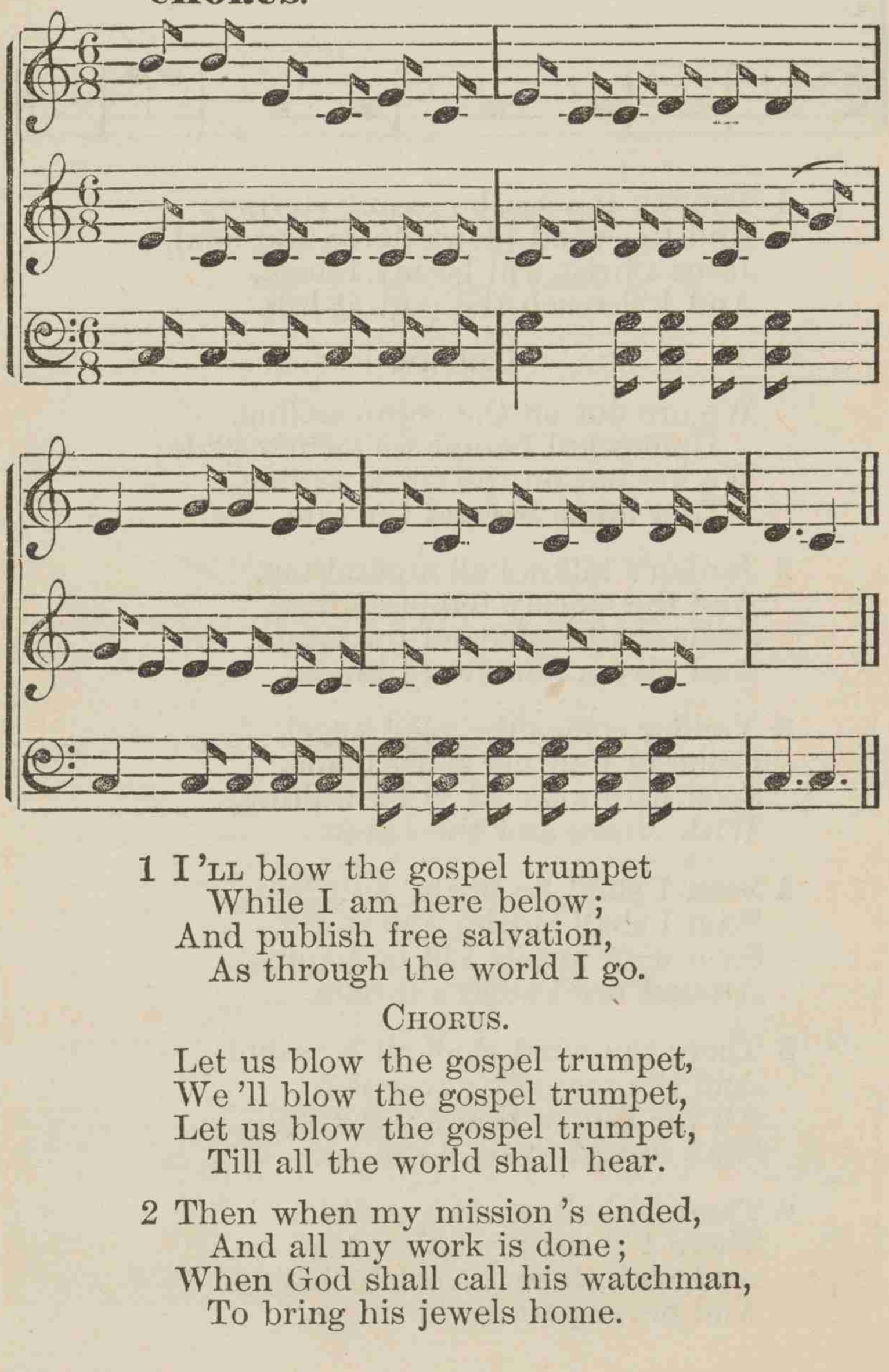
4 Soon I shall be in the kingdom,
Soon I shall outride the storm,
Soon with angels I 'll be happy,
Around my Father's throne.

5 There the wind shall all be silent,
And the tempest never rage.
All the sailors that are faithful,
Shall meet to part no more.

6 There I shall see my mother,
There I 'll see my father too;
And with them I shall be happy,
And never part again.

14. I'll Blow the Gospel Trumpet.

UNKNOWN. Judges 7: 22. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 I'LL blow the gospel trumpet
While I am here below;
And publish free salvation,
As through the world I go.

CHORUS.

Let us blow the gospel trumpet,
We 'll blow the gospel trumpet,
Let us blow the gospel trumpet,
Till all the world shall hear.

2 Then when my mission 's ended,
And all my work is done;
When God shall call his watchman,
To bring his jewels home.

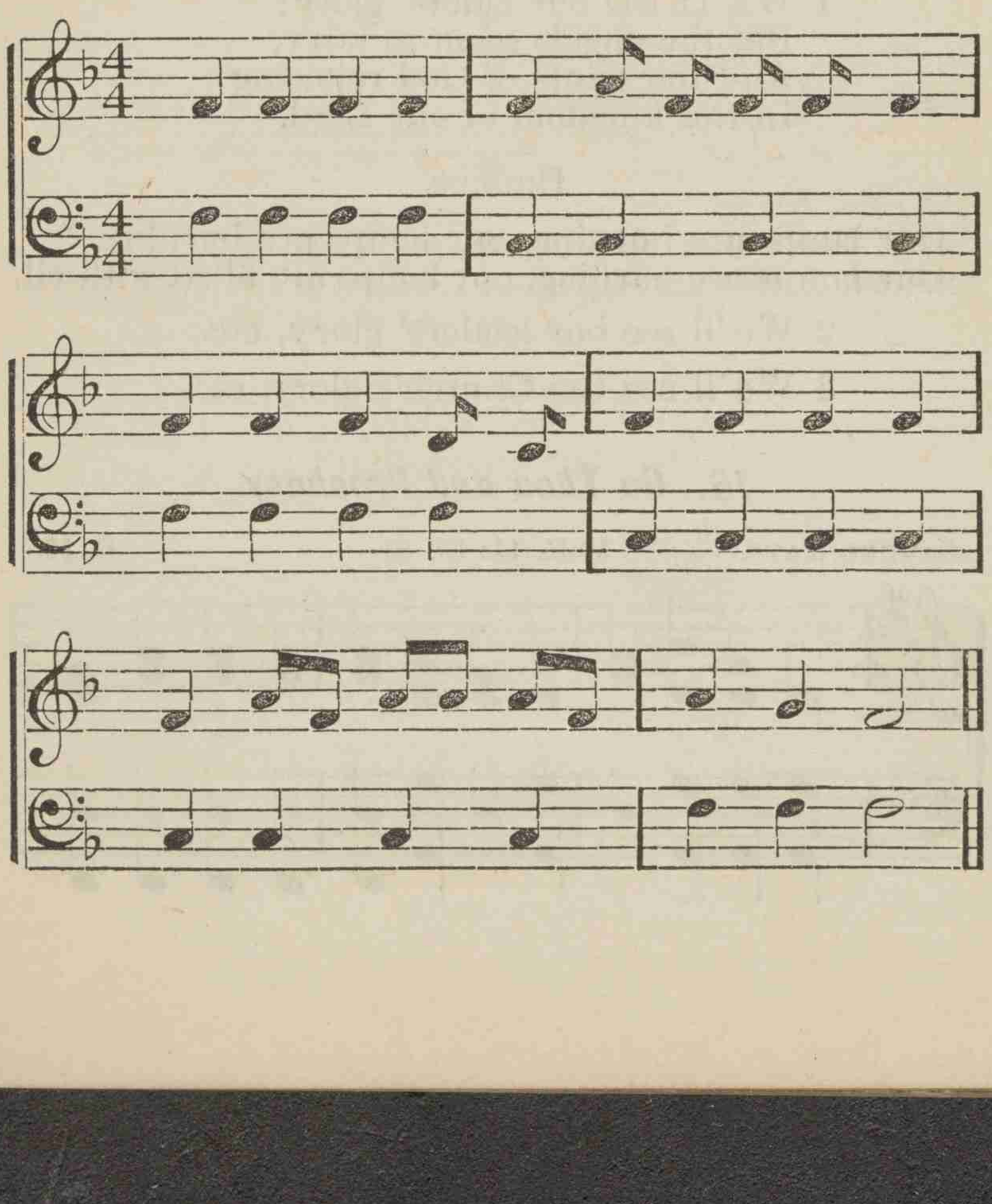
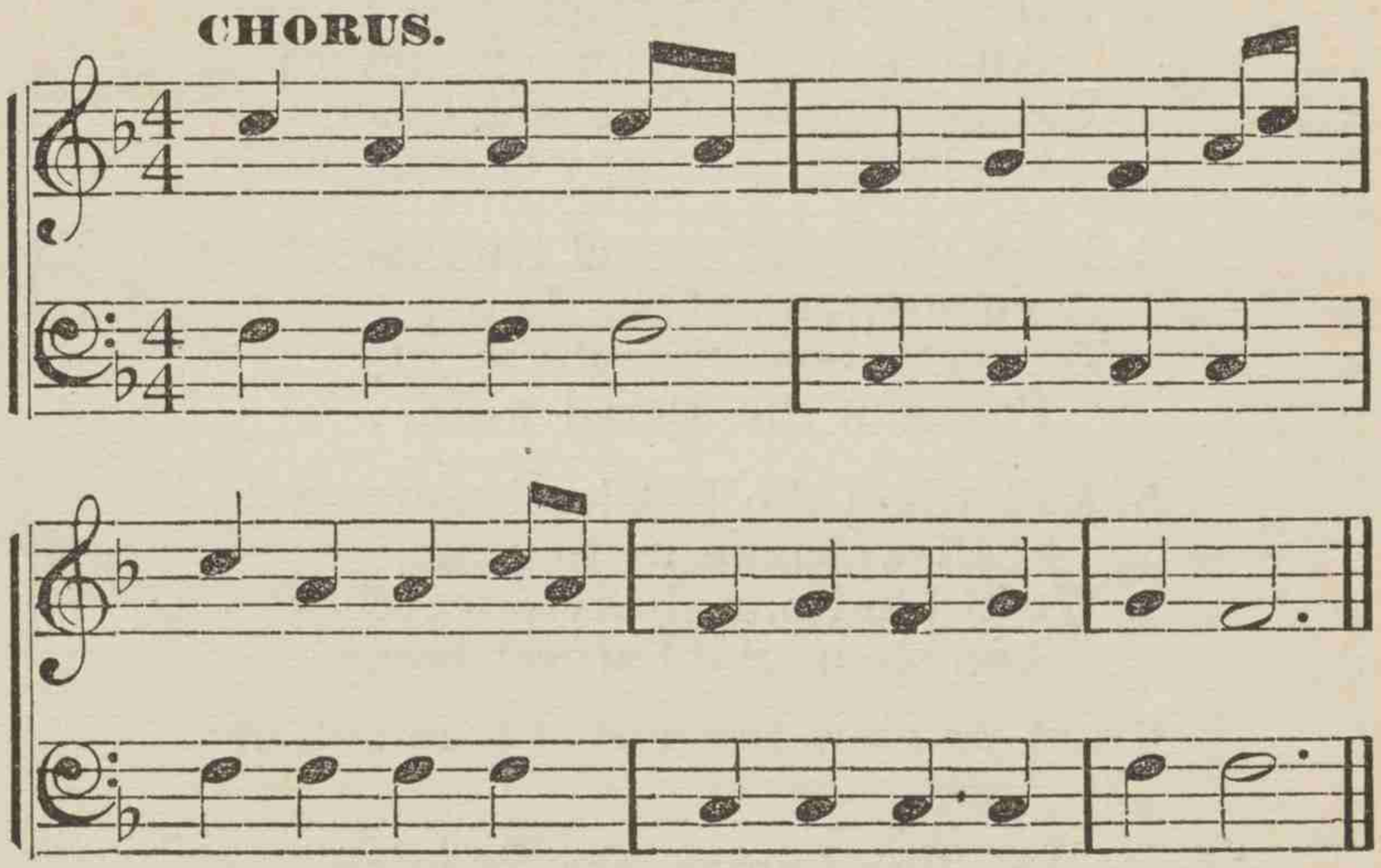
3 I'll lay aside my Bible,
And blow the trump no more;
But join my brother watchmen
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 Then blow the gospel trumpet,
Ye servants of the Lord;
To every blood-bought spirit,
Proclaim the sacred word.

5 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall welcome us to come,
We'll bind our sheaves together
And shout the harvest home.

6 Let us blow the gospel trumpet, etc.

15. Our Lamps are Burning.

PETER MACORMICK. Judges 7: 20. P. M.

1 We 'll see our elders' glory;
But the angels seem to tarry,
And the saints of God rejoicing
In the kingdom of our Lord.

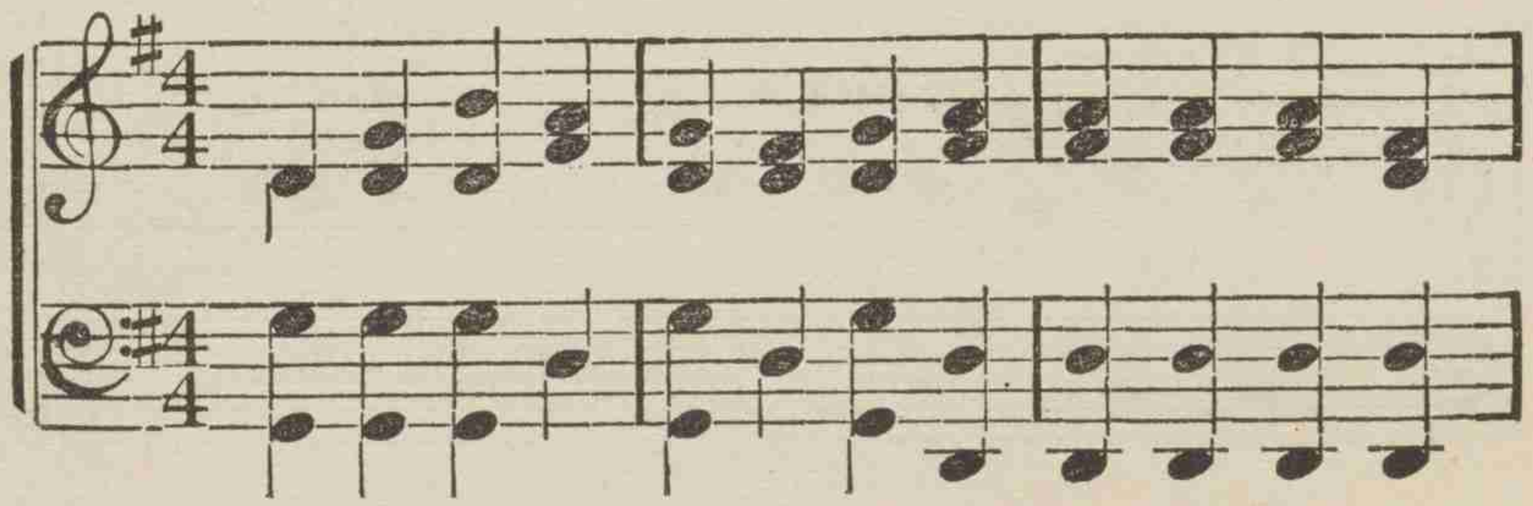
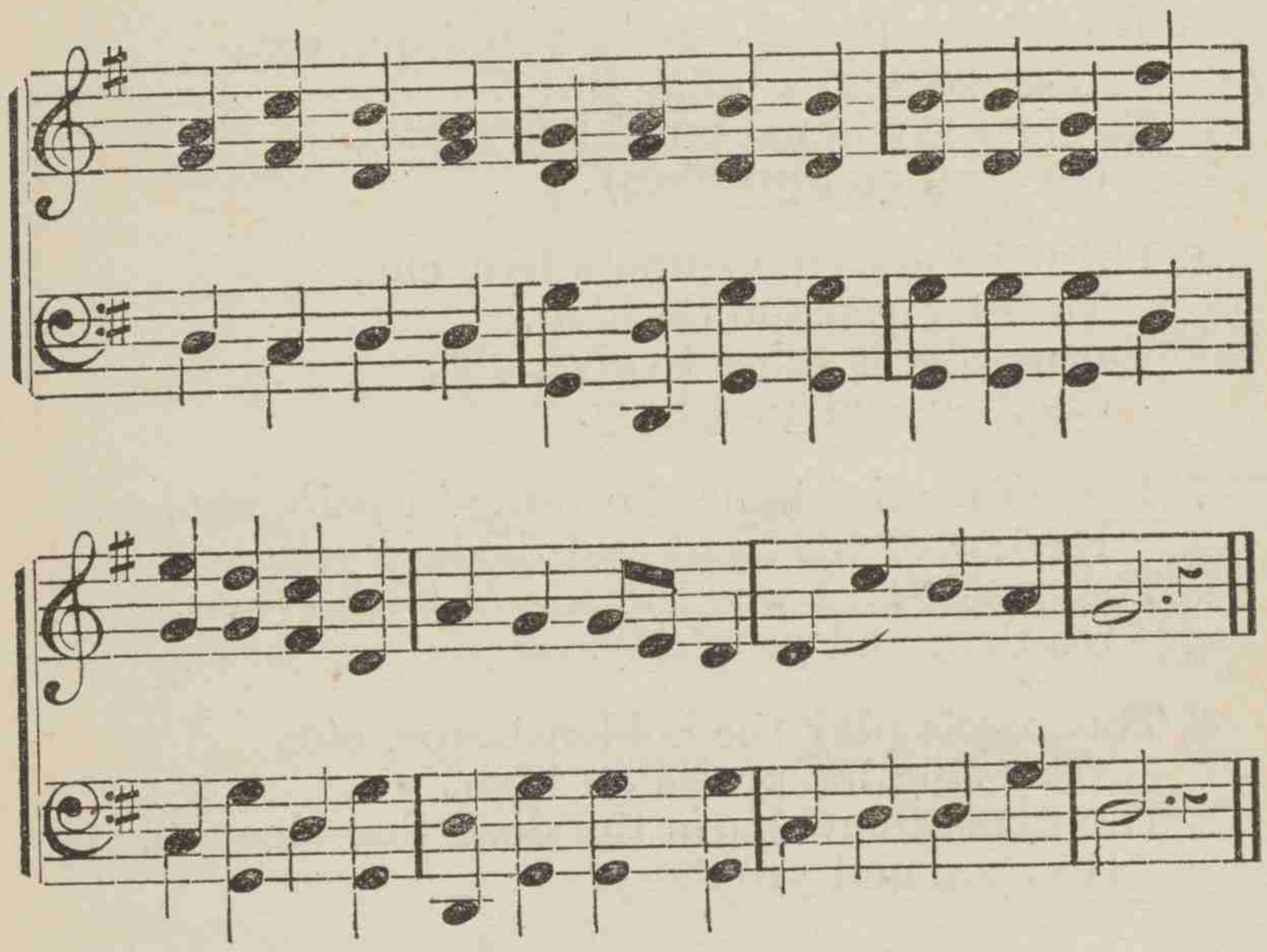
Chorus.

Our lamps are burning, our lamps are burning,
Our lamps are burning, our lamps are filled with oil.

2 We 'll see our leaders' glory, etc.

3 We 'll see the Church's glory, etc.

16. Go Thou and Prophesy.

Samuel Kays. Matt. 14: 35, 36. C. M.



1 Jesus while walking on the earth, on the earth;
Jesus while walking on the earth, on the earth;
Jesus while walking on the earth, on the earth,
They said he was a spy.

He healed the sick and raised the dead, raised the dead;
He healed the sick and raised the dead, raised the dead;
He healed the sick and raised the dead, raised the dead,
Go thou and prophesy.

2 While walking by a sinful crowd, etc.
He heard a woman cry:
If I can but his garments touch, etc.
I 'll go and prophesy.

3 He turned around about to see, etc.
And anguish filled his eye:
Daughter, thy faith has made thee whole, etc.
Go thou and prophesy.

4 He called Lazarus from the dead, etc.,
And many there stood by;
Now loose the man and let him go, etc.,
That he may prophesy.

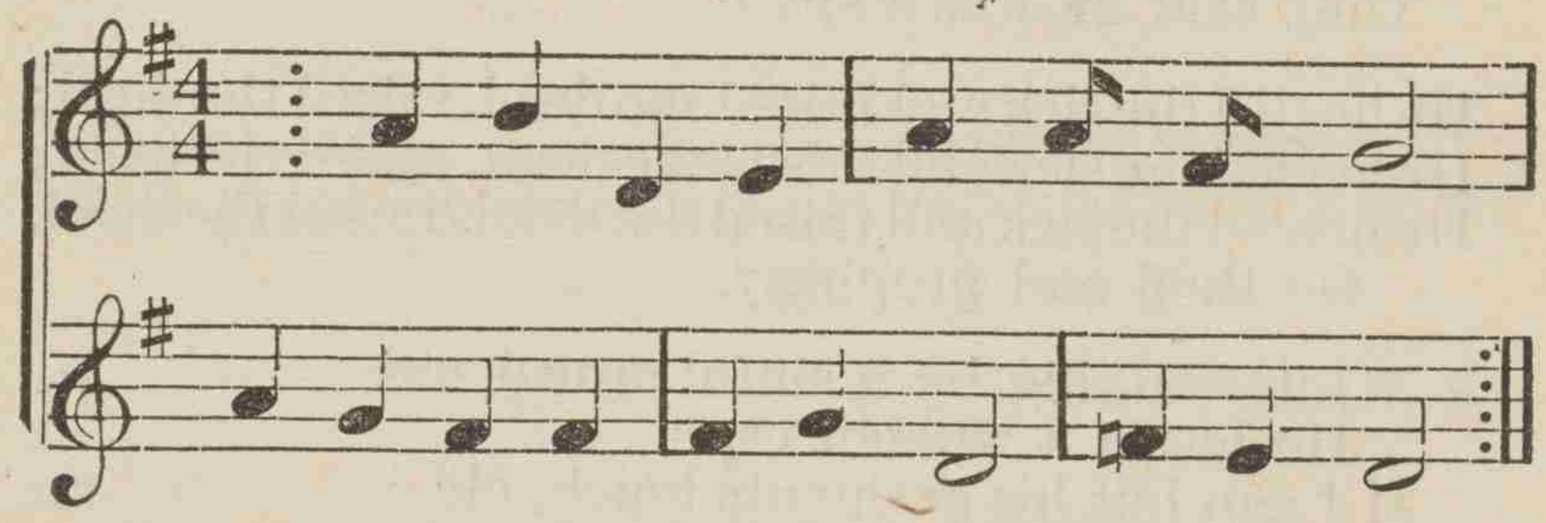
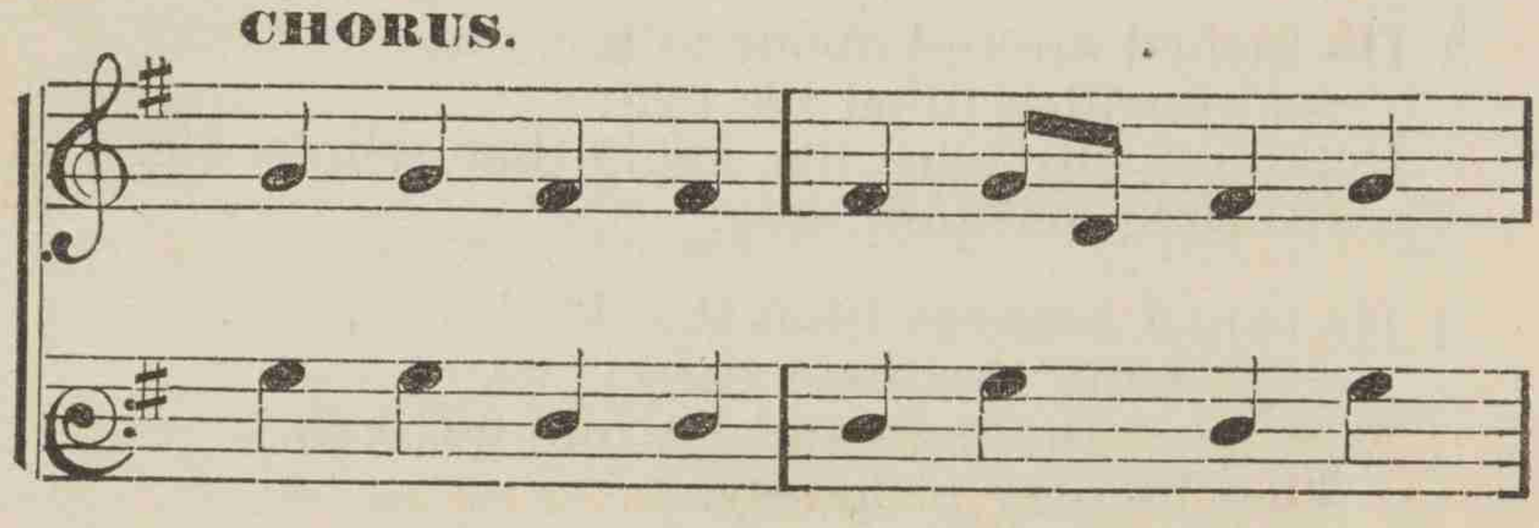
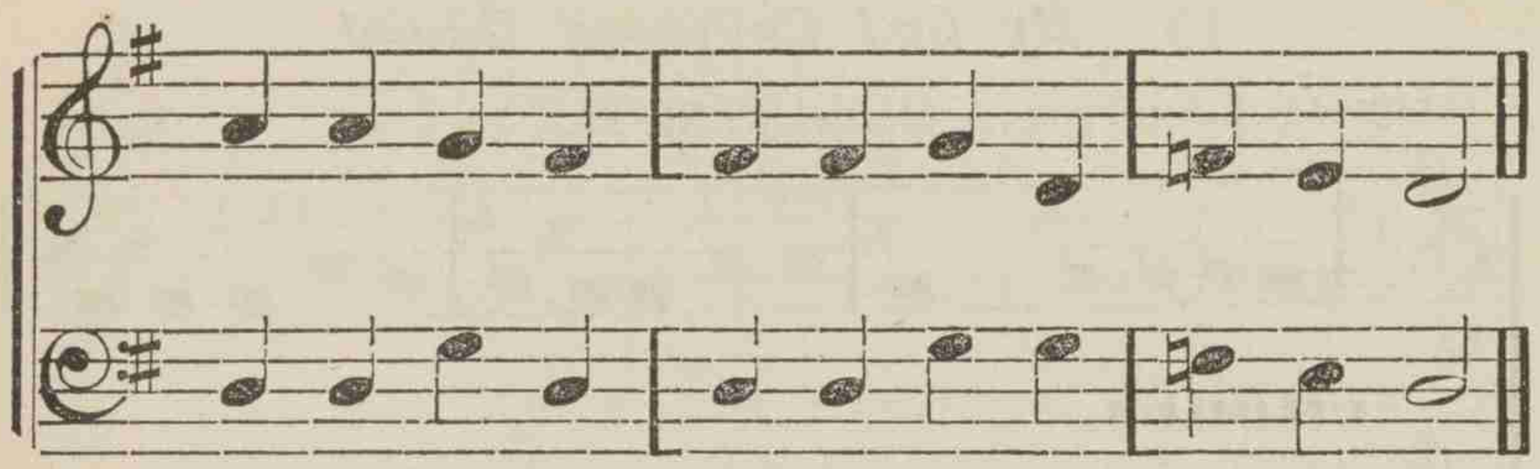
5 He said to Peter, James, and John, etc.,
'T is written, I must die;
To shed my blood on Calvary, etc.,
Go thou and prophesy.

6 I'll bid the dying sinners live, etc.,
To lift my name on high.
Eternal life is mine to give, etc.,
Go thou and prophesy.

7 Three dreadful hours he hung in pain, etc.,
He bowed his head and died.
They said, This was the son of God, etc.,
Go thou and prophesy.

8 The angels play the golden harps, etc.,
They sing his praise on high.
The notes then charm the dead that sleep, etc.,
Go thou and prophesy.

17. Sinners, Sinners, Don't You See.

W. L. MUIR. John 14 6.

CHORUS.

1 SINNERS, sinners, do n't you see,
The way is now prepared; hallelujah!
What Christ has done for you and me,
Though we 've been much degraded; hallelujah!
And very heavy laden, hallelujah!
With sin and much temptation; hallelujah!

2 When we are tempted, when we are tried,
We must go and bow to Jesus; hallelujah!
Who to us was crucified,
To appeal the wrath of justice; hallelujah!
What a wonder was King Jesus, hallelujah!
Who completed our salvation; hallelujah.

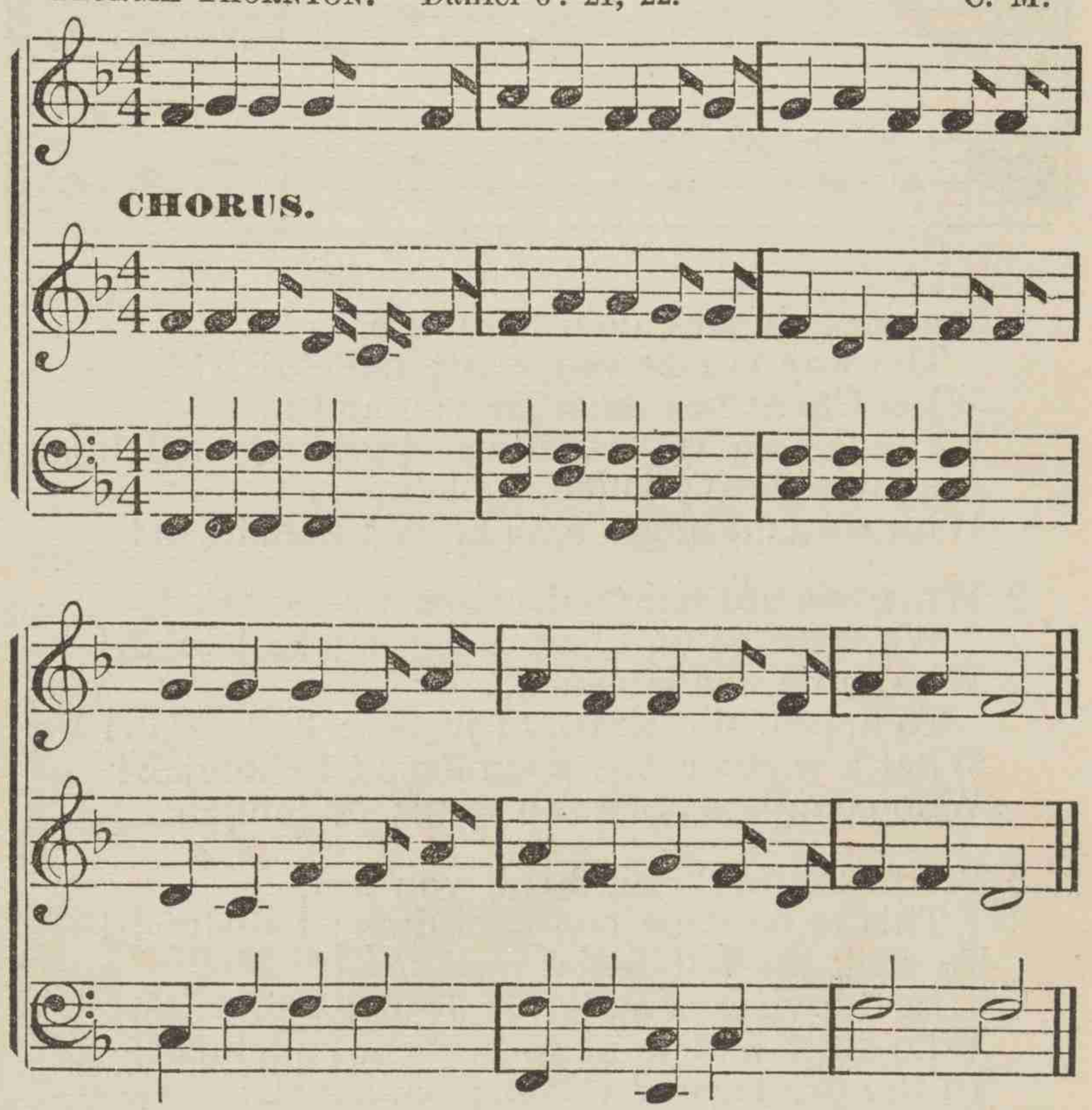
3 Brethren, brethren, do n't you feel,
This to be your bounden duty; hallelujah!
To walk the self-denial road,
In the view of suffering Jesus; hallelujah!
Who arose and went to heaven, hallelujah!
In the presence of eleven; hallelujah!

4 Just behold him going to the tomb,
To prepare a way for dying; hallelujah!
They embalmed him with some sweet perfume;
It was the act of purifying; hallelujah!
Ah! but what do you think about dying;
Do n't you think 't is very trying; hallelujah!

5 A few more suffering days below
And we like Jesus will be buried; hallelujah!
In the coming day I know,
We to heaven will be carried; hallelujah!
Then we 'll go both soul and body, hallelujah!
To live with God forever; hallelujah!

18. My God Delivered Daniel.

GEORGIA THORNTON. Daniel 6 : 21, 22. C. M.



1 YE servants of the living God,
From Afric's sunny shore,
Your deliverer praise with all your soul,
And to Egypt return no more.

CHORUS.

My God delivered Daniel, Daniel, Daniel;
My God delivered Daniel, and why not deliver me?

2 We want no cowards in our band,
Who will their colors fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who 're not afraid to die.

3 Hold up your heads with courage bold
And do not be afraid,
For God has delivered Daniel,
And why not every man?

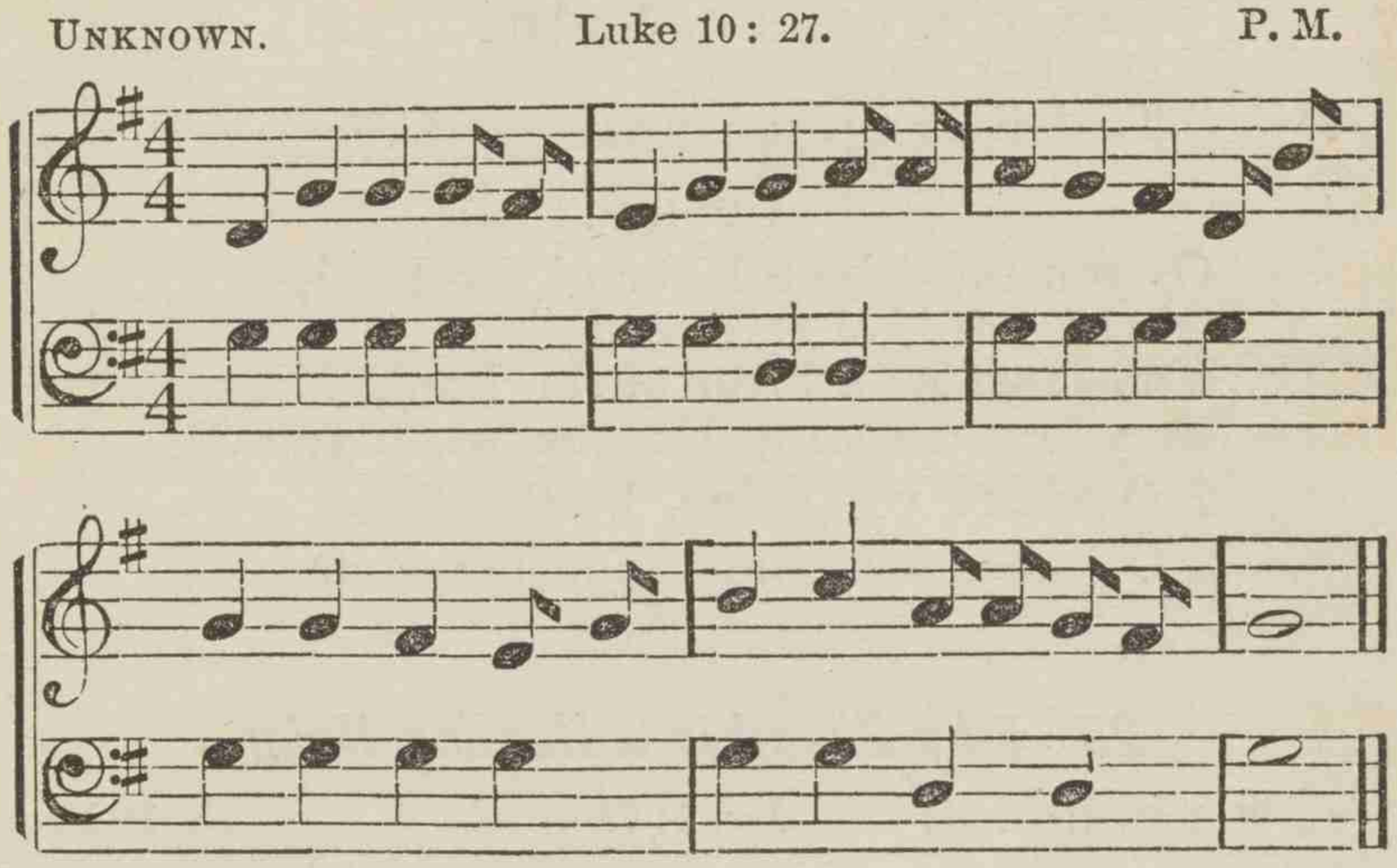
4 Three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace,
Daniel in the lions' den—
My God delivered each of them,
And why not you and me?

5 Behold this army dressed in white;
How brave they do appear,
All dressed and armed in uniform,
They must be men of war.

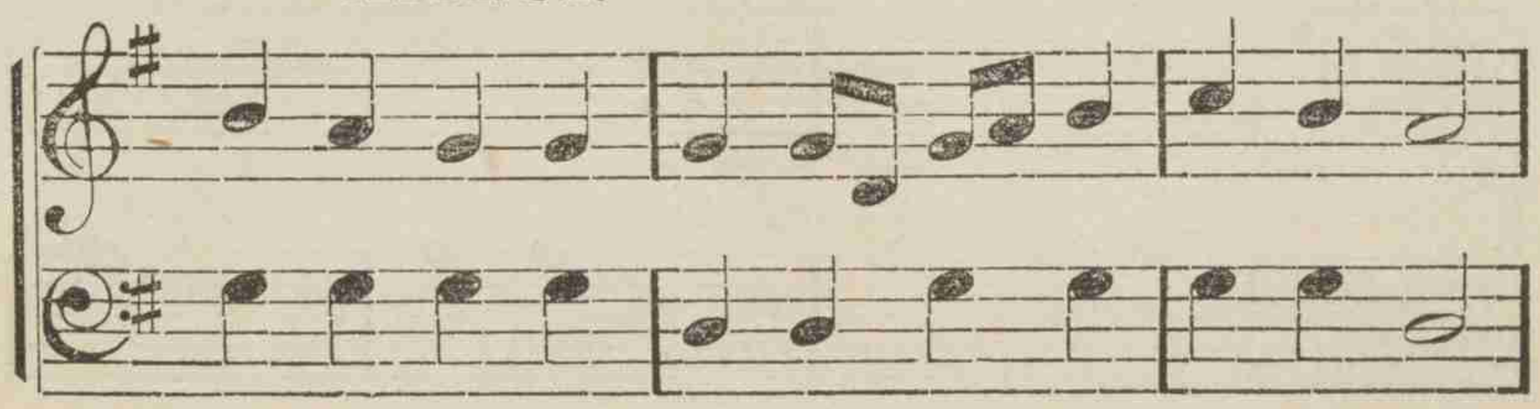
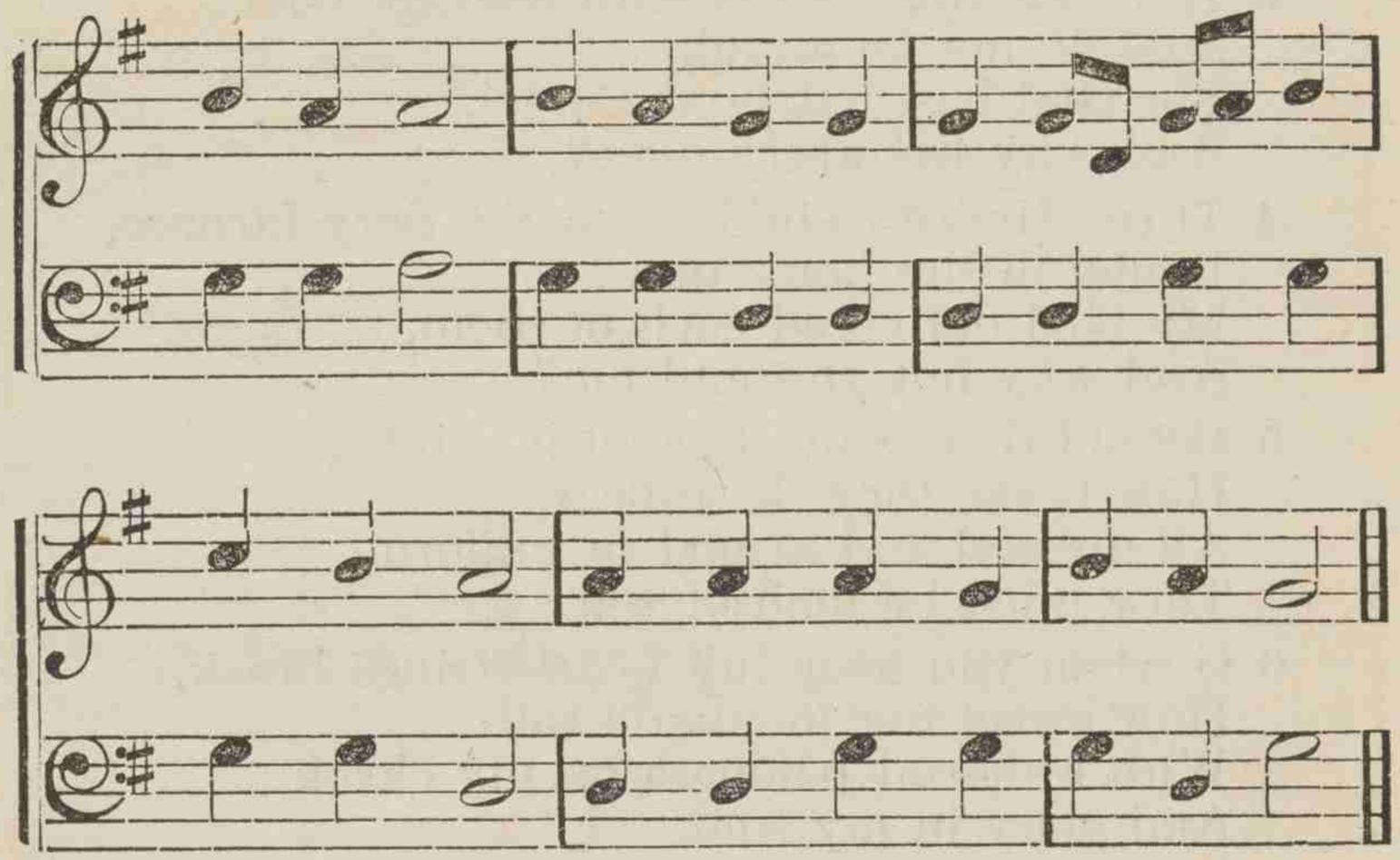
6 O when you hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my moments roll;
With a mortal paleness on my cheek
And glory in my soul.

19. O, You Must be a Lover of the Lord.

UNKNOWN. Luke 10: 27. P. M.



CHORUS.



1 O! where you going, preacher?
I'm going down to Jordan.
O what for, preacher?
To deliver up the cross.

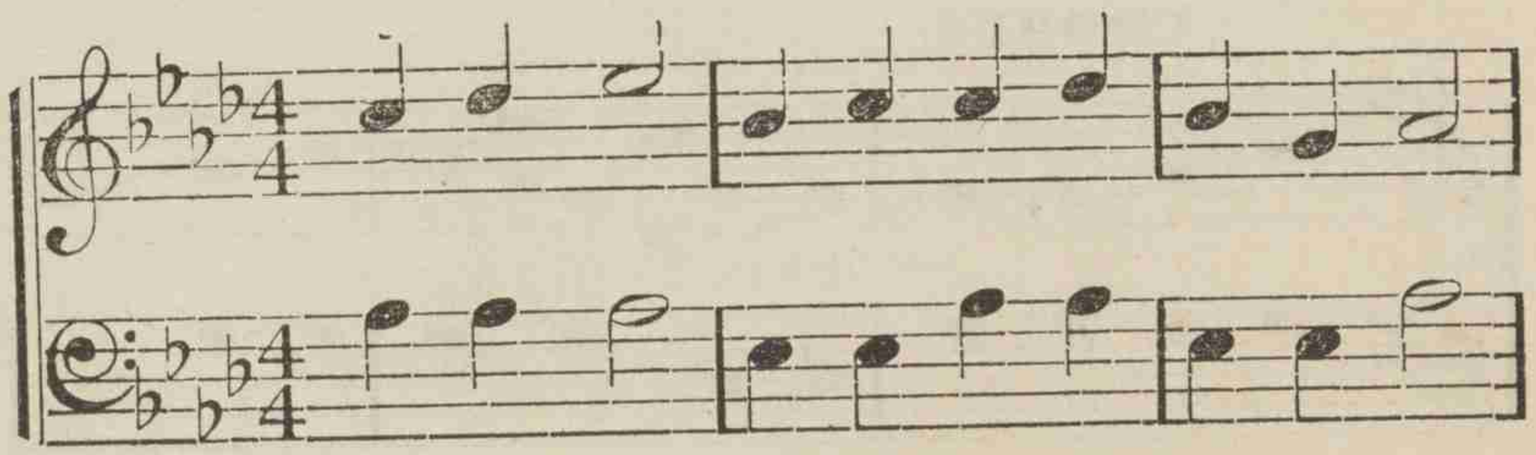
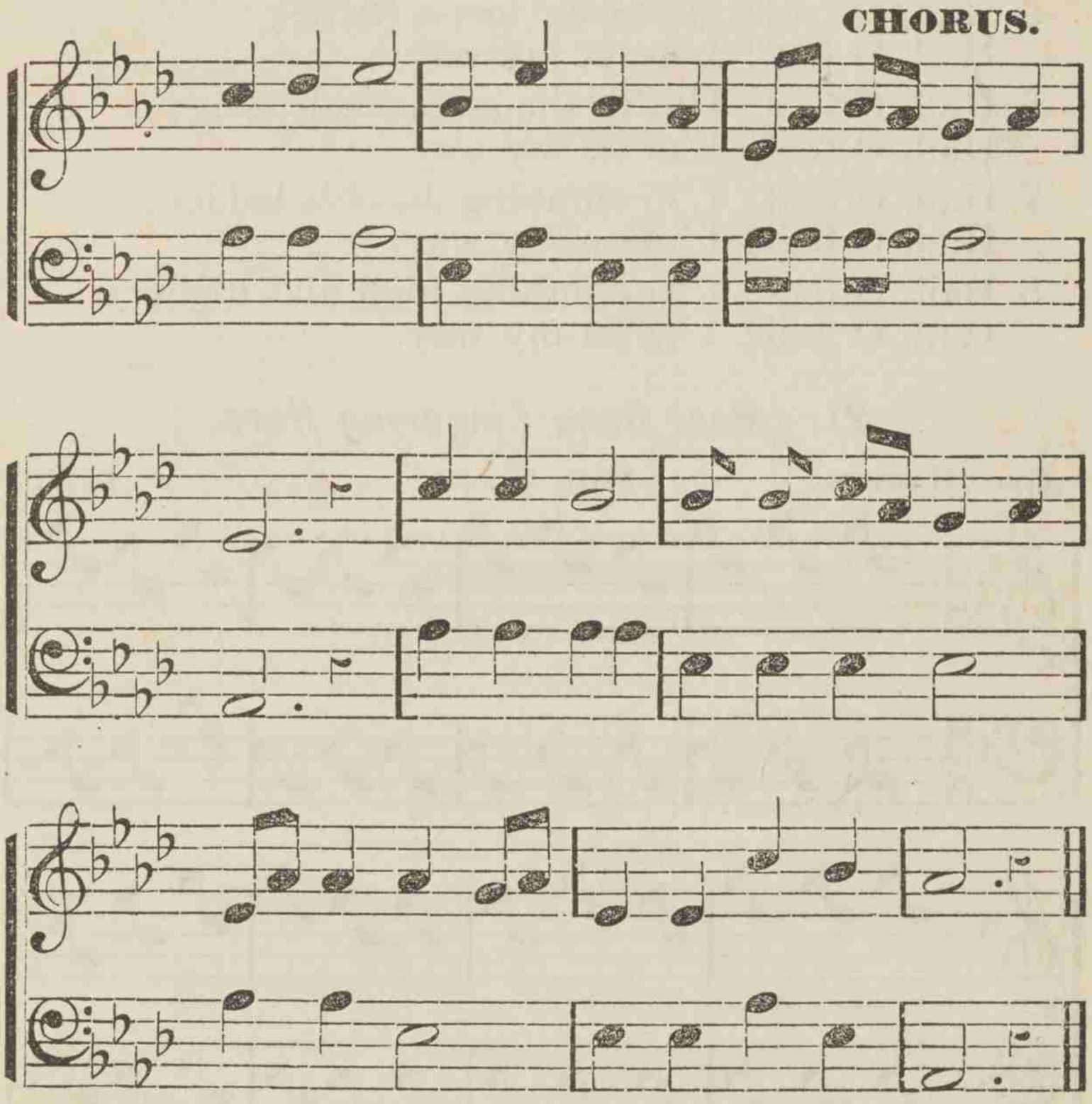
CHORUS.

O, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Of the Lord, of the Lord;
You must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to Heaven when you die.

2 O where you going, brother? etc.

3 O where you going, mourners? etc.

20. Why Gilead is a Healing Balm.

G. W. DOWNING. Jer. 8: 22. P. M.

1 Hail, O hail! I 'm on the hunt of Jesus;
Hail, O hail! I 'm on my way.

Chorus.

Why Gilead is a healing balm;
I belong to the blood-washed army.
Gilead is a healing balm;
I 'm on my way.

2 Hail, O hail! Pray tell me where to find him;
Hail, O hail! I 'm on my way.

3 Hail, O hail! You 'll find him in the valley;
Hail, O hail! I 'm on my way.

4 Hail, O hail! King Jesus is my captain;
Hail, O hail! I 'm on my way.

5 Hail, O hail! He never lost a battle;
Hail, O hail! I'm on my way.

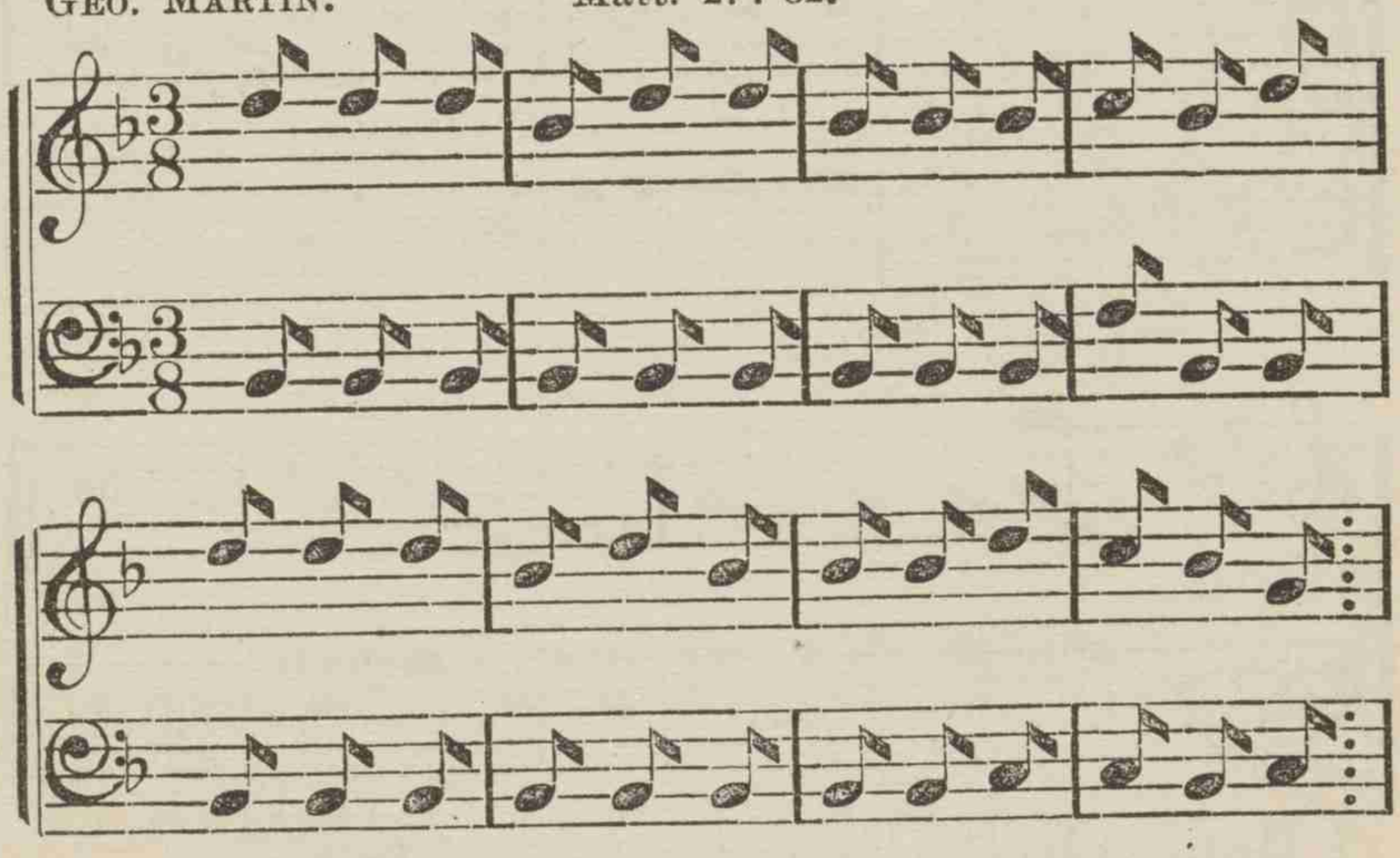
6 Hail, O hail! I'm in the stream adrifting;
Hail, O hail! I'm on my way.

7 Hail, O hail! I'm climbing Jacob's ladder;
Hail, O hail! I'm on my way.

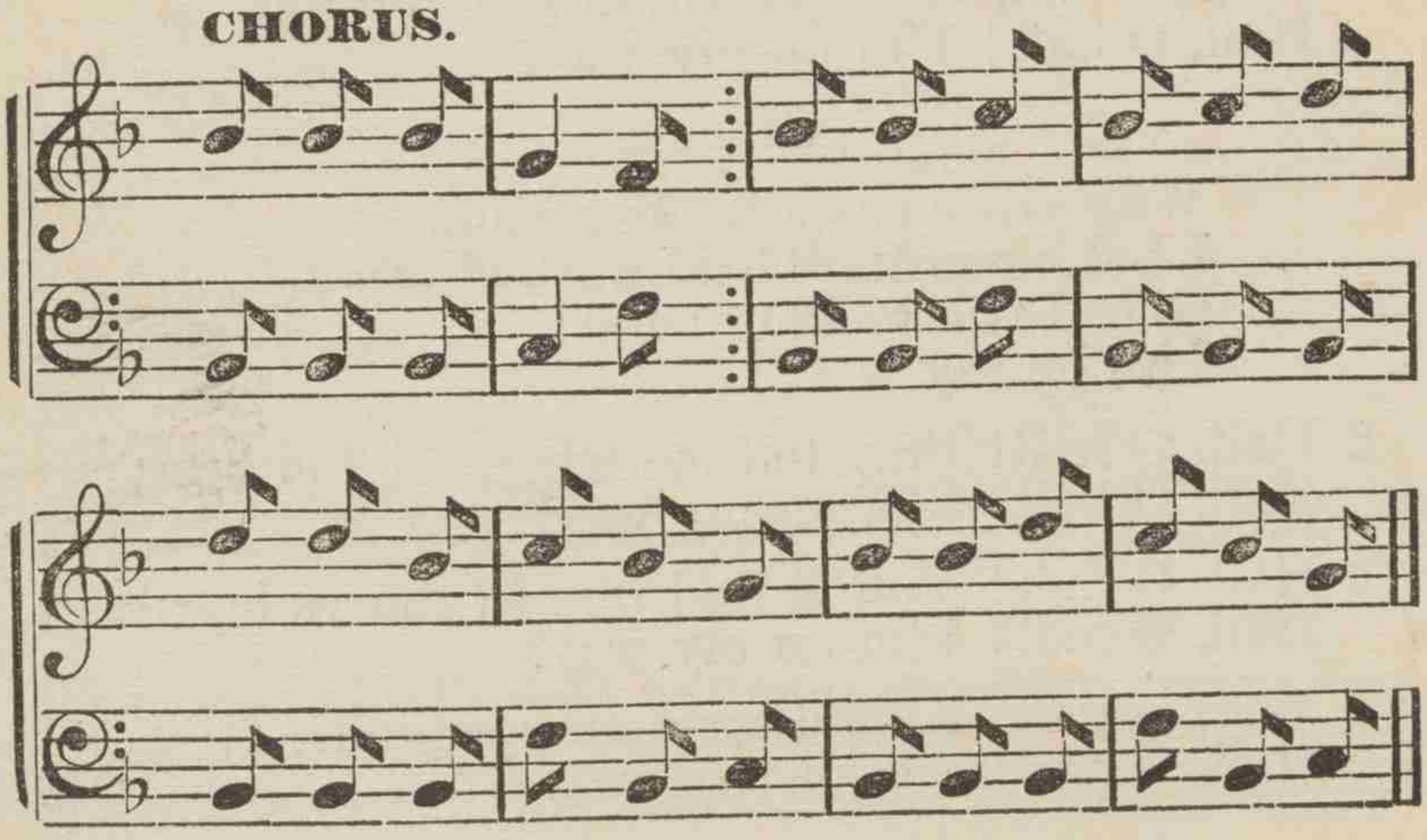
8 Hail, O hail! I'm climbing high and higher;
Hail, O hail! I'm on my way.

21. 'Most Done Lingering Here.

GEO. MARTIN. Matt. 27 : 32. L. M.



CHORUS.



1 If you get there before I do,
'Most done lingering here;
Look out for me I am coming too,
'Most done lingering here.

Chorus.

I'm going away, going away,
I'm 'most done lingering here;
I'm going away to Galilee, and
I'm 'most done lingering here.

2 Paradise is wide and fair,
Won't we shout when we get there?

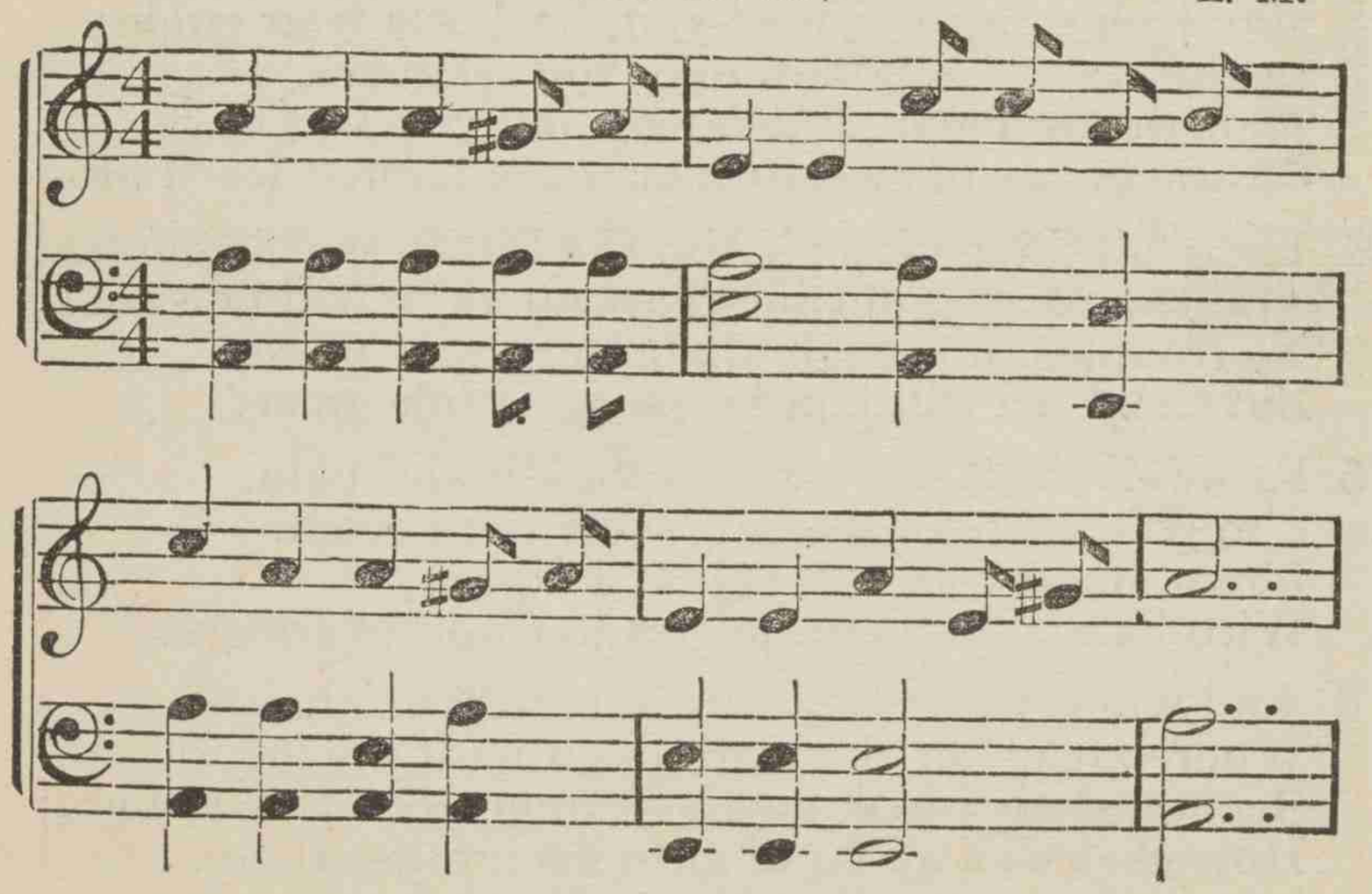
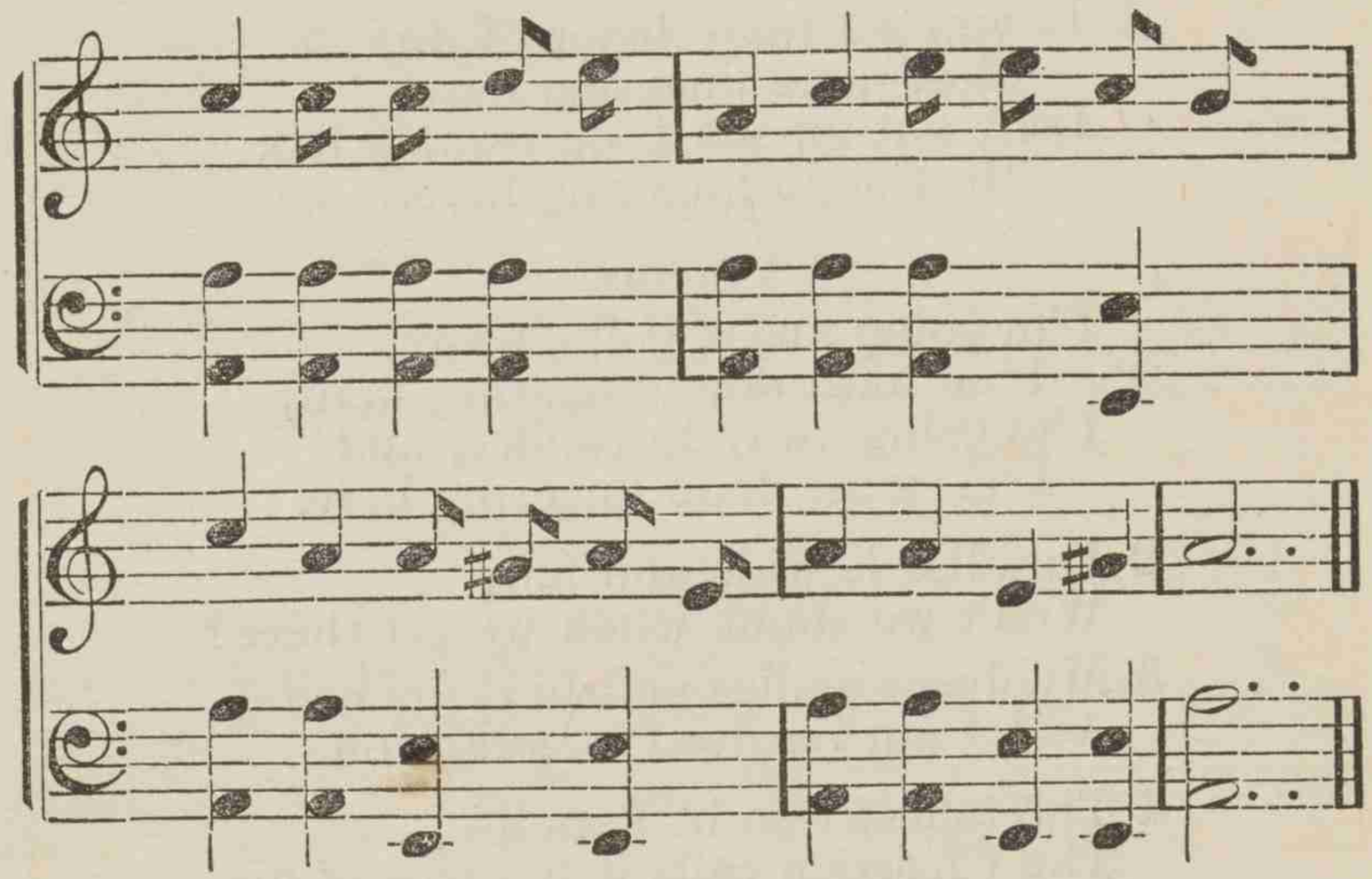
3 My Jesus smiles and bids me come,
And I am resolved to follow on.

4 The tallest tree in Paradise,
The Christian calls it the tree of life.

5 I have hard trials on my way,
But still king Jesus hears me pray.

6 Why Christians you must watch and pray,
And look to Jesus every day.

22. Come Now, My Dear Brethren.

Selected. Acts. 20: 25. L. M.

1 Come now, my dear brethren, I bid you farewell;
I 'm going to travel to preach the gospel.
I 'm going to travel the wilderness through;
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you adieu.

2 To think of our parting doth cause me to grieve
So well I do love you, yet you I must leave.
My Jesus commands me and I must obey;
Therefore, my dear brothern, do n't grieve after me.

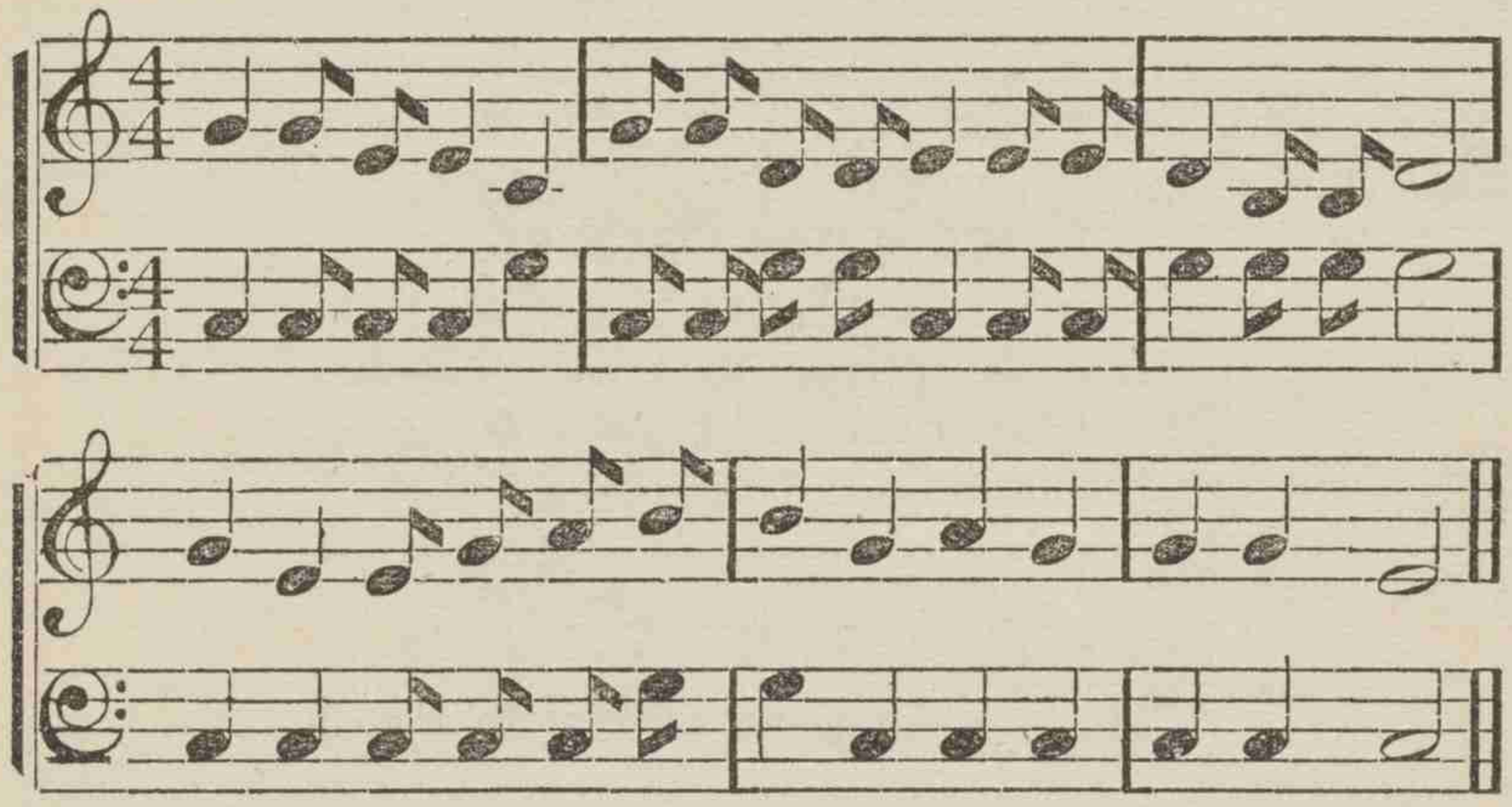
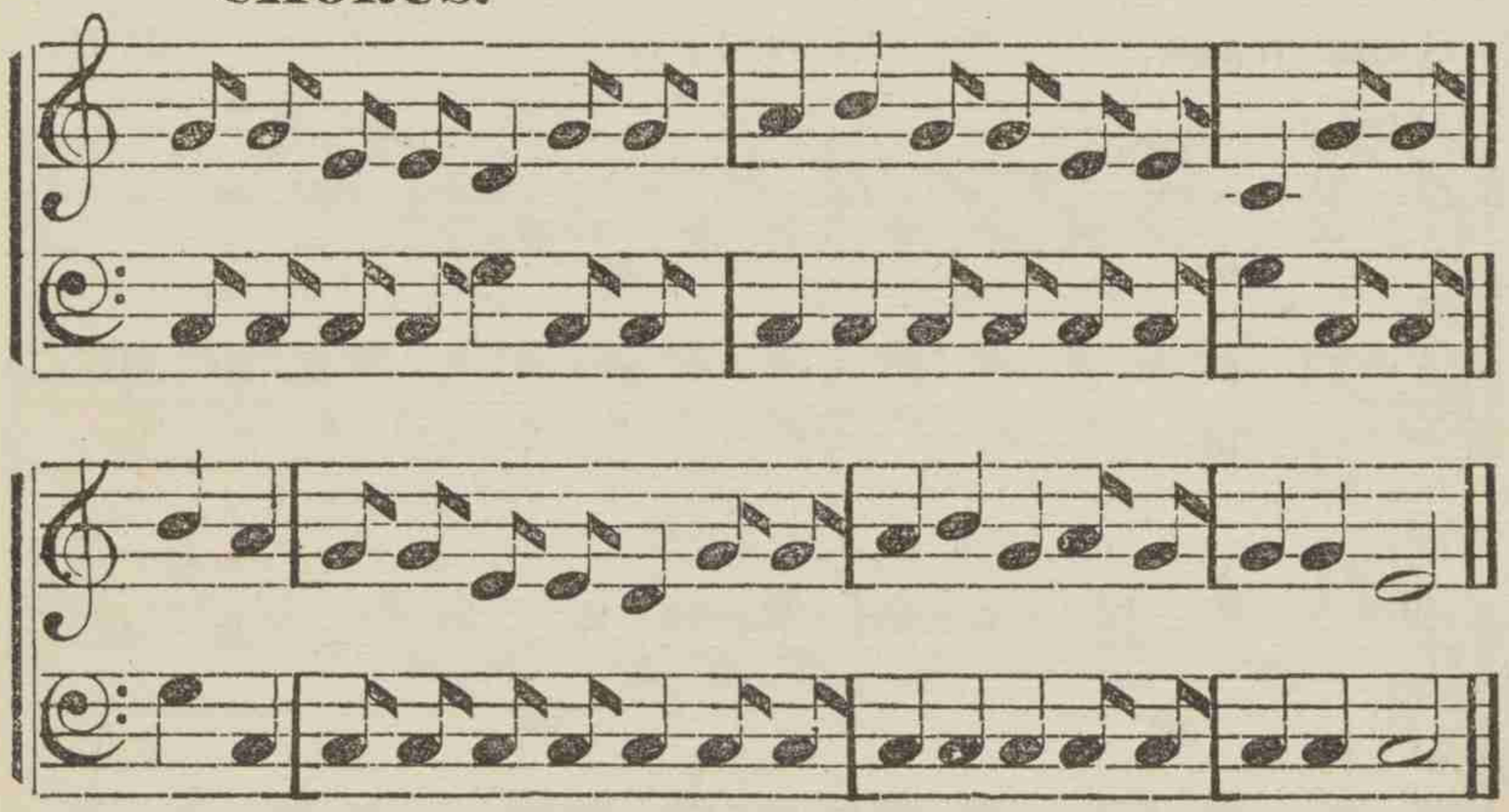
3 May God's grace protect you, be Jesus your guide;
In the way of our Zion may you all abide.
Though we live at a distance, and you I ne'er see,
On the banks of sweet Canaan acquainted we 'll be.

4 There all things are plenty, the leaves growing green,
And the parting of Christians no more will be seen;
No troubles, nor trials shall enter that place,
But there we will join in a song of free grace.

5 Farewell to all sorrow, temptation and pain,
I 'm going where Jesus forever doth reign.
I 'm going to Jesus, 't is him I adore,
With Saints and with angels to dwell evermore.

6 And when we meet Jesus in mansions above,
Where angels in glory are filled with his love;
O, then shall I look for these mourners who 're here;
How glad will we be to meet each other there.

23. Little Children, You'd Better Believe.

CHAS. COATES. Rev. 6 : 9. C. M.

CHORUS.

1 My father's gone a journey,
Do n't you see him going away?
He 's gone behind the altar
To stay till judgment day.

CHORUS.

Little children, you 'd better believe;
Little children, you 'd better believe;
Little children, you 'd better believe,
We 'll get home by and by.

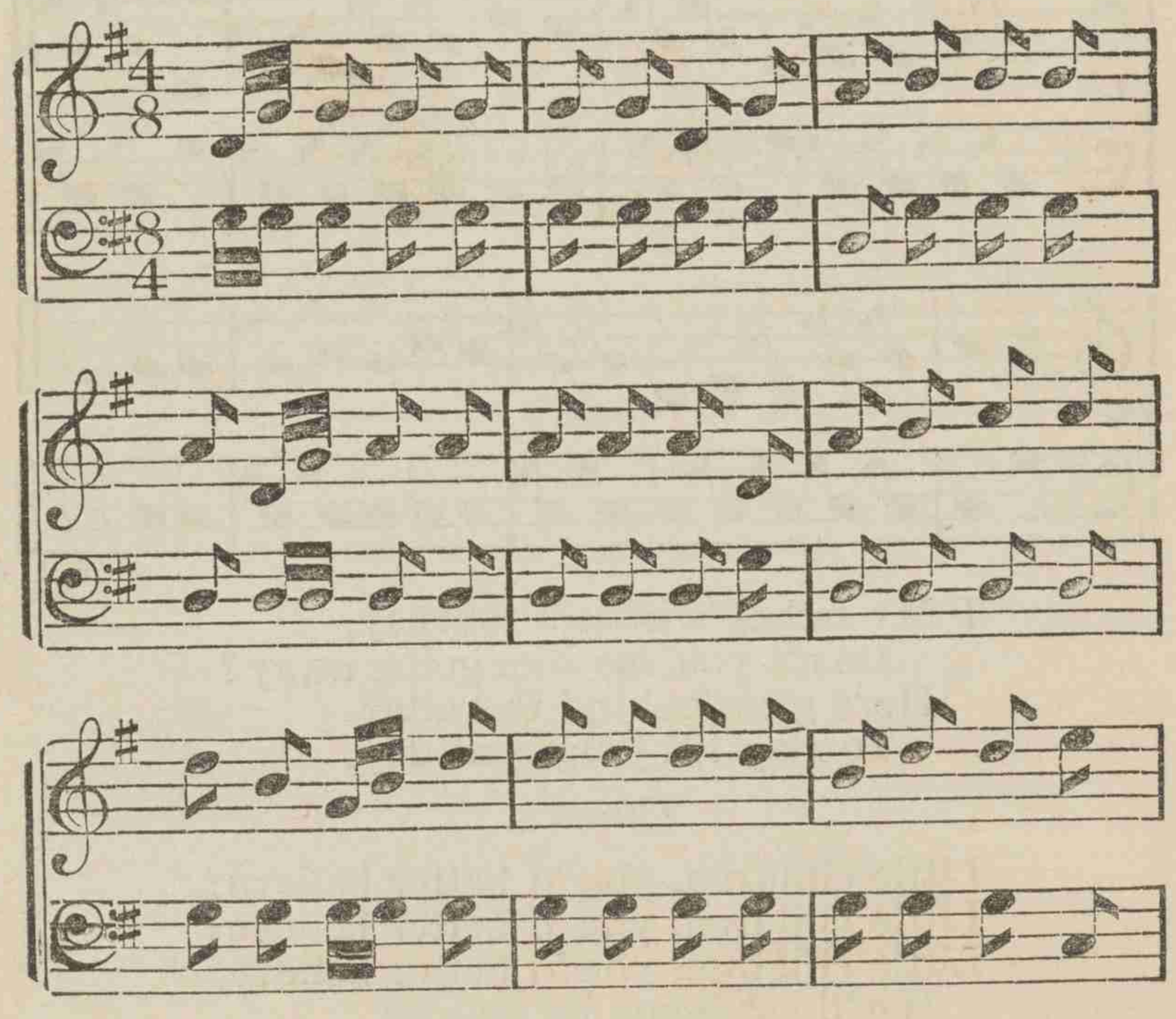
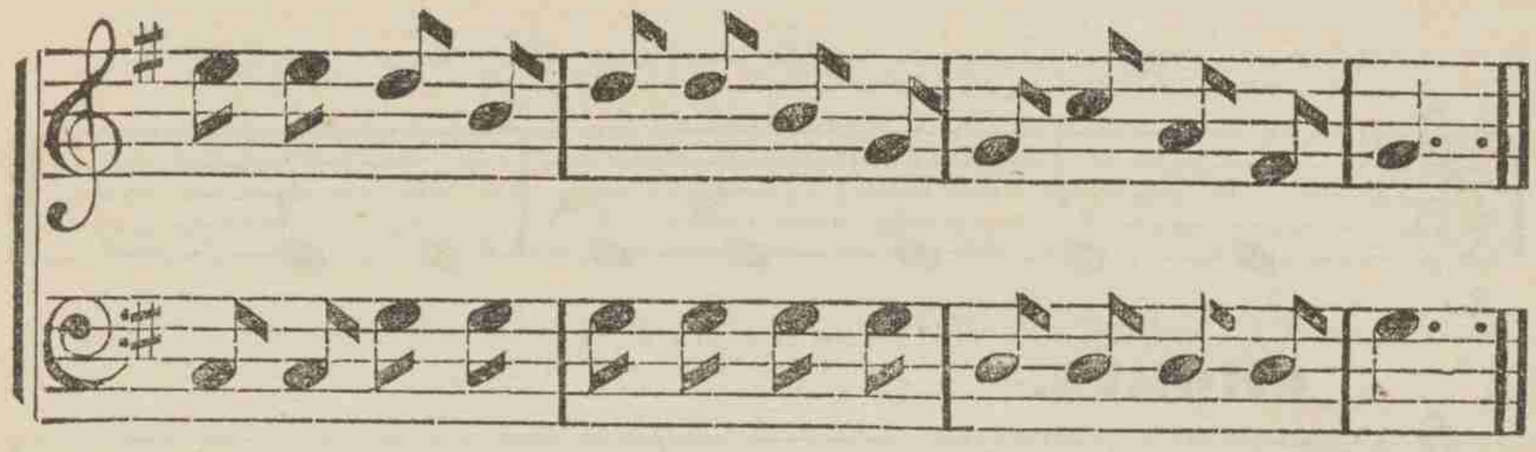
2 Do you think you will be able
To meet him in the air,
When Gabriel blows the trumpet
And sounds it everywhere?

3 Yes, I think I will be able,
If I will only pray,
And live right close to Jesus,
And serve him every day.

4 My father spoke to the children,
And he spoke in truth divine;
The Church is all a-mourning,
For this is a weeping time.

5 The sting of death is bitter,
No mortal tongue can tell;
My father 's tried the waters,
He 's gone with Christ to dwell.

24. Don't You Grieve after Me.

SCOTT WARD. Rev. 1: 7. P. M.

1 WHO is this a-coming?
Don't you grieve after me.
Who is this a-coming?
Don't you grieve after me.
Who is this a-coming?
Don't you grieve after me,
And I don't want you to grieve after me.

2 It looks like Jesus,
Don't you grieve after me, etc.

3 Who 's that behind him?
Don't you grieve after me, etc.

4 It looks like Gabriel,
Don't you grieve after me, etc.

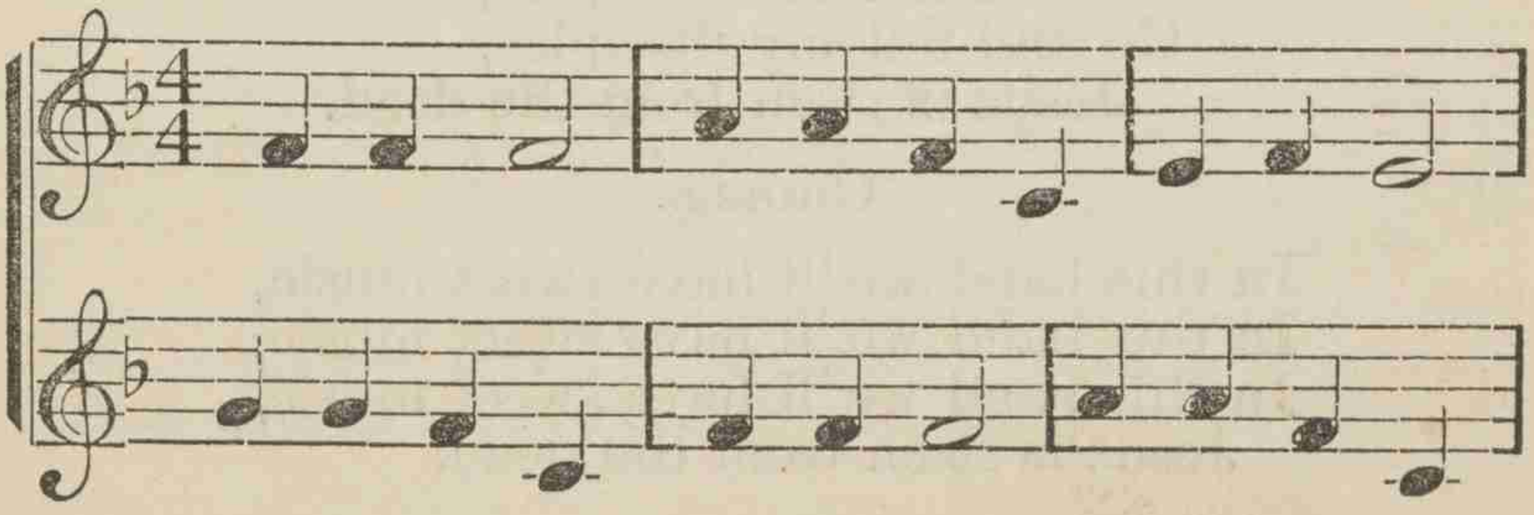
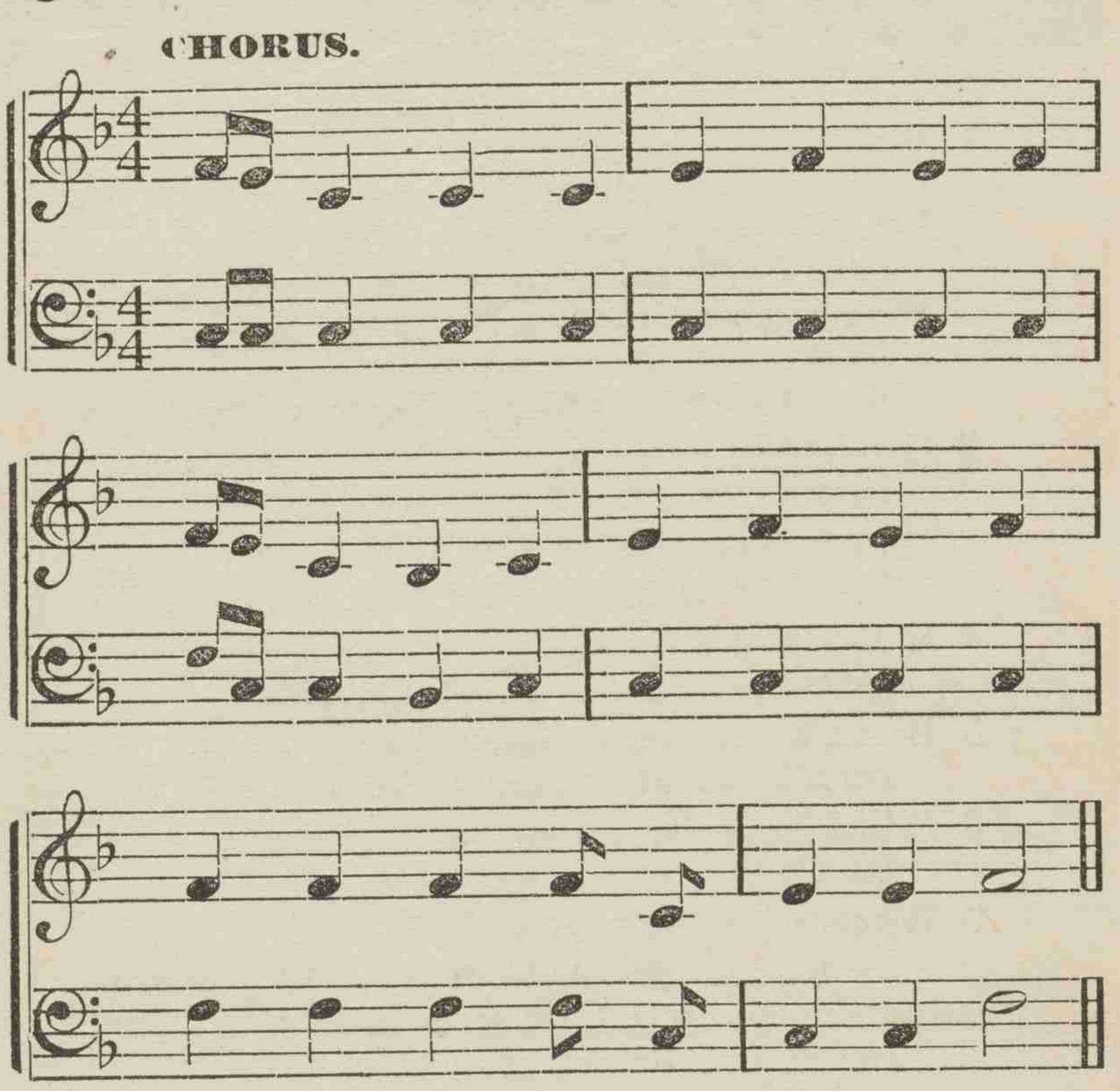
5 What 's that in his hand?
Don't you grieve after me, etc.

6 It 's a long silver trumpet,
Don't you grieve after me, etc.

7 What 's he come to do?
Don't you grieve after me, etc.

8 He's come to judge the world,
Don't you grieve after me.

25. Resurrection of Christ.

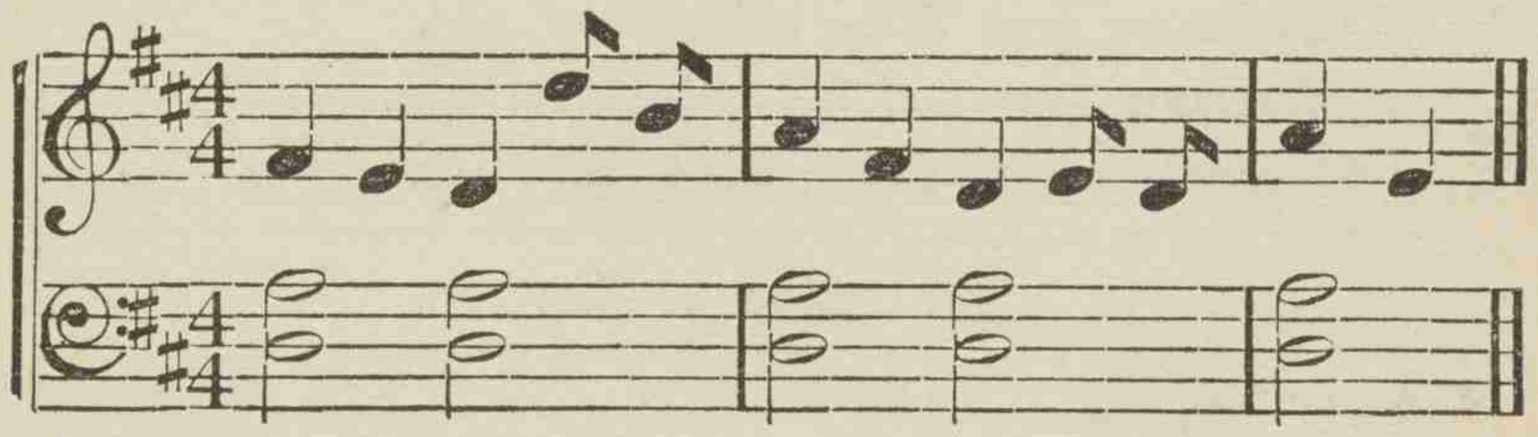
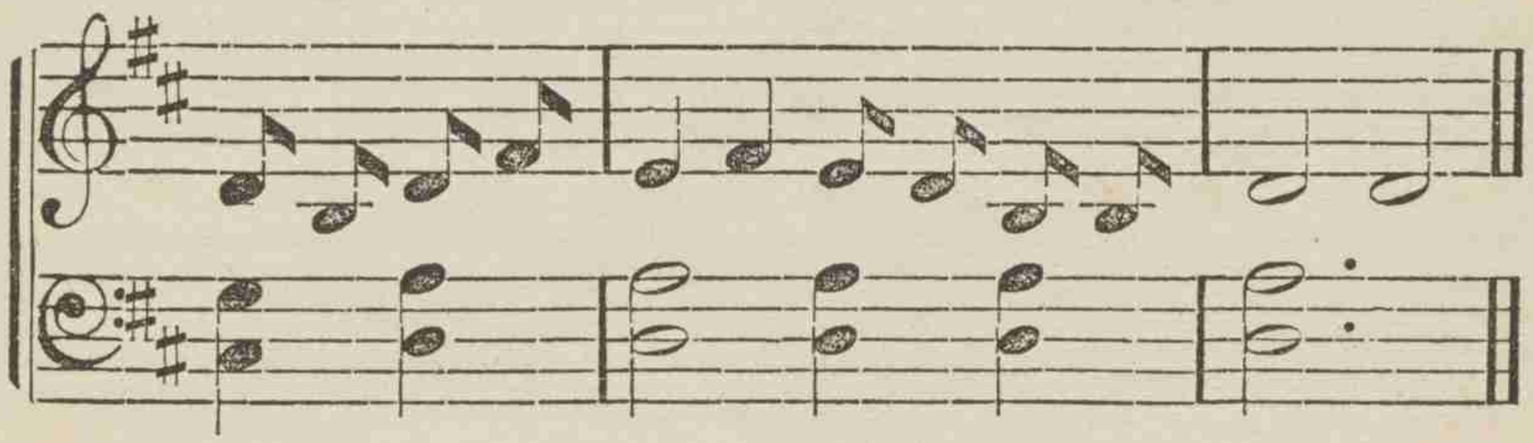
W. L. MUIR. Mark. 16: 7. P. M.

CHORUS.

1 Go and tell my disciples,
Go and tell my disciples,
Go and tell my disciples,
Jesus is risen from the dead.

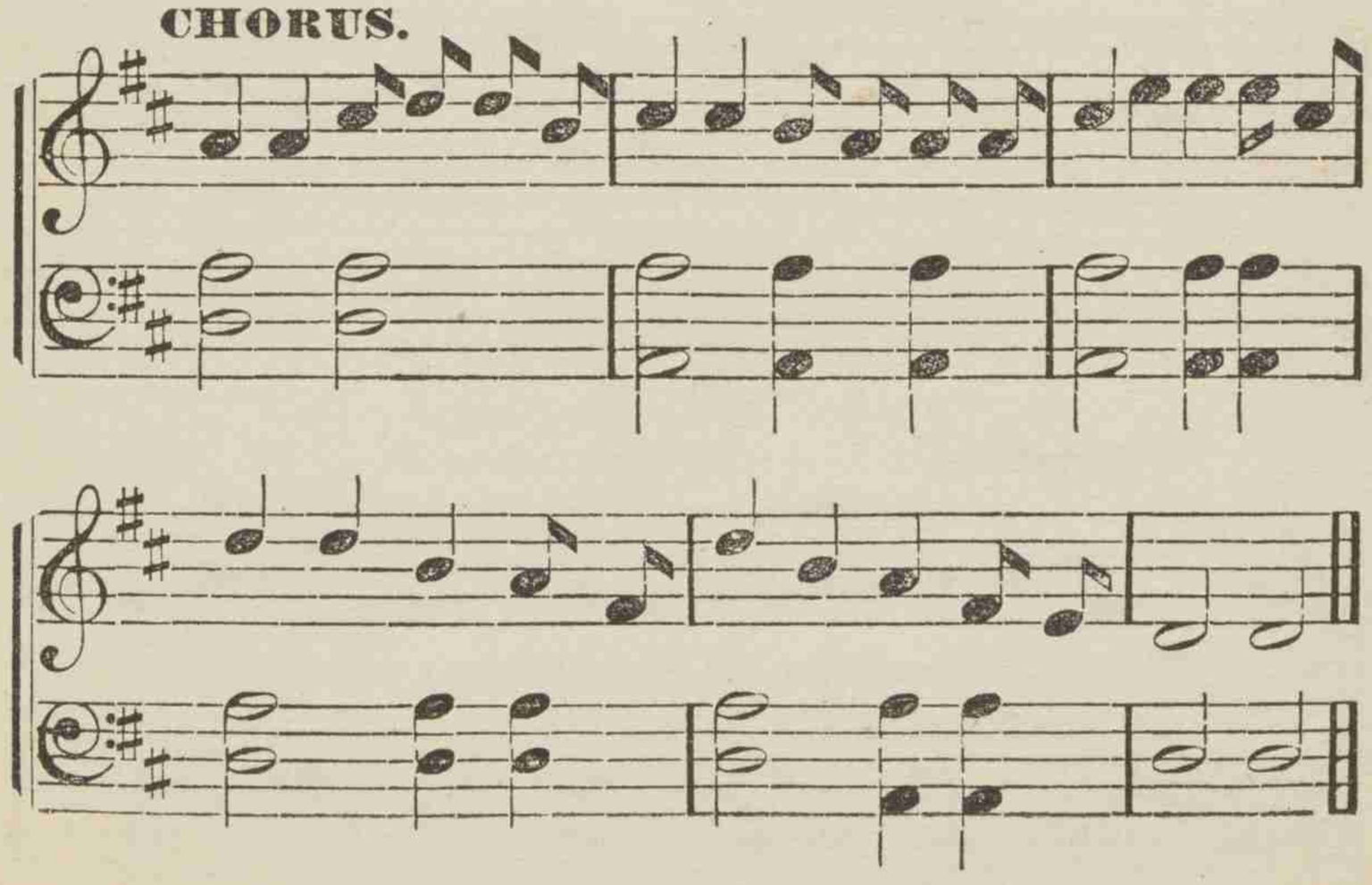
CHORUS.

In this band we 'll have sweet music,
In this band we 'll have sweet music,
In this band we 'll have sweet music,
Jesus is risen from the dead.

2 Go and tell sister Mary and Martha, etc.
3 Go and tell poor sinking Peter, etc.
4 Go and tell the Roman Pilate, etc.
5 Go and tell the weeping mourners, etc.

26. Christian Warfare.

2 Tim. 4: 7. P. M.

CHORUS.



1 CHRISTIAN, you 'll be called on,
To march the field of battle,
When this warfare is ended; hallelujah!

CHORUS.

When this warfare is ended,
I 'm a soldier of the jubilee.
This warfare is ended,
I 'm a soldier of the cross.

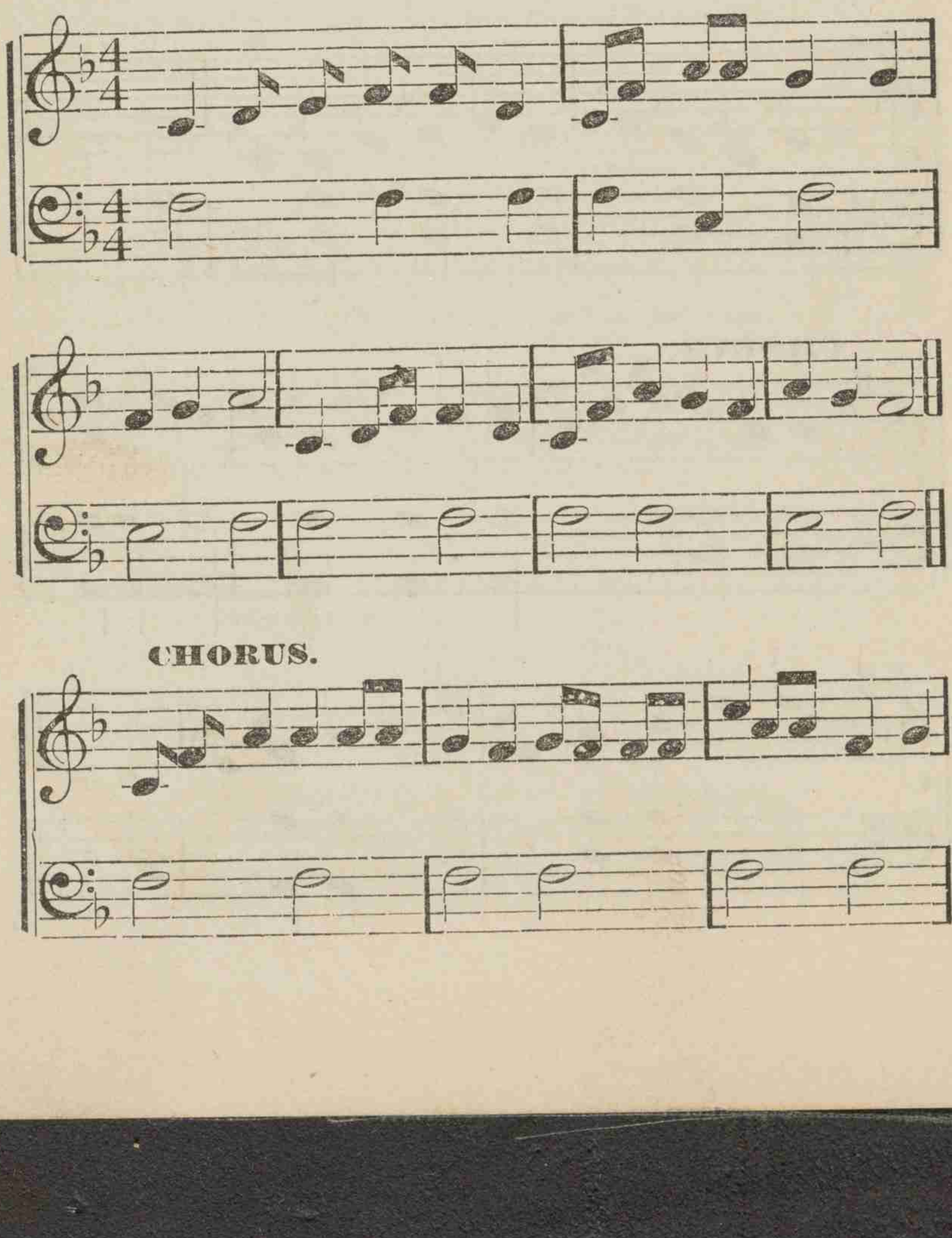
2 Brothers, you 'll be called on, etc.

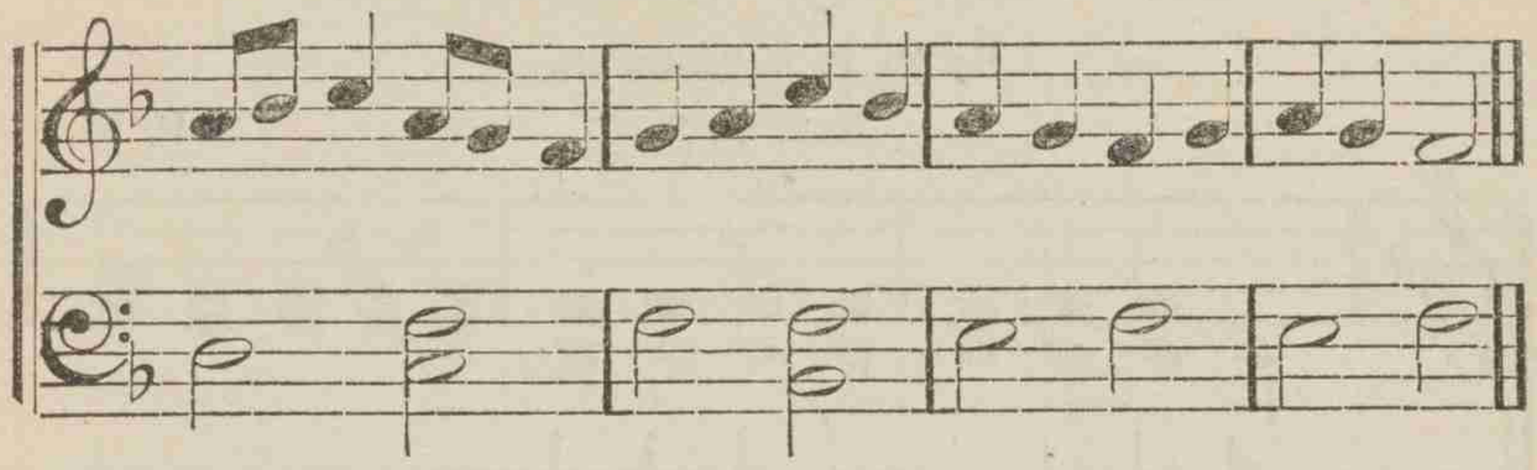
3 Mourners, you 'll be called on, etc.

4 Converts, you 'll be called on, etc.

27. Golden City.

A. KEMP. Ps. 48: 12-14. P. M.



CHORUS.

1 Soon we 'll see the golden city,
Soon we 'll hear the angels sing,
And the harps attuned by seraphs
Loud will make the heavens ring.

Chorus.

We will walk through the streets of the city,
With the friends who 've gone before,
We shall sit by the banks of the river,
We will meet to part no more.

2 Blessed mansion, home of angels,
With its streets all paved with gold,
Pearly gates and living fountains,
And her pleasures ne'er grow old.

3 Glorious sunlight, ever shining,
Trees of life in grandeur stand,
Clouds of love with silver lining,
In that happy, heavenly land.

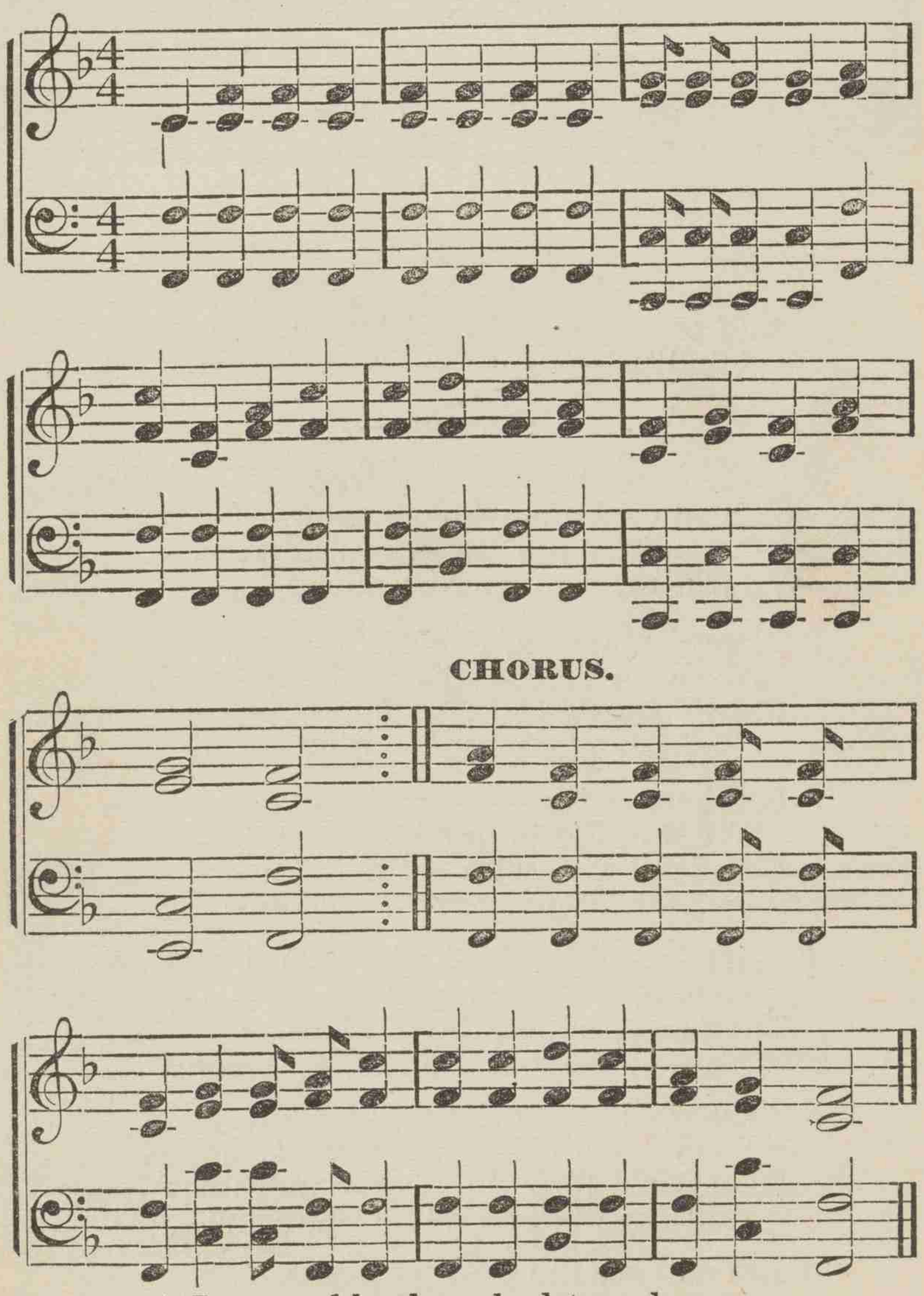
4 Friends and kindred who have loved us,
Hearts that often beat as one,
They have joined the glorious number,
Now they shout around the throne.

5 Soon we 'll cross the rapid river,
Soon we 'll near our heavenly home,
Soon we 'll hear the hearty welcome:
Come, ye blessed children, come.

6 Let us bear the yoke of Jesus,
Fierce and long will be the war,
But his love will ever keep us
Till the storm of life is o'er.

28. *The Martyr's Deliverance.*

By Rev. A. Booker.

Rev. 7: 9. P. M.

1 I saw a blood-washed traveler,
In garments white as snow,
While traveling on the highway,
Where heavenly breezes blow;

His path was full of trials,
And yet his face was bright;
He shouted as he journeyed,
"I'm glad the burden 's light."

CHORUS.
Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

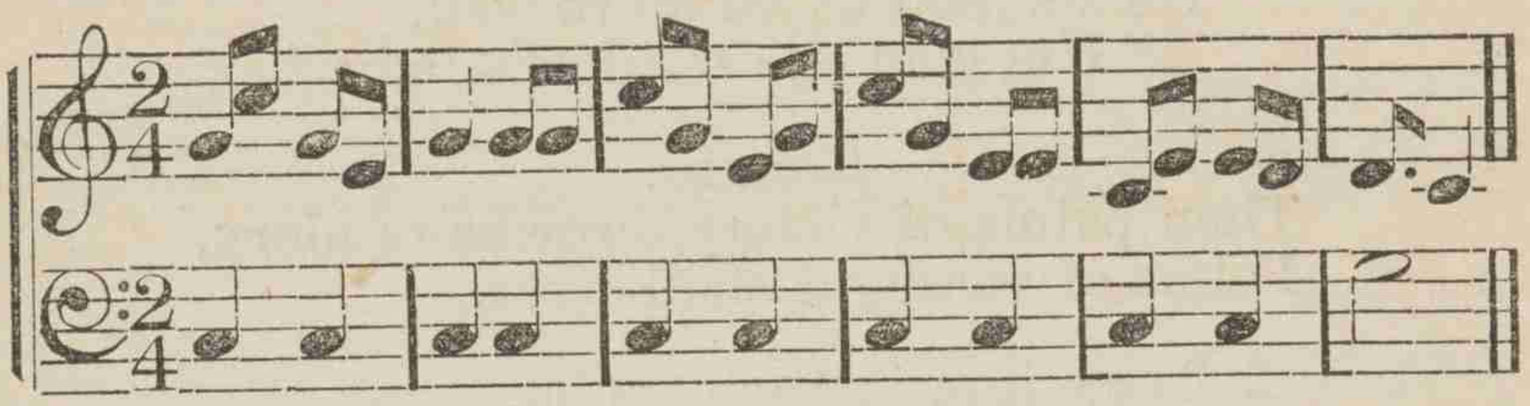
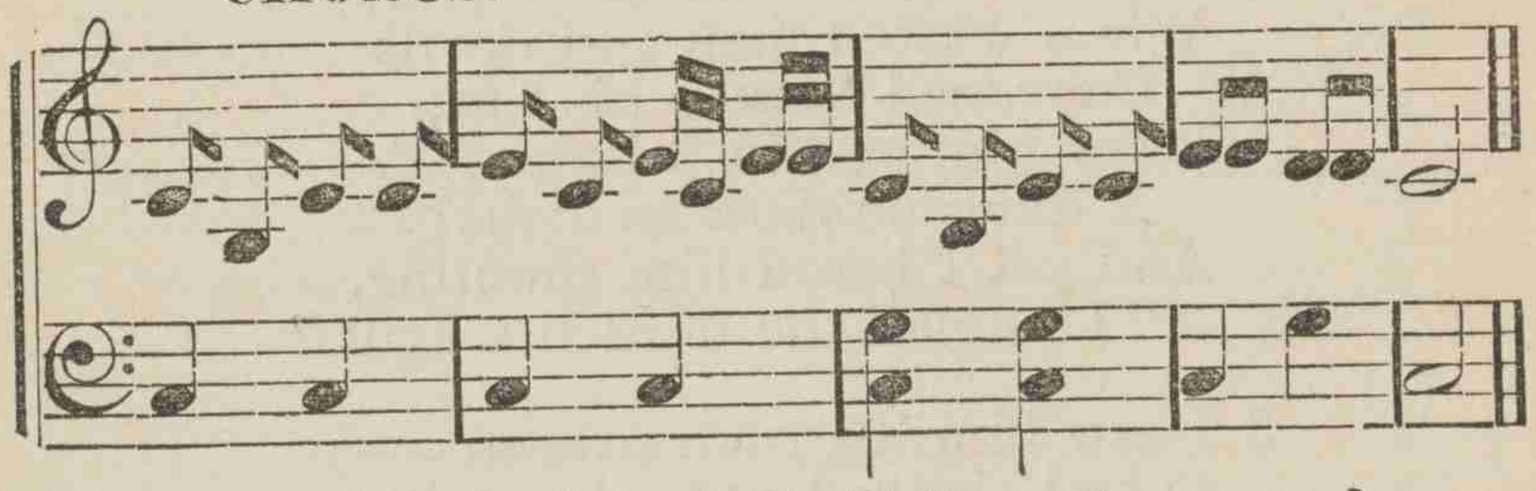
2 I saw him in the conflict,
When all around was strife;
When wicked men and devils
Convened to take his life;
I saw him cast in prison—
A dungeon dark as night;
And yet I heard him shouting,
"I'm glad the burden 's light."

3 I saw him led from prison,
And chained unto the stake;
I heard him shout triumphant,
"'T is all for Jesus' sake!"
He saw the fires when kindled,
The faggots blazing bright;
He said, "The yoke is easy—
The burden is so light."

4 I saw the flames surround him,
His body racked with pain;
He shouted, "Jesus saves me!
I know that death is gain!"
Then casting his eyes upward,
Before he took his flight,
I heard him faintly whisper,
"I'm glad the burden 's light!"

5 I saw his soul departing,
It seemed the veil was rent;
And I could see the angels,
Which Jesus Christ had sent;
They bore him to the Savior,
The ever-blessed Son,
The brightest star in glory,
And Jesus said, "Well done!"

29. The Old Ark.

KATE TAYLOR. Gen. 7: 18. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 NOAH built an Ark, he built it on the ground;
My Lord sent rain, to move the ark along.

CHORUS.

The old ark 's a-moving, moving, children,
The old ark 's a-moving right along.

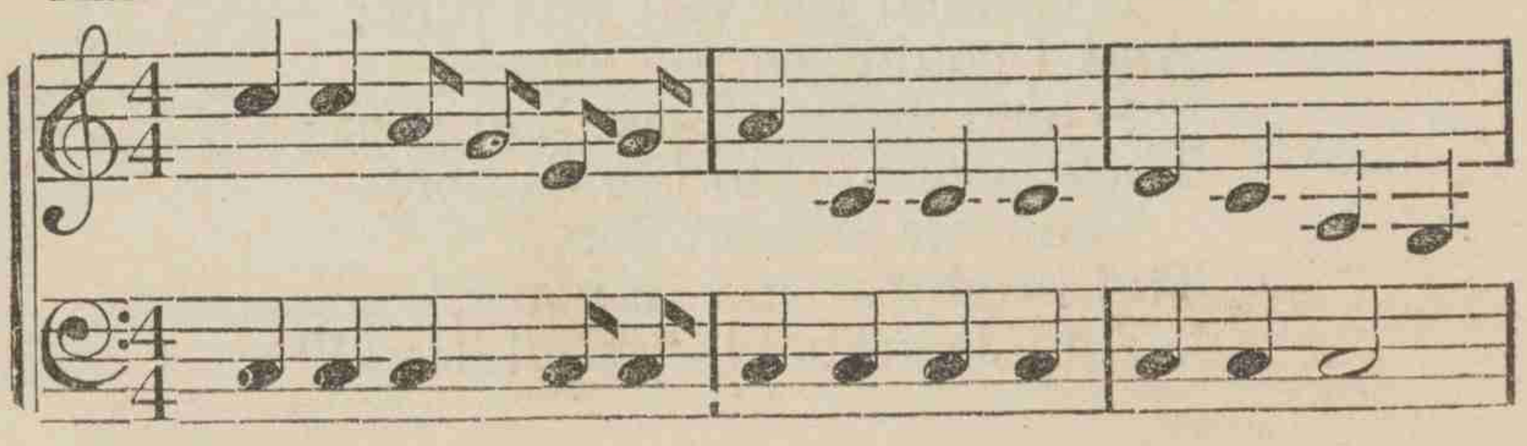
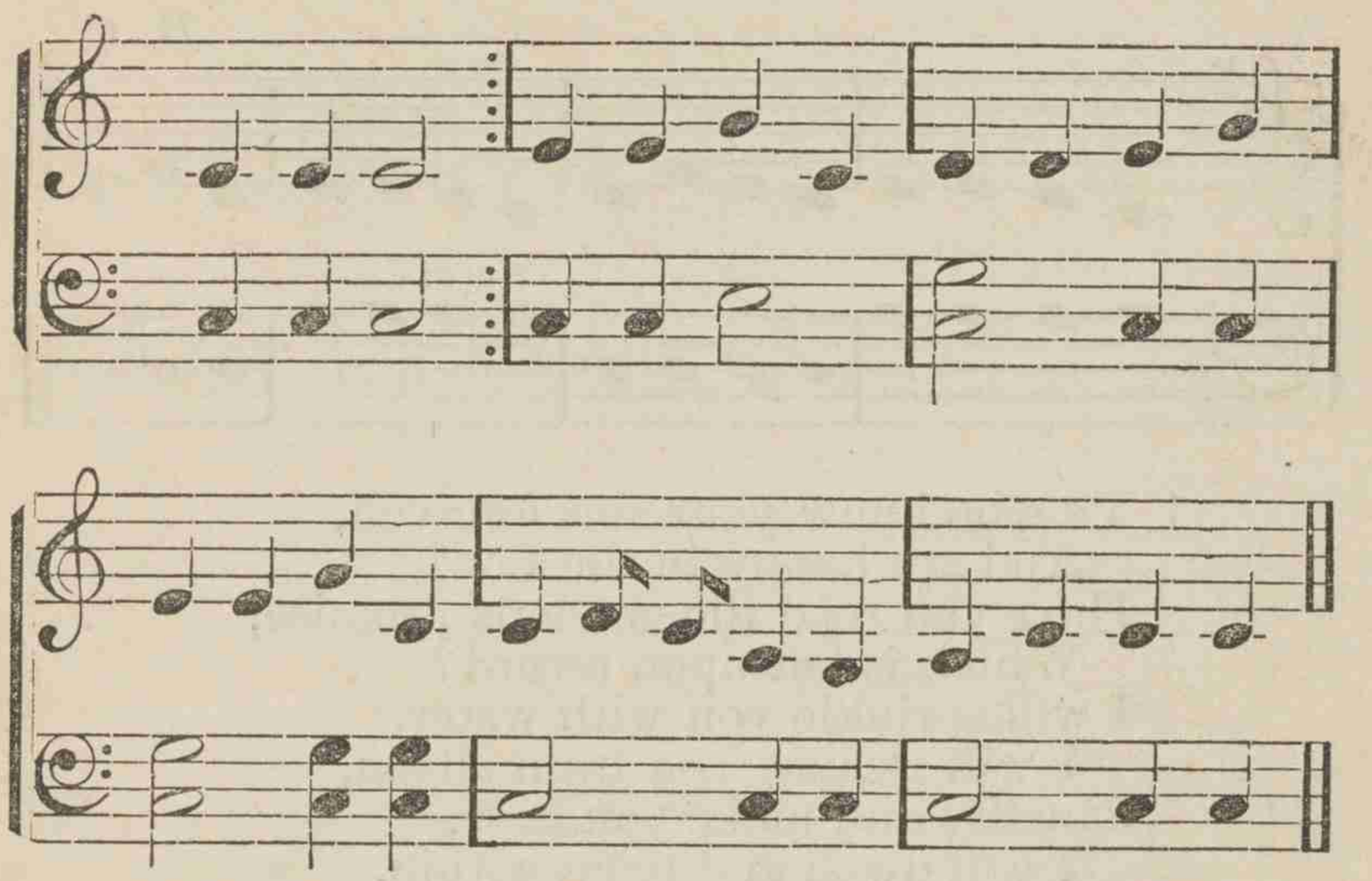
2 Daniel in the lion's den,
Sung and prayed in spite of men.

3 Hear me, brethren; hear me, Lord;
Hear me, brethren, serve the Lord.

4 When I was a mourner, just like you,
I mourned and prayed till I got through.

5 I come here to-night to sing and pray,
I hope it may last till break of day.

30. The Tree of Life.

MARGARET HINES. Rev. 22: 2. P. M.



1 'WAY in heaven I 'll take my seat,
I have a right to the tree of life;
And cast my crown at Jesus' feet,
I have a right to the tree of life.

CHORUS.

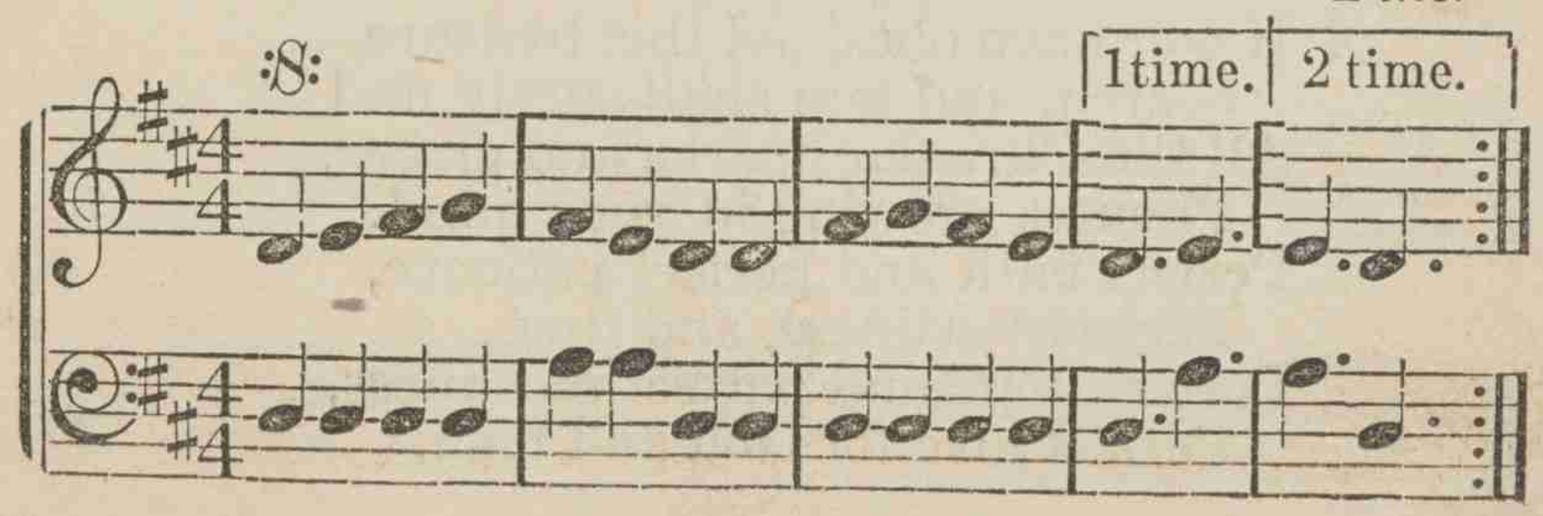
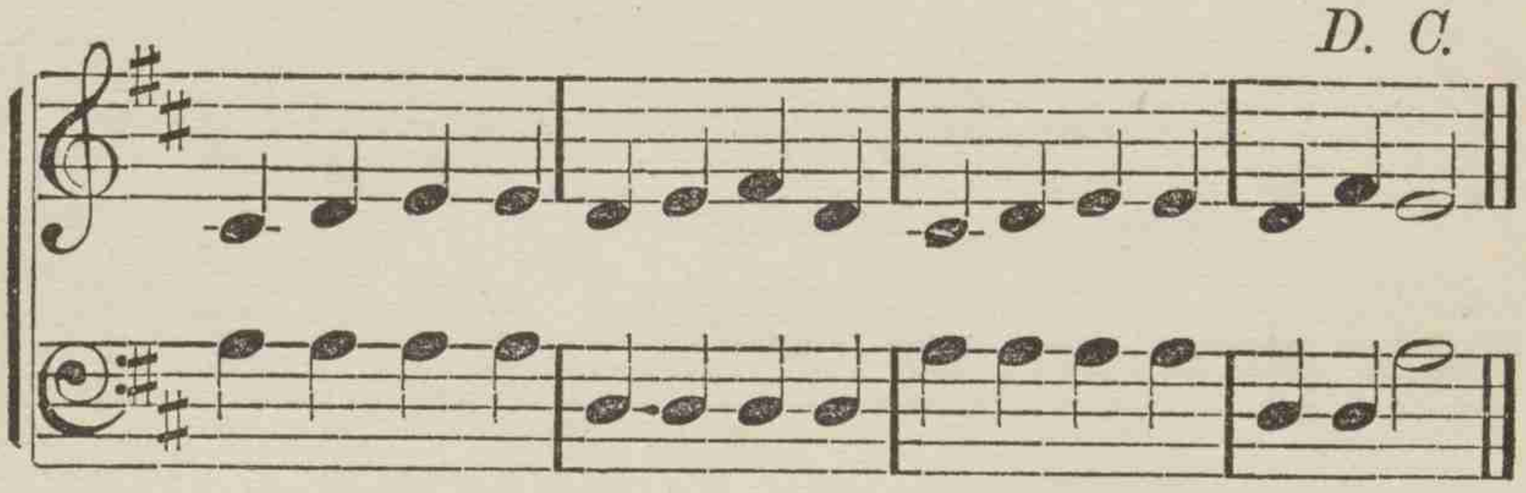
I wish I was there,
I wish I was there,
I wish I was there,—
I have a right to the tree of life.

2 There 's no dying there, etc.

3 We 'll shout all the way, etc.

31. Perfect in Jesus.

SELECTED. Ezekiel 36: 25, 26. C. M.

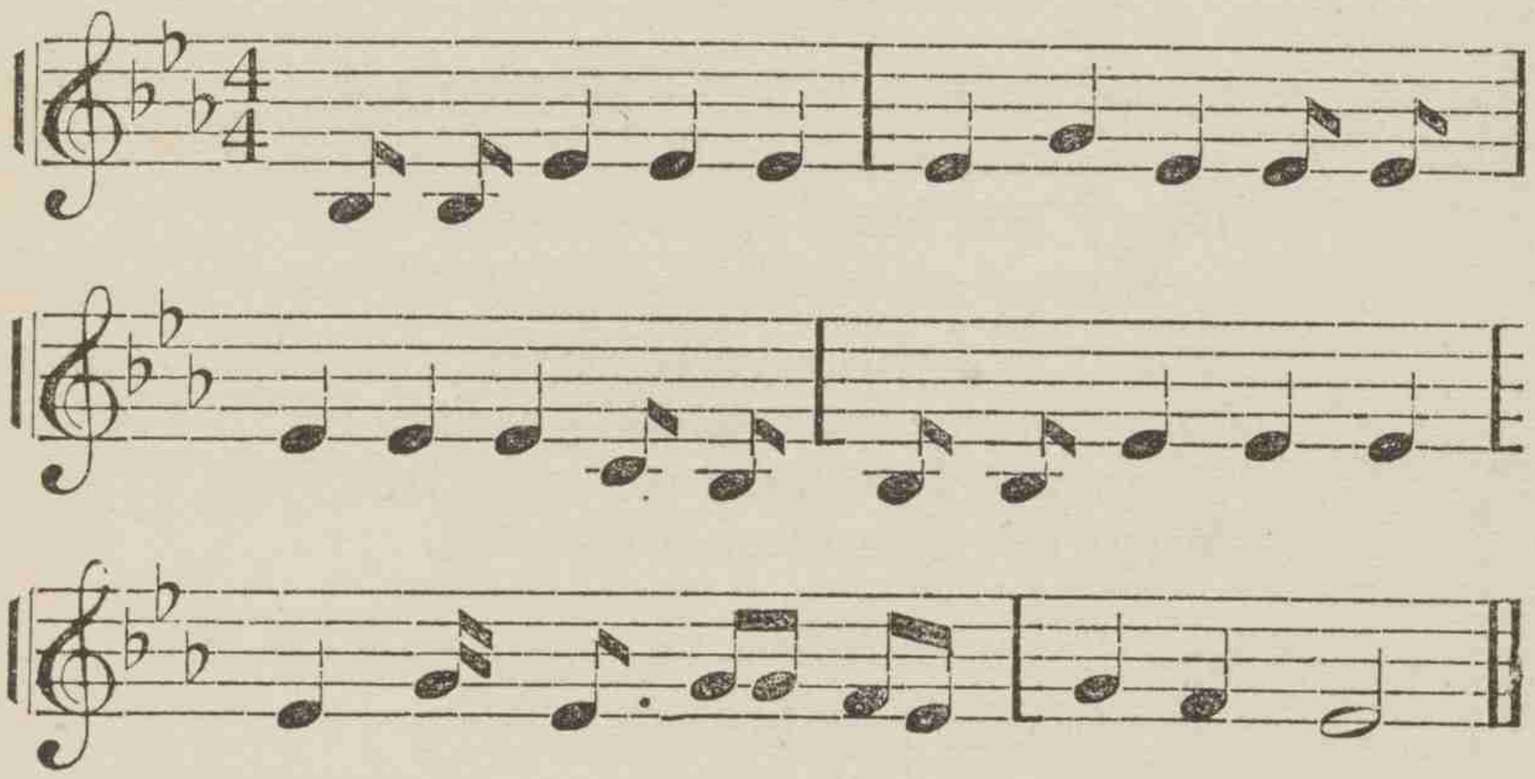
Fine.

1 Ye who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read the gracious promise,
Which is left upon record?
I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within.

2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find;
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure you perfect freedom,
Jesus suffered, groaned and died;
On the cross the healing fountain
Gushed from his wounded side.

3 O ye tender babes in Jesus,
Hear your Heavenly Father's will;
Claim your portion, plead his promise,
And he quickly will fulfill.
Pray, and the refining fire
Will come streaming from above;
Now believe, and gain the blessing,
Nothing less than perfect love.

4 If you have obtained this treasure,
Search, and you shall surely find
All the Christian marks and graces,
Planted, growing in your mind.
Perfect faith and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then,
Perfect hope and perfect meekness,
Perfect love for God and man.

32. Coming of the Savior.

W. H. VAUGHN. Rev. 20: 6. P. M.

1 In the resurrection morning
We 'll see our Savior coming,
And the sons of God a-shouting
In the kingdom of our Lord.

CHORUS.

Every one shall have deliverance,
Every one shall have deliverance,
Every one shall have deliverance,
Who 's enlisted in this war.

2 We 'll feel the advent glory;
The millennium seems to tarry;
Then we 'll comfort one another
With the words of holy writ.

CHORUS.

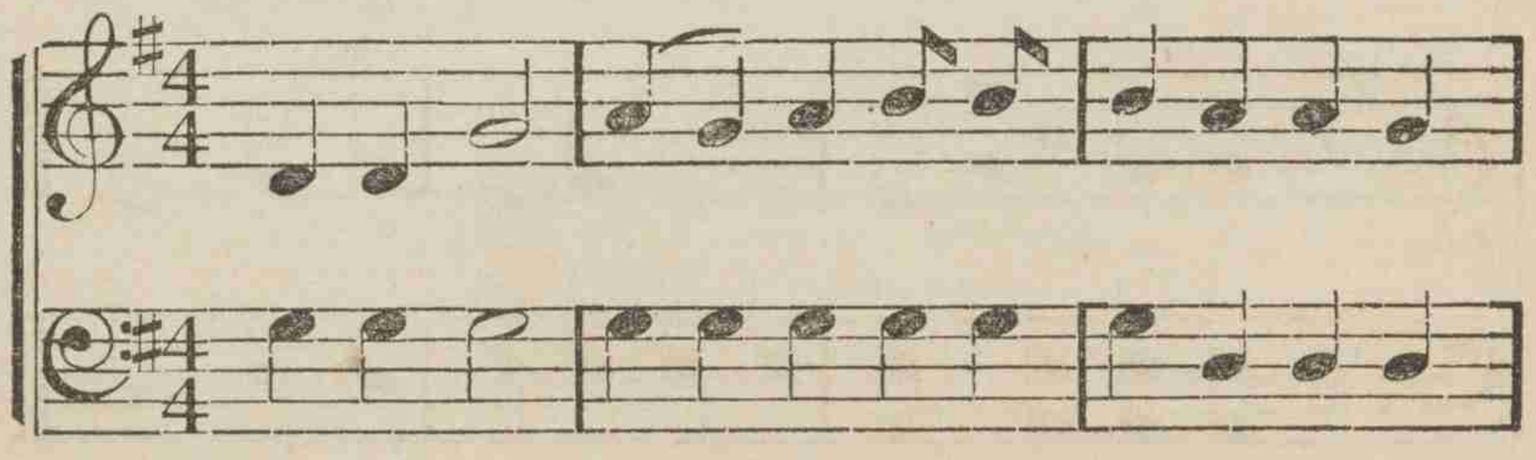
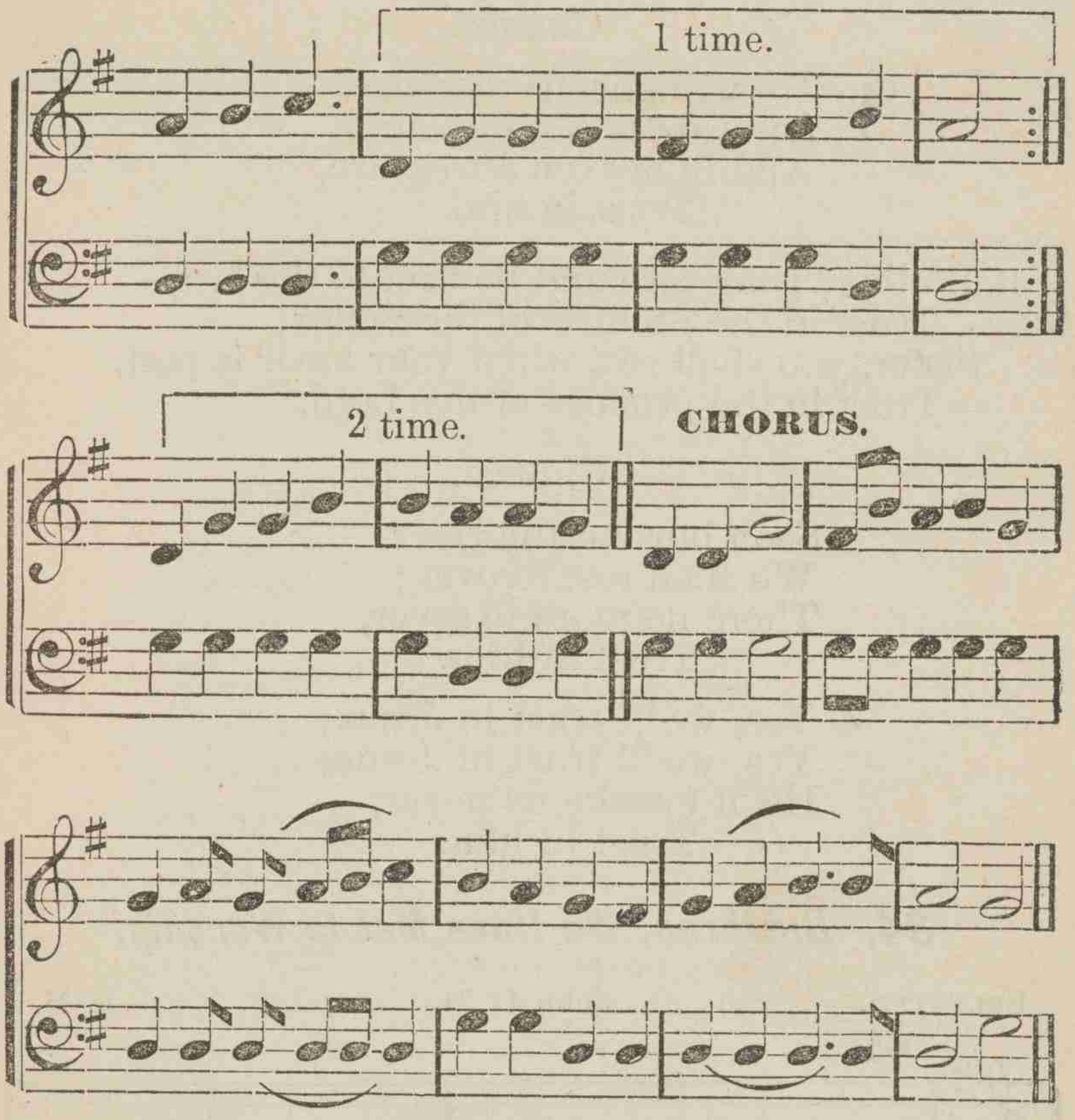
It will last forever,
It will last forever,
It will last forever,
It will never have an end.

3 We are a band of strangers,
Traveling through this world of danger;
But Jesus leads the army,
And he 'll bring us home at last.

CHORUS.

When we gain the victory,
When we gain the victory,
When we gain the victory,
We will lay our armor down.

33. Trust in the Promise.

SELECTED. Ps. 23: 4. P. M.



1 BROTHER, is your face toward the Canaan of rest?
Trust in the promise of the Savior.
Sister, are you bound for the home of the blest?
Trust in the promise of thy Lord.

CHORUS.

He will walk beside us,
In his mercy hide us,
With his eyes he 'll guide us,
Trust in him.

2 Brother, is your faith looking upward to-day?
Trust in the promise of the Savior.
Sister, is the light shining bright on your way?
Trust in the promise of thy Lord.

CHORUS.

He will give us pleasure,
Joy we can not measure,
And in heaven a treasure,
Trust in him.

3 Brother, persevere and be firm to the last,
Trust in the promise of the Savior;
Sister, you shall rest when your labor is past,
Trust in the promise of thy Lord.

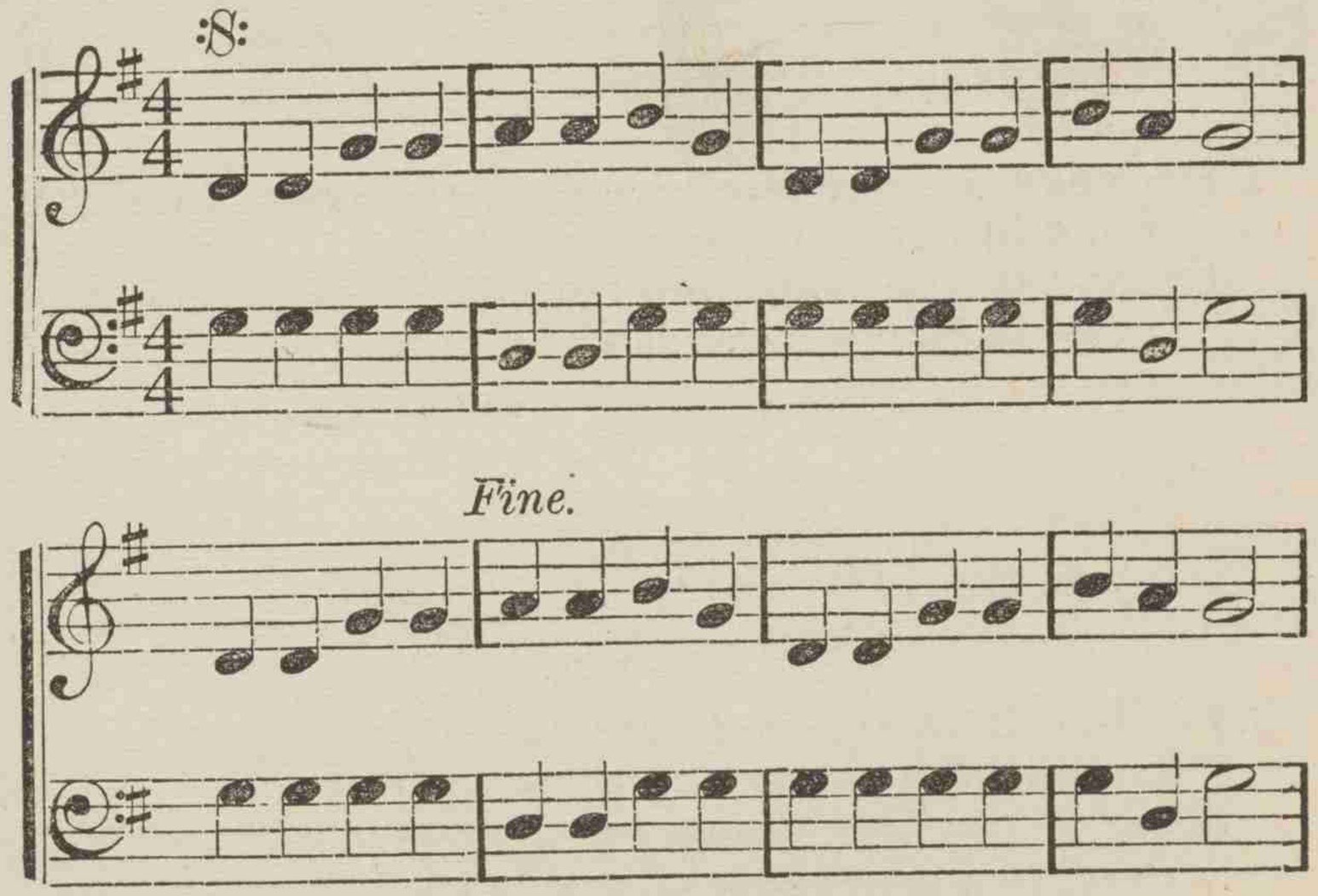
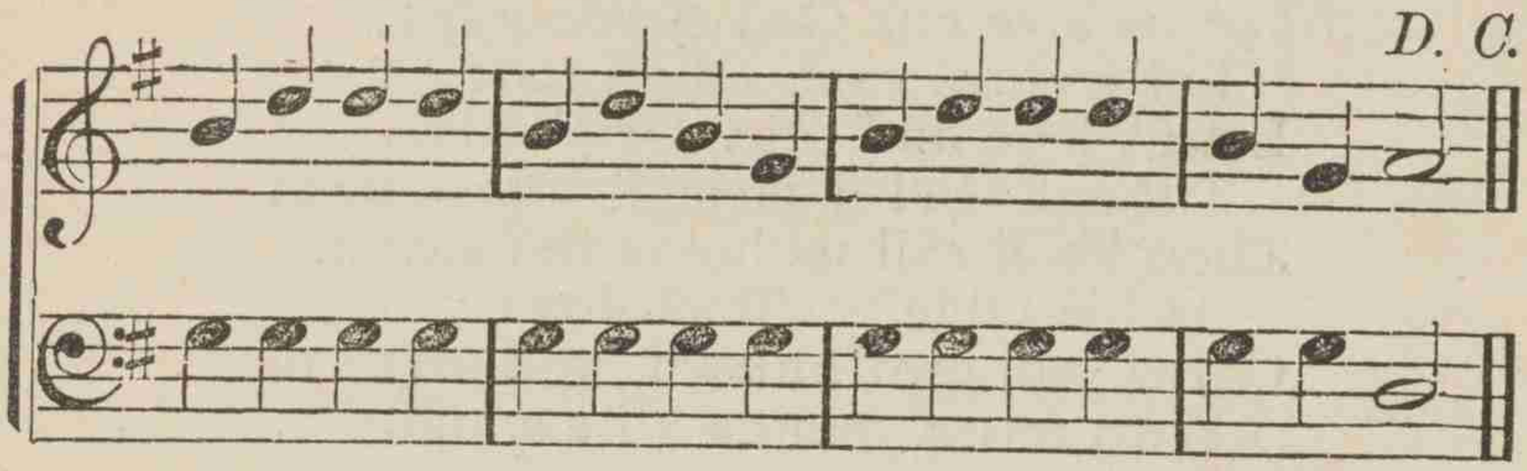
CHORUS.

Soon beyond the river
We shall rest forever;
There no more to sever,
Trust in him.

4 Yes, we 'll trust in Jesus;
Yes, we 'll trust in Jesus;
He 'll forsake us never,
Trust in him.

34. Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.

SELECTED. John 4: 24. L. M.



1 BRETHREN, we have met to worship
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the Word?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

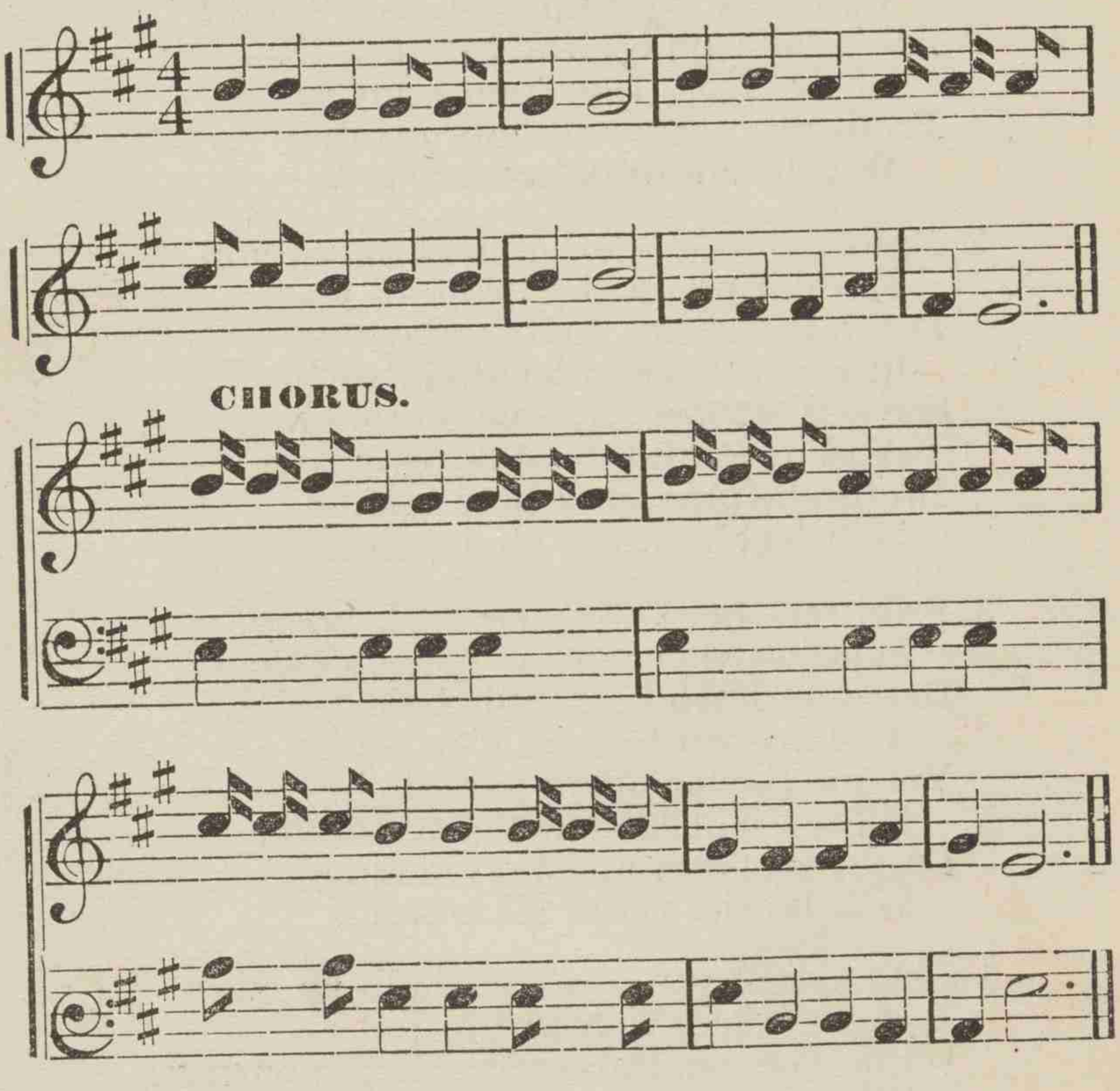
2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you
Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
Death is coming, hell is moving—
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers and our mothers
And our children sinking down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door;
But they have betrayed their Savior,
And are worse than e'er before.
Yet the Savior offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us
Moses' sister helped him;
While you see these trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin.
Tell them all about the Savior,
Tell them that he will be found;
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be showered all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely;
  Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
  Till our God makes all things new.
Then he 'll call us home to heaven,
  At his table we 'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

35. *Lis'ning all the Night.*

GRANDFATHER. John 1: 29. P. M.

1 Go read the third of Matthew,
  And read the chapter through;
It is a guide to Christians,
  To tell them what to do.

CHORUS.

I 've been listening all the night long,
I 've been listening all day;
I 've been listening all the night long,
To hear some sinner pray.

2 In those days came John, the Baptist,
Into the wilderness,
A-preaching of the gospel,
Of Jesus' righteousness.

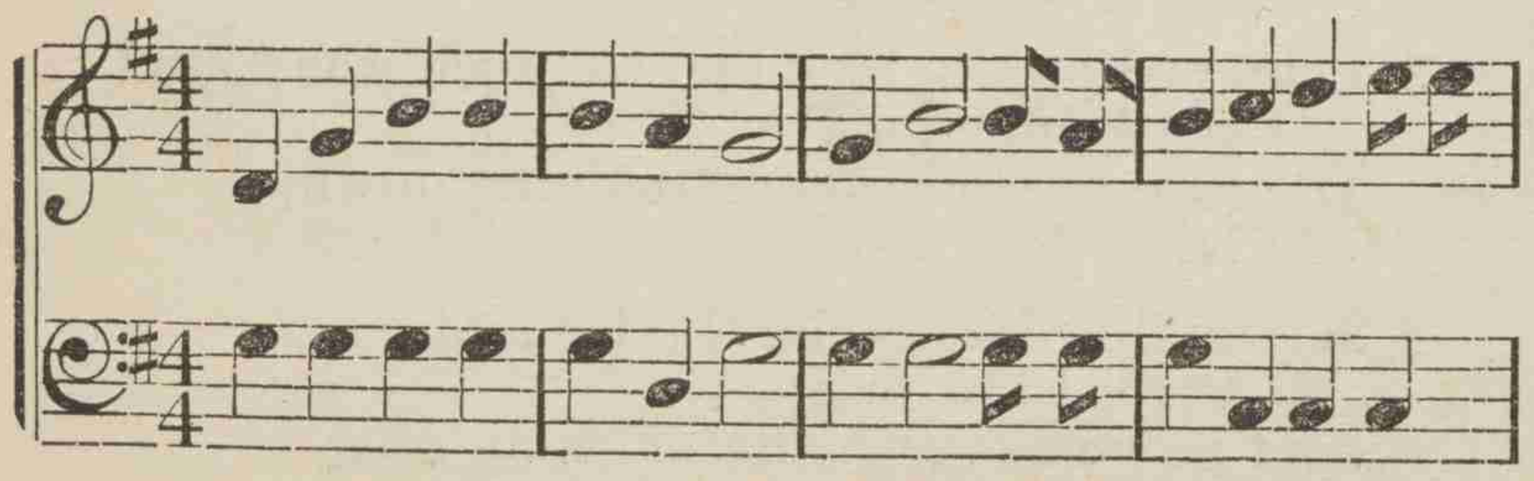
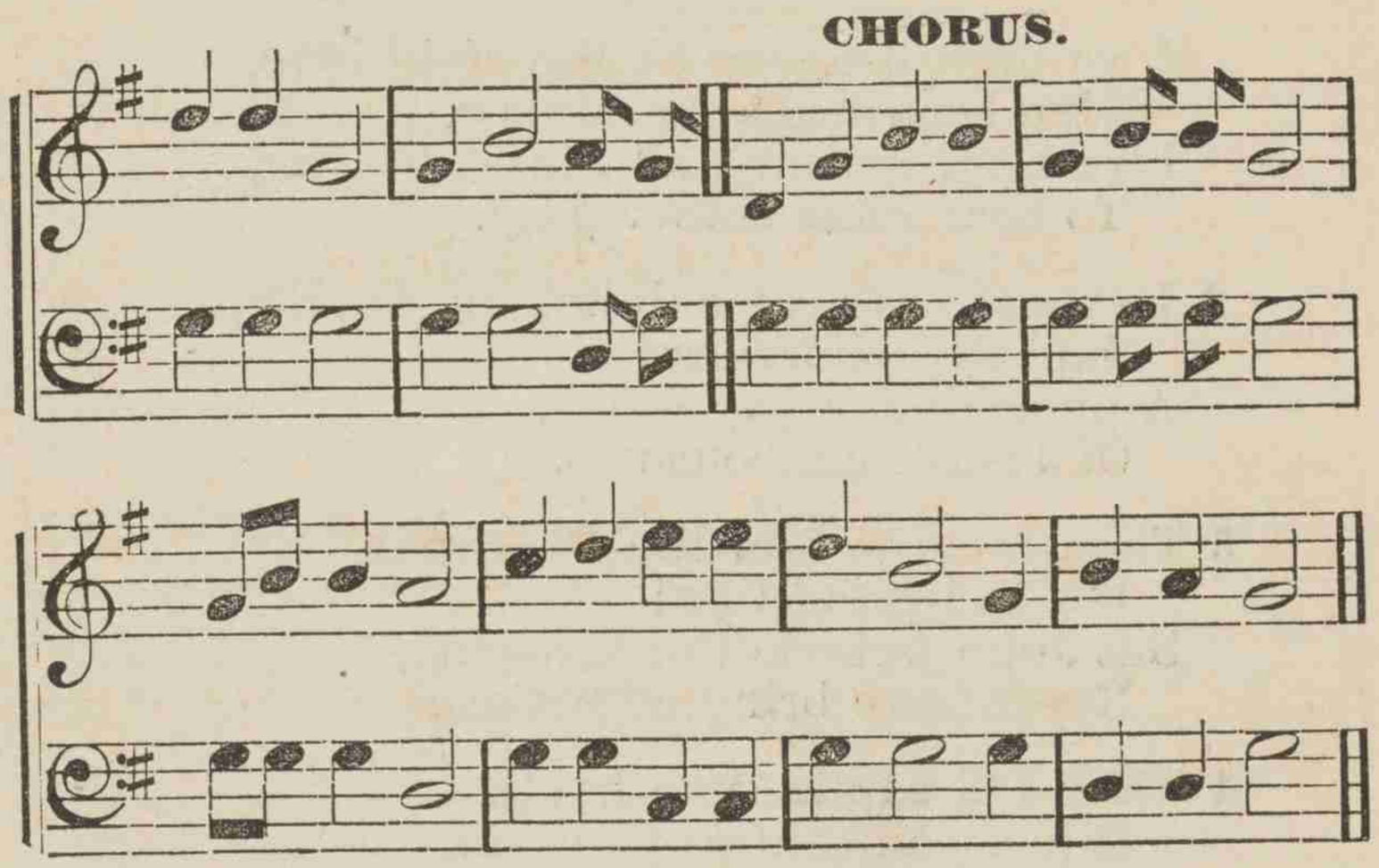
3 Then came to him the Pharisees,
For to baptized be;
But John forbade them, saying,
Repentance bring with thee.

4 Then I 'll baptize you freely,
When you confess your sin,
And own your Lord and Master,
And tell how vile you 've been.

5 When John was preaching Jesus,
The all-atoning Lamb,
He saw the blessed Savior,
And said: "Behold the man"

6 Appointed of the Father,
To take away your sin,
When you believe in Jesus,
And own him for your king.

36. The Lonesome Graveyard.

J. H. PARKER. Job 14: 1, 2. L. M.



1 When you drop your dying shroud,
O Lord, how long;
To meet king Jesus in the cloud,
O Lord, how long.

Chorus.

Before this time another year,
I may be gone,
In some lonesome graveyard,
O Lord, how long.

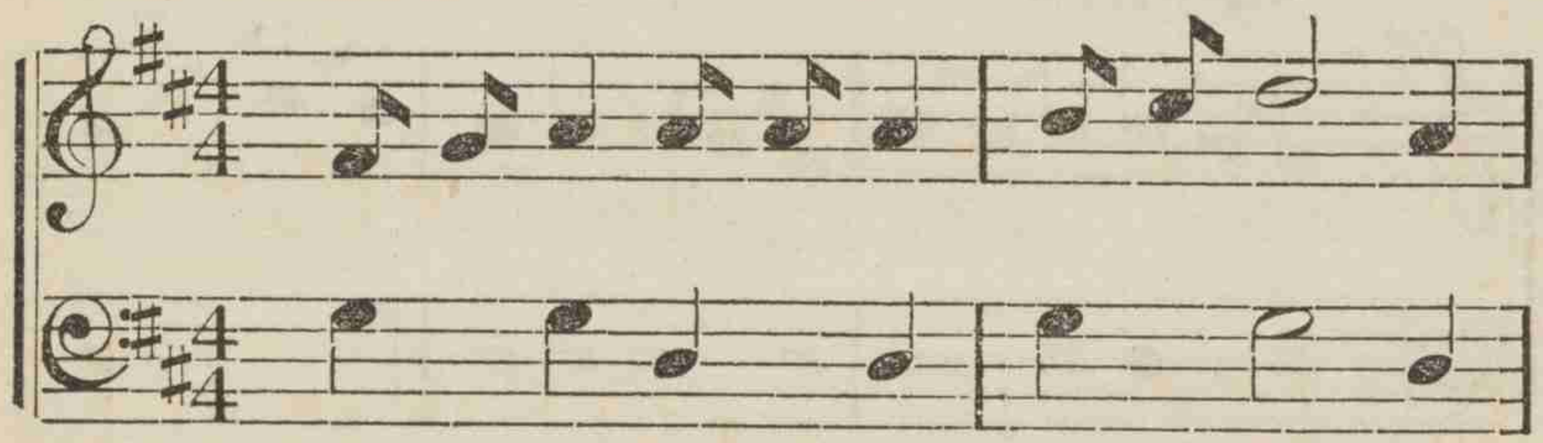
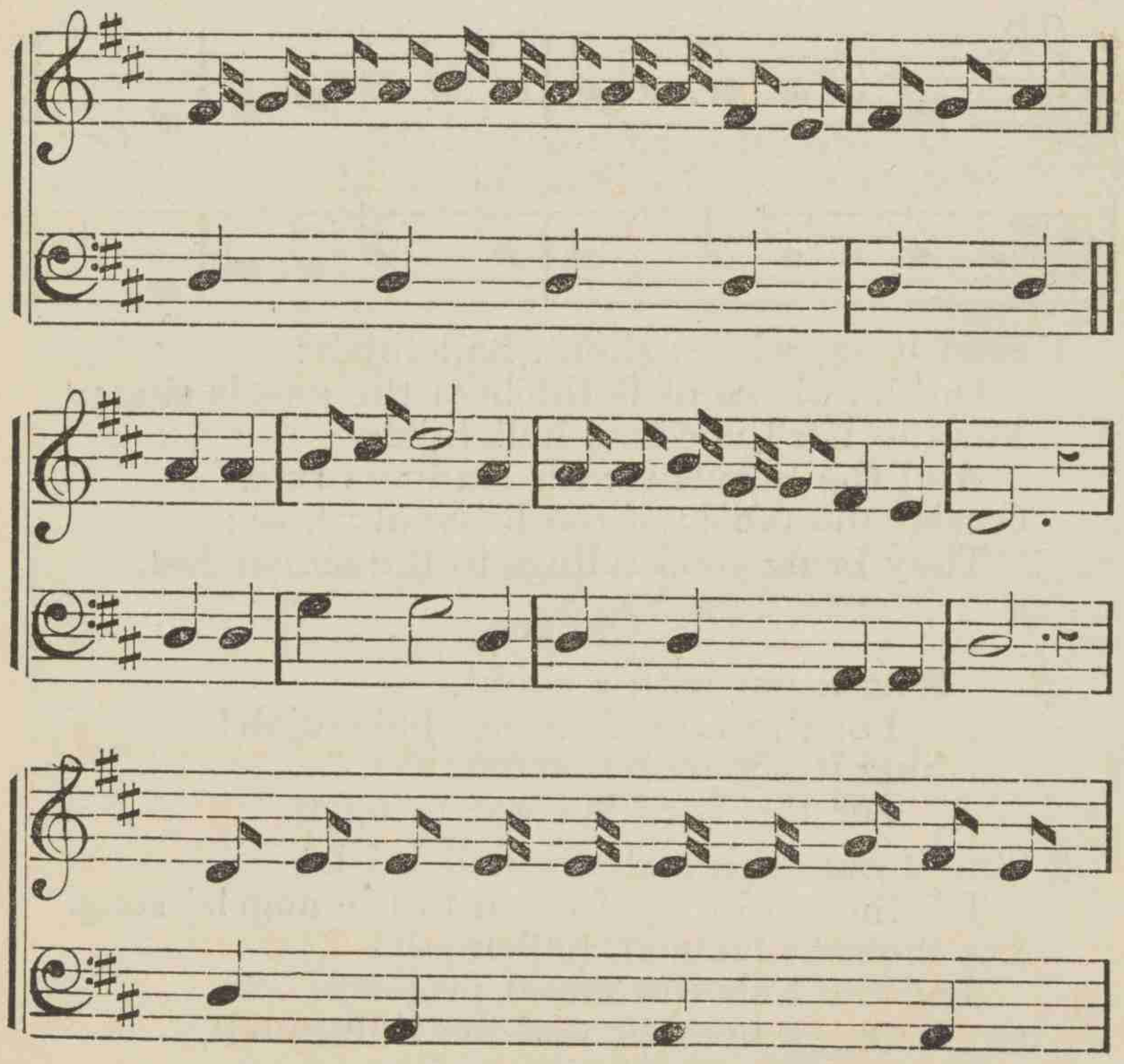
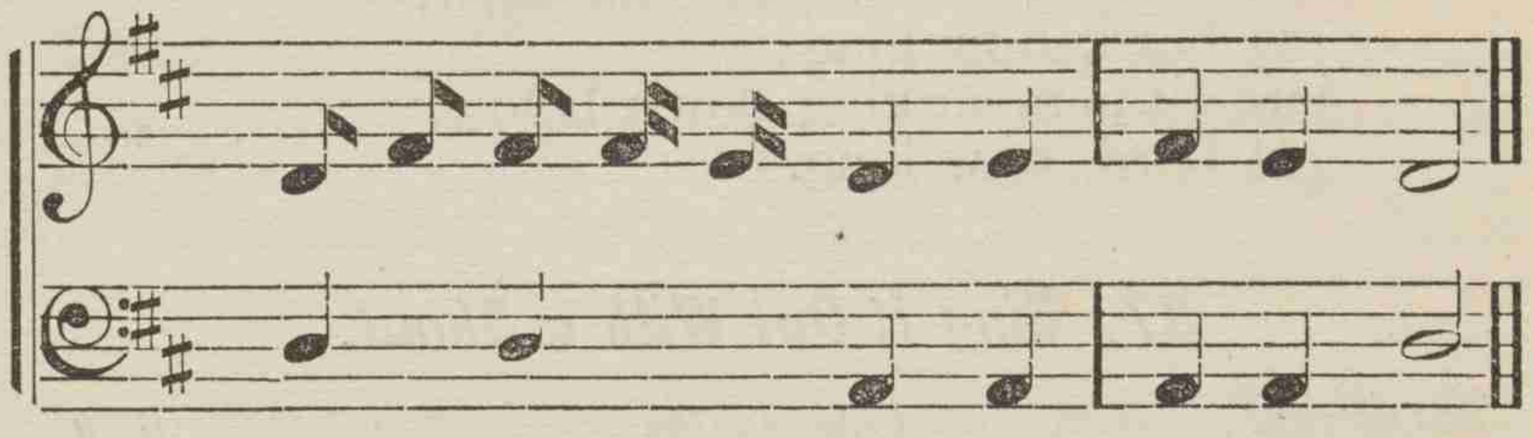
2 The old ship of Zion passing by,
O Lord, how long;
Speak your passage, while she's nigh,
O Lord, how long.

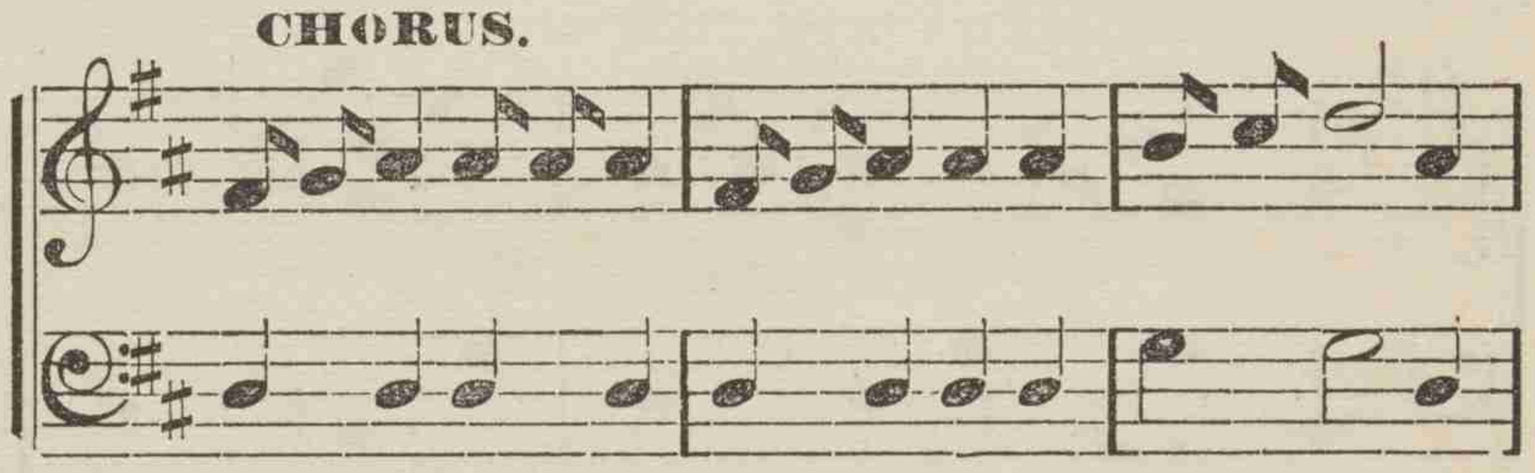
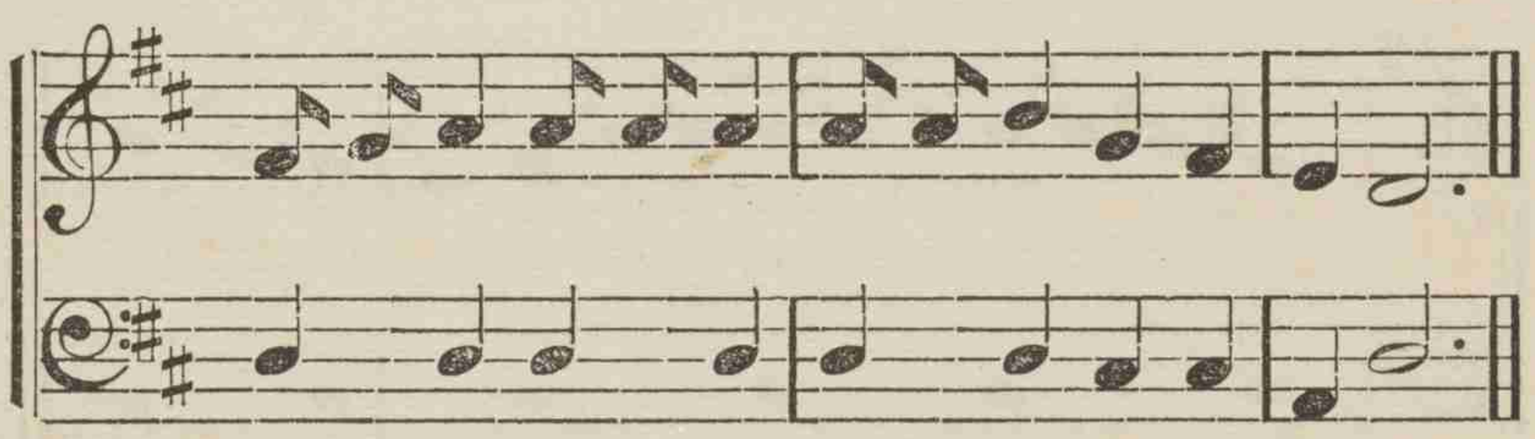
3 I stepped on the rock and the rock was sound,
O Lord, how long;
The love of God came streaming down,
O Lord, how long.

4 My mother has broke the ice and gone,
O Lord, how long;
And now she sings the morning song,
O Lord, how long.

5 Things up yonder, white as snow,
O Lord, how long;
And sinners sinking down below,
O Lord, how long.

37. *Sing It Out With a Shout.*

SELECTED. Luke 19 : 38. P. M.



CHORUS.

1 Sing it out with a shout, hallelujah!
On the plains of Bethlehem the angels sing;
For the Lord is come, hallelujah,
And the heavens with gladness ring.
O hear the music of the heavenly host;
They bring good tidings to the sinner lost.

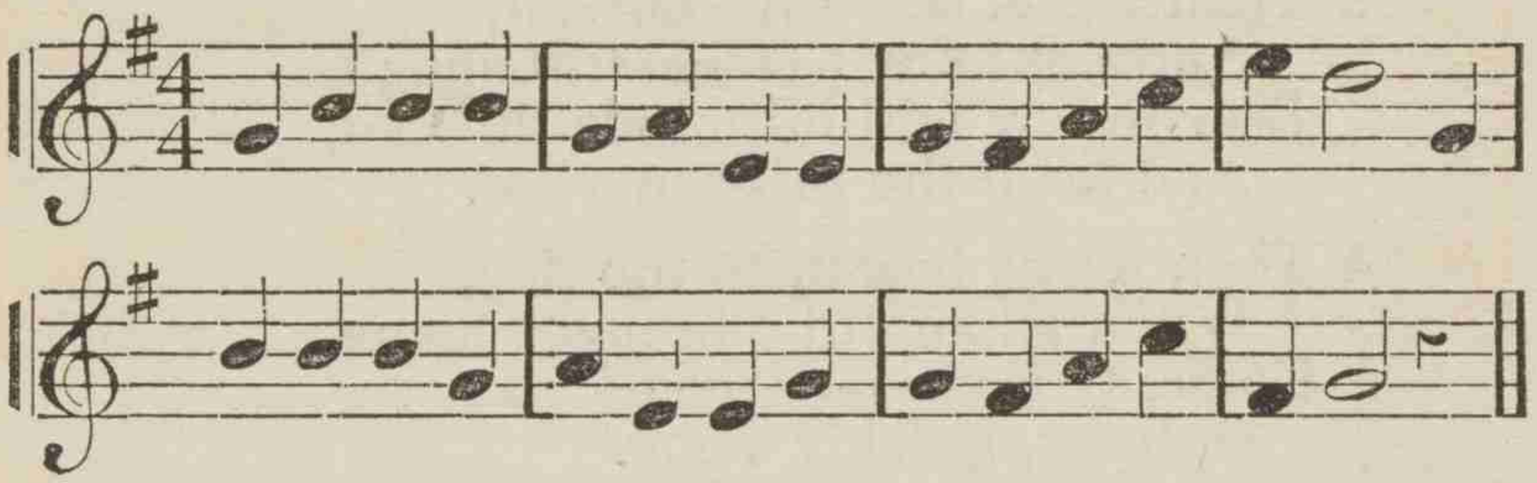
Chorus.

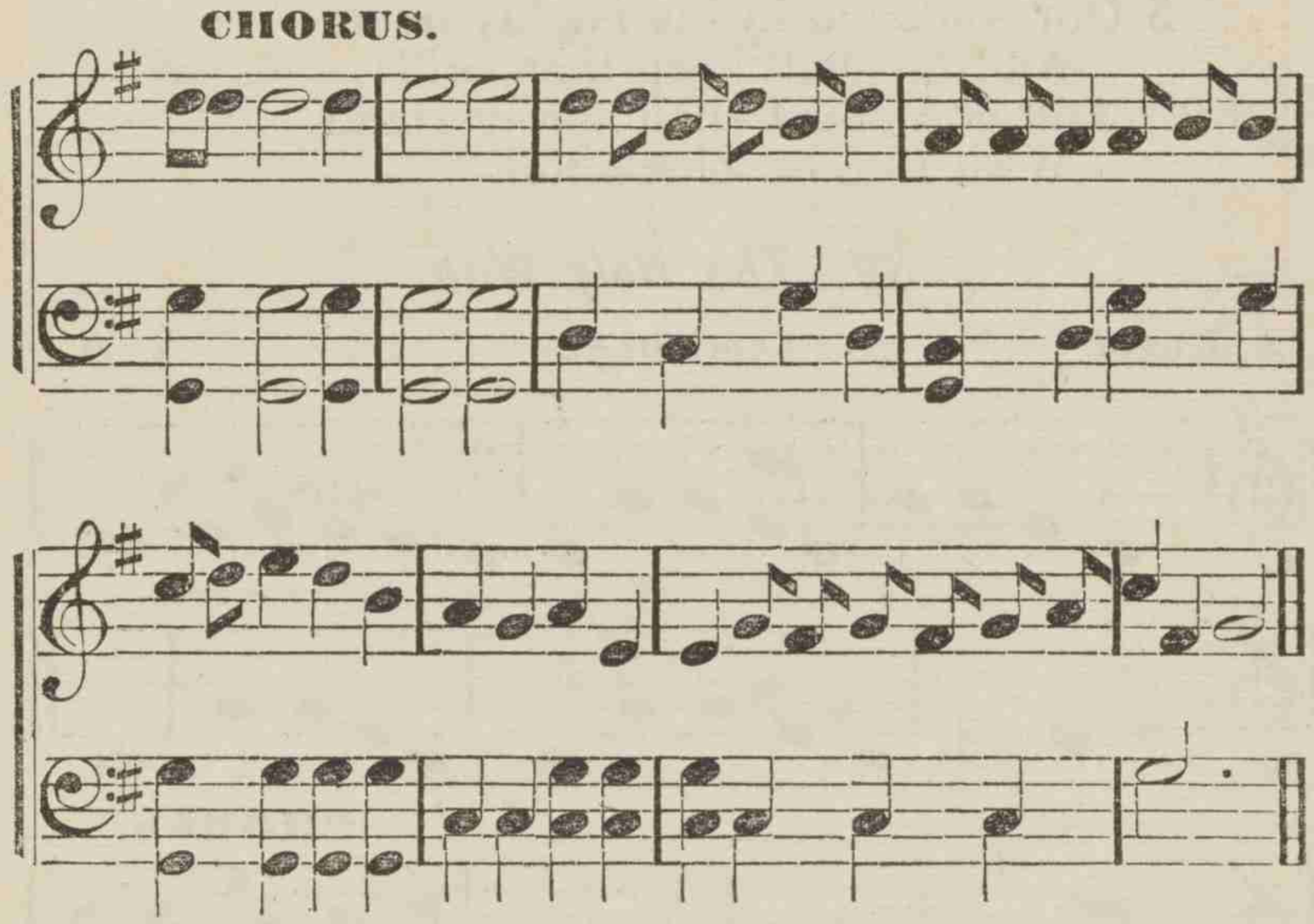
Sing it out with a shout,
For the Lord is come, hallelujah!
Sing it out with a shout,
For the Lord is come to reign.

2 Sing it out with a shout, hallelujah!
Till the world shall listen to the angels' song.
Let the seas be glad, hallelujah!
And the hills the sound prolong.
Go forth, ye heralds, and the tidings tell,
That Christ, the Savior, is Immanuel.

3 Sing it out with a shout, hallelujah!
For the world is waiting for the joyful sound.
All the angels sing, hallelujah!
And the glory shines around.
To every creature you may now proclaim,
A free salvation in the Savior's name.

38. *Will You Open Your Hearts and Let the Master in?*

UNKNOWN. 1 John 3: 2. C. M.

CHORUS.



1 HIM eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like his shall shine.
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels shine!

CHORUS.

We will open, open, open,
And let the Master in, let him in;
For your hearts will be bright with heavenly light,
If you only let the Master in.

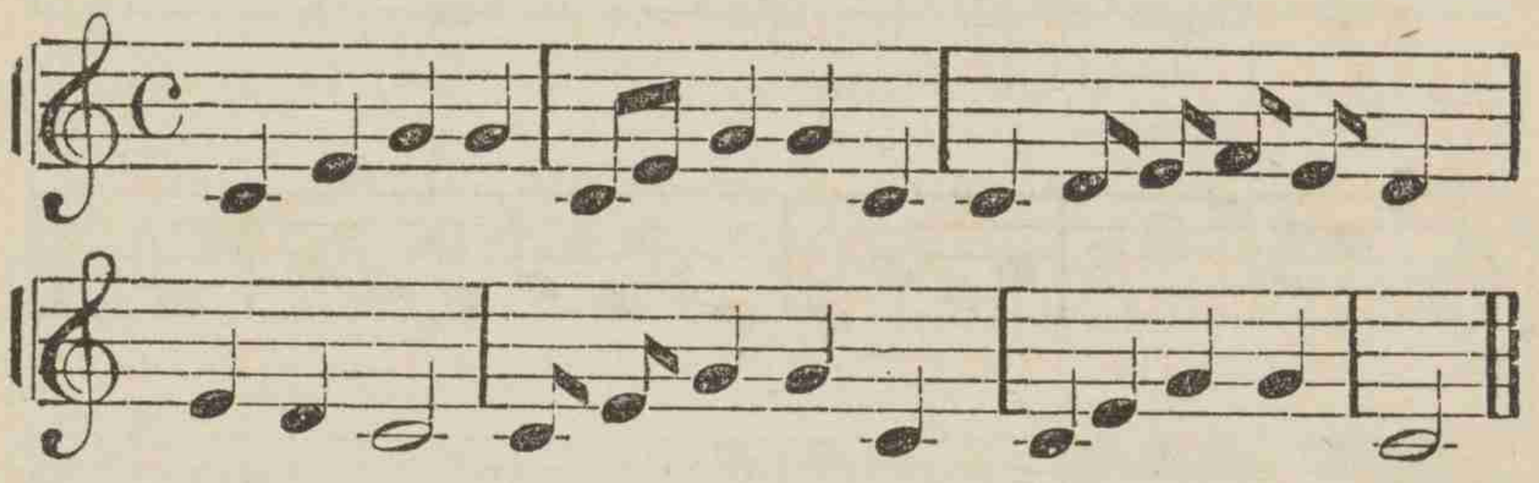
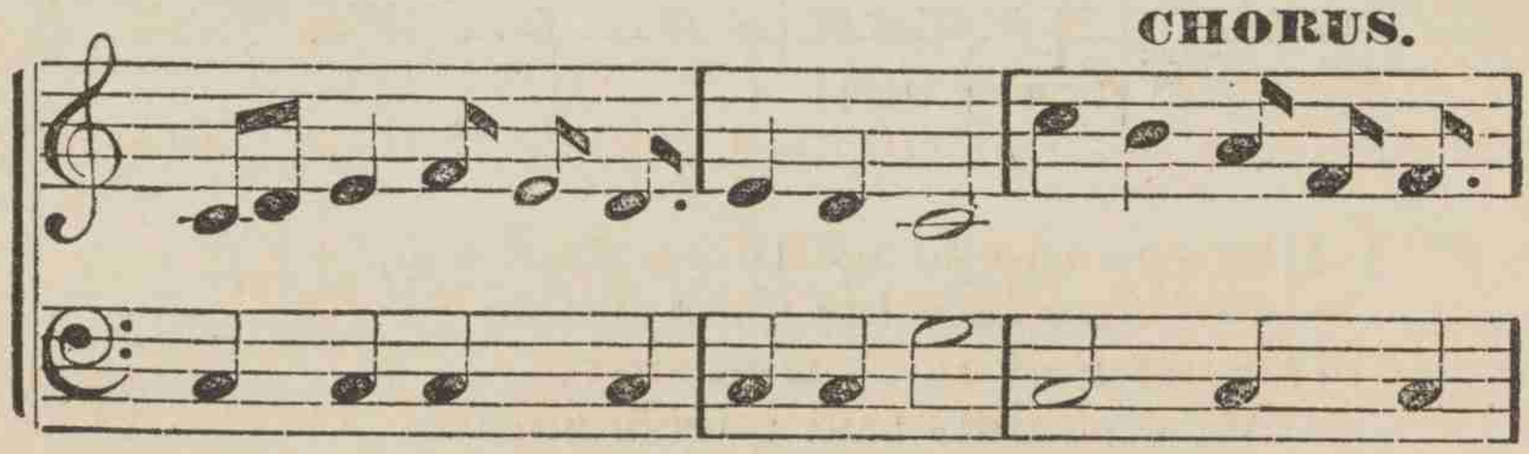
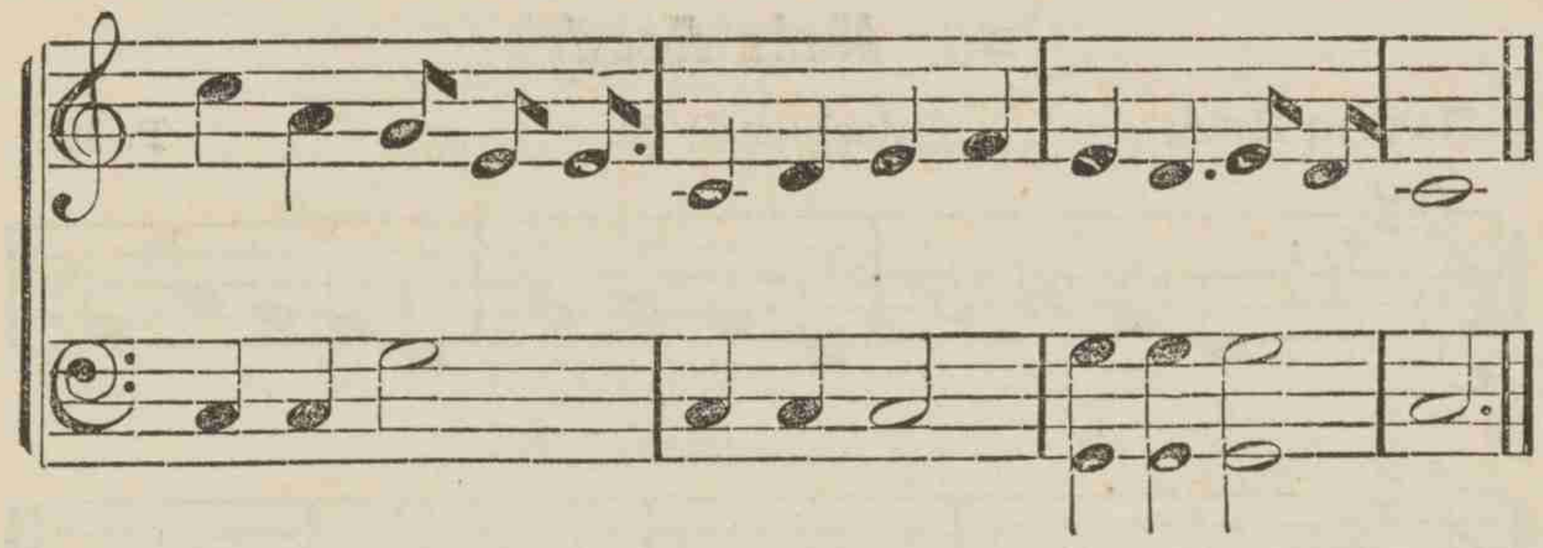
2 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

3 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

4 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home.
Come, O Redeemer, come away;
O Jesus, quickly come.

5 Our souls are in his mighty hand
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

39. The Holy War.

A. KEMP. 1 Cor. 15: 52. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 I've listed in the holy war,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
Content with suffering soldiers' fare,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there;
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

2 The banner o'er my head is love,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
I draw my rations from above,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

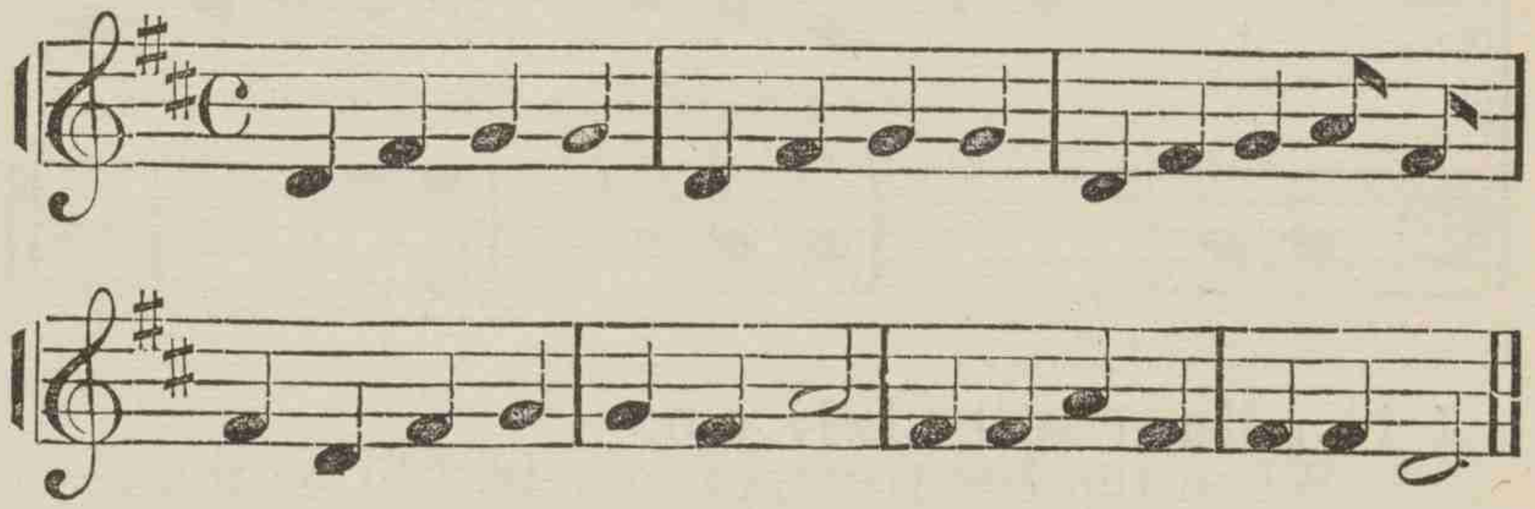
3 I've fought through many a battle sore,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
And I must fight through many more,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

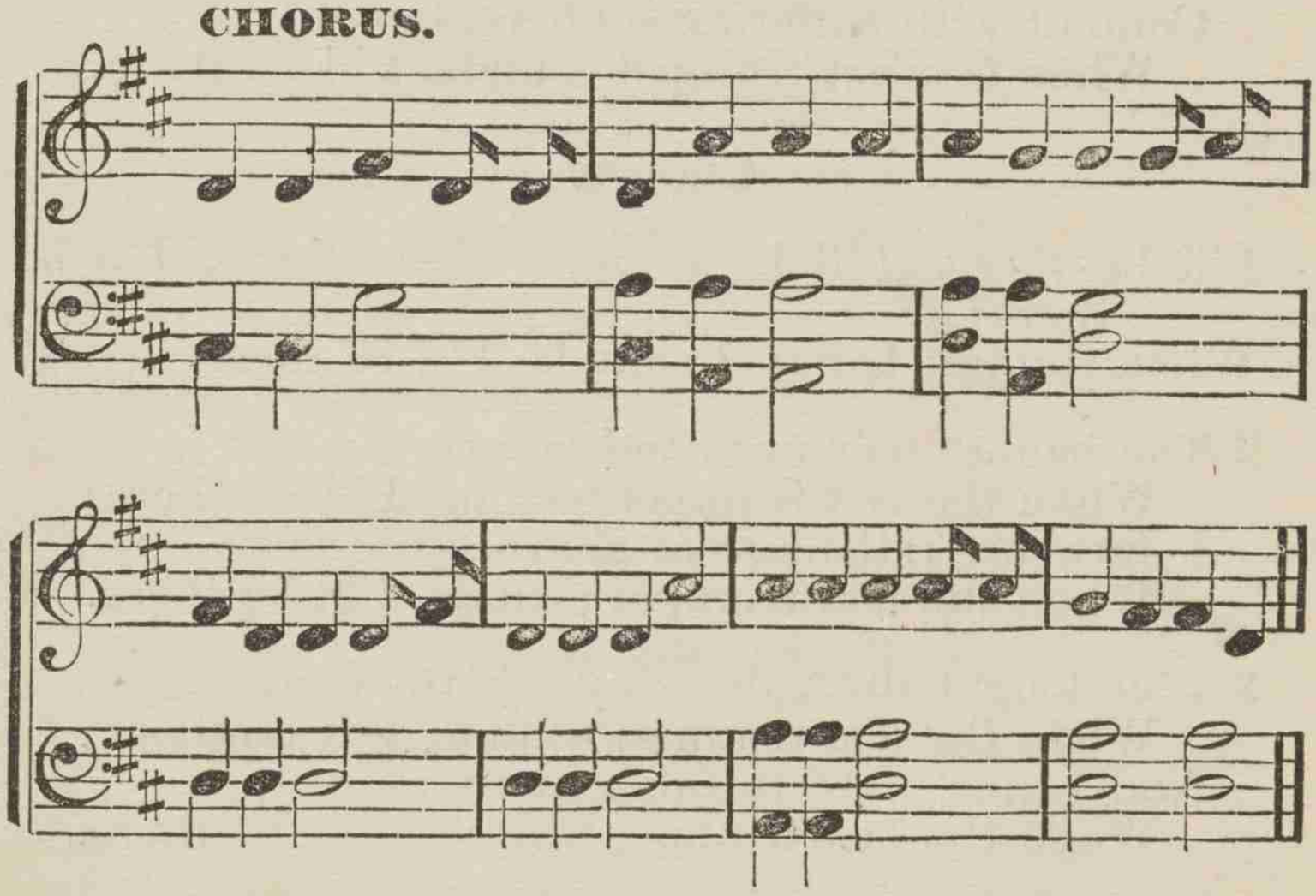
4 I take my breast-plate, sword and shield,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
And boldly march into the field,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

5 The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
Unite and strive what they can do,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

6 I've listed, and I mean to fight,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
Till all my foes are put to flight,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

40. Make Ready.

HATTIE HILL. Joshua 6: 20. P. M.

CHORUS.



1 HARK! listen to the trumpeters;
They sound for volunteers,
O'er Zion's bright and flowery mount,
Behold the officers.

CHORUS.

O, Joshua fought the battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho;
O, Joshua fought the battle of Jericho,
And the walls came tumbling down.

2 Their horses white, their garments bright,
With crowns and bows in hand;
Enlisting soldiers for the king,
To march for Canaan's land.

3 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier I will be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

4 We want no cowards in our band,
That will their colors fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
That 's not afraid to die.

5 The army now is on parade,
How martial they appear;
All dressed and armed in uniform,
They look like men of war.

6 They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb;
His garments stained in his own blood—
King Jesus is his name.

7 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms,
The great Immanuel.

8 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

41. Let Thy Kingdom, Blessed Savior.

SELECTED. Daniel 2 : 44. P. M.

1 Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come and bid our jarrings cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever,
God of love and prince of peace.
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying—
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

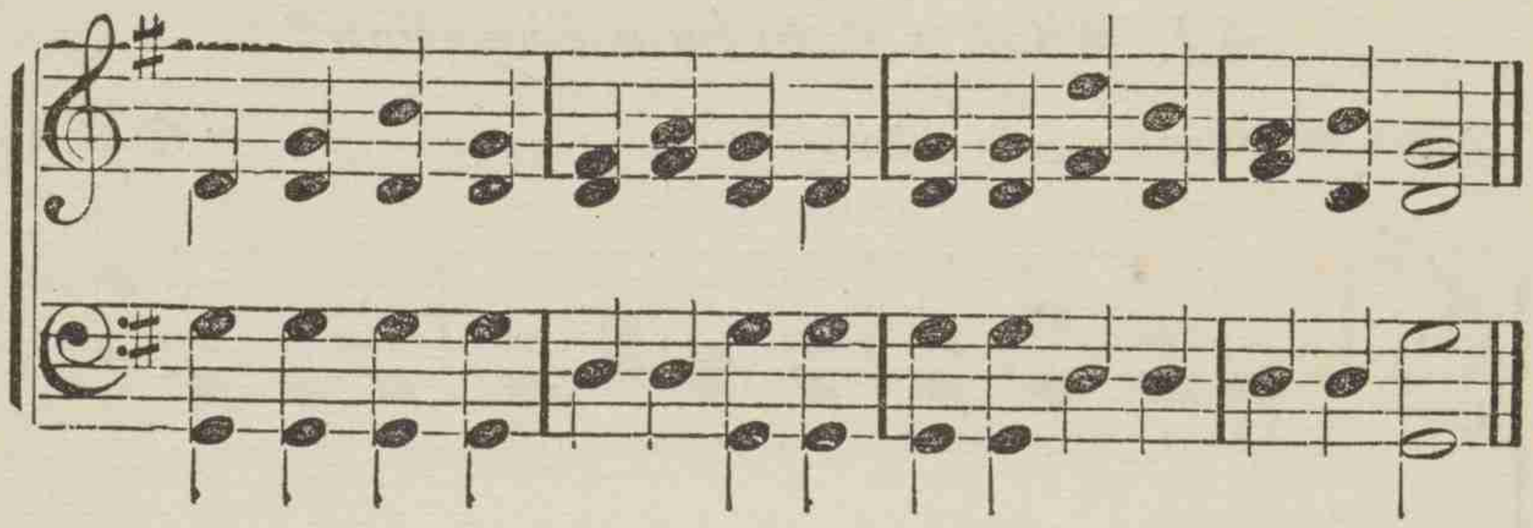
2 Some are following men's inventions,
And reject the Savior's laws;
Hence divisions and contentions
Sully the Redeemer's cause.
Hence we suffer persecutions,
Foolish virgins soundly sleep;
All is uproar and confusion—
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Savior, God, with courage arm us,
Help us still to persevere;
Nothing we are sure can harm us
While our loving Shepherd 's near.
Glory, glory, be to Jesus!
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

4 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We 've been sinners from our youth;
Guide, O guide us by thy Spirit,
Help us to embrace the truth.
Help us on thy Word to venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, adore our Savior—
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

5 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying: Fear not, little flock,
I myself am your foundation,
You are built upon the rock.
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Near your Shepherd constant keep,
To converse with Jesus, praying
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

42. What is it to be a Christian?

JOSIE ROBINSON. Luke 9: 23. L. M.

1 Let us ask the important question,—
Brethren, be not too secure—
What is it to be a Christian?
How may we our hearts assure?
Vain is all our best devotion,
If on false foundations built;
True religion 's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt.

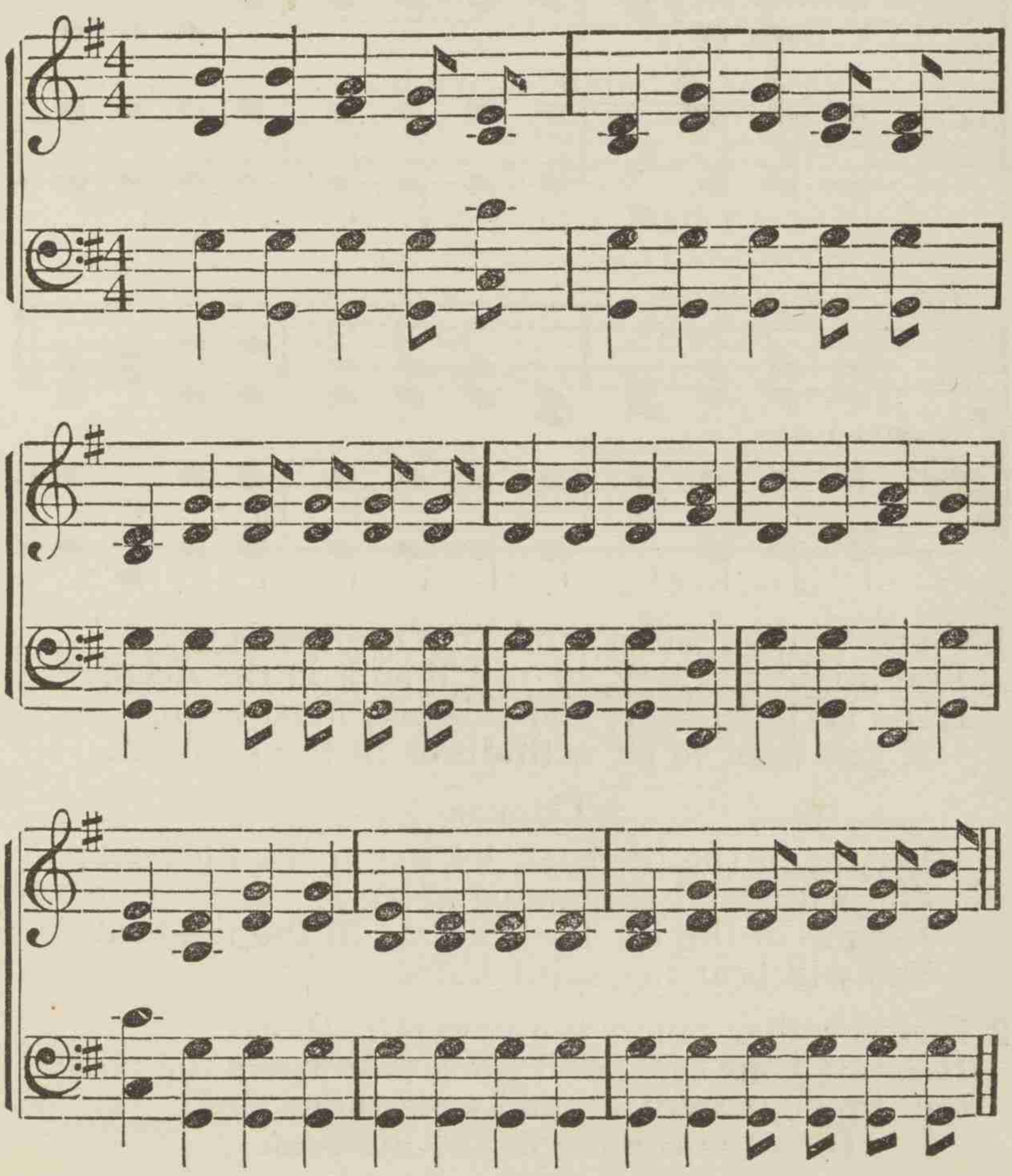
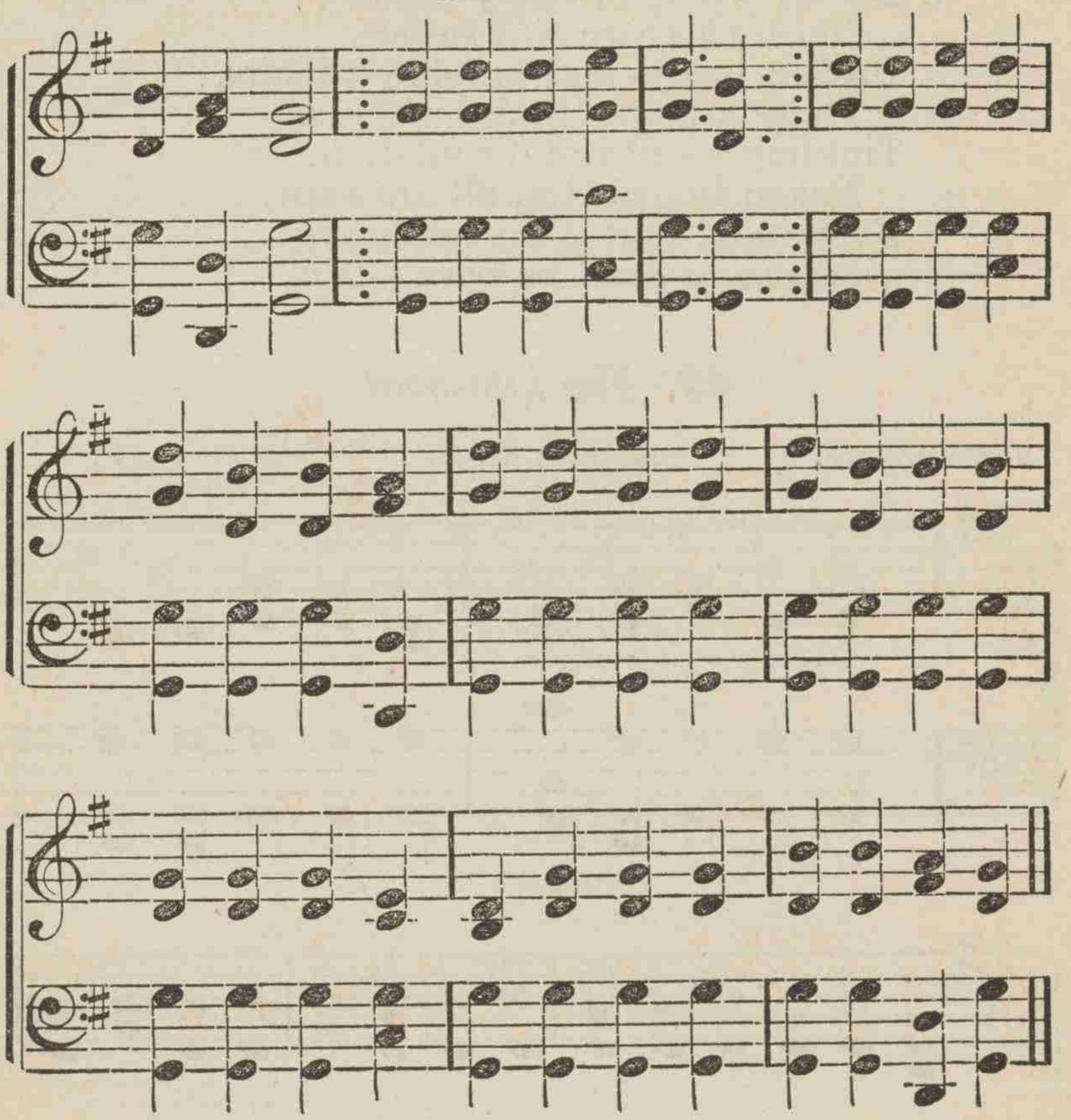
2 'T is to trust our well beloved,
That his blood has washed us clean;
'T is to hope our guilt 's removed,
Though we feel it rise within.
To believe that all is finished,
Though so much remains to endure;
Find the dangers undiminished,
Yet to hold deliverance sure.

3 It is terms that never vary:
To repent and to believe,
Both of these are necessary,
Both from Jesus to receive.
Would-be Christian, duly ponder
These in thine impartial mind;
And let no man put asunder
What the Lord has wisely joined.

4 O beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy tears;
Are the shipwrecked saved by sinking?
Can the mind arise by fears?
O beware of trust ill-grounded;
'T is but fancied faith at most,
To be cured and not be wounded,
To be saved before you 're lost.

5 No big words of ready talkers,
No dry lecture will suffice,
Broken hearts and humble walkers,
These are true in Jesus' eyes.
Tinkling sounds of disputation,
Naked knowledge, all are vain;
Every soul that gains salvation
Must and shall be born again.

43. The Life-boat.

J. COURTNEY. Mark 6: 47, 48. P. M.

CHORUS.

1 Come, brother sailor, and do n't fall asleep;
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 Now, brother sailor, the voyage is short;
Hoist up your sails, and we 'll soon make the port;
Call up your soldiers, and send them aloft,
For Christ is coming in the life-boat.

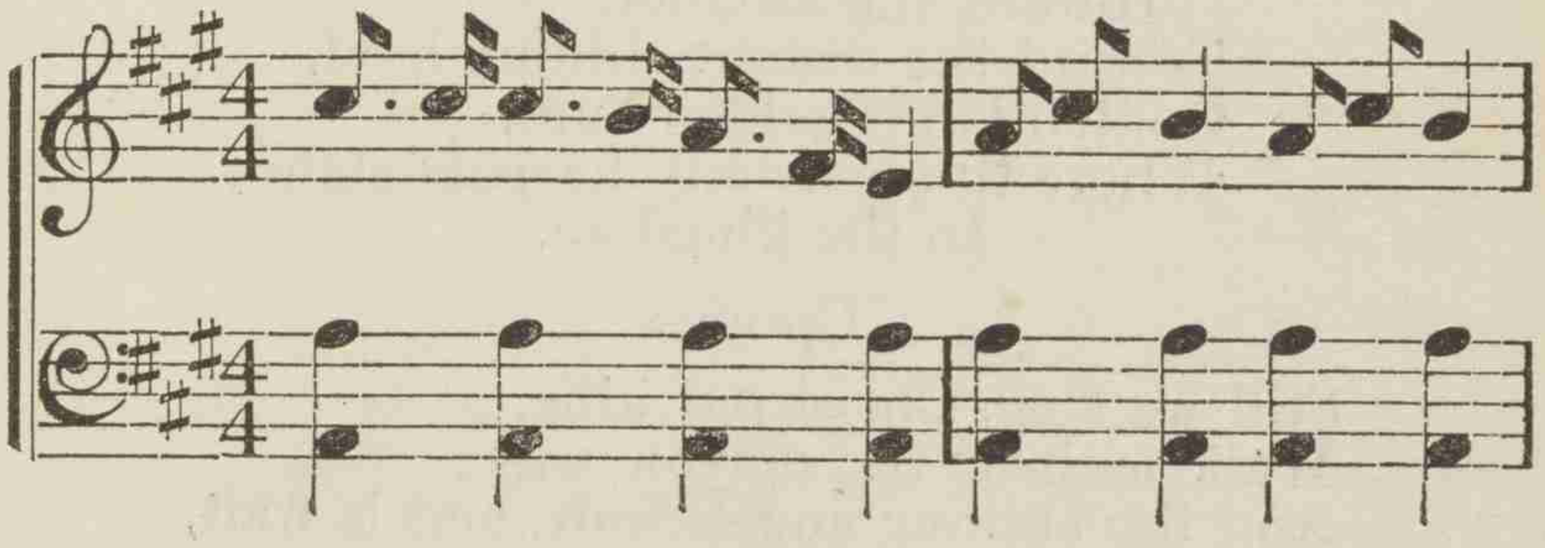
3 The storm is heavy and the winds are loud;
The thunders are rolling and burst the clouds;
Fathers and mothers are crying so loud,
Saying, Jesus, will you take me in the life-boat?

4 Some at the helm, and some down below;
The ship is dashing, her deck 's overflowed.
See every sailor standing at his post,
Waiting for the order from the life-boat.

5 Now, brother sailor, the order is done;
The battle is fought, the victory is won;
Go and tell your ship-mate, what Jesus has done:
He took a dying sailor in the life-boat.

6 All glory to Jesus for what he has done;
The storm is past, and I have reached my home
With angels in glory we 'll sing the song:
My soul is safely landed in the life-boat.

44. We are Toiling up the Way.

SELECTED. Isaiah 35: 8. P. M.

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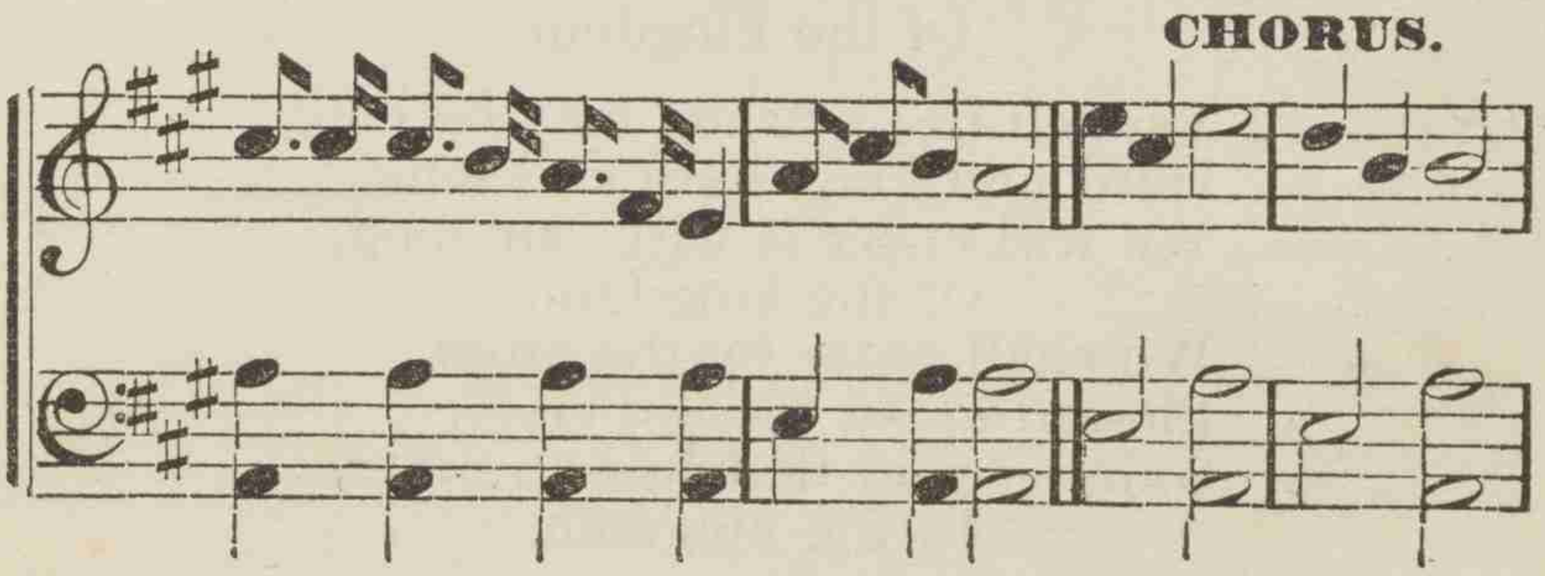
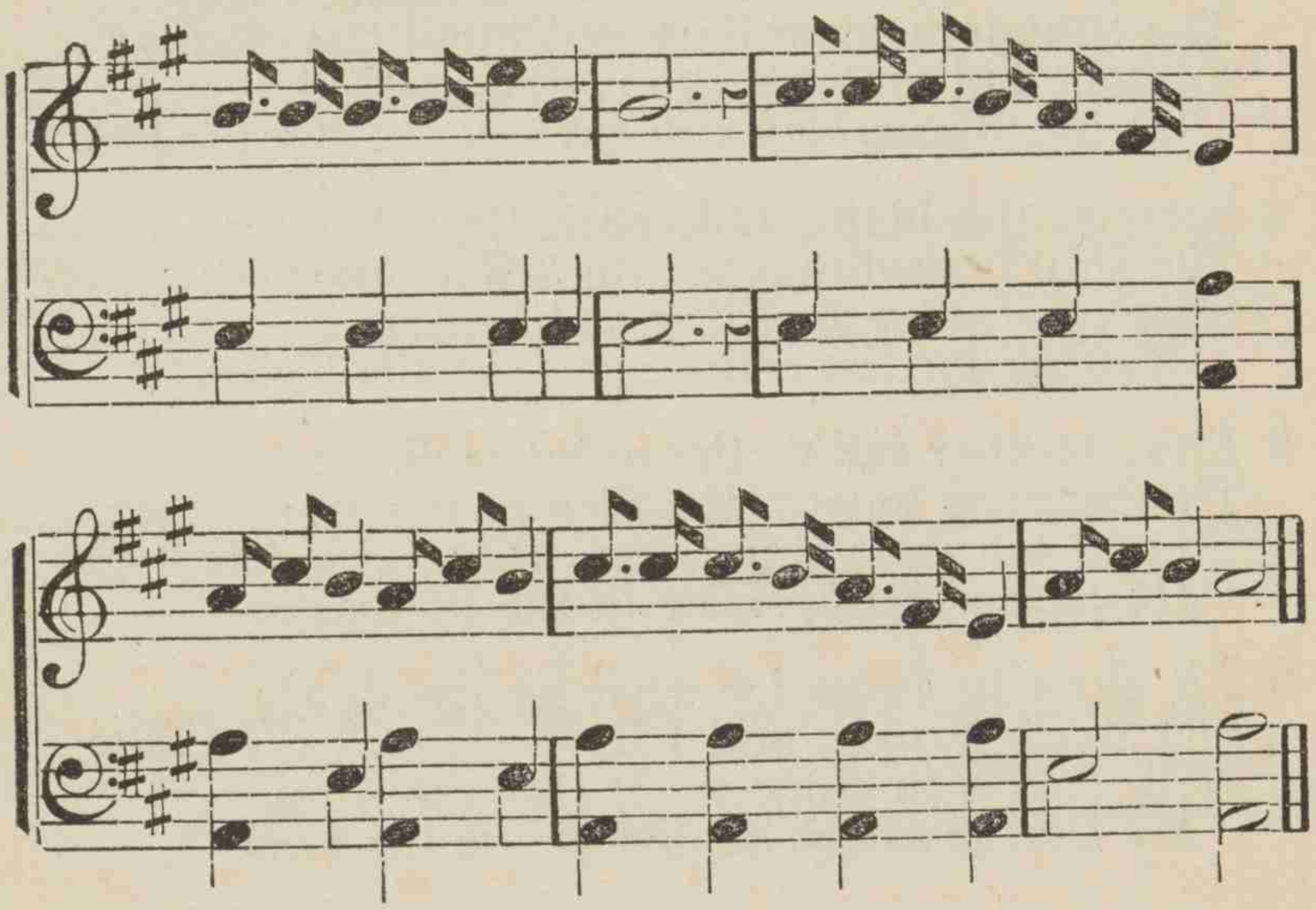

CHORUS.



1 We are toiling up the way,
Narrow way, narrow way,
We have journeyed many a day
Toward the kingdom.
Toward the distant shining land,
Golden land, golden land,
Where the heavenly harpers stand,
In the kingdom.

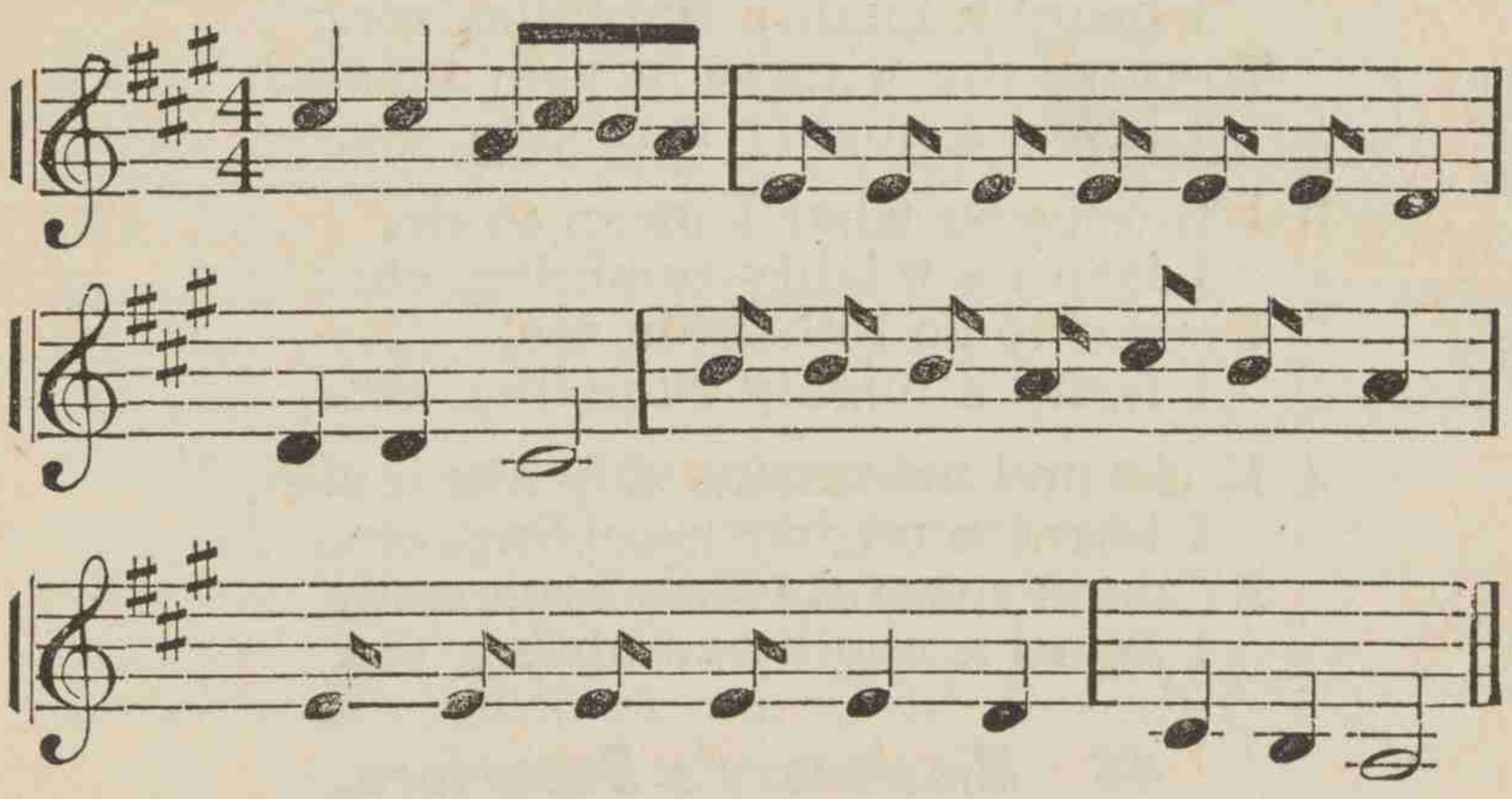
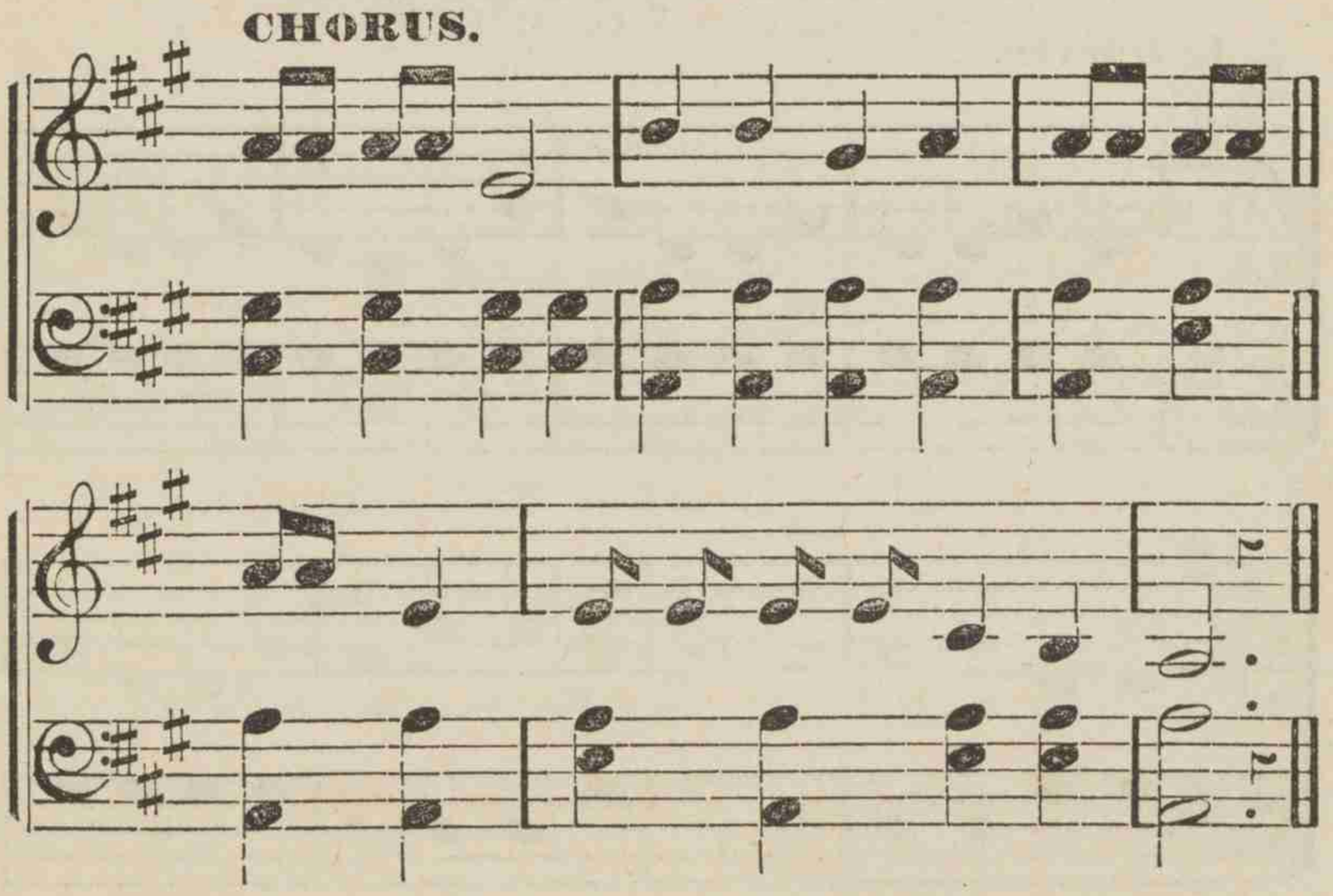
Chorus.

Still we sing, Christ our king,
Walk with us the narrow way;
And the shining angels wait, angels wait,
Angels wait to unbar the golden gate,
Of the kingdom.

2 Though the journey may be long,
Hard and long, hard and long,
We will cheer it with our song,
Of the kingdom.
We shall enter by the cross,
Blessed cross, blessed cross,
Gaining gold that has no dross,
In the kingdom.

3 We shall gather home at last,
Sorrow past, sorrow past;
We shall hold our jewels fast
In the kingdom.
We shall dwell in perfect light,
Holy light, holy light,
Never dimmed by tears at night,
In the kingdom.

45. Shout, Shout, You are Free.

SALLIE WASHINGTON. Zech. 9: 9. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 Shout, shout, for you are free,
I heard a mighty rumbling, I could n't tell where;
Christ has brought you liberty,
I heard a mighty rumbling, etc.

Chorus.

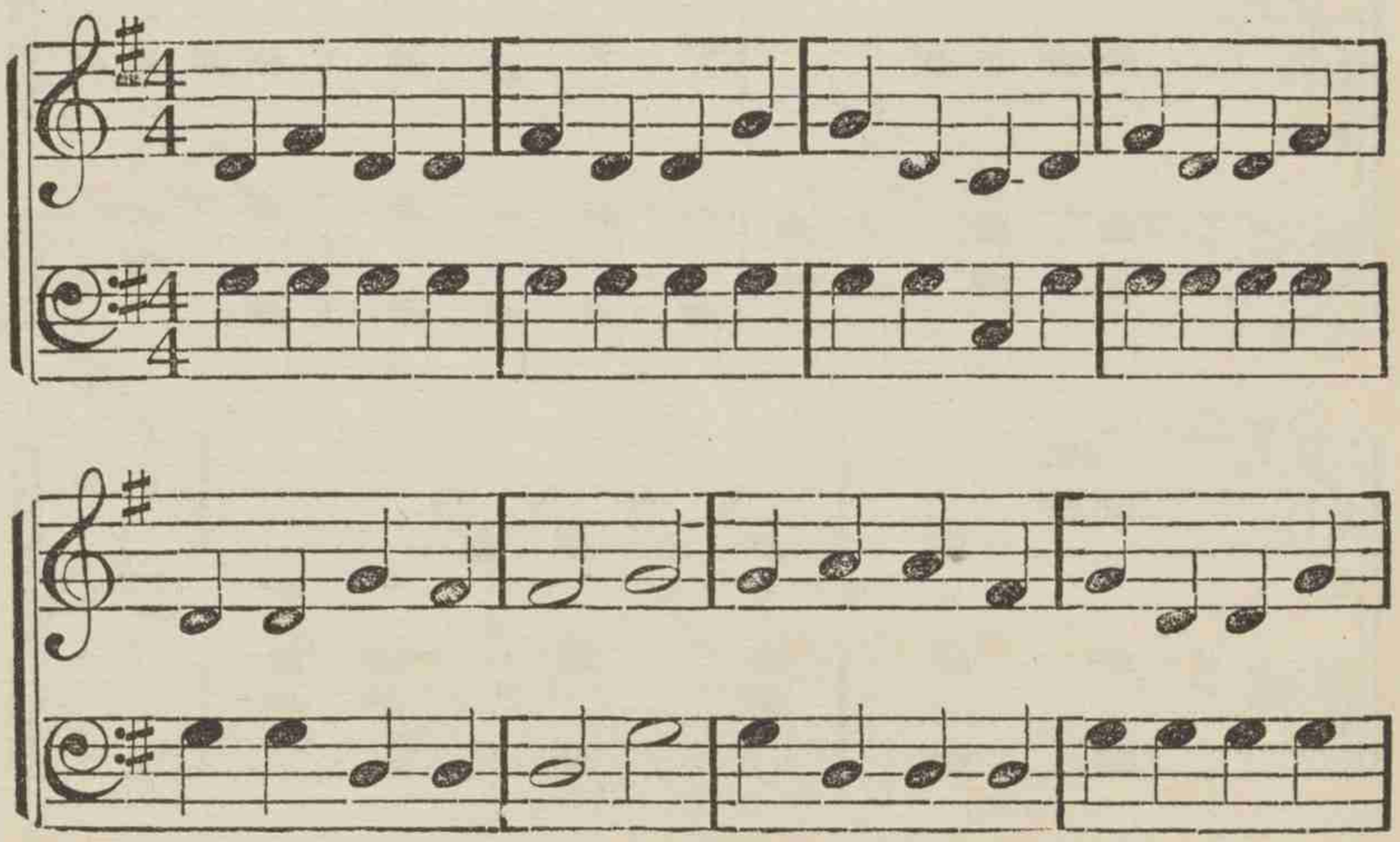
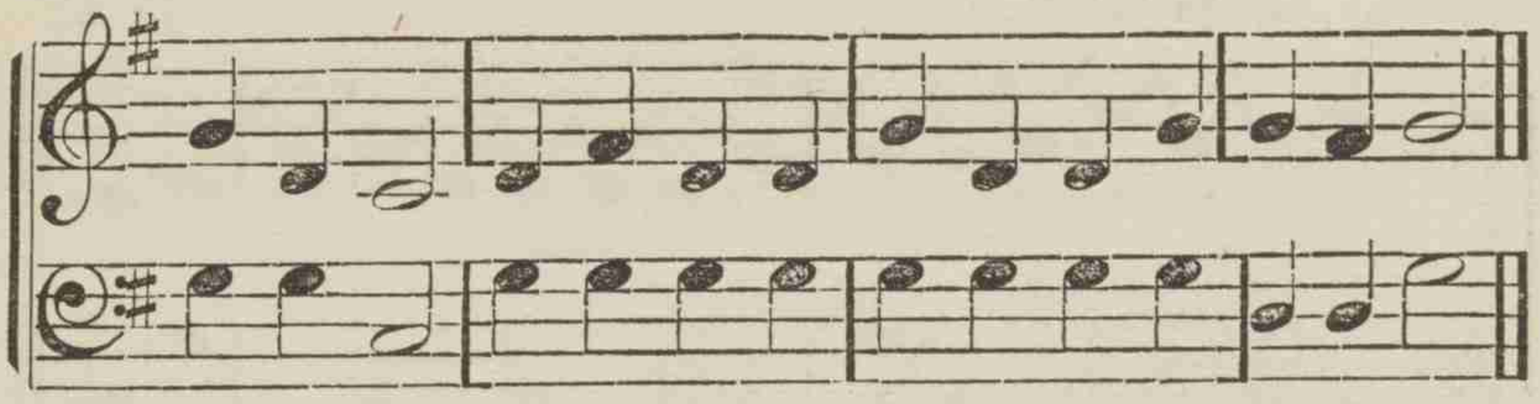
I 'm in a strange land,
And a great ways from home;
I 'm in a strange land, my Lord;
Do n't talk about suffering here.

2 Brother, do n't you think it best,
I heard a mighty rumbling, etc.;
To carry the witness in your breast?
I heard a mighty rumbling, etc.

3 I 'll tell you what I mean to do,
I heard a mighty rumbling, etc.;
I mean to go to heaven too,
I heard a mighty rumbling, etc.

4 Rocks and mountains skip like lambs,
I heard a mighty rumbling, etc.;
All must come at God's command,
I heard a mighty rumbling, etc.

46. Missionary's Departure.

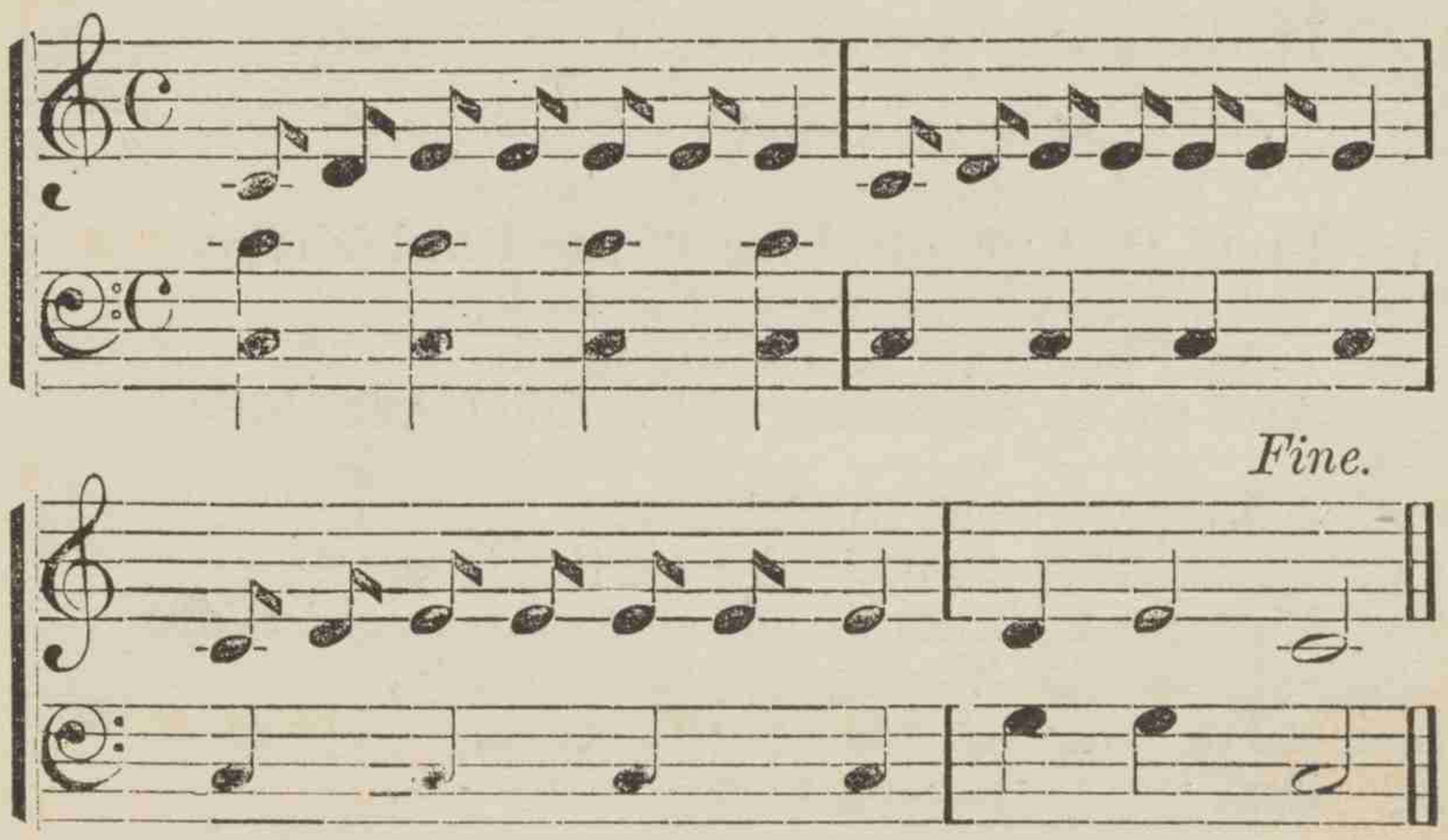
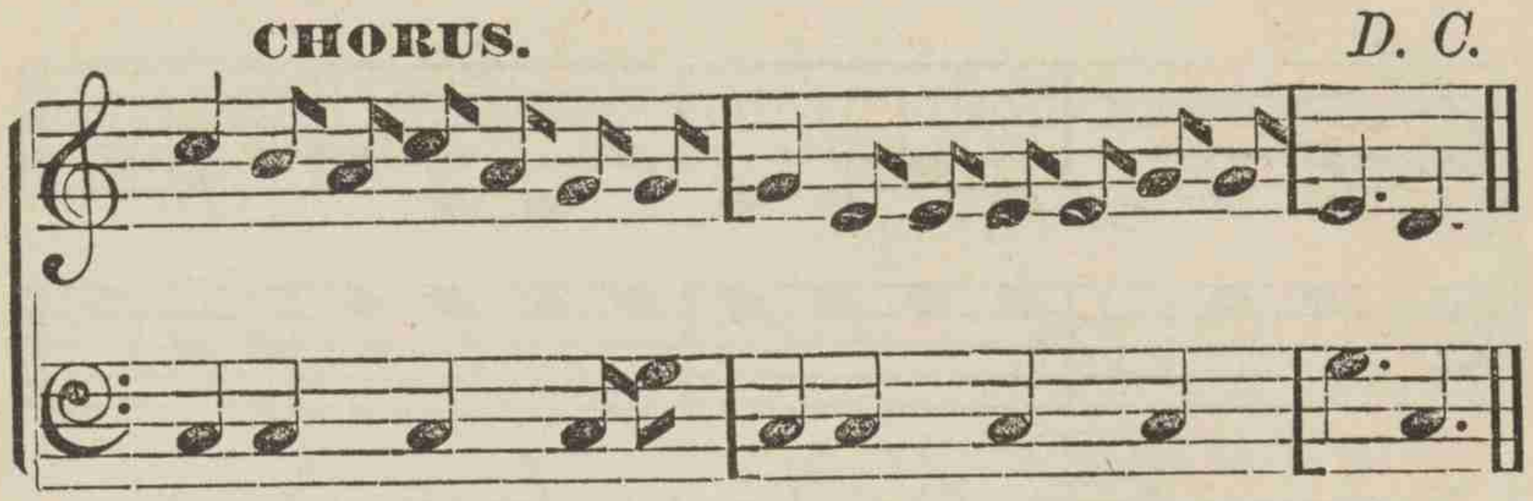
J. L. Soward.

1 Farewell, lovely Christian, the time is at hand,
When we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements do call us away,
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We 'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile;
But when we are parted and scattered abroad,
We 'll pray for each other while musing with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you 'll soon be discharged,
The war 's almost over, the crown is enlarged.
With singing and shouting, though Jordan may roar,
You 'll enter fair Canaan and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, enlisted for war;
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,
Your captain will lead you to his promised rest.

47. *Christian Prospect.*

PROF. DRAPER. Ps. 68 : 31. P. M.



1 O come, all ye scattered race,
And the Savior's love embrace;
You may see his smiling face yet with care.
He is on the giving hand,
Will you come at his command?
And you 'll with the angels stand, over there.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
There 's a land of pure delight, over there;
We will lay our burdens down,
And at Jesus' side sit down,
And we 'll wear a starry crown, over there.

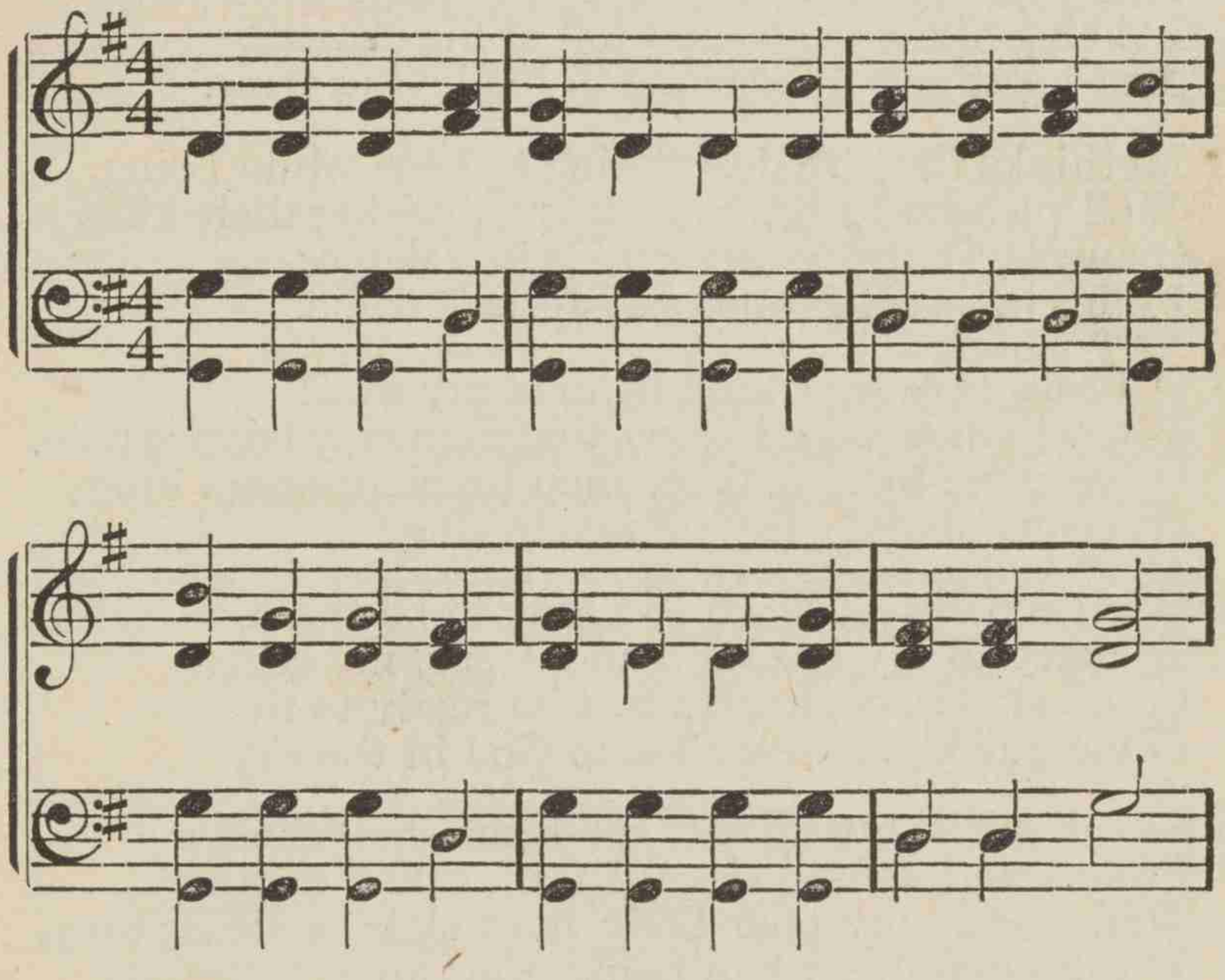
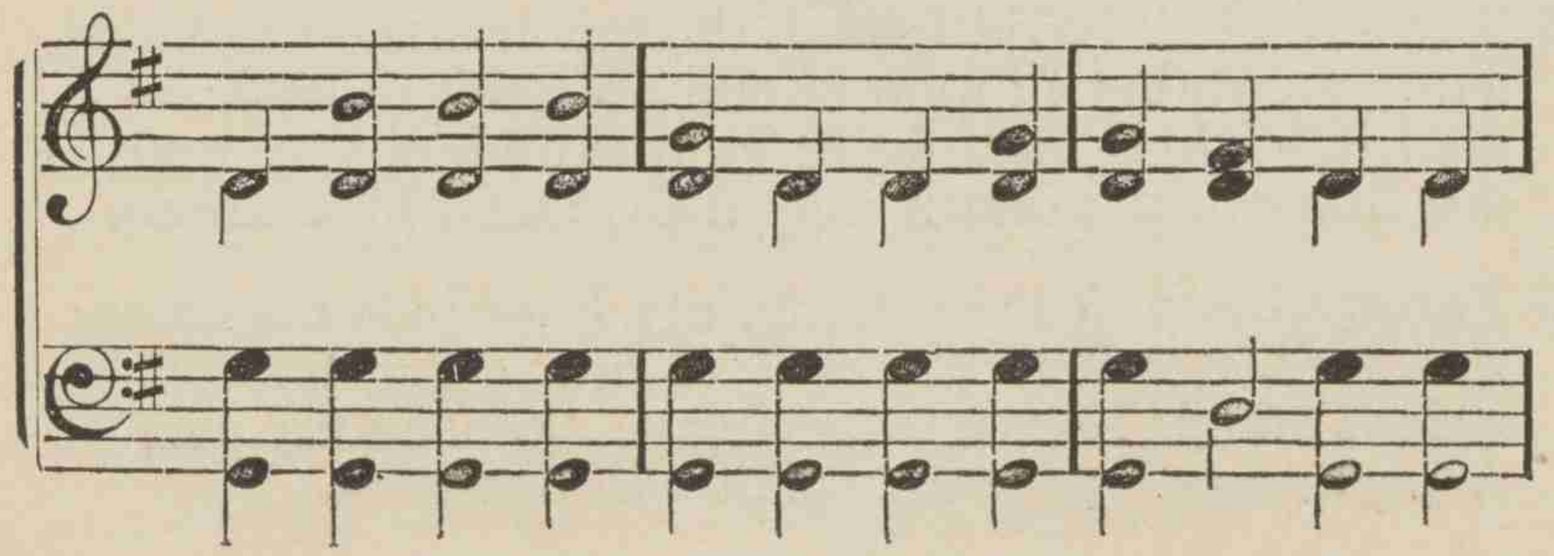
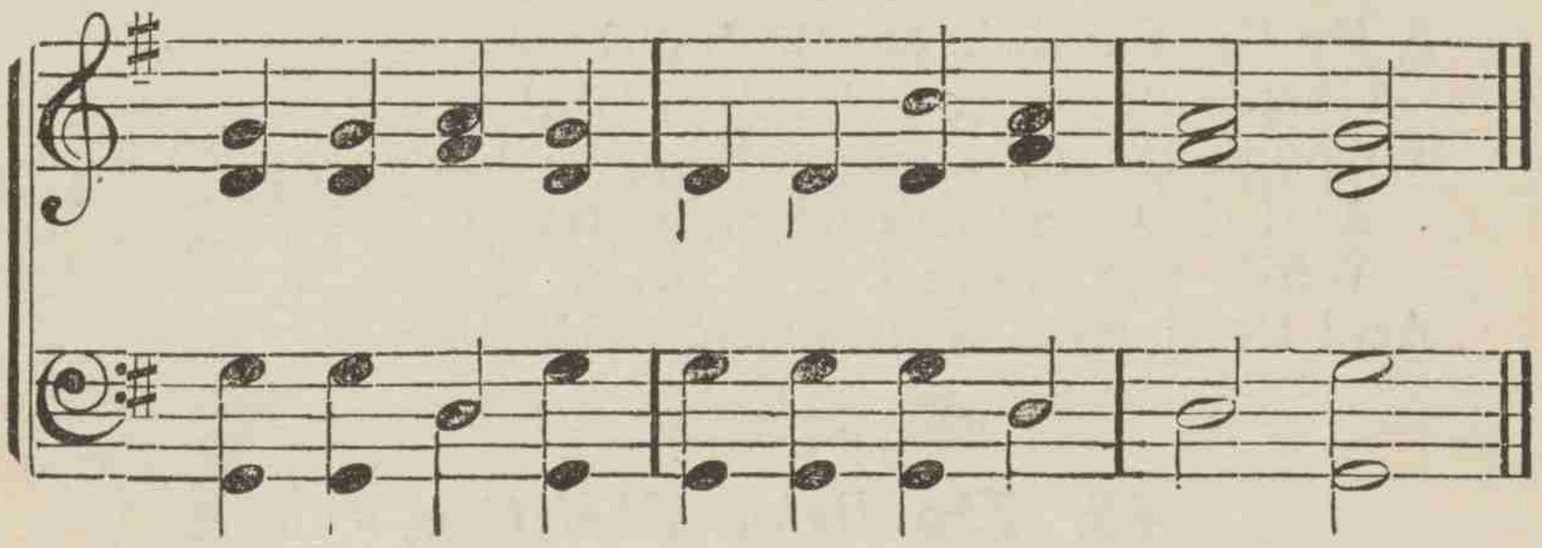
2 We are going through the land,
As a missionary band,
Leading sinners by the hand to Christ's care,
That salvation he may give;
And they turn to him and live,
In the pretty world of light, over there.

3 O consider our stand,
When he took us by the hand,
From that dreadful bar of sand to his care.
And he placed us on the rock,
And he owns us for his flock,
And we 're marching to his fold, over there.

4 Yes, he went to Calvary,
And they nailed him on the tree,
That poor sinners such as we he might spare
From the bitter prayers of death;
He did with his dying breath,
Seal us everlasting rest over there.

5 By the Savior's gentle hand,
Gospel flows from land to land.
Through the missionary band in his care;
And they feel the precious truth,
While the harvest is so great,
And the joys it will create, over there.

48. The Dying Christian.

SELECTED. Ps. 39 : 3. L. M.

1 My soul 's full of glory, inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with sweet angels I 'd sing them a song,—
I 'd sing of my Jesus and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they 're descending to hear while I sing,
Well pleased to hear mortals a-praising their king.
O angels, O angels, my soul 's in a flame;
I faint in sweet raptures at Jesus's name.

3 O Jesus, O Jesus! thou balm of my soul;
T'was thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole.
O bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet king;
O oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

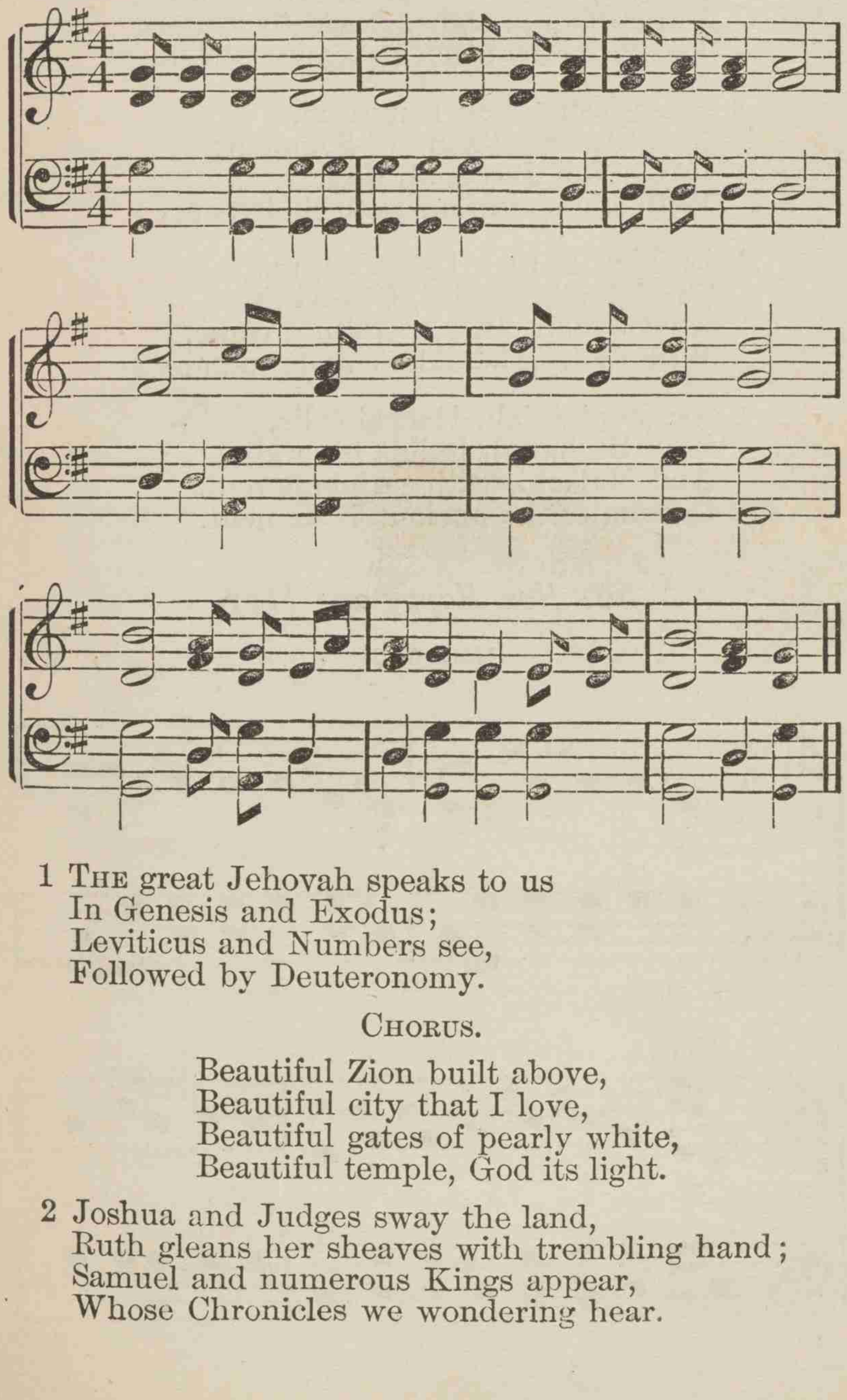
4 O heaven, sweet heaven, I long to be there,
To meet all my brethren and Jesus, my dear.
Come angels, come angels, I 'm ready to fly;
Come quickly, convey me to God in the sky.

5 Sweet spirits attend me, till Jesus shall come;
Protect and defend me, till I am called home;
Tho' worms my poor body may claim as their prey,
T' will outshine, when rising, the sun at noonday.

6 The sun shall be darkened, the moon turned to blood,
The mountains all melt at the presence of God;
Red lightnings may flash, loud thunders may roar,—
All this can not daunt me on Canaan's blest shore.

7 Farewell, my dear brothers, my Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear sisters, I 'm now going home;
Bright angels now whispering so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Savior my spirit will bear.

49. Beautiful Zion.

W. L. MUIR. P. M.

1 THE great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Zion built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple, God its light.

2 Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans her sheaves with trembling hand;
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.

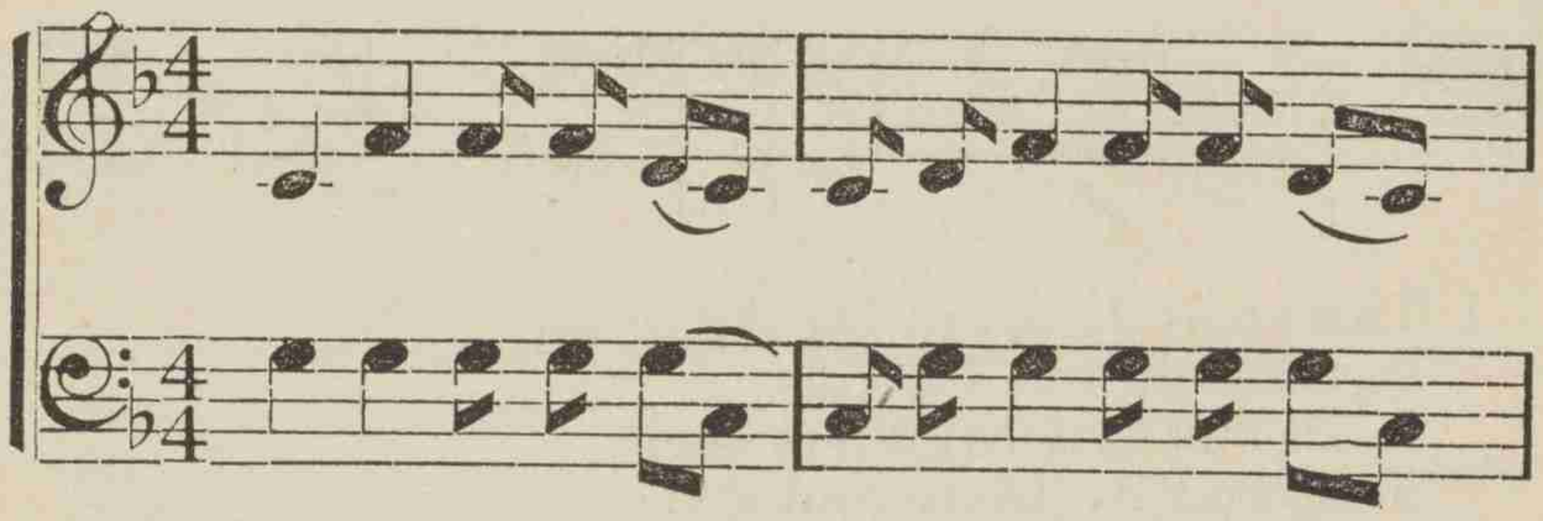
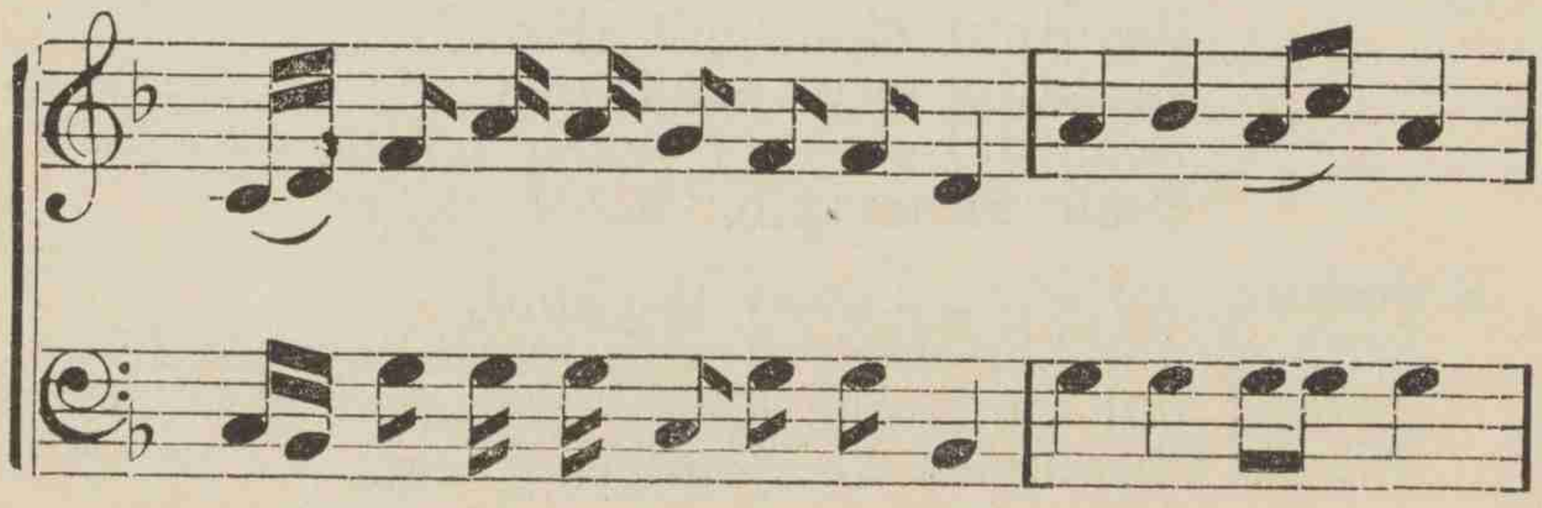
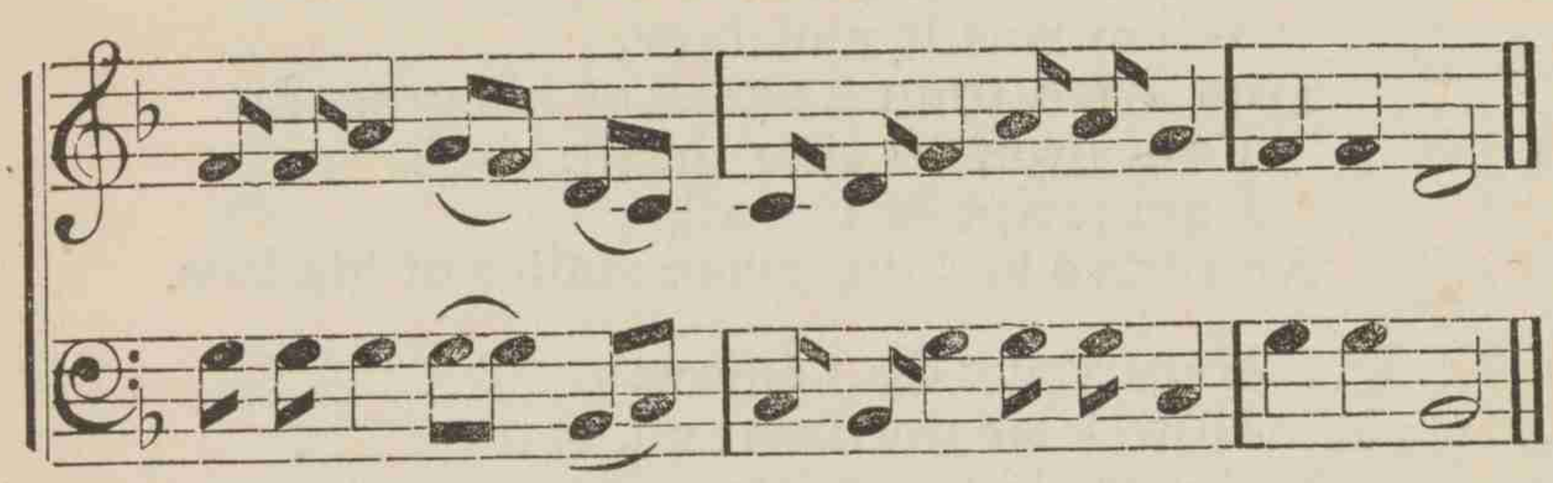
3 Ezra and Nehemiah now,
Esther the beauteous mourners show;
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.

4 Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet song of Solomon;
Isaiah and Jeremiah then
With Lamentations take their pen.

5 Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel's, Amos', Obadiah's.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
While lofty Habakkuk finds room.

6 Yet Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls;
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

50. How Happy are They.

Matt. 6: 21 P. M.

1 O how happy are they,
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can not express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When first I believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

3 'T was a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Savior of sinners adore.

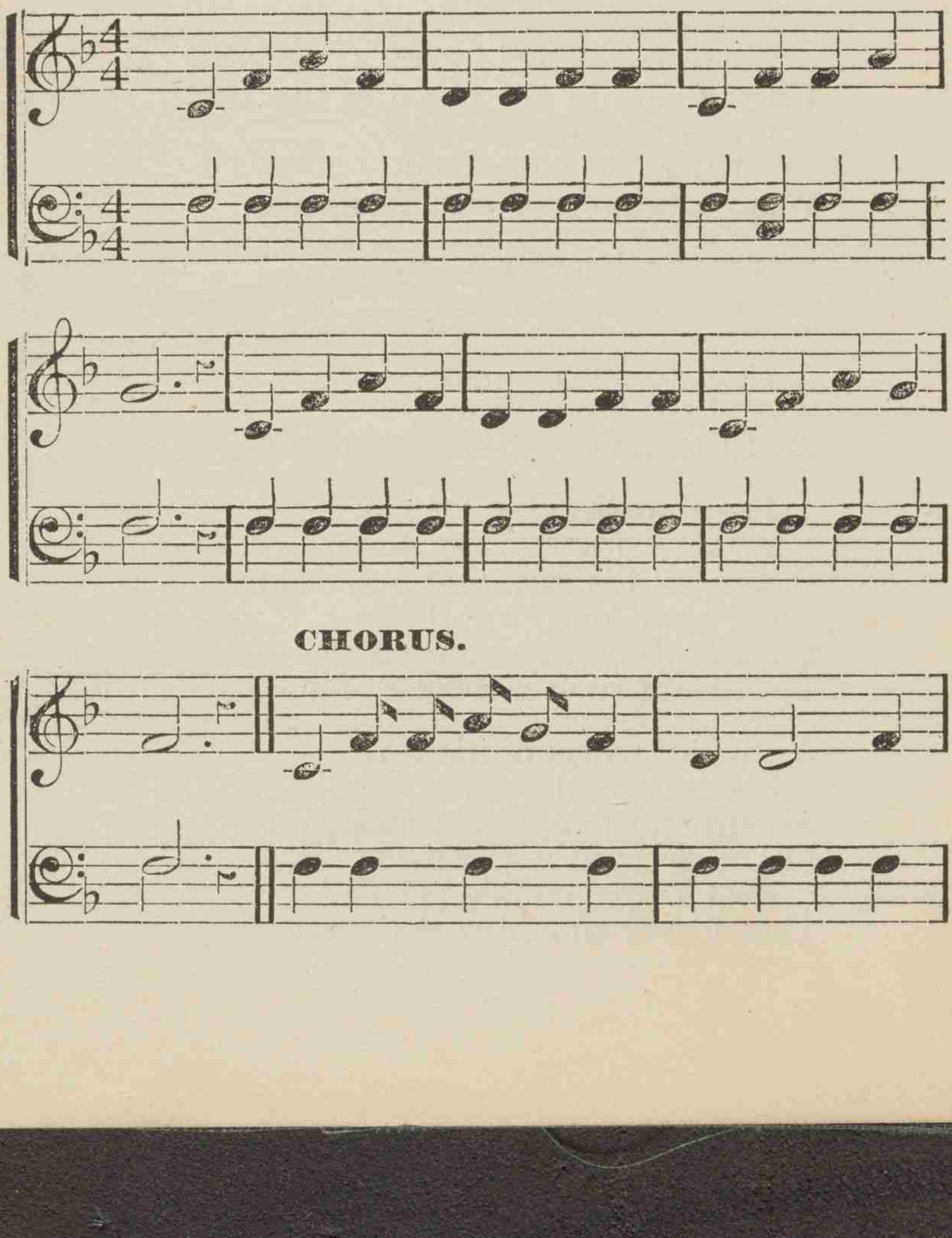
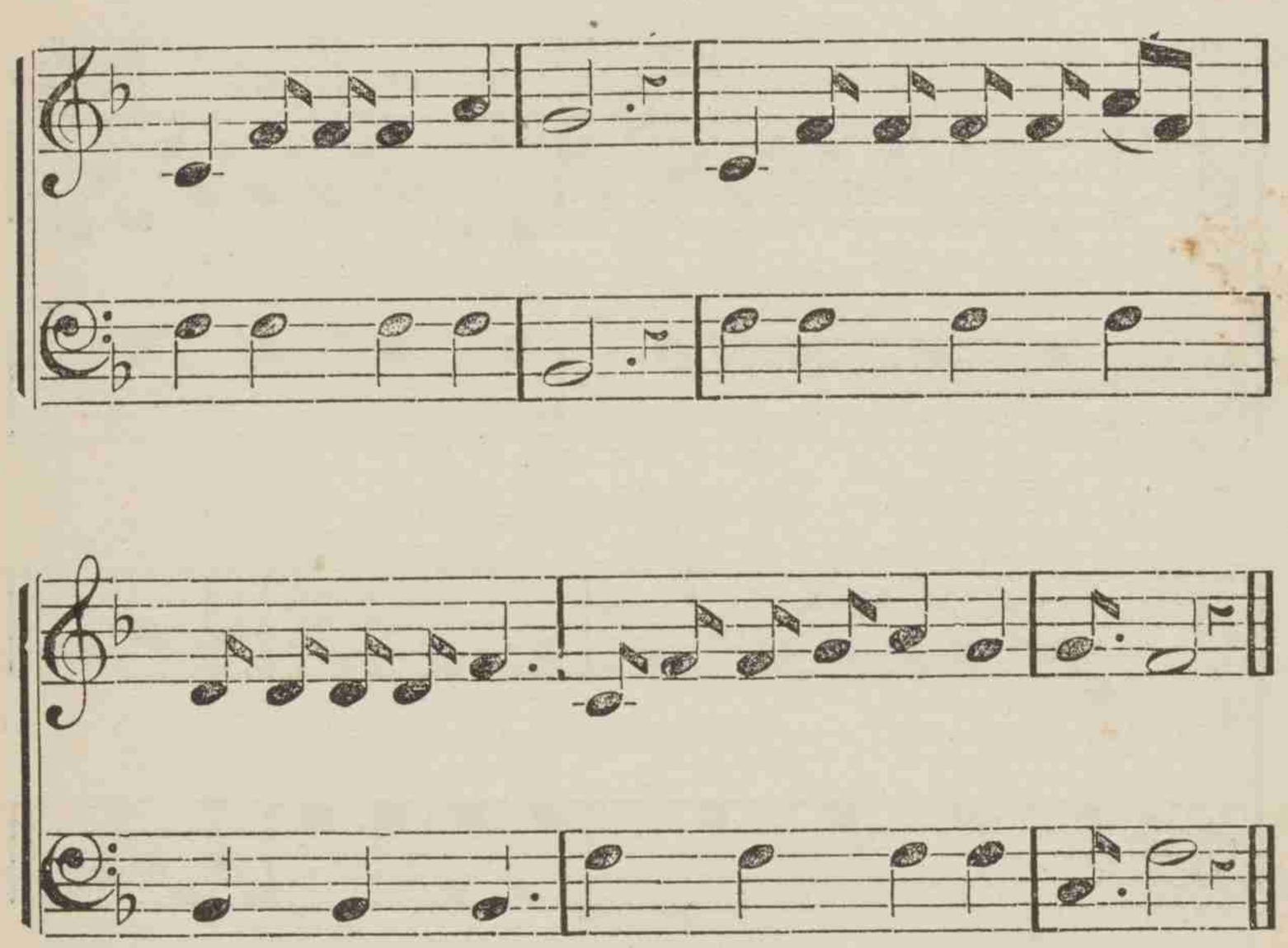
4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation may see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve
That I ever should suffer again.

6 But where am I now?
When was it and how,
That I fell from a sense of his grace?
I am brought into thrall,
I am stript of my all,
And have lost the sweet smiles of his face.

7 Hardly yet do I know,
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside
When the tempter came in,
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

51. Blessed be the Name of the Lord.

J. J. W. Bowman. Matt. 24: 29. C. M.

CHORUS.

1 Glory to the eternal King,
Clad in his majestic power.
Let the heaven his praises sing,
Let the world proclaim his power.

Chorus.

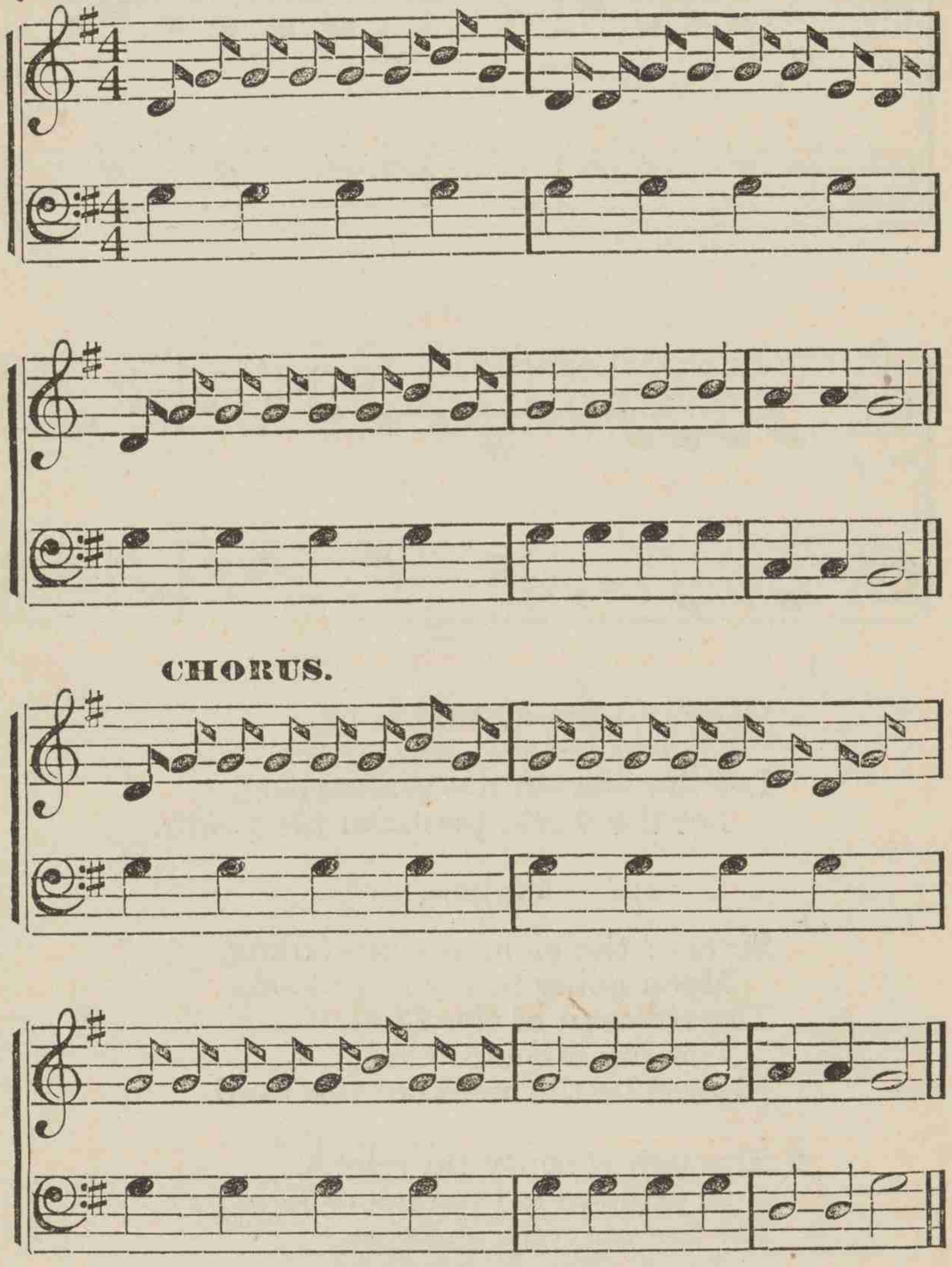
Stars of the elements are falling,
Moon going to turn to blood,
The children of the Lord
Turning home to God;
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

2 Through eternity he reigns,
In unbounded realms of light;
He the universe sustains,
As an atom in his sight.

3 O let my transported soul,
Ever on his glories gaze;
Ever yield to his control,
Ever sound his lofty praise.

52. Silence in Heaven.

W. H. VAUGHN. Rev. 8: 1. P. M.



1 AND there was none found worthy,
To unseal that Seven-seal Book;
Jesus, the immortal Lamb of God,
Said, I 'll go pay the debt.

CHORUS.

O, when the heaven struck silence,
When the heaven struck silence,
When the heaven struck silence,
For the space of half an hour.

2 Four thousand years from this time,
I 'll die on Calvary's cross;
And I saw God's chariot coming down,
Aiming up Zion's hill.

CHORUS.

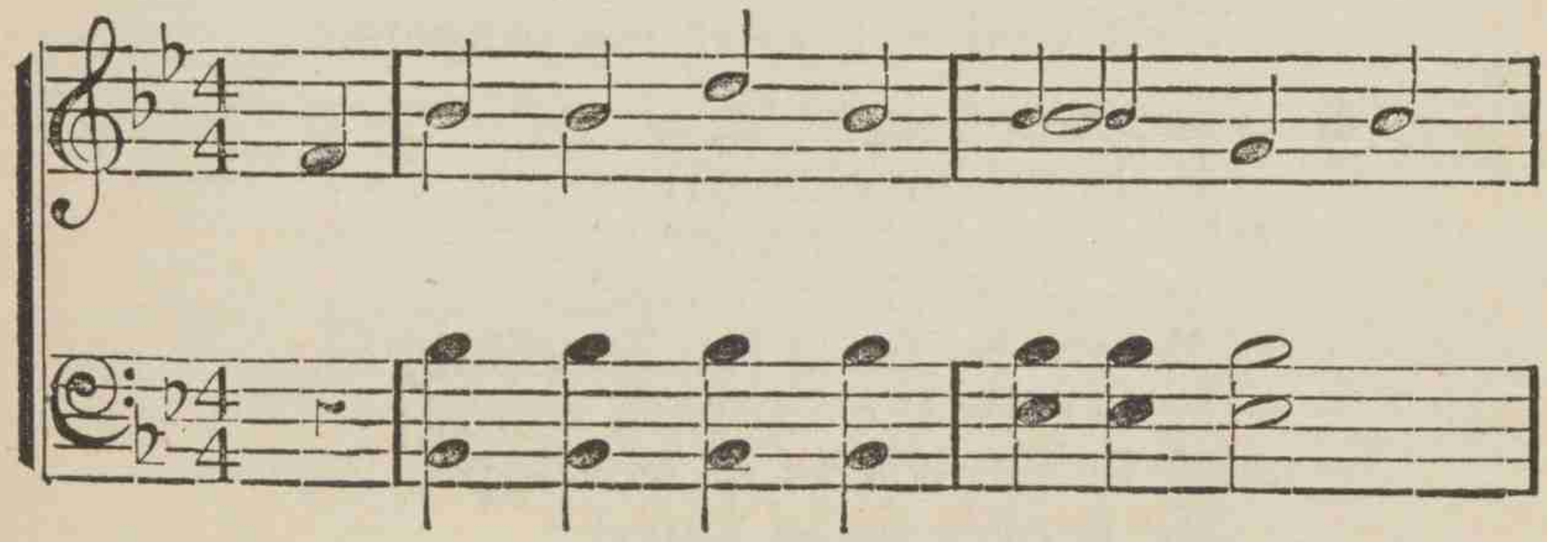
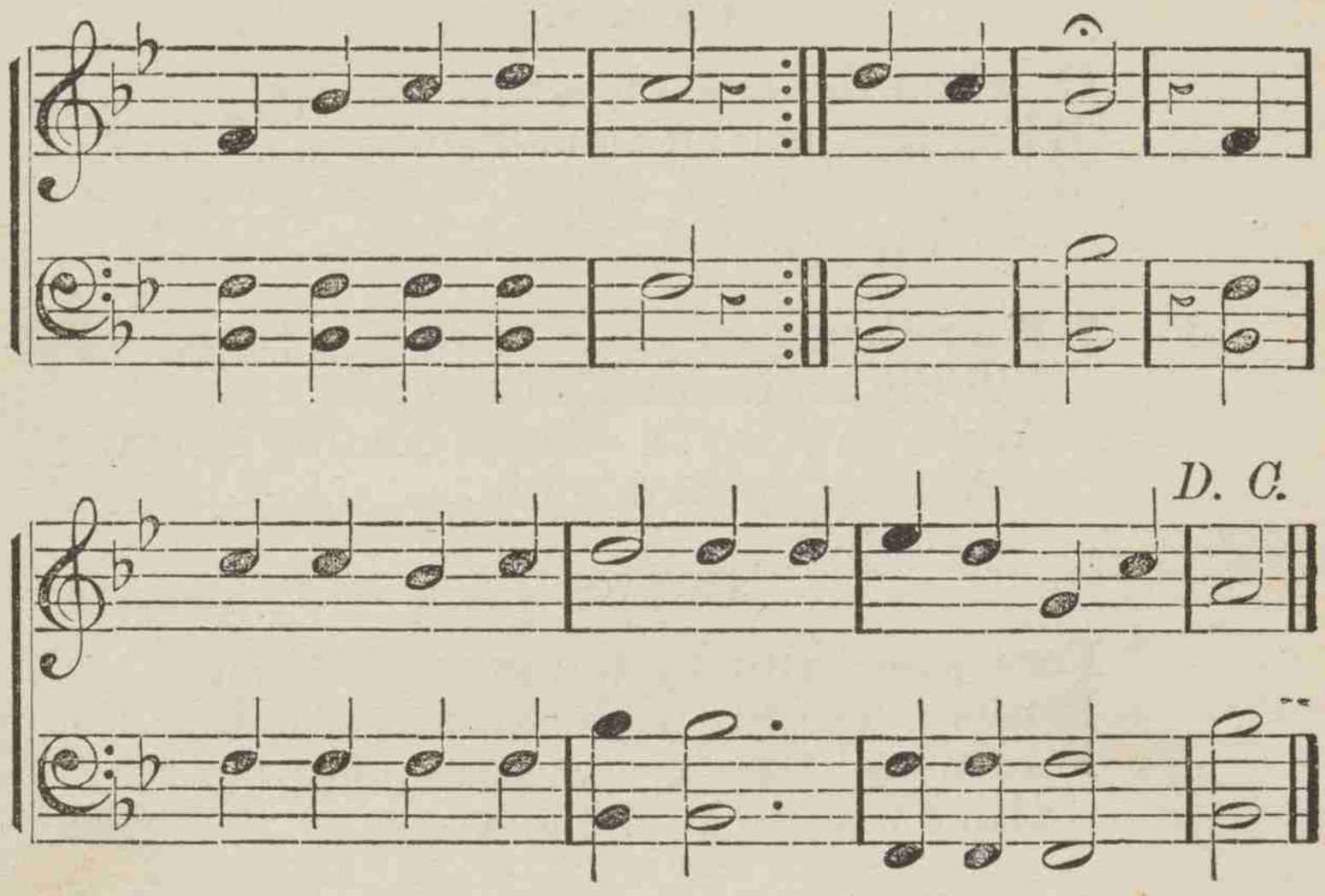
Fore wheel run by the grace of God,
Fore wheel run by the grace of God,
Fore wheel run by the grace of God,
Hind wheel run by love.

3 And laid it on his shoulder,
And commanded him up the hill;
And when he got about the center,
His kneebones give away.

CHORUS.

And they led my Lord away,
And they led my Lord away,
And they led my Lord away,
Cut and hewed his cross.

53. *The Happy Man.*

SELECTED. Rom. 8: 1. C. M.

1 How happy is the man,
Who has chosen wisdom's ways,
And has measured out his day
To his God in prayer and praise.
His God and his Bible
Is all that he desires,
And to holiness of heart,
He continually aspires.

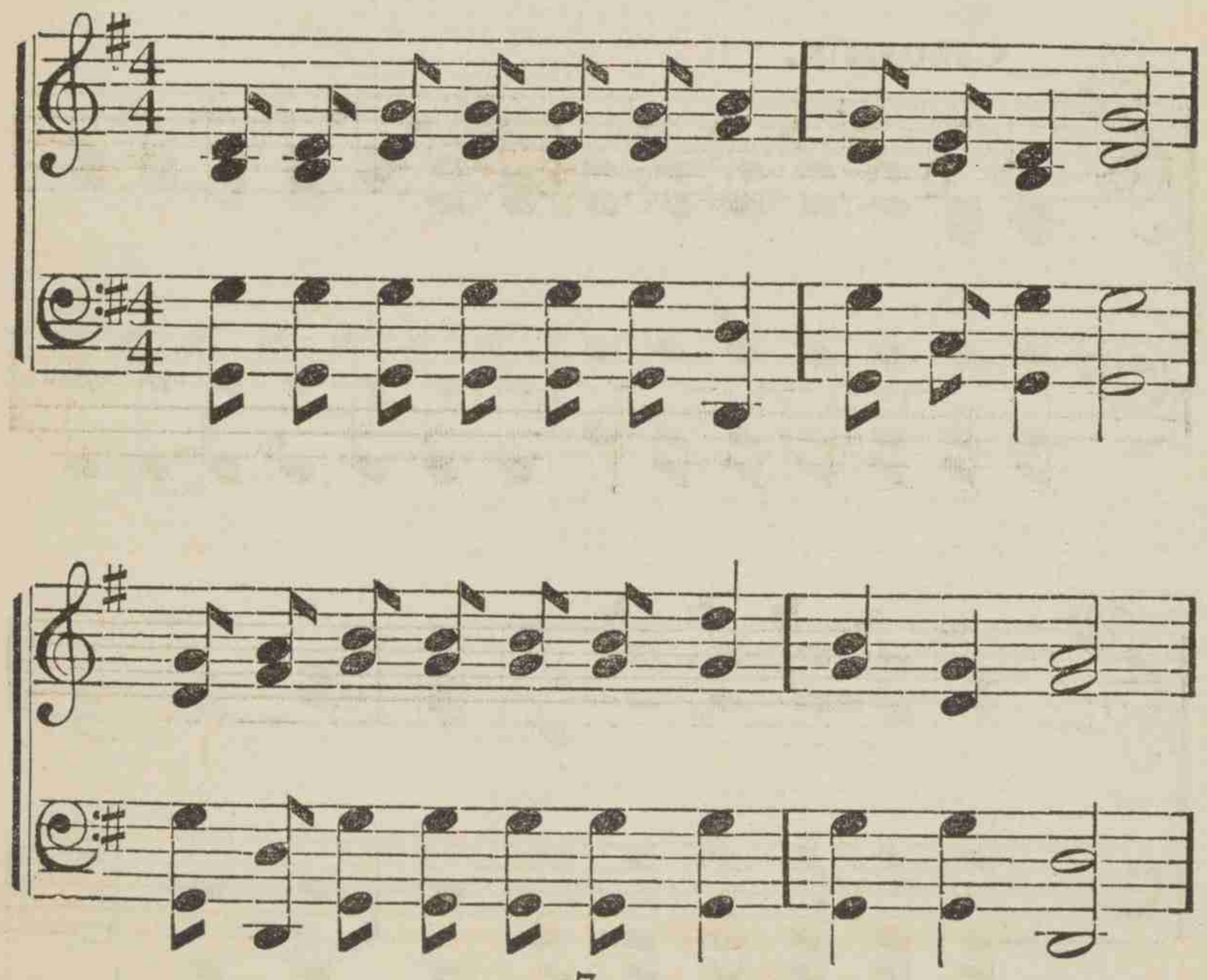
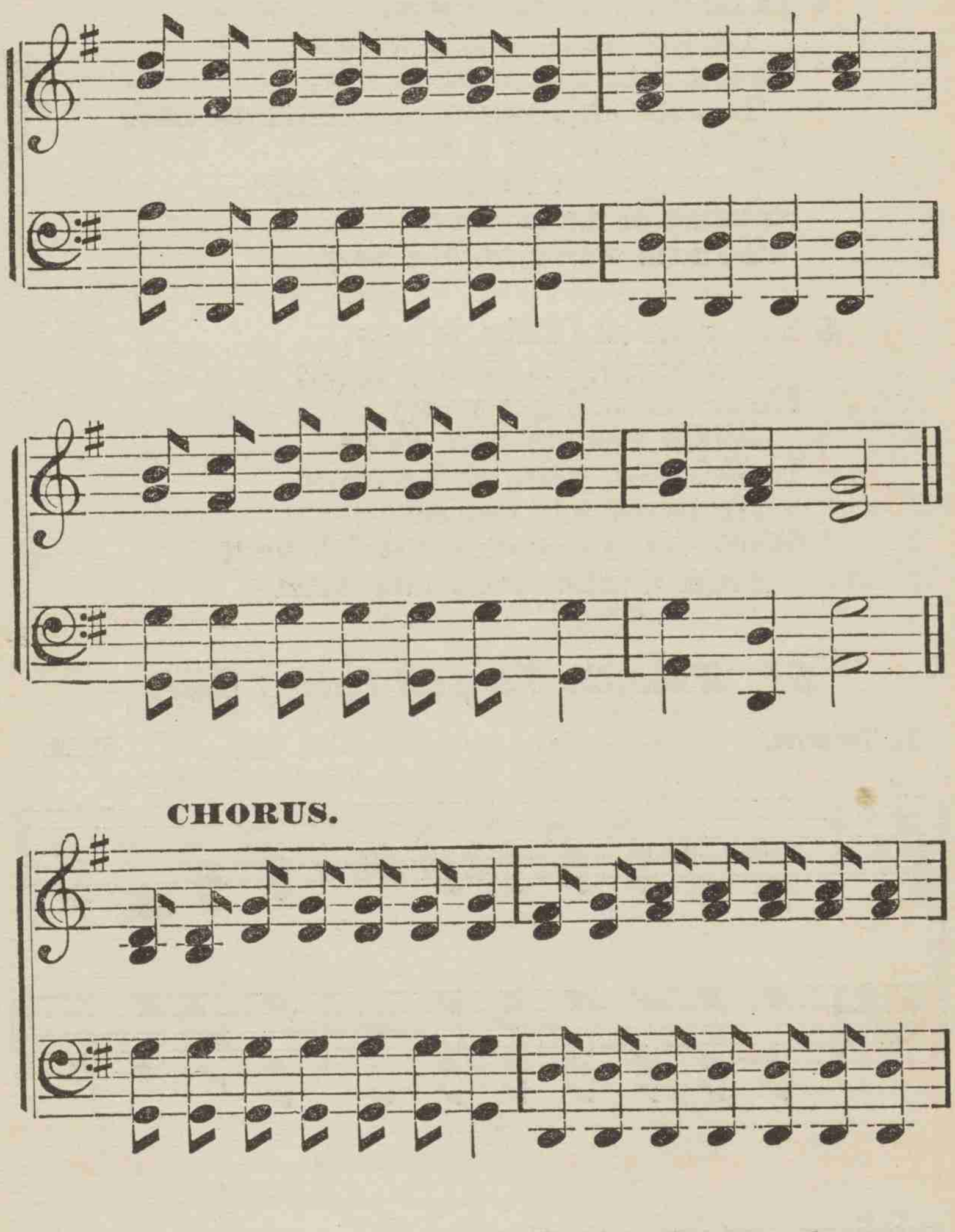
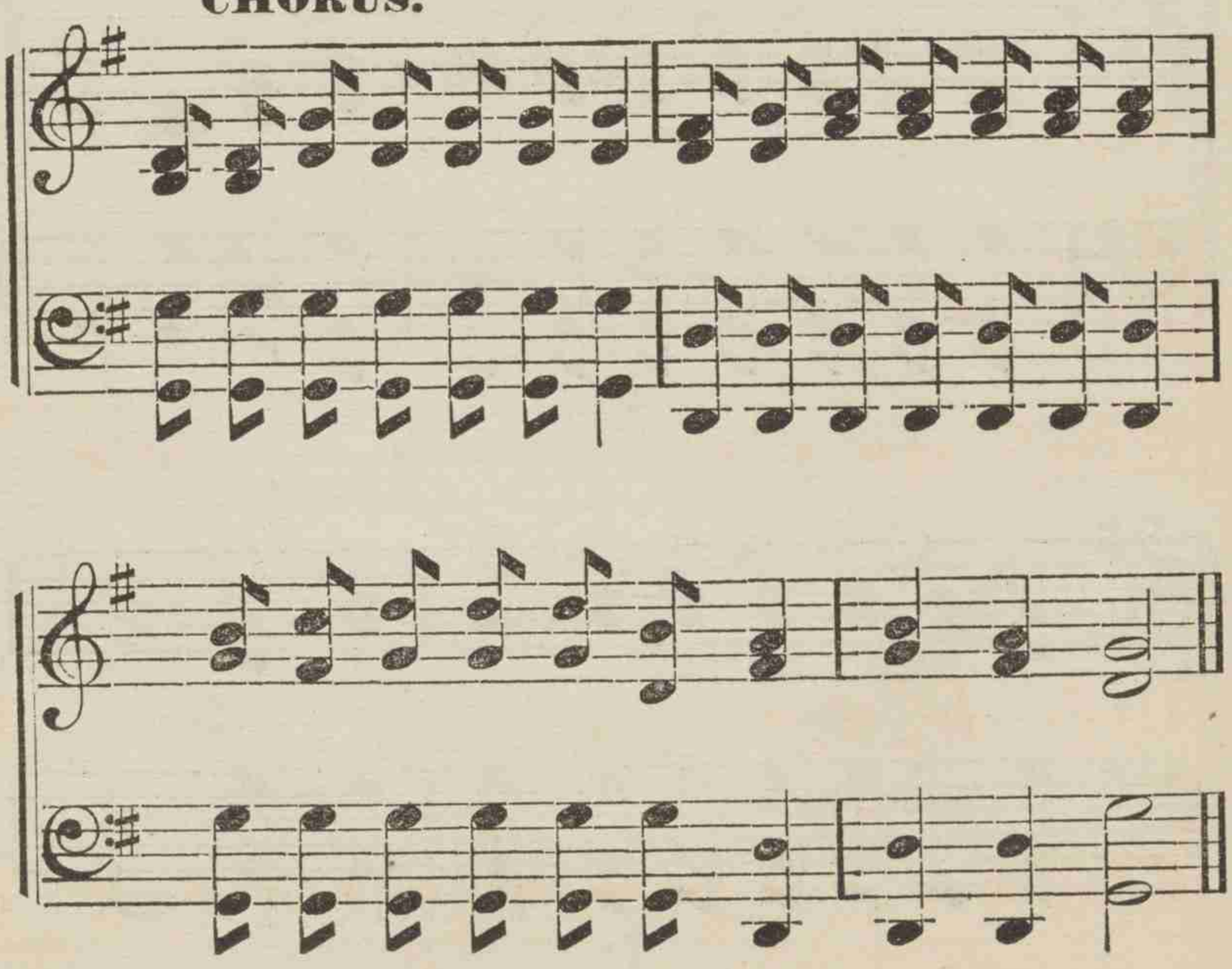
2 He rises in the morning,
With the lark he tunes his lay;
And he offers to his God
A tribute of prayer and praise;
And then to his labors
He cheerfully repairs,
With confidence believing
That God will hear his prayers.

3 What he engages in,
At home or abroad,
His object is to honor
And to glorify his God.
With joy he hails the morning,
That rolls the Sabbath round;
And in the courts of worship
He is ever to be found.

4 In poverty he is happy,
He knows he has a friend
That never will forsake him,
Though this world may have an end.
And then he has a history
Through life from day to day;
Religion is no mystery
To him while on the way.

5 The yoke of Christ is easy,
His burden is always light;
He never will get weary
While heaven is in sight.
In sickness, pain, and sorrow,
He never will repine
While he is drawing nourishment
From Christ, the living vine.

54. *When the Tempest Passes Over.*

D. TUCKER. P. M.

CHORUS.

1 We are sailing on the old ship of Zion,
We are sailing to the home of the blest,
Where the holy angels wait for our coming,
In the city where the saints sweetly rest.

Chorus.

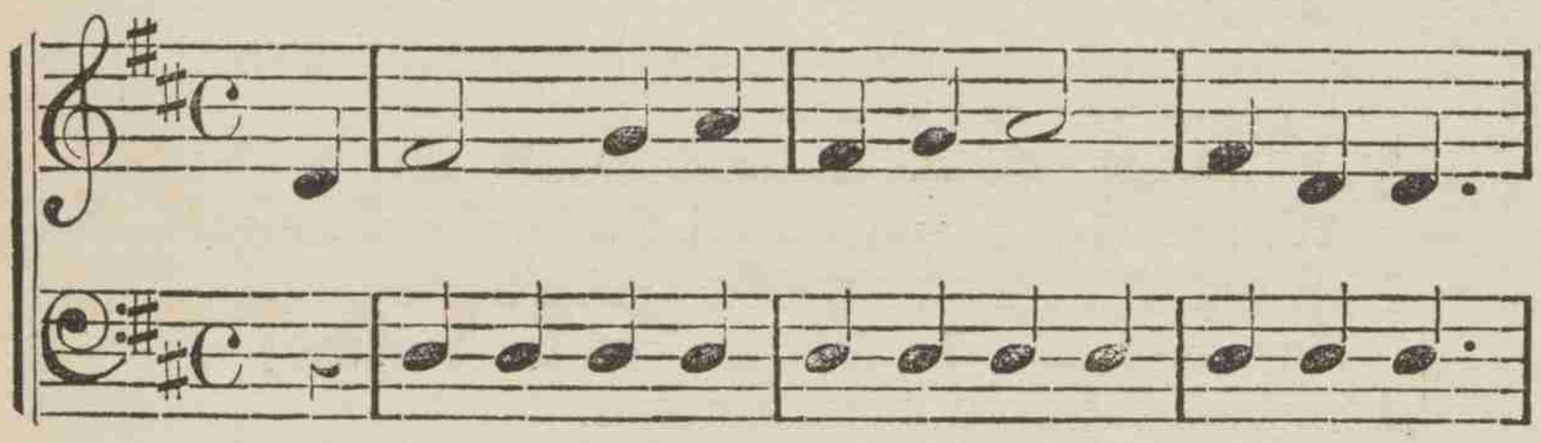
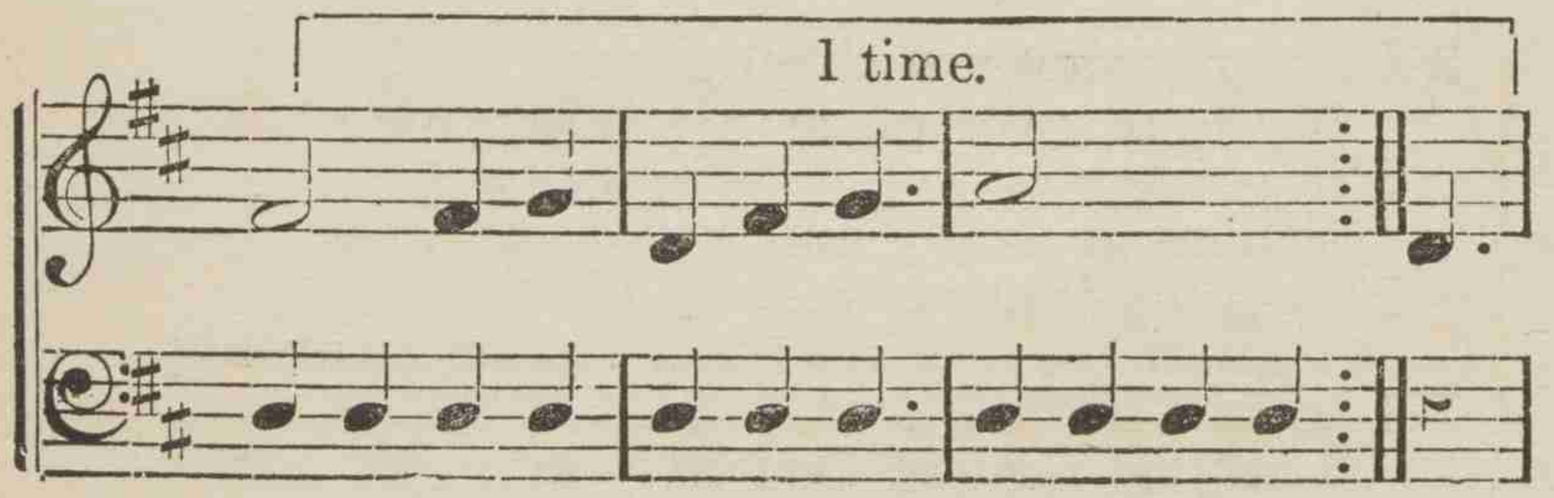
When the tempest passes over,
When the tempest passes over,
We will meet each other there, on the shore.

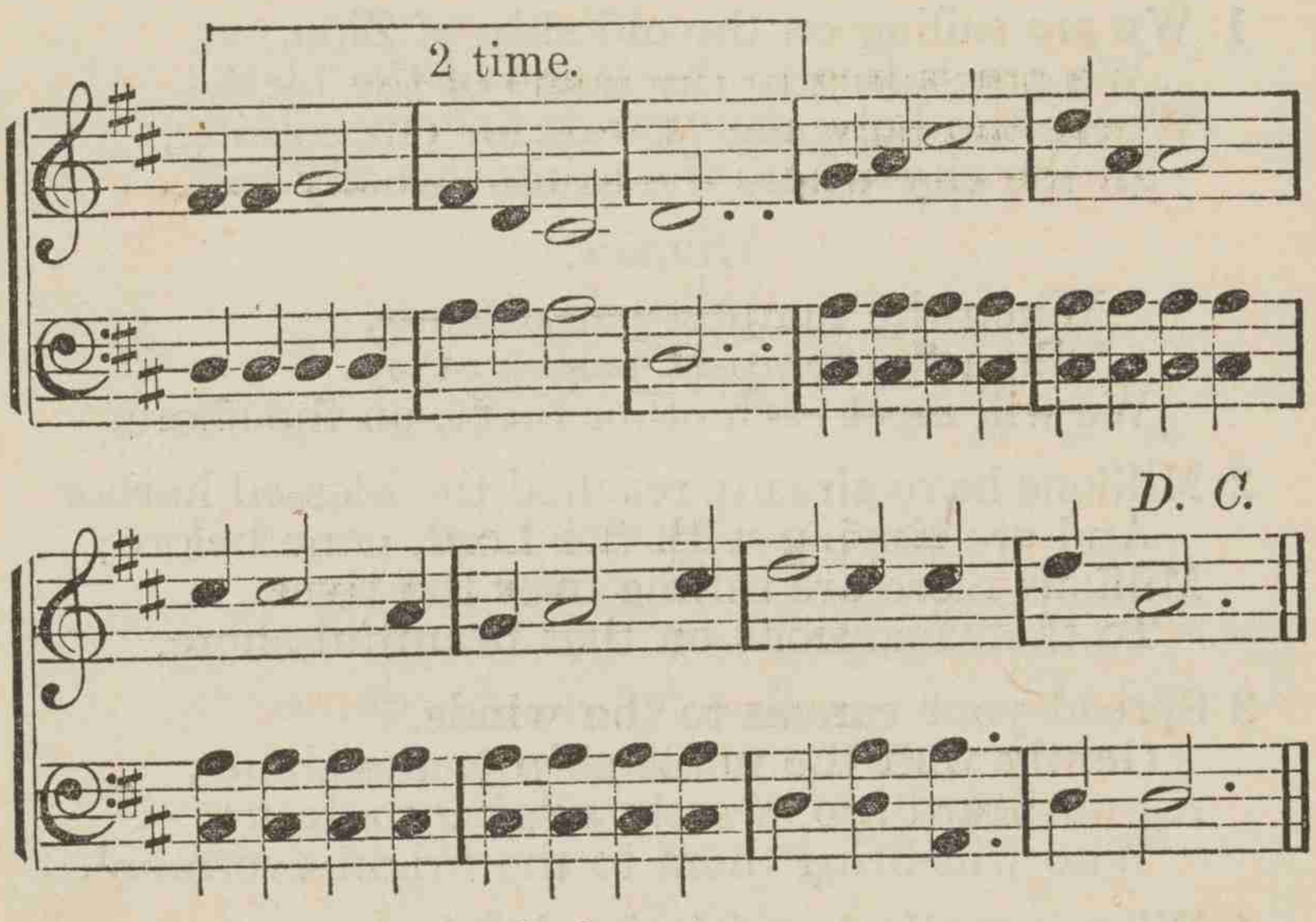
2 Millions have already reached the blessed harbor
And are singing with the Lord, gone before;
Millions more are sailing over the river,
To their mansions on that beautiful shore.

3 Spread your canvas to the winds,
Gently waft the noble ship to the shore;
All on board are sweetly singing to Jesus,
Who will bring them to the bright evermore.

4 When we all are safely landed in heaven,
We will gladly shout our dangers are o'er;
We will walk about the beautiful city,
And we 'll sing the happy song evermore.

55. *I' m Just a-Going Over Home.*

Parker Brown. Heb. 11 : 16. P. M.





1 I am a poor wayfaring stranger,
While journeying thro' this world of woe;
Yet there 's no sickness, toil, or danger,
In that bright world to which I go.
I 'm going there to see my father,
I 'm going there no more to roam;
I 'm just a-going over Jordan,
I 'm just a-going over home.

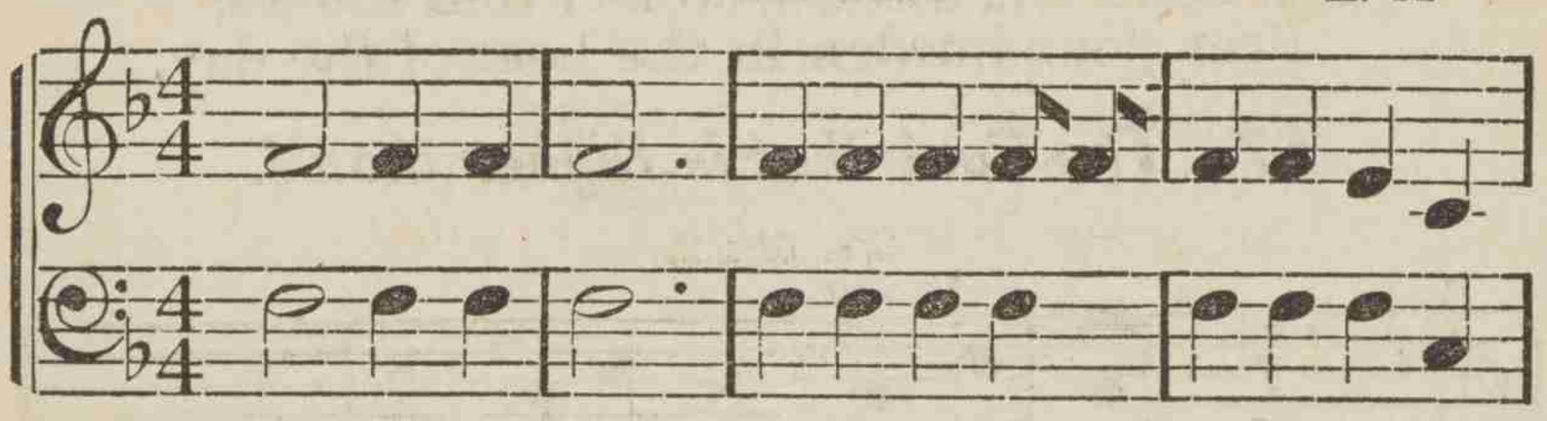
2 I know dark clouds will gather round me,
I know my way is rough and steep;
Yet brighter fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.
I 'm going there to see my mother—
She said she'd meet me when I come;
I 'm just a-going over Jordan,
I 'm just a-going over home.

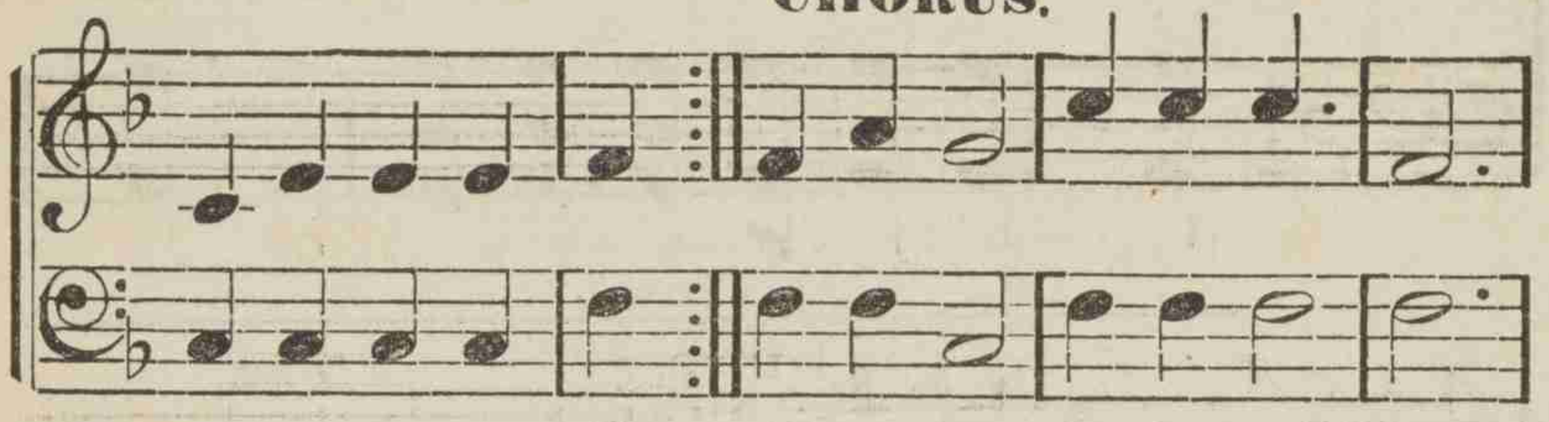
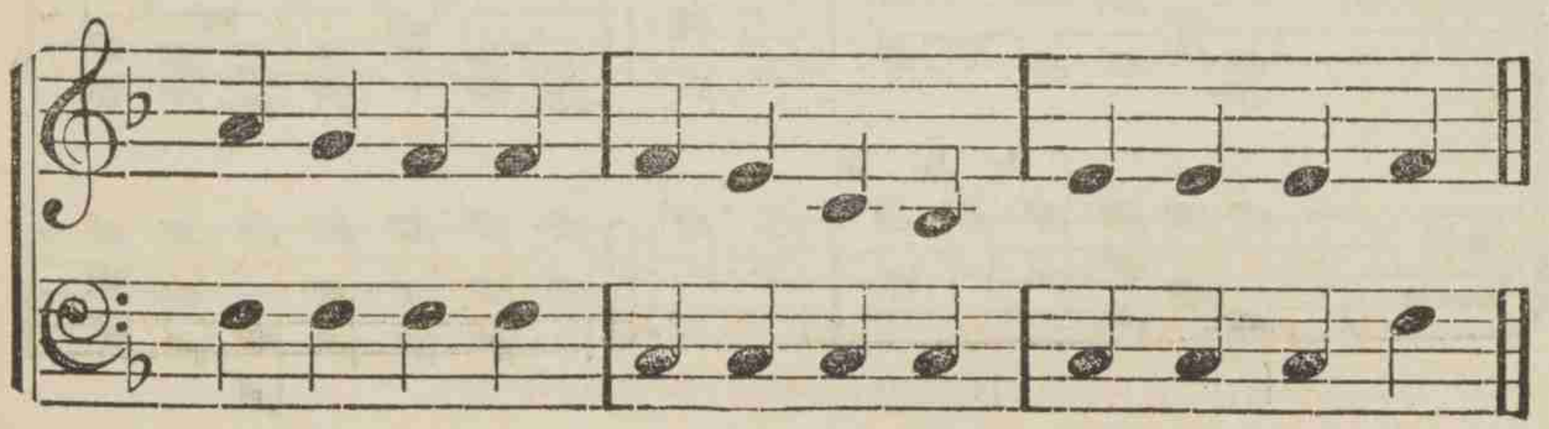
3 I feel my sins are all forgiven,
My hopes are placed on things above;
I 'm going o'er to yon bright heaven,
Where all is joy and peace and love.
I 'm going there to see my children—
I know they 're near my Father's throne;
I 'm just a-going over Jordan,
I 'm just a-going over home.

4 I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land;
I want to sing salvation's story,
In concert with the blood-washed band.
I'm going there to see my classmates,
Who 've gone before me one by one;
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

5 I'll soon be free from every trial,
My body will sleep in the old church-yard;
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter on my great reward.
I'm going there to see my Savior,
To sing his praise in heaven's dome;
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

56. *Go Bear Your Burden in the Heat of the Day.*

A. A. WHITMAN. Matt. 20: 12. L. M.

CHORUS.



1 Through heat and cold Christ had to go,
Bear your burden in the heat of the day;
To regulate the Church below,
Bear your burden in the heat of the day.

Chorus.

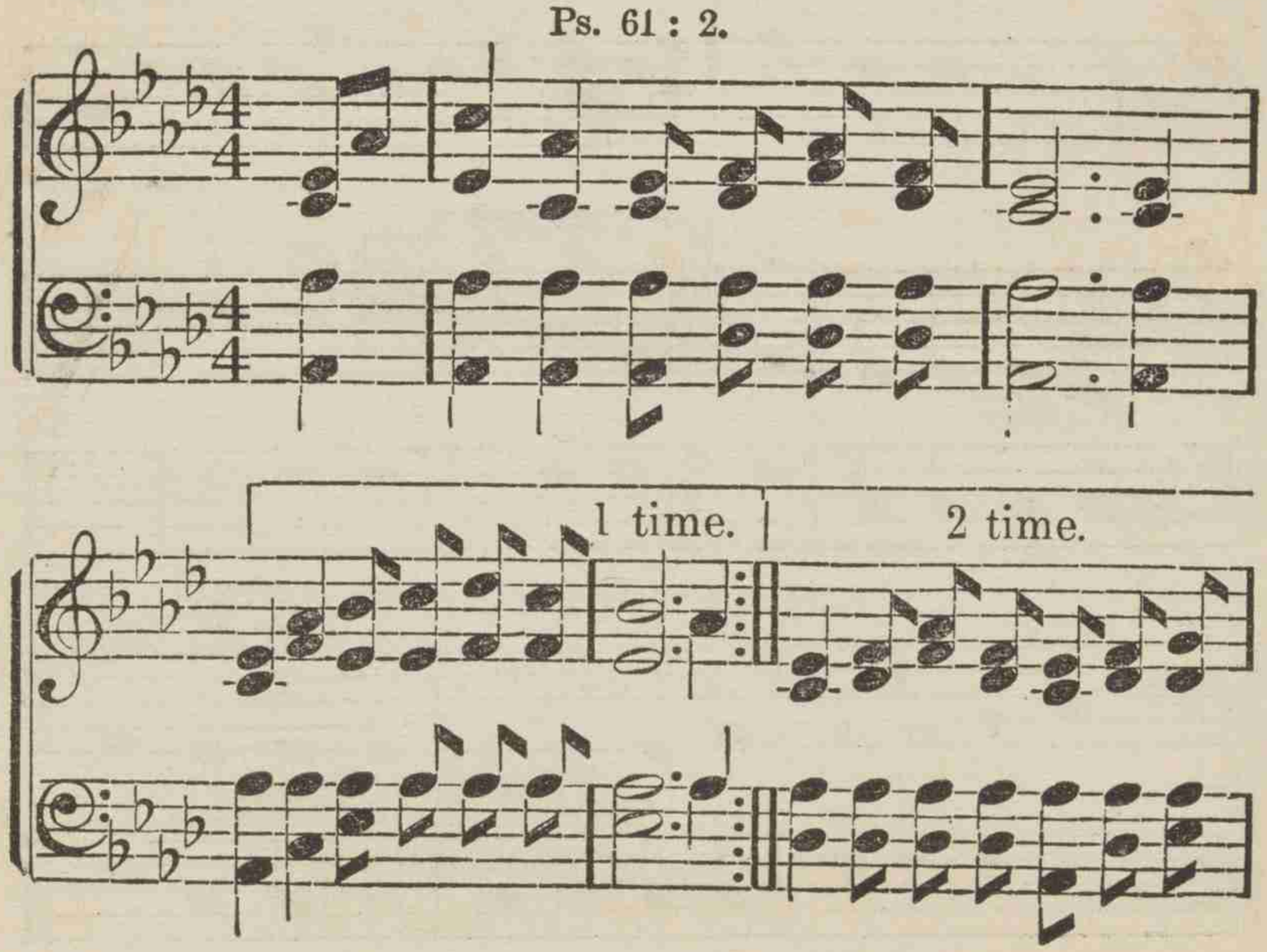
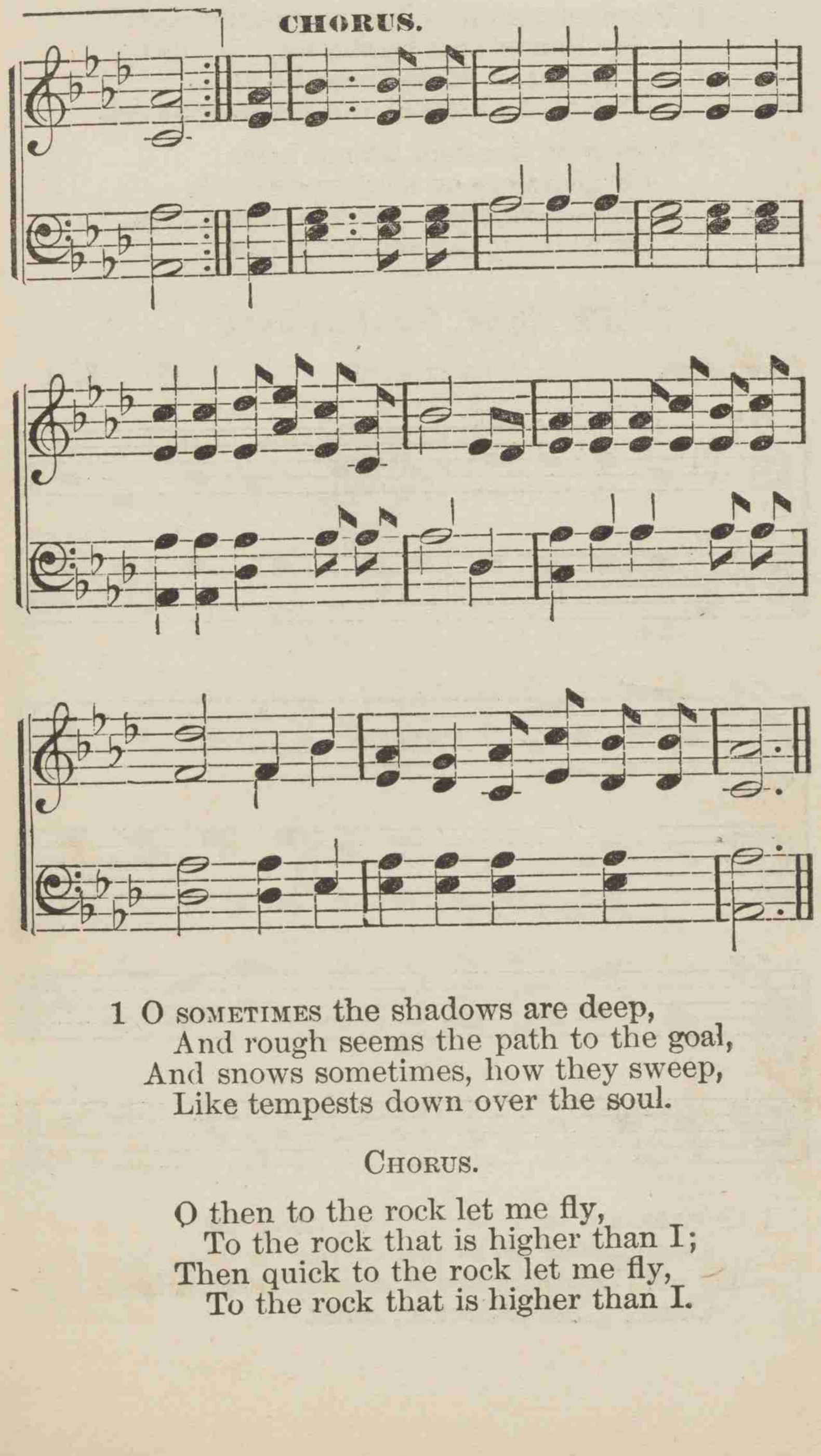
Bear it well, bear it well,
Bear your burden in the heat of the day.

2 My father fought the battle at last,
Bear your burden in the heat of the day;
And all his days on earth are past,
Bear your burden in the heat of the day.

3 And ere we walk the golden street,
Bear your burden in the heat of the day;
We 'll tell to all the saints we meet,
Bear your burden in the heat of the day.

4 Religion 's like a blooming rose,
Bear your burden in the heat of the day;
It 's none but those who feel that knows,
Bear your burden in the heat of the day.

57. *The Rock that is Higher than I.*

Ps. 61 : 2.



1 O SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And snows sometimes, how they sweep,
Like tempests down over the soul.

CHORUS.

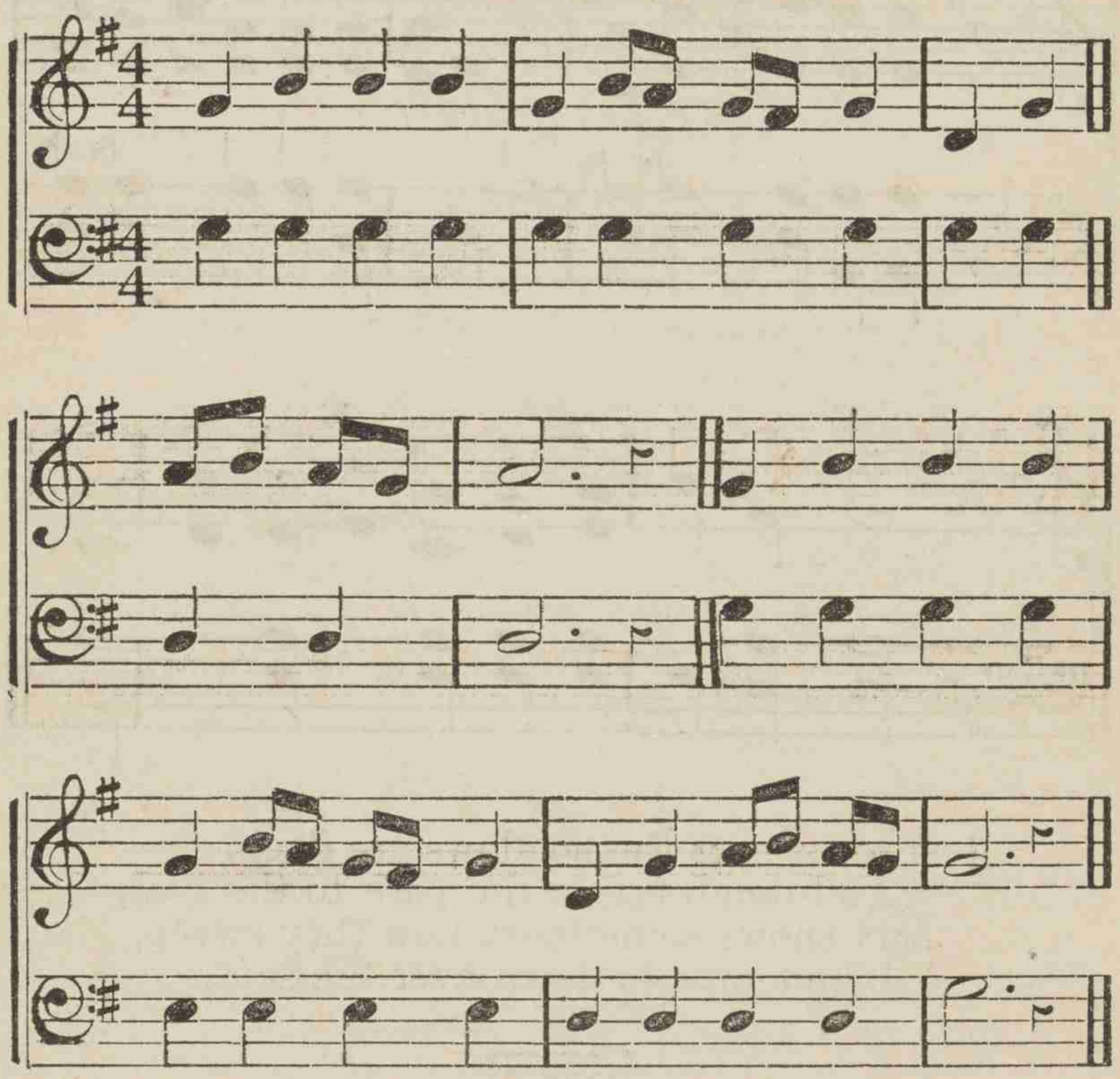
O then to the rock let me fly,
To the rock that is higher than I;
Then quick to the rock let me fly,
To the rock that is higher than I.

2 O sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's blessed way,
The rock's blessed shadow how sweet.

3 O near to the rock let me keep,
Or blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbling the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

58. Come, Great Deliverer.

SELECTED. Acts. 5: 19. L. M.



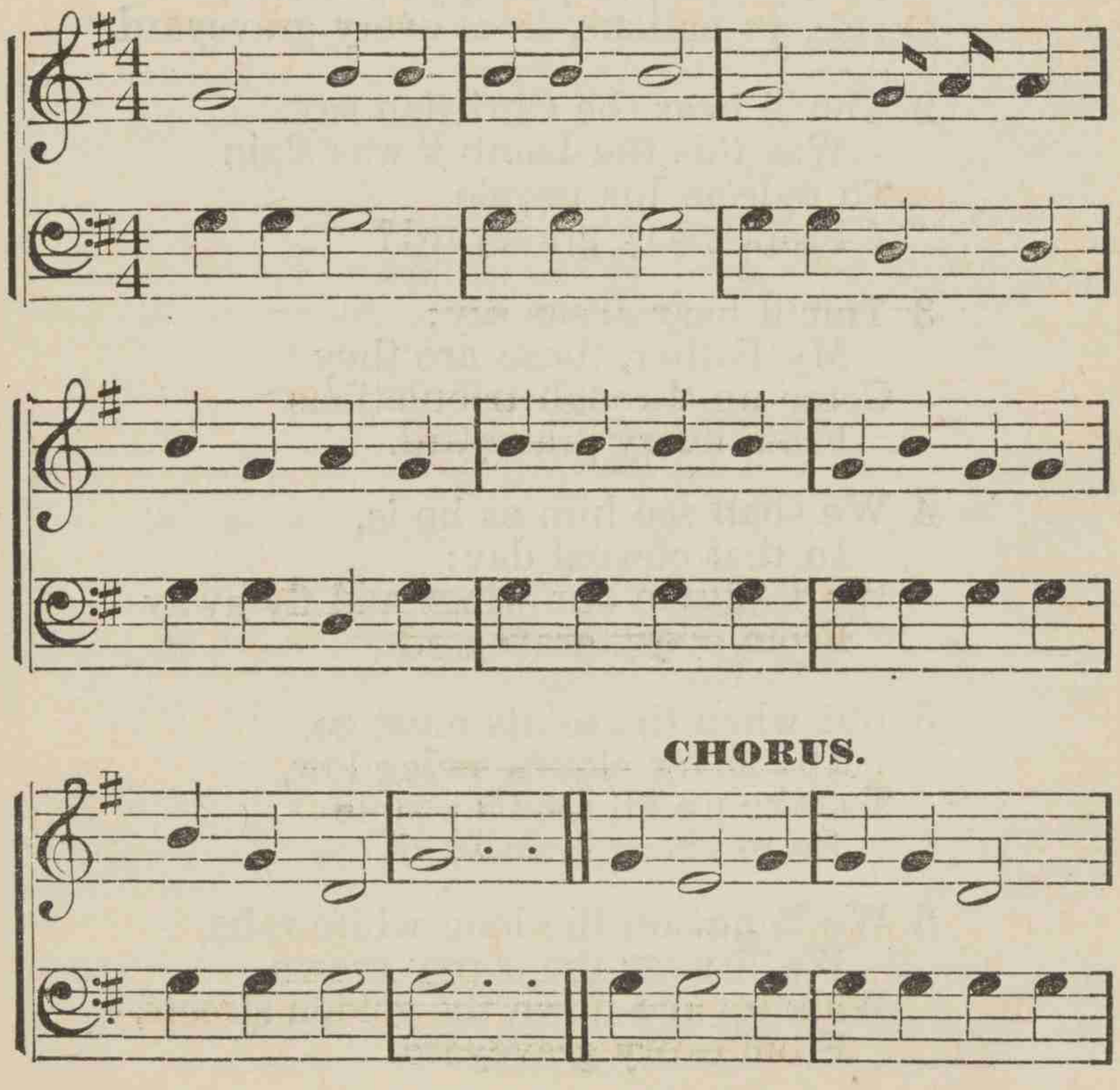
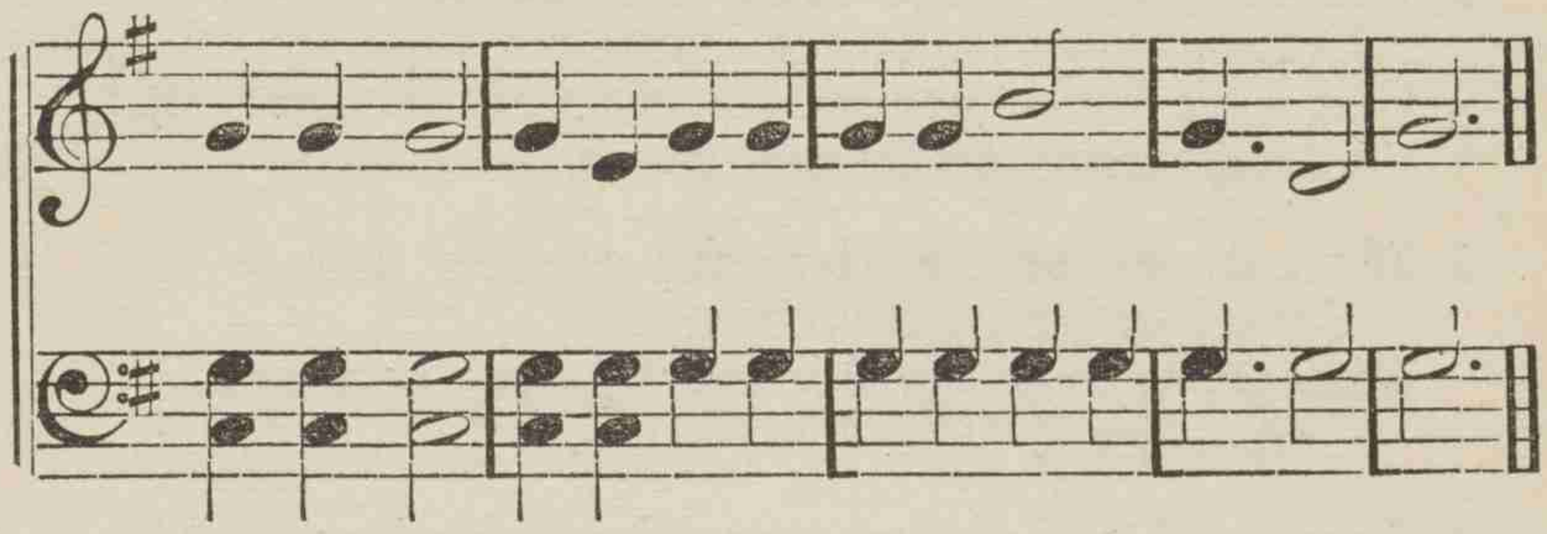
1 O HEAR my cry, be gracious unto me,
Come, great Deliv'rer, come;
My soul bowed down is longing now for thee,
Come, great Deliv'rer, come.

2 I have no place, no shelter from the night,
Come, great Deliv'rer, come;
One look from thee would give me life and light,
Come, great Deliv'rer, come.

3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, great Deliv'rer, come;
Mine eyes look up thy loving eyes to meet,
Come, great Deliv'rer, come.

4 Thou will not spurn contrition's broken sigh,
Come, great Deliv'rer, come;
Regard my prayer and hear my humble cry,
Come, great Deliv'rer, come.

59. From Every Graveyard.

ABE BOOKER. John 5: 28, 29. P. M.

CHORUS.

1 In that great judgment-day,
You 'll hear king Jesus say:
I 'm going to redeem my people
From every graveyard.

Chorus.

O rise, ye nations; rise, ye nations;
O rise, ye nations, from every graveyard.

2 You 'll hear the Christian say,
Was this the Lamb t' was slain
To redeem his people
From every graveyard?

3 You 'll hear Jesus say:
My Father, these are they
Come up through tribulations
From every graveyard.

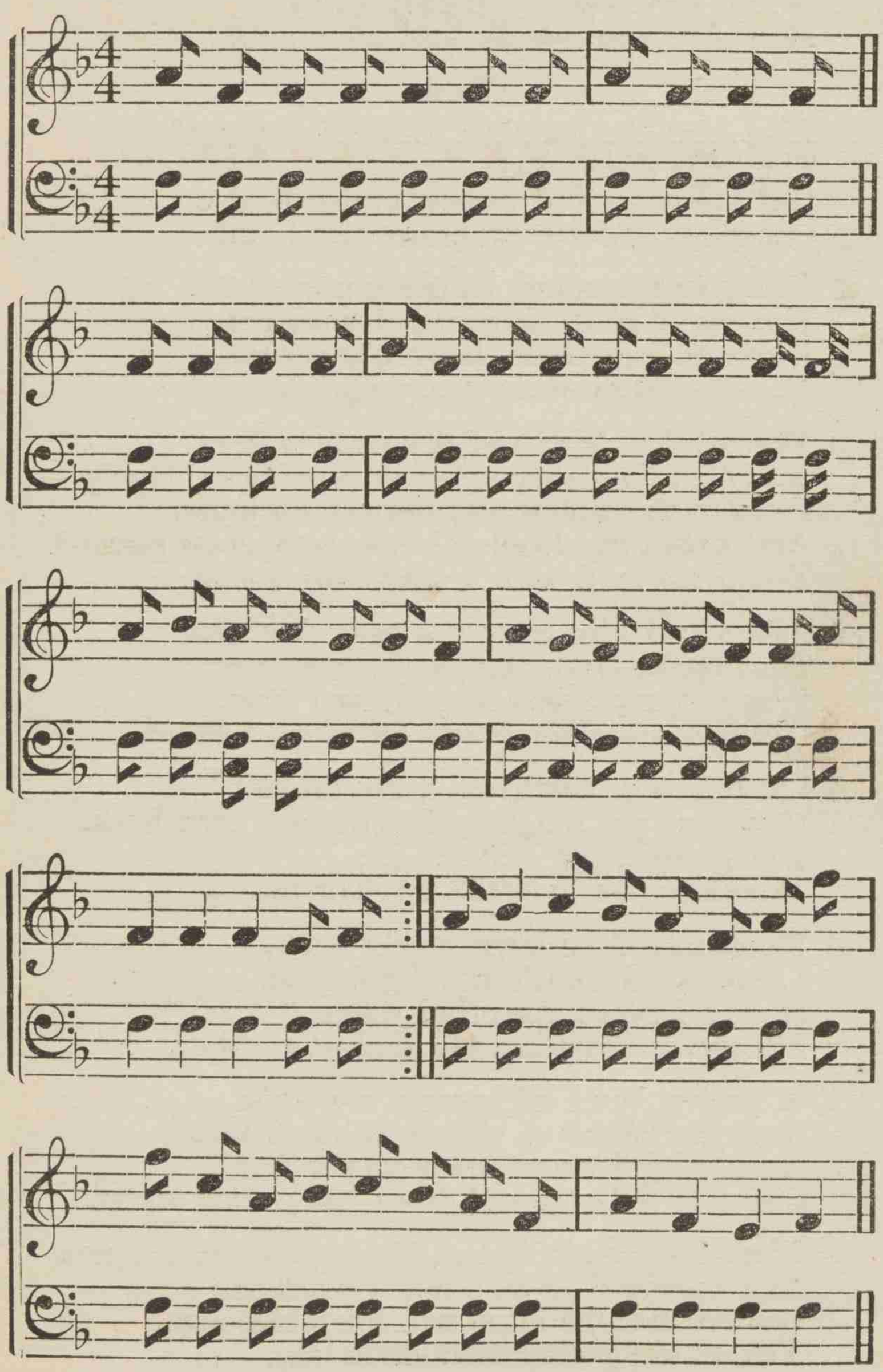
4 We shall see him as he is,
In that eternal day;
We 'll plume our wings and fly away
From every graveyard.

5 But when the saints must go,
The silver clouds swing low,
To take up all God's people
From every graveyard.

6 We 'll put on the long white robe,
We 'll wear the starry crown,
Walk up and down the golden streets,
From every graveyard.

60. Heaven Bells.

L. Facing. 1 Peter. 5: 6. P. M.



1 Run on, my brother, I know you are before me;
You can 't get any higher in glory.
When I get there I 'll stop and tell
How Jesus saved my soul from hell.

Chorus.

Live humble, humble, humble, my soul,
The bells done rung;
Get the glory and honor, praise Jesus;
Get glory and honor, praise the Lamb.

2 I 'm going to stand on the sea of glass,
The sea of glass all mingled with fire;
I long to join God's heavenly choir,
In order to raise my voice up higher.

3 The wind is high and the path is dry,
And God Almighty's chariot is going swiftly fly.—
I ran to the valley and fell on my knees,
And asked my Lord if he pleased, if he pleased,
To fill my soul with a heavenly breeze.

4 Adam and Eve were the very first one
That broke God's law and sin begun;
Was not my Jesus so good and kind?
He took away some and left some behind.

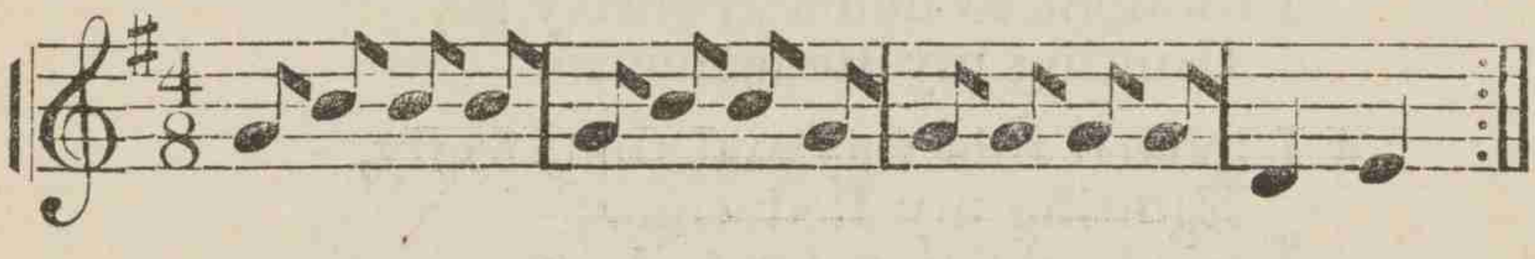
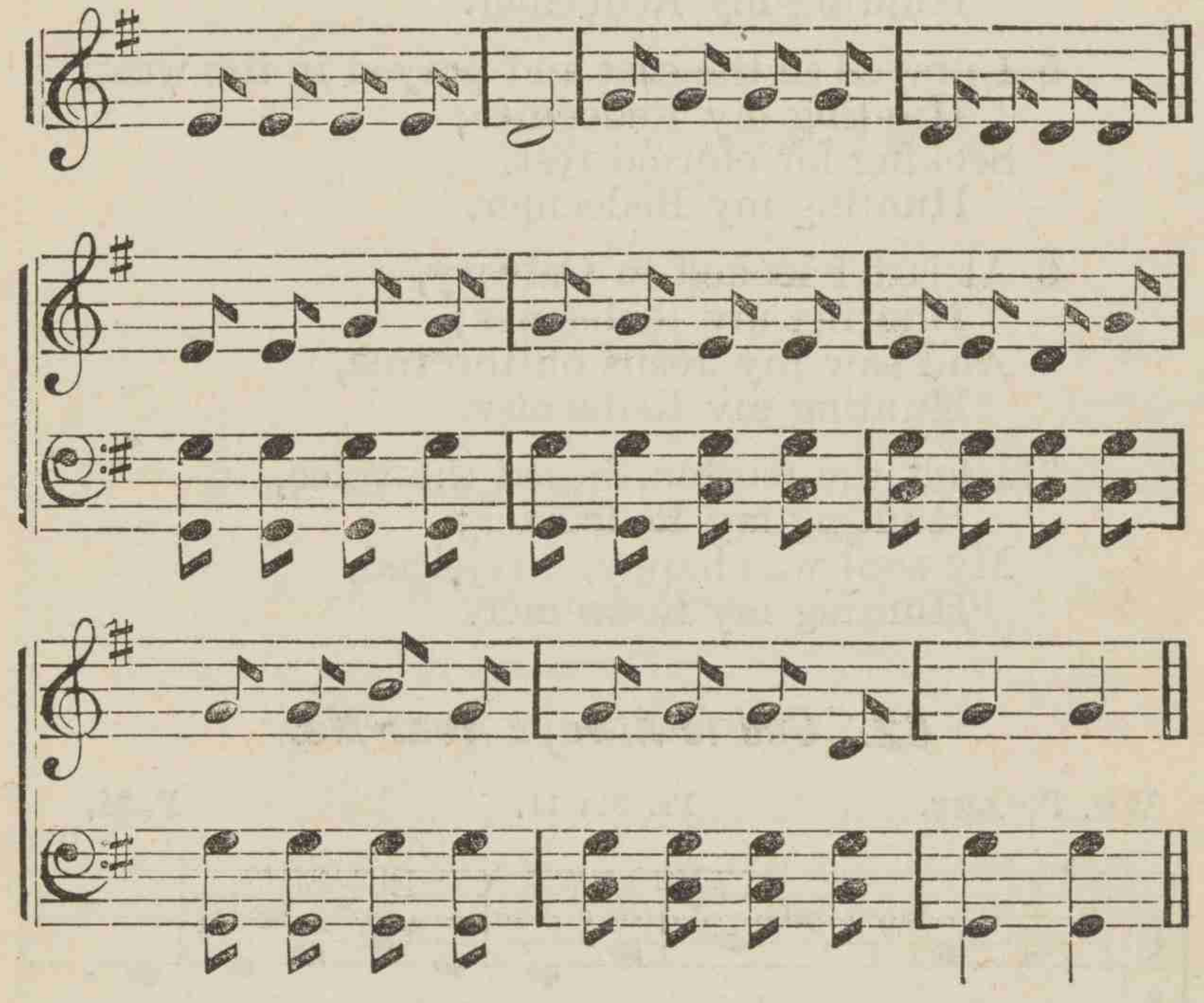
5 I 'll tell you, brethren, a mortal fact,
If you 've got religion, do n't never turn back.
I want to know before I go,
Whether you love the Lord or no.

6 Ever since I 've been newly born,
I love to see God's work going on.
If ever I reach the other shore,
I 'll never come here to sing any more;

7 A golden band all around my waist,
And the palms of victory in my hand,
And the golden slippers on my feet,
Going to walk up and down the golden street.

8 I 'm anchored in Christ, Christ anchored in me,
And the devil in hell can 't pluck me out;
But he shall be loose and have his way,
Yes, at the great resurrection day.

61. Hunting My Redeemer.

M. MACOOMER. Matt. 2: 2. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 COME all the world and you shall know,
Hunting my Redeemer;
How I was saved from endless woe,
Hunting my Redeemer.

CHORUS.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, the trouble I see,
the trouble I see,—
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Hunting my Redeemer.

2 I strove indeed, but could not tell,
Hunting my Redeemer;
How to shun the gates of hell,
Hunting my Redeemer.

3 What to do I did not know,
Hunting my Redeemer;
I thought to hell I 'd surely go,
Hunting my Redeemer.

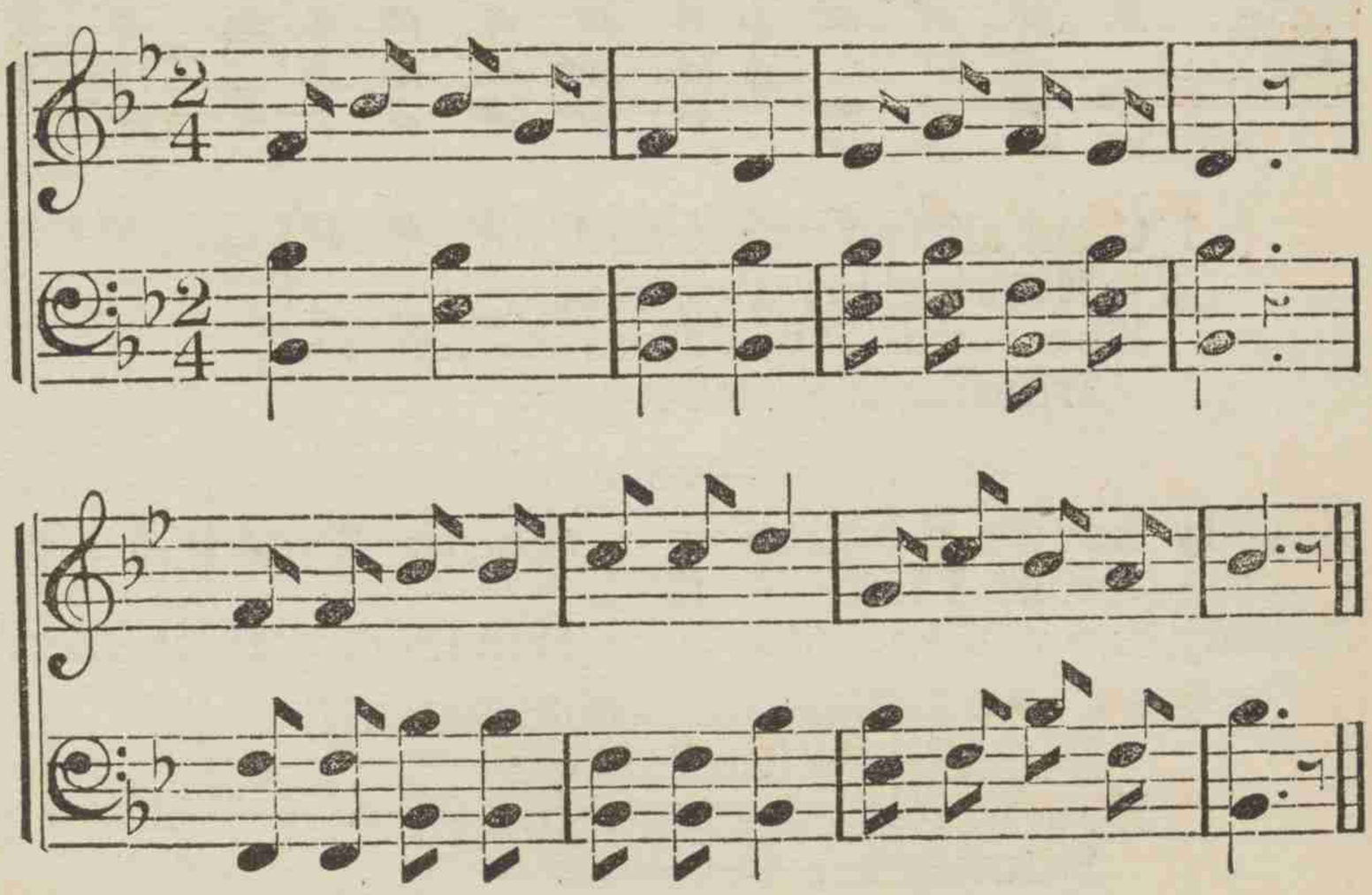
4 I looked this way and that, to fly,
Hunting my Redeemer;
I tried salvation for to buy,
Hunting my Redeemer.

5 I prayed in the east and prayed in the west,
Hunting my Redeemer;
Seeking for eternal rest,
Hunting my Redeemer.

6 At last I looked to Calvary,
Hunting my Redeemer;
And saw my Jesus on the tree,
Hunting my Redeemer.

7 I felt the pardon, heard the voice,
Hunting my Redeemer;
My soul was happy, I rejoiced,
Hunting my Redeemer.

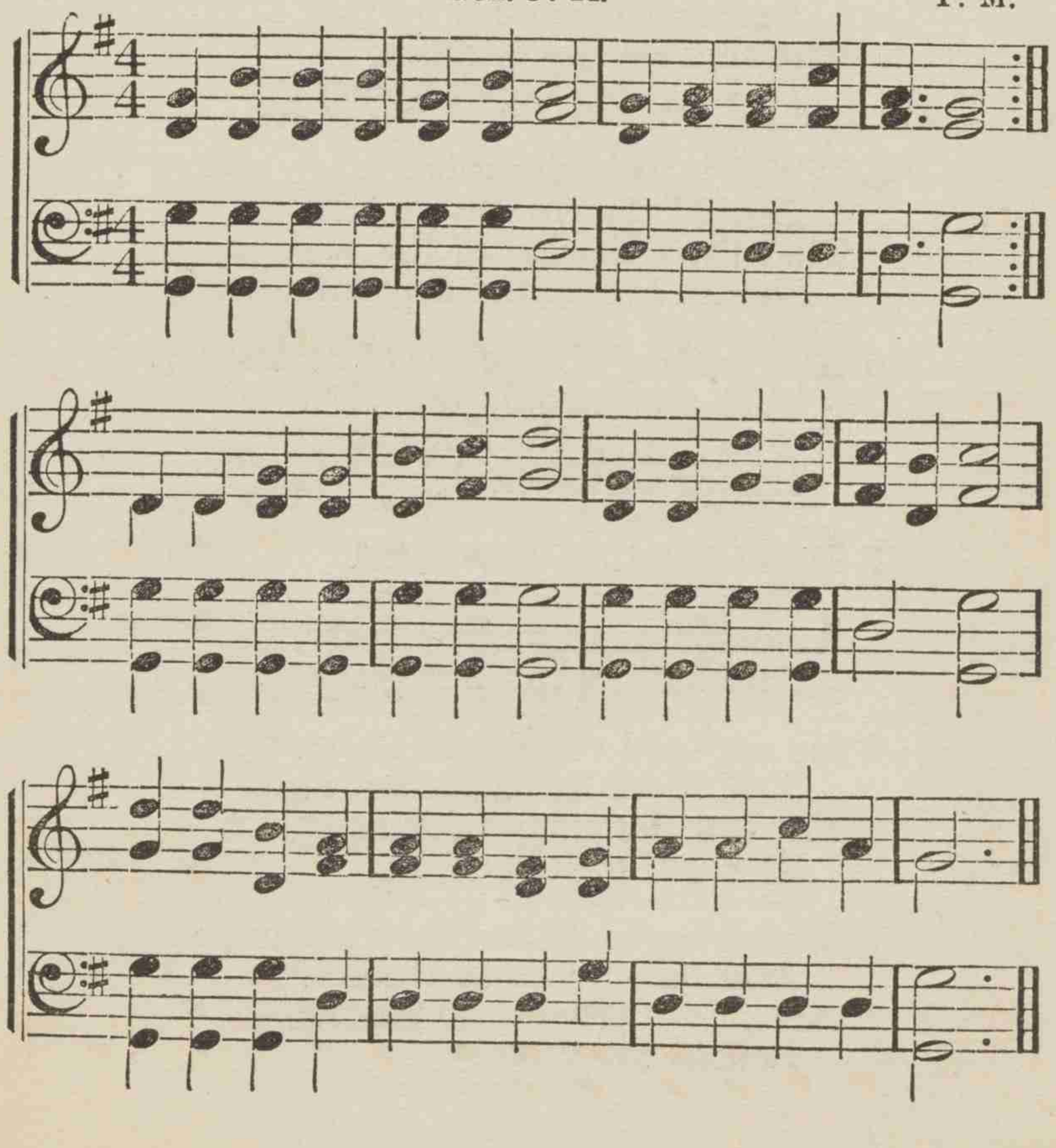
62. God is Always Near Me.

WM. POLLEY. Ps. 91: 11. P. M.

1 God is always near me,
Hearing what I say;
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.

2 God is always near me;
In the darkest night
He can see me just the same
As by mid-day light.

3 God is always near me,
Tho' so young and small,
Not a word, a look, or thought,
But God knows it all.

63. Exile from Eden.

A. J. Warner. Gen. 3: 24. P. M.

1 Man at his first creation,
In Eden God did place,
The public head and father
Of all the human race.

2 'T was by the subtle serpent
He was beguiled and fell,
And by his disobedience
Was doomed to death and hell.

3 Death was pronounced against him,
Death was the penalty;
The law of God was broken,
And must fulfilled be.

4 But man, the helpless creature,
Unable to perform
The smallest jot or tittle,
To build his hopes upon;

5 While in this situation,
Behold the promise made,
That the offspring of the woman
Should bruise the serpent's head,

6 And destroy the power of darkness;
That man should only feel
The malice of the serpent
Raging at his heel.

7 Lo, at the time appointed,
Jesus unveiled his face,
Assumed our human nature,
And suffered in our place.

8 He suffered on Mount Calvary;
Yes, there he ransomed me;
The law demands fulfillment,
To set the sinner free.

9 With rugged thorns they pierced him,
And nailed him to the tree;
All nature seemed to mourn,
Behold the cruelty.

10 But justice cried against him:
Come, pay the sinner's due,
His debt you 've undertaken,
You therefore must go through.

11 They placed him in a sepulcher,
It being near at hand;
The grave it could not hold him,
Nor death's cold iron band.

12 He burst their bars asunder
And pulled their kingdom down,
He overcome our enemies
And wears a starry crown.

13 Lo! at his resurrection,
To Mary he appeared;
Go, tell to my disciples
What you have seen and heard.

14 Go tell them I have risen
And death can do no more;
I'm going to my Father
To dwell for evermore.

15 He came to his disciples
And found them all alone;
He gave them his commission
To make his gospel known.

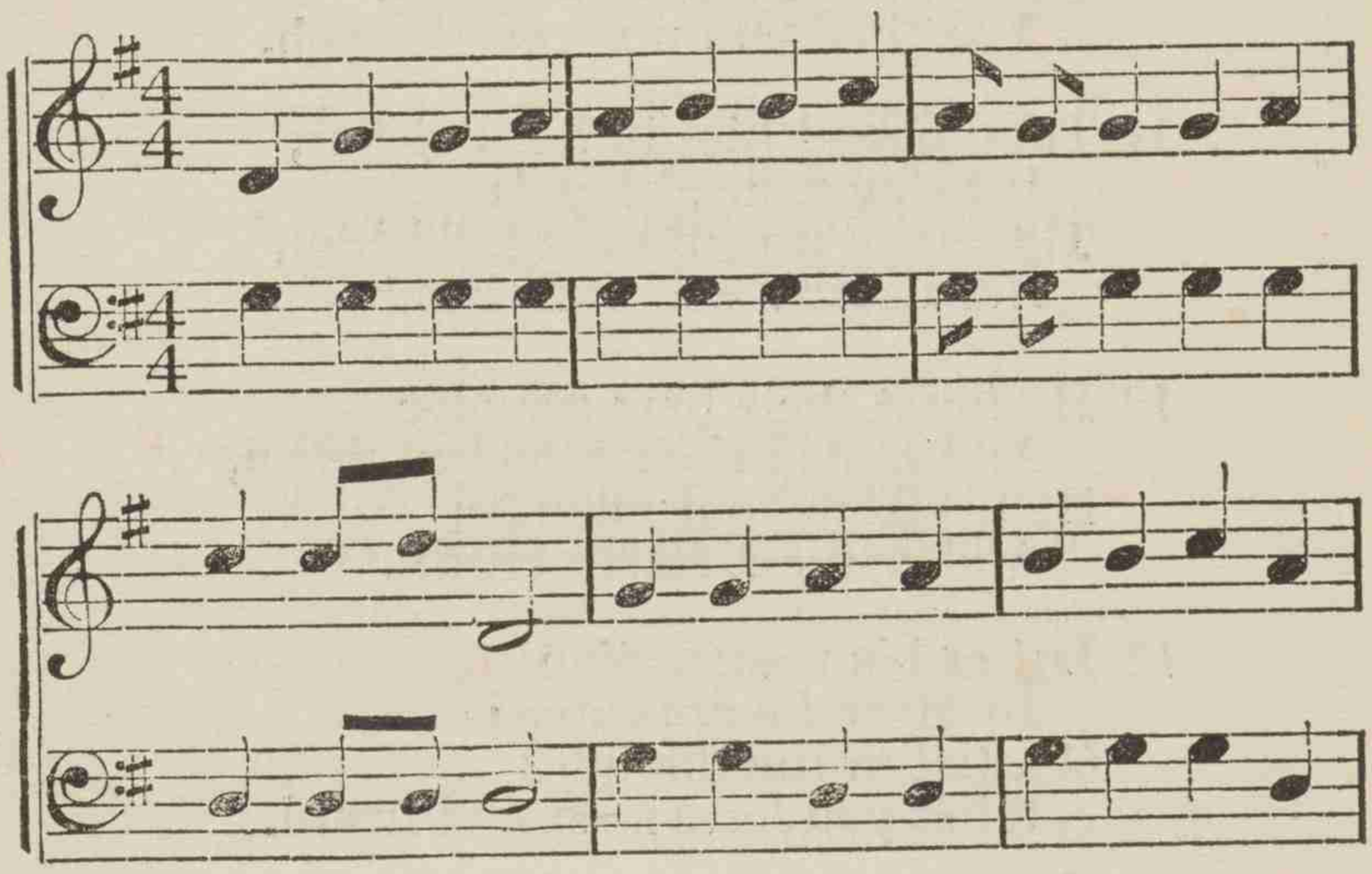
16 Go, preach it to all nations,
Baptize them in my name,
Beginning at Jerusalem,
'T was there I suffered shame.

17 Go, preach it to all creatures,
That they may hear and know;
Go, publish free salvation,
That men to heaven may go.

18 In every sore temptation
You succor I will send;
And lo! I will be with you
Until the world shall end.

64. Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

J. BATTEES. 1 John 1: 7. L. M.



1 COME ye that love the Lord indeed,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Redeemed, redeemed,
I know I am born of God;
Redeemed, redeemed,
I 'm washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 Great tribulations you shall meet,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
But soon shall walk the golden street,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 The happy day will soon appear,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

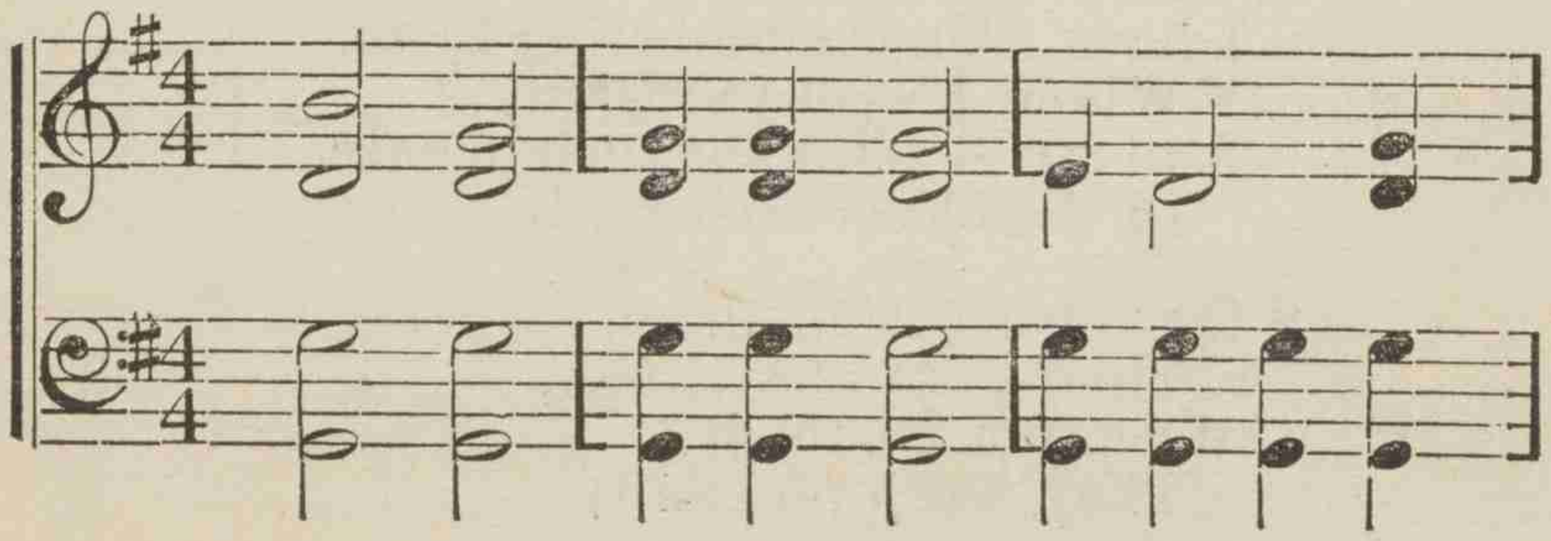
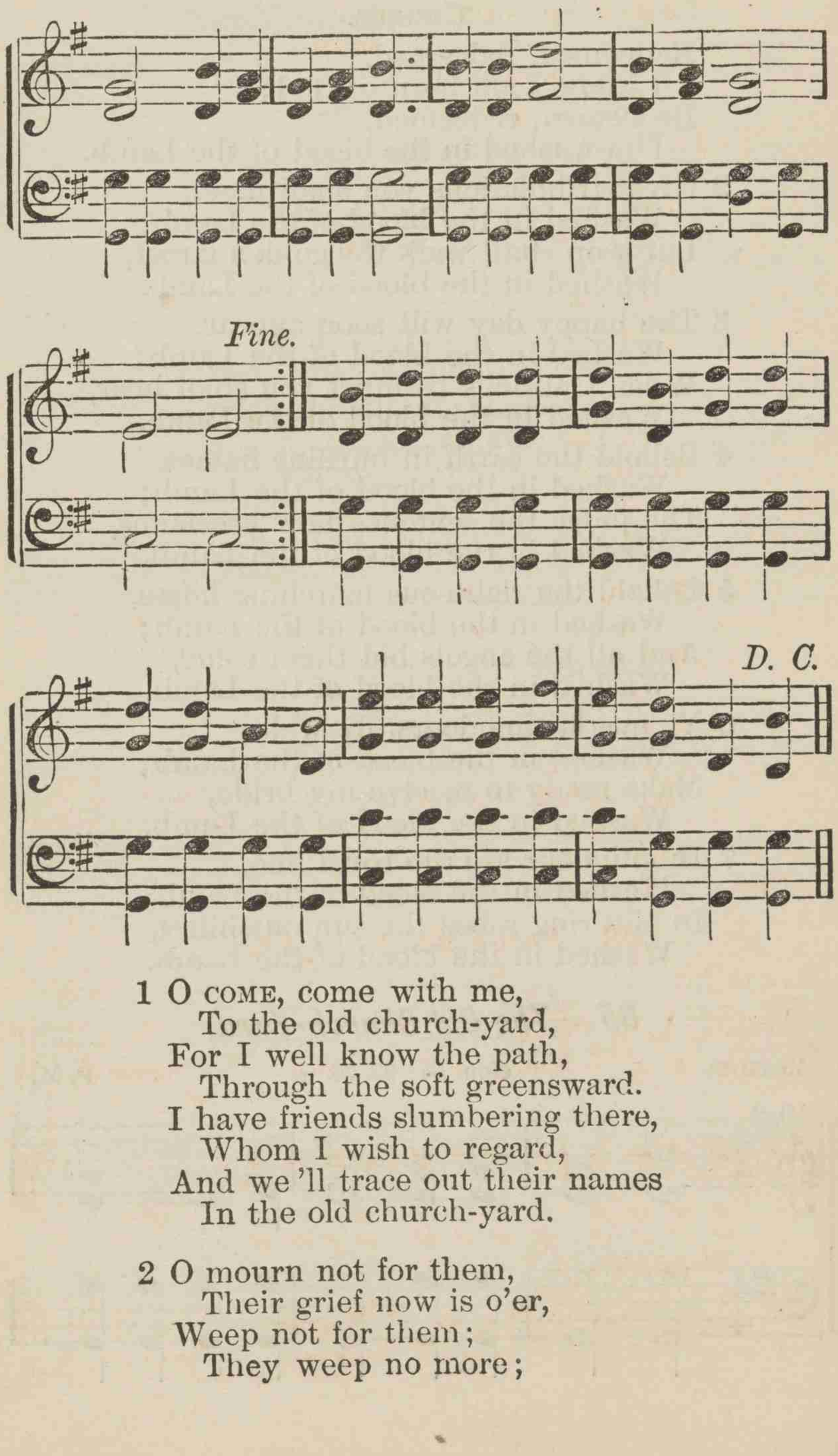
4 Behold the earth in burning flames,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
The judge the sentence now proclaims,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
And all the angels bid them come,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
Make ready to receive my bride,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

7 In grandeur see the royal line,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshines,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

65. *The Old Church-Yard.*

MOTHER. Gen. 50: 25, 26. P. M.

1 O COME, come with me,
To the old church-yard,
For I well know the path,
Through the soft greensward.
I have friends slumbering there,
Whom I wish to regard,
And we 'll trace out their names
In the old church-yard.

2 O mourn not for them,
Their grief now is o'er,
Weep not for them;
They weep no more;

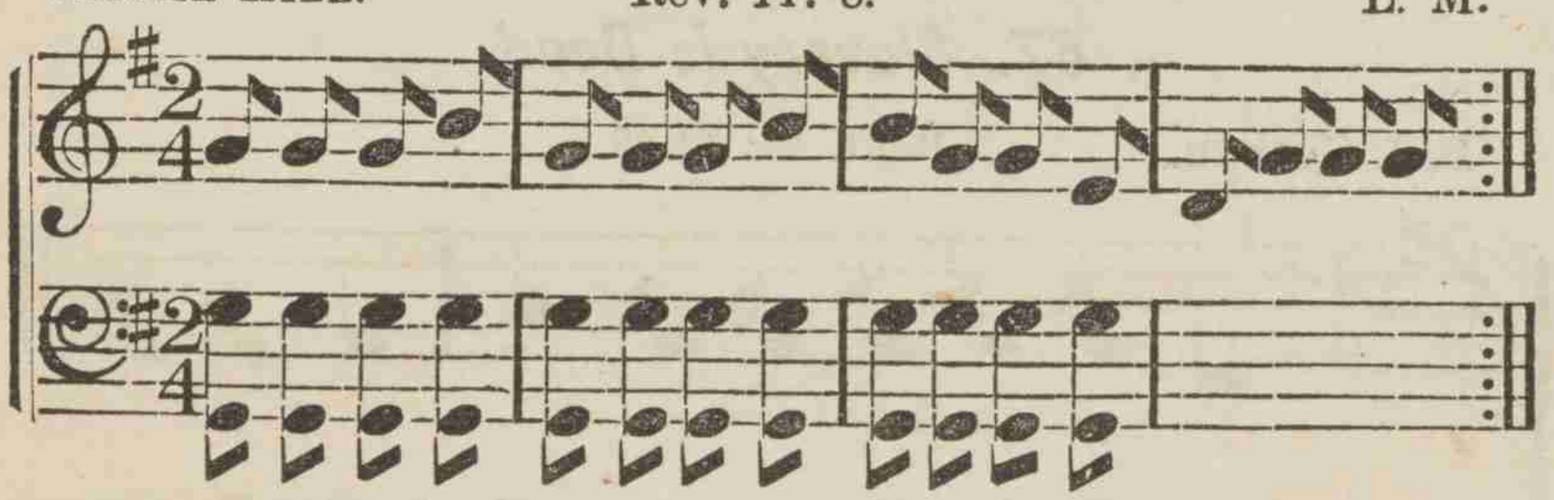
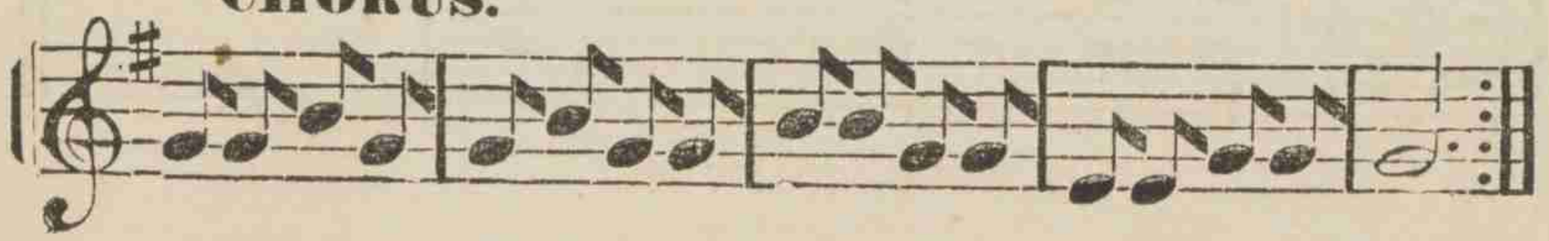
For deep is the sleep,
Though cold and hard
Their pillows may be
In the lone grave-yard.

3 I know it seems hard
When friends depart
To breathe our kind words
To the broken heart.
I know that the joy
Of life seems marred,
When we follow our friends
To the old church-yard.

4 I have friends slumbering there
In the calmest repose,
Released from this world's
Sad bereavements and woes.
And who would not rest
With the friends they regard
In the quietude sweet,
In the old church-yard?

5 We 'll rest in the hope
Of that bright day,
When beauty shall spring
From the prison of clay;
When Gabriel's voice
And the trump of the Lord
Shall awaken the dead
In the old church-yard.

66. *Proud Babylon's Fall.*

HATTIE HILL. Rev. 14: 8. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 Proud Babylon yet waits her doom,
Good-bye, City of Babylon!
Nor can her tott'ring palace fall,
Good-bye, City of Babylon!
Till some blest messenger arise,
Good-bye, City of Babylon!
The precious heathen world to call,
Good-bye, City of Babylon!

Chorus.

Babylon, Babylon, Babylon, good-bye,
Good-bye, City of Babylon!

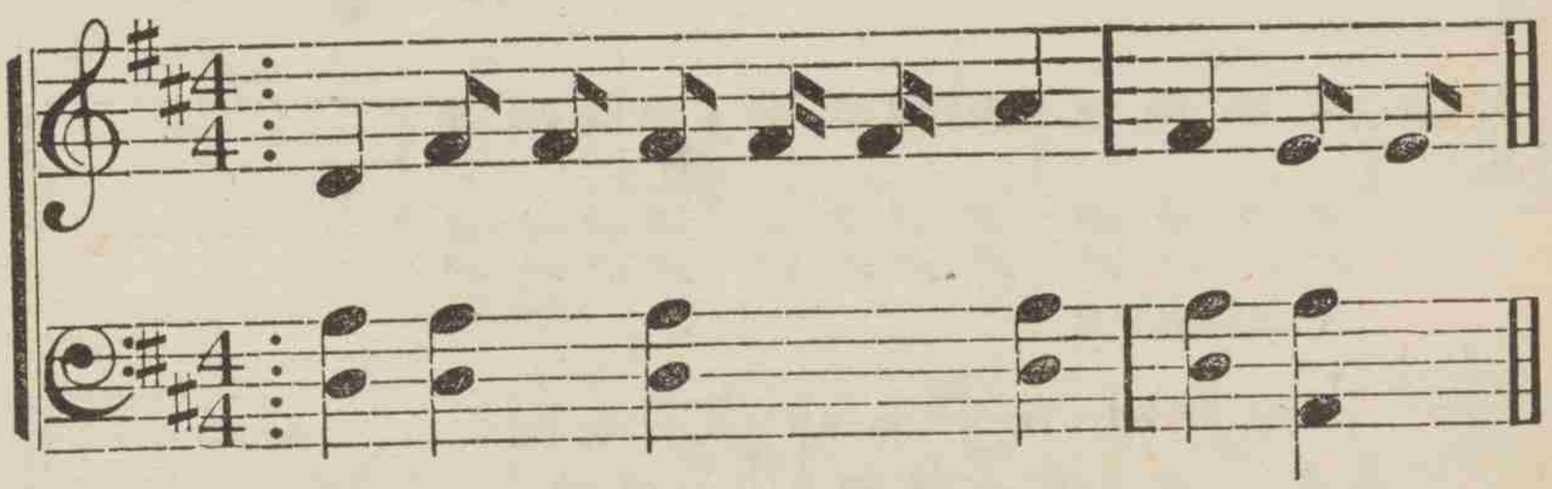
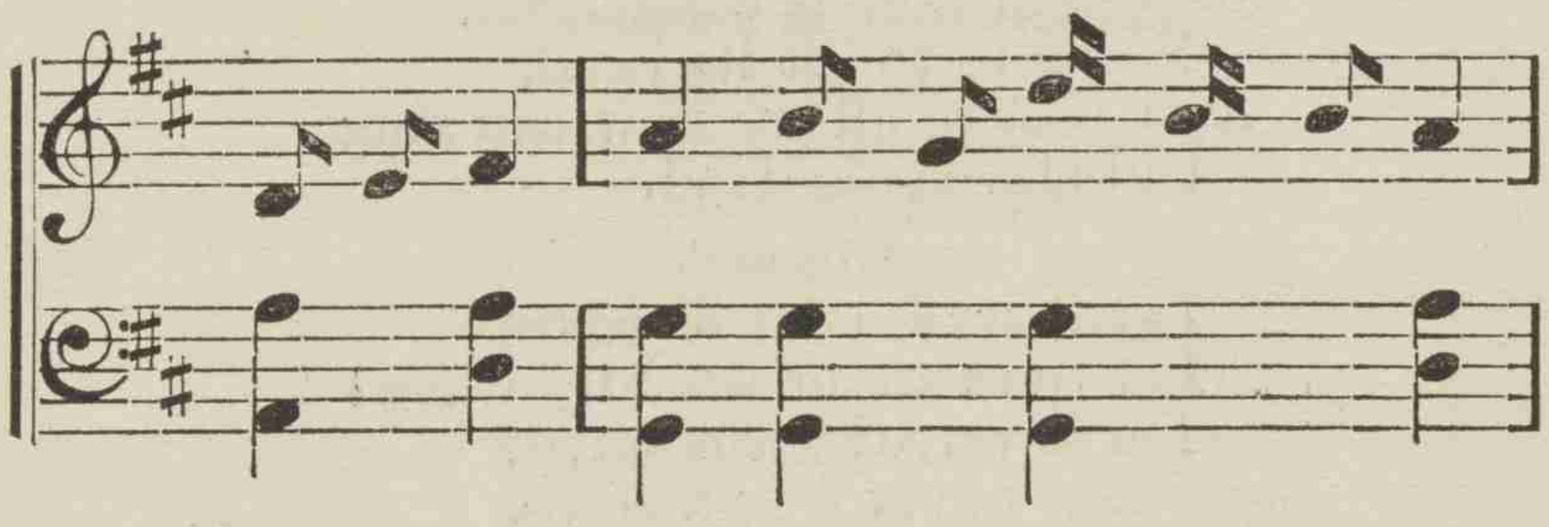
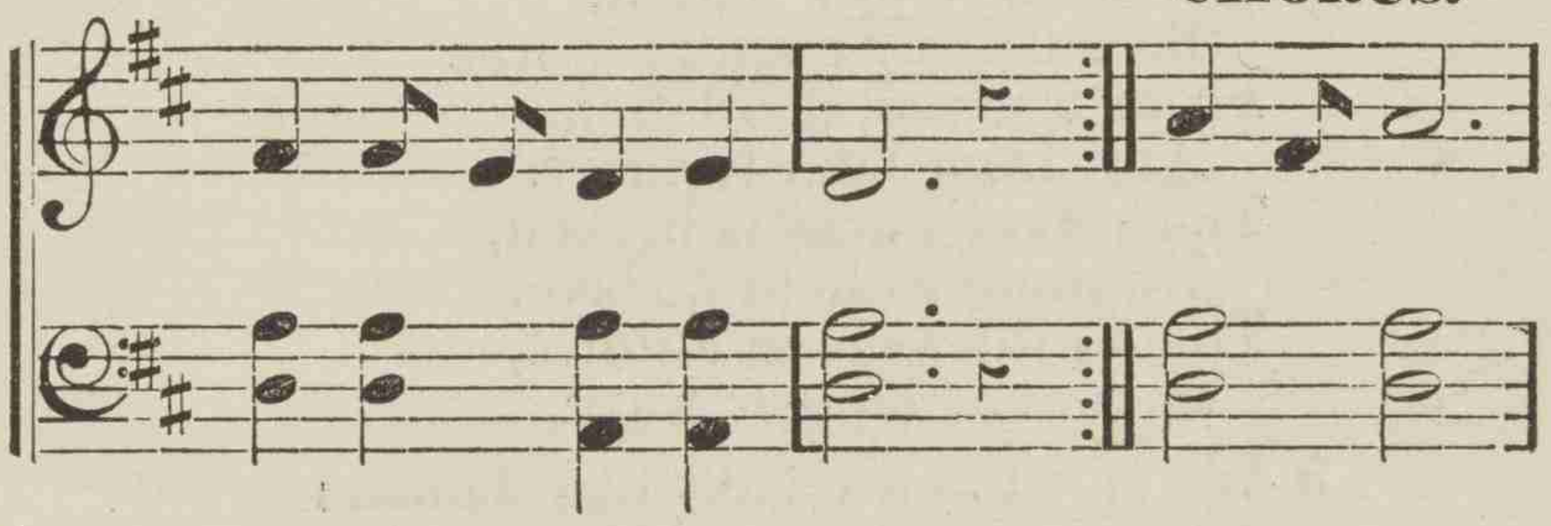
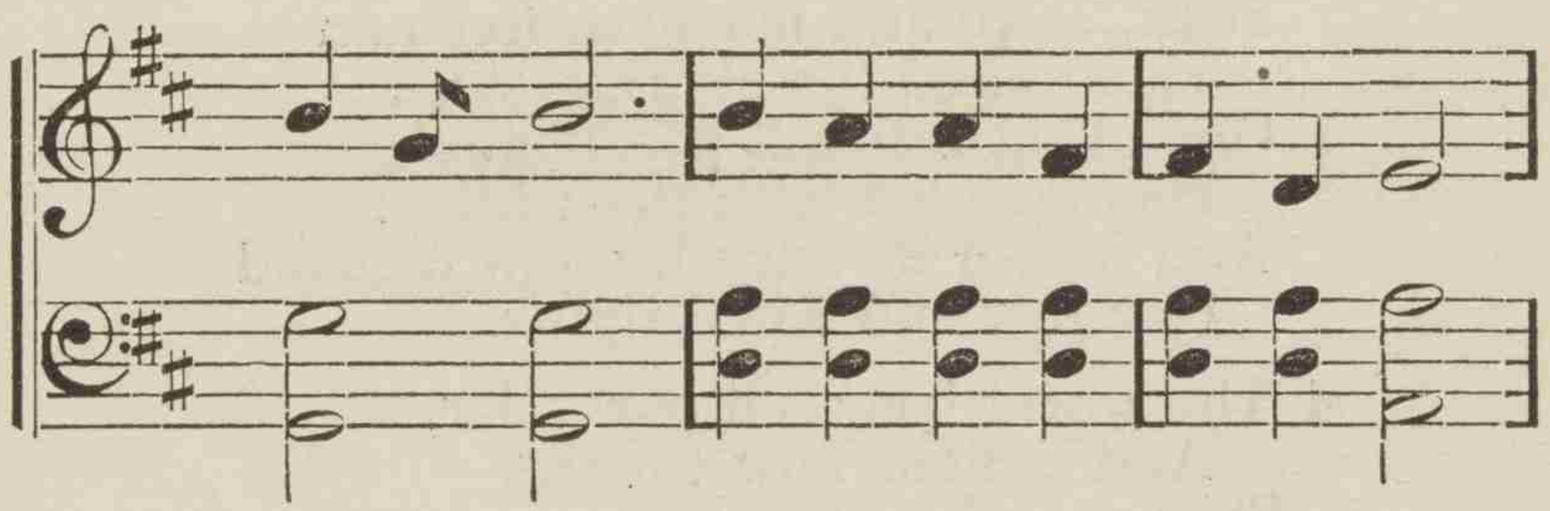
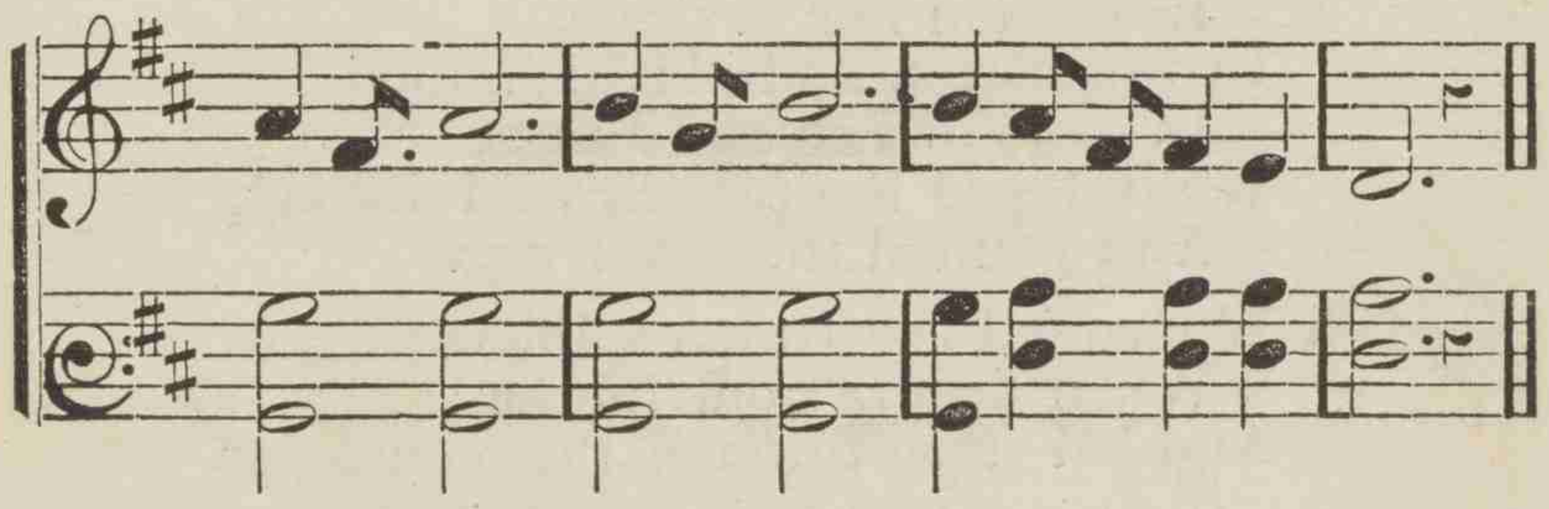
2 O see on both the Indies' coasts,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The untaught savage press to hear,
And hearing wonder and adore.

3 See why the joyful truth is told,
That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
And suffered, died, and rose again,
That guilty souls might be forgiven.

4 See what delight unfelt before
Beams in his fixed attentive eye,
And hear him ask, For wretched me,
Did the divine Redeemer die?

5 Ah, why have ye so long forborne
To tell such welcome news as this?
Go now, let every sinner hear,
And share in such exalted bliss.

67. Slavery is Dead.

B. J. Carter. Deut. 15: 12–19.

CHORUS.

1 Our glorious flag is floating
Triumphantly at last,
Our nation is exulting,
The rebels' die is cast.

Rebellion now is conquered,
No more to lift its head,
And best of all we now can sing
Old slavery is dead.

CHORUS.

Let it wave! let it wave!
Let the banner proudly wave!
Let it wave! let it wave!
But never o'er a slave.

2 We are a happy nation,
Because our country 's free
From war and desolation,
And from bold tyranny.
The tyrant's arm is broken,
No more to hold a slave.
This is the year of Jubilee,
So let our banner wave.

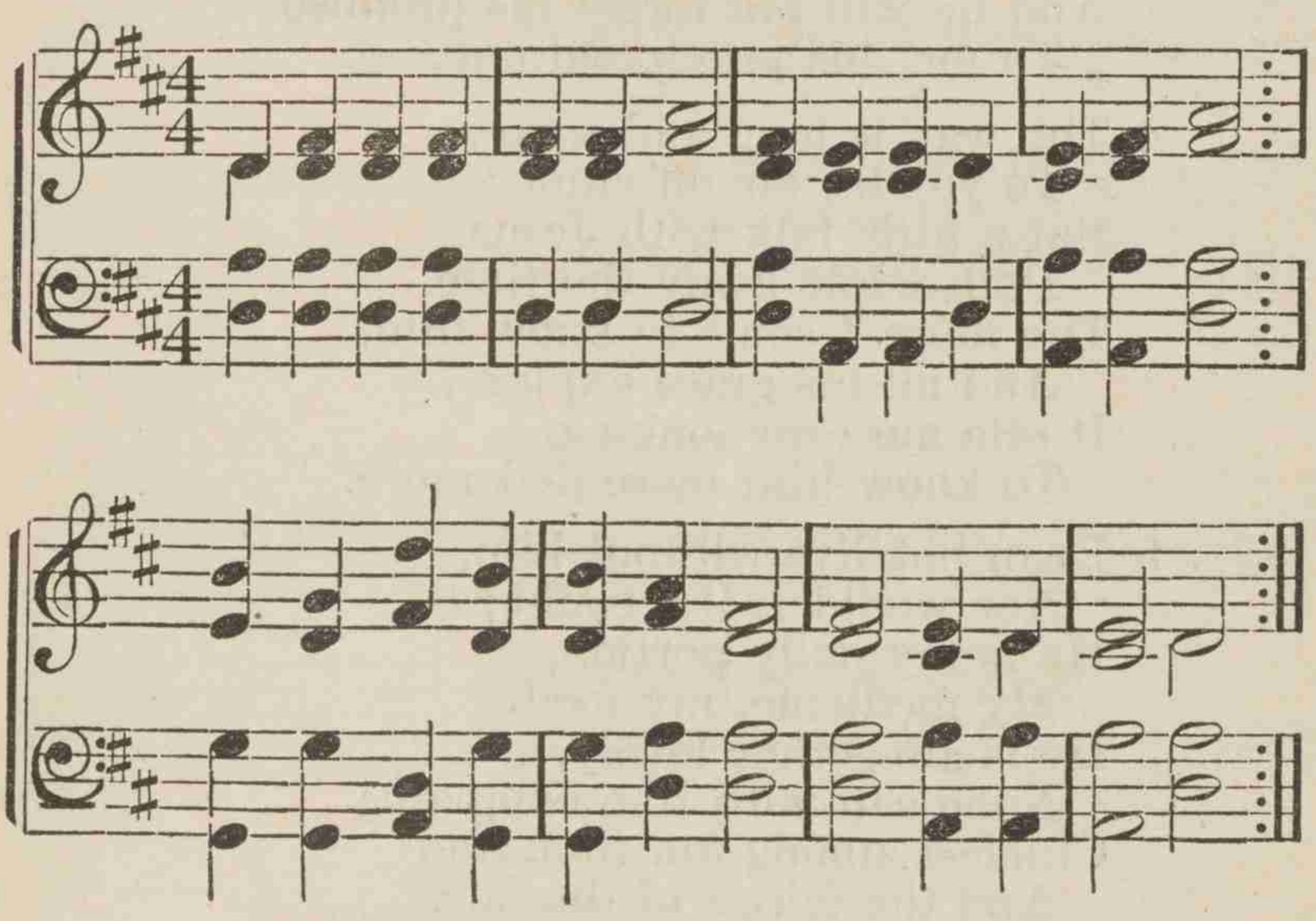
3 We stood and fought like demons
Upon the battle-field,
Both, slave and northern freeman
Have faced the glowing steel.
Our blood beneath this banner
Has mingled with the whites;
And 'neath its folds we now demand
Our just and equal rights.

4 The world has seen our valor,
And nations now confess,
That man is not in color,
In fashion nor in dress.
In Charleston and old Richmond,
In spite of Lee and Bragg,
We dropped the rebs in wild dismay,
And planted there our flag.

5 We 've fed the Union soldiers
When fleeing from the foe;
And led them through the mountains,
Where white men dare not go.
Our hoecake and our cabbage,
And pork we freely gave,
That this old flag might be sustained—
Now let it proudly wave.

68. A Little Talk with Jesus.

HATTIE STEWARD. Luke 24: 32. P. M



1 A LITTLE talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road,
How it seems to help me onward
When I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow
And my eyes with tears are dim;
There is naught can yield me pleasure
Like a little talk with him.

2 I would tell him, I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest;
That I 'm daily, hourly longing
To repose upon his breast.
And he answers me so sweetly
In the tenderest tones of love:
I am coming soon to take thee
To my happy home above.

3 And this is what I 'm wanting,
His lovely face to see;
And I 'm not afraid to say it,
I know he is wanting me.

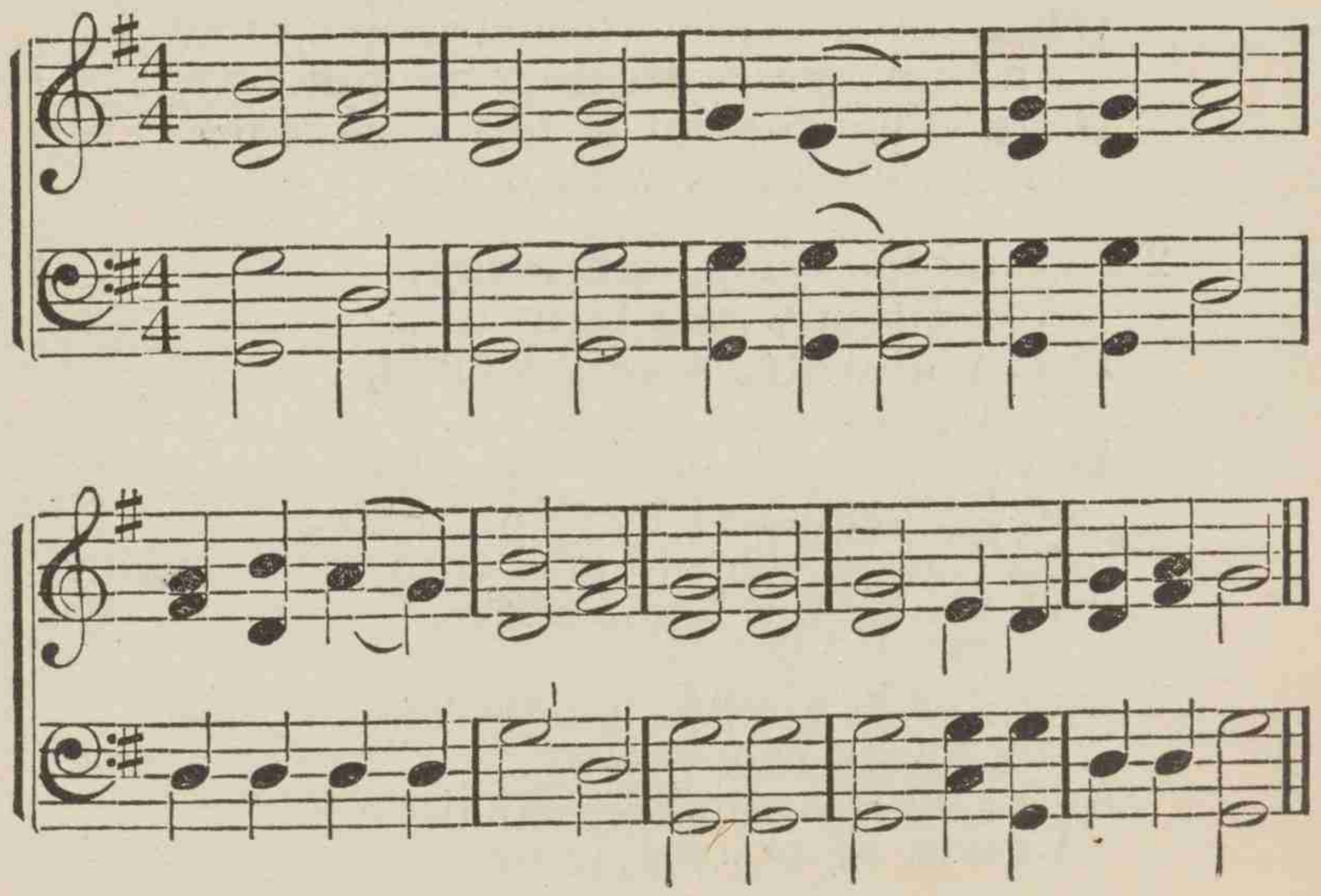
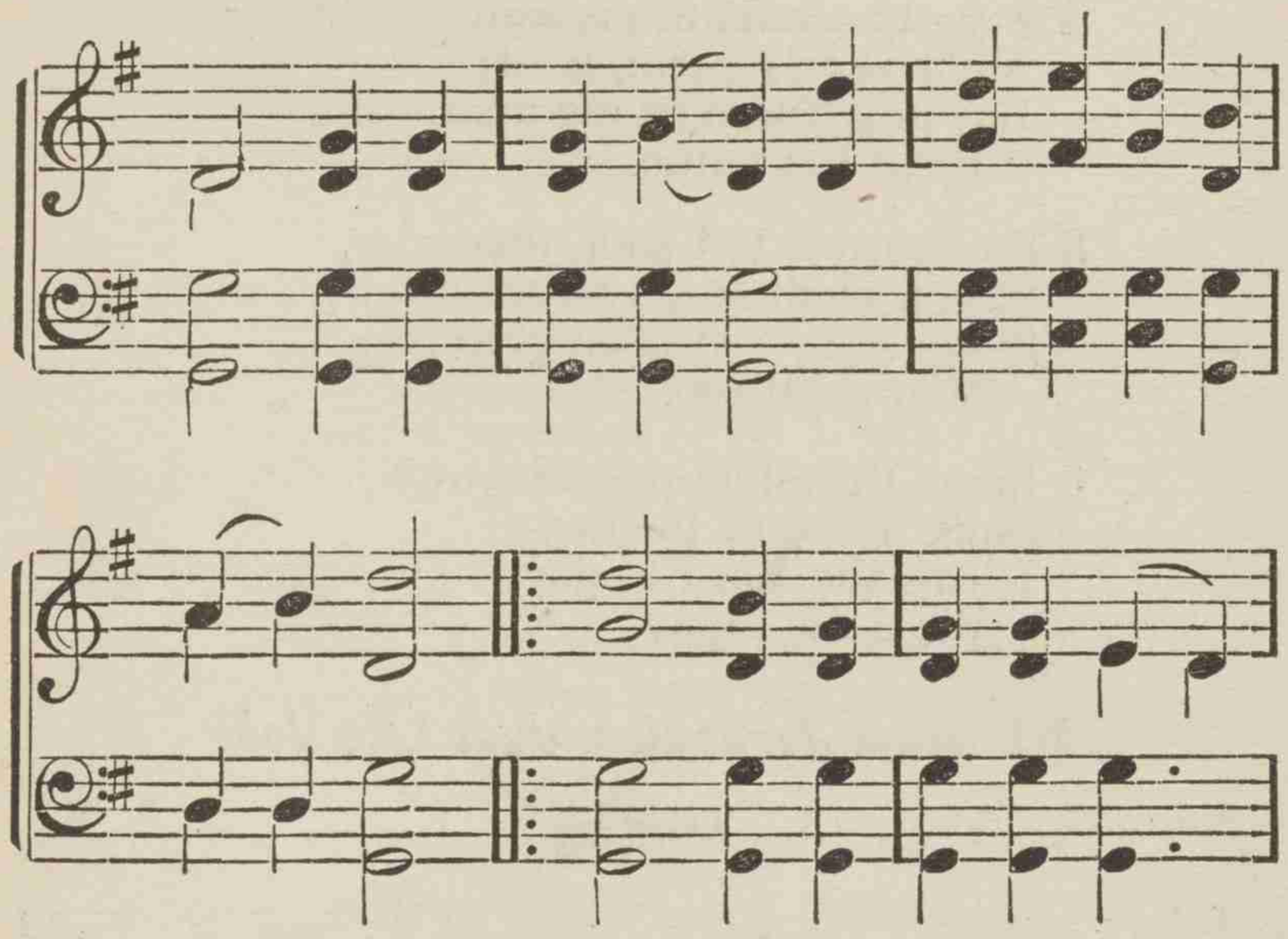
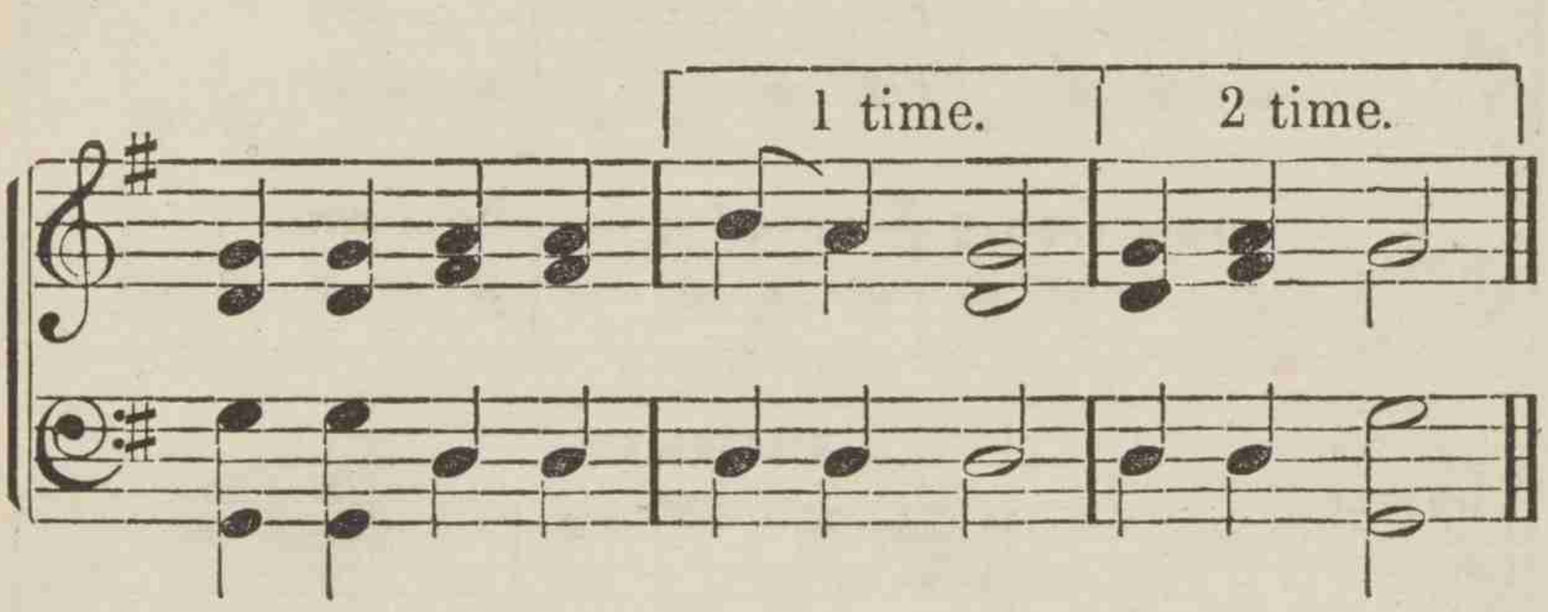
He gave his life a ransom
To make me all his own;
And he will not forget his promise
To me, his purchased one.

4 The way is long and weary
To yonder far off clime;
But a little talk with Jesus
Doth while away the time.
The more I come to know him,
And all his grace explore,
It sets me ever longing
To know him more and more.

5 I can not live without him,
Nor would I, if I could;
He is my daily portion,
My medicine, my food.
He is altogether lovely,
None can with him compare;
Chiefest among ten thousand
And the fairest of the fair.

69. *Come Ye that Love the Lord.*

C. J. NICOLS. P. M.



1 Come ye that love the Lord,
Unto me, unto me;
Come ye that love the Lord,
Unto me.

2 I have something good to say
About the narrow way;
For Christ the other day
Saved my soul.

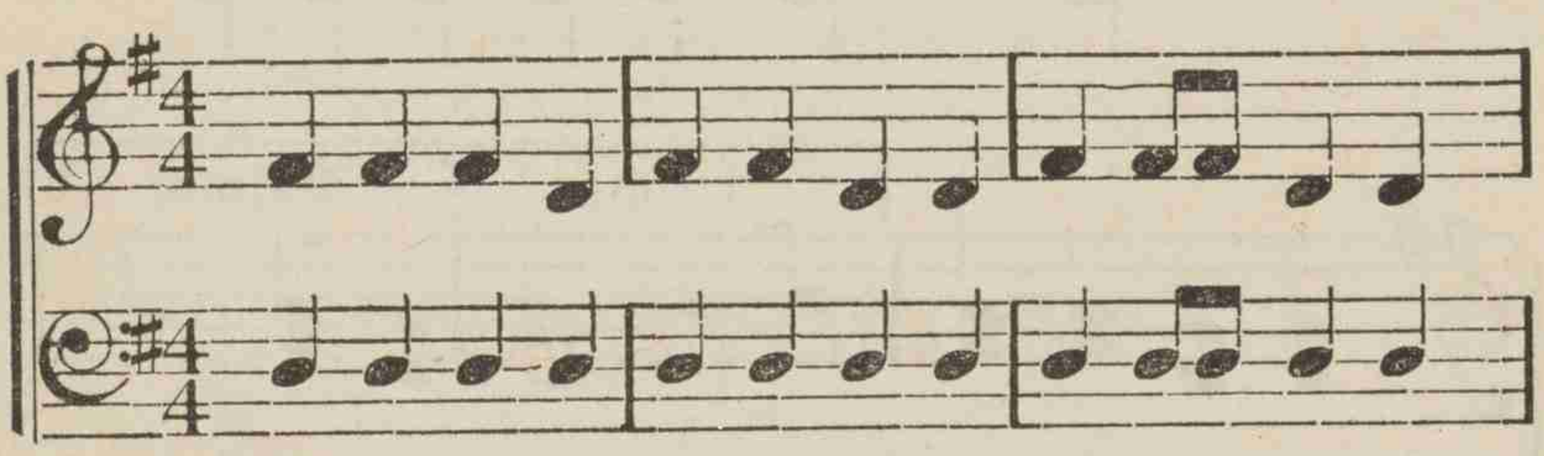
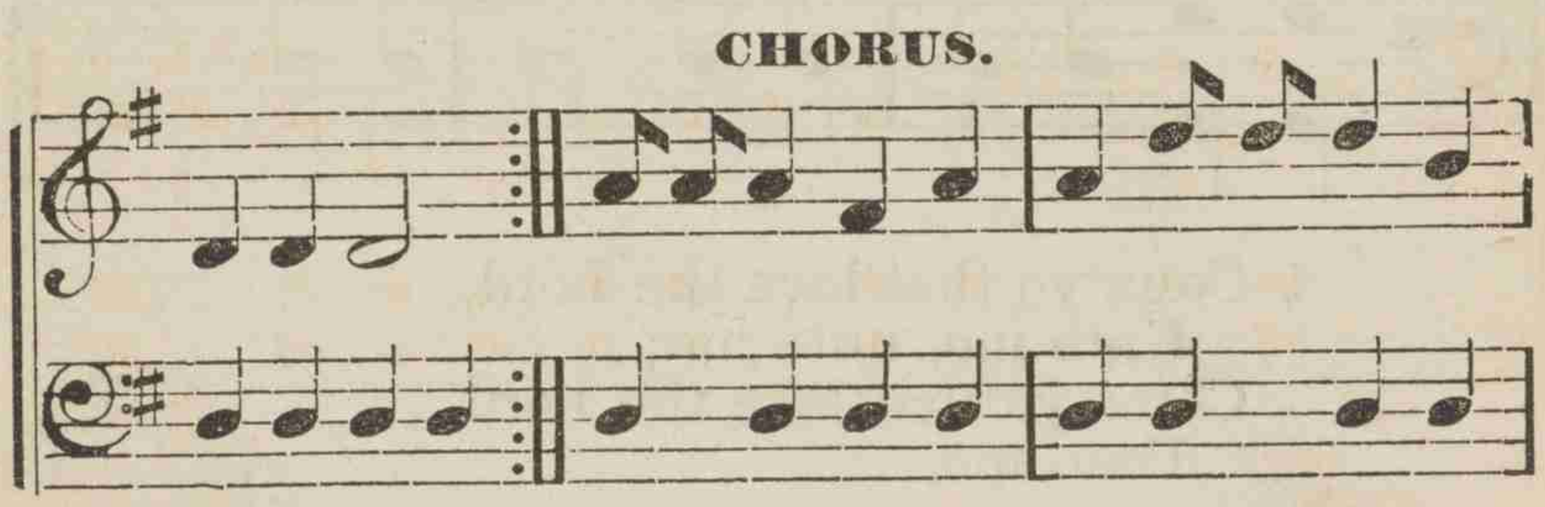
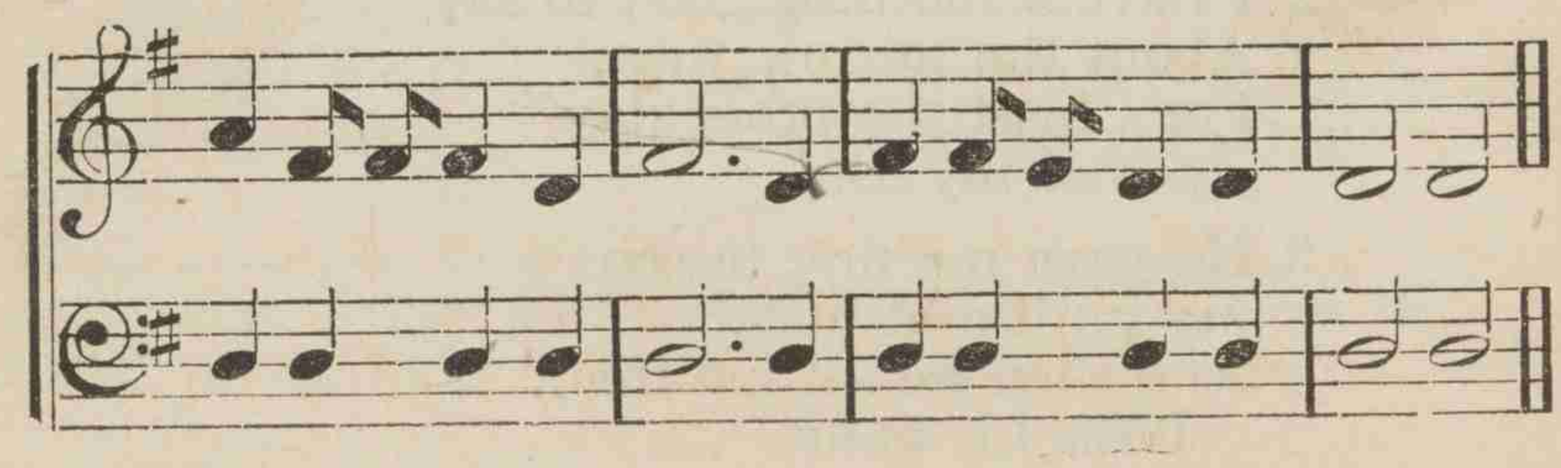
3 He gave me first to see
My guilt and misery,
And then he set me free,
Bless his name.

4 My old companions said,
He 's surely going mad;
But Jesus makes me glad,
Bless his name.

5 Some said, I 'd soon give o'er,
You shall see, you shall see;
Some said, I 'd soon give o'er,
You shall see.

6 Some time has passed away
Since I began to pray;
I love the Lord to-day,
Bless his name.

70. Walk Jerusalem Just Like Job.

EDW'D NATHAN. Ps. 39 : 1. L. M.

CHORUS.



1 Mary wears a golden chain,
We 'll walk Jerusalem just like Job;
Every link bears Jesus' name,
We 'll walk Jerusalem just like Job.

Chorus.

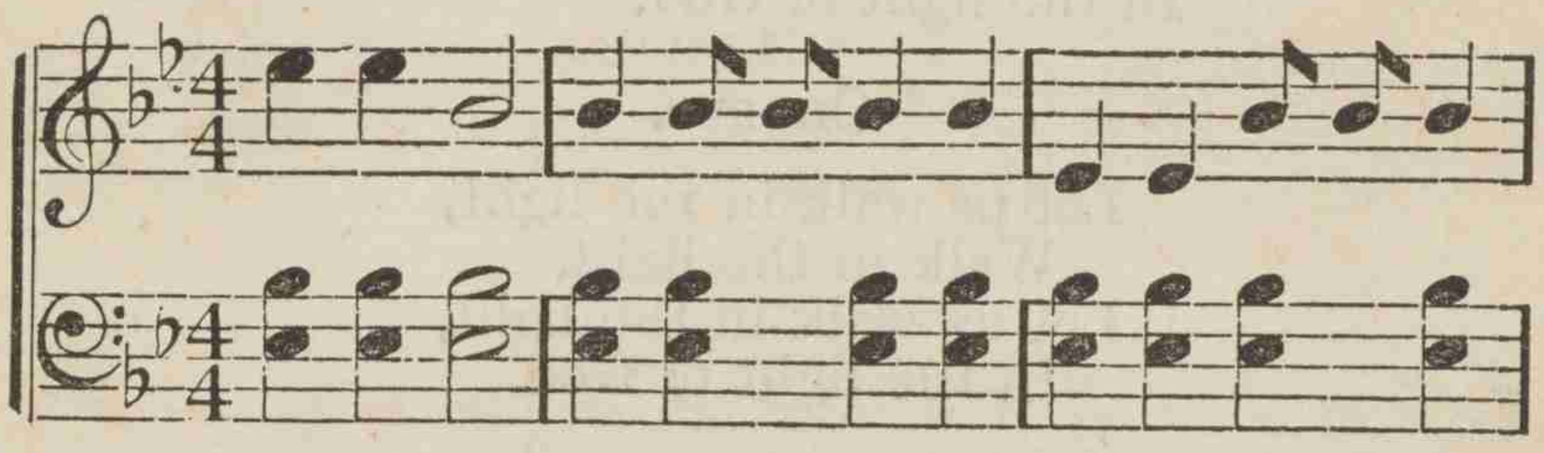
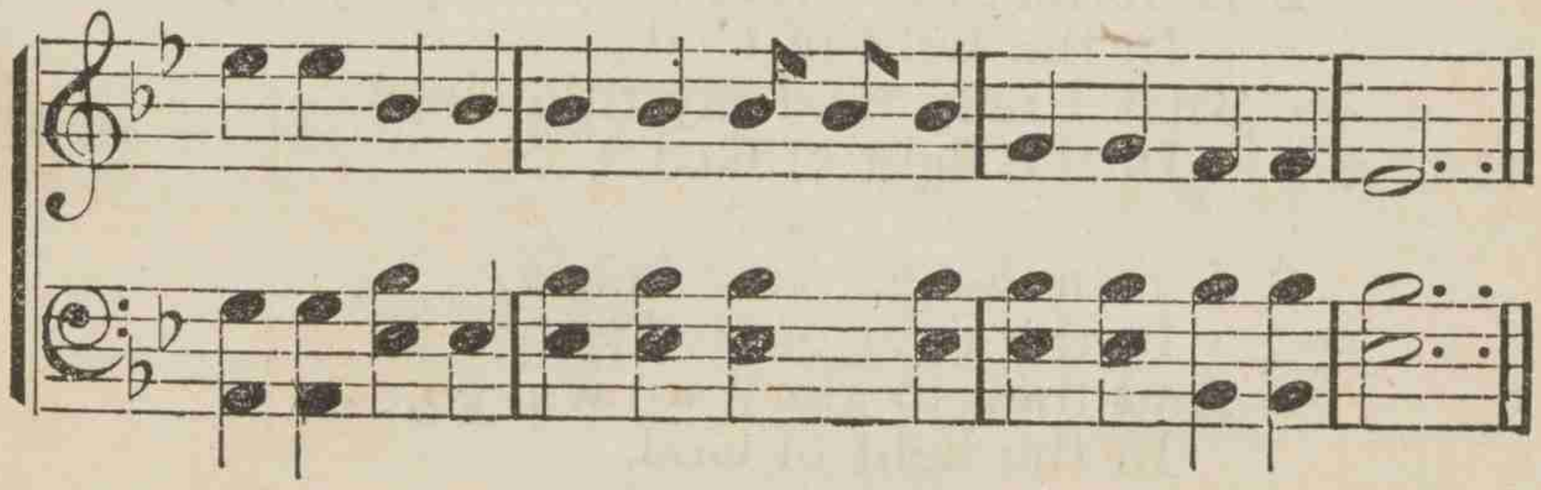
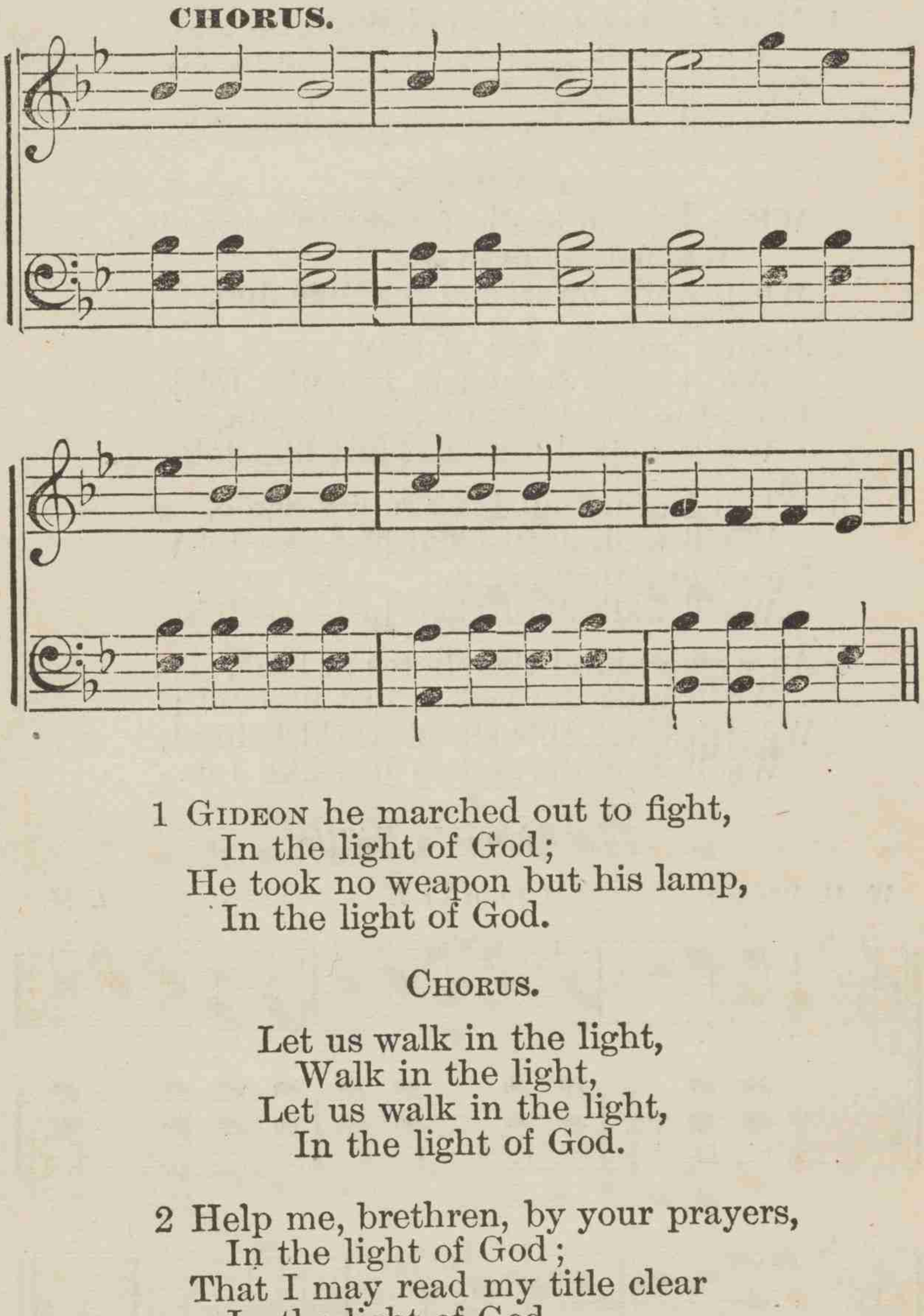
When I come to die I want to be ready,
When I come to die,
We 'll walk Jerusalem just like Job.

2 Joshua was the son of Nun,
We 'll walk Jerulalem just like Job;
Prayed to the Lord to stop the sun,
We 'll walk Jerusalem just like Job.

3 When I came out I wrote my name,
We 'll walk Jerusalem just like Job;
Never to return again,
We 'll walk Jerusalem just like Job.

4 As we go round the shores of time,
We 'll walk Jerusalem just like Job;
We will leave this sinful world behind,
We 'll walk Jerusalem just like Job.

71. Gideon's Battle.

W. H. Brown. 1 John 1: 7. L. M.



1 GIDEON he marched out to fight,
In the light of God;
He took no weapon but his lamp,
In the light of God.

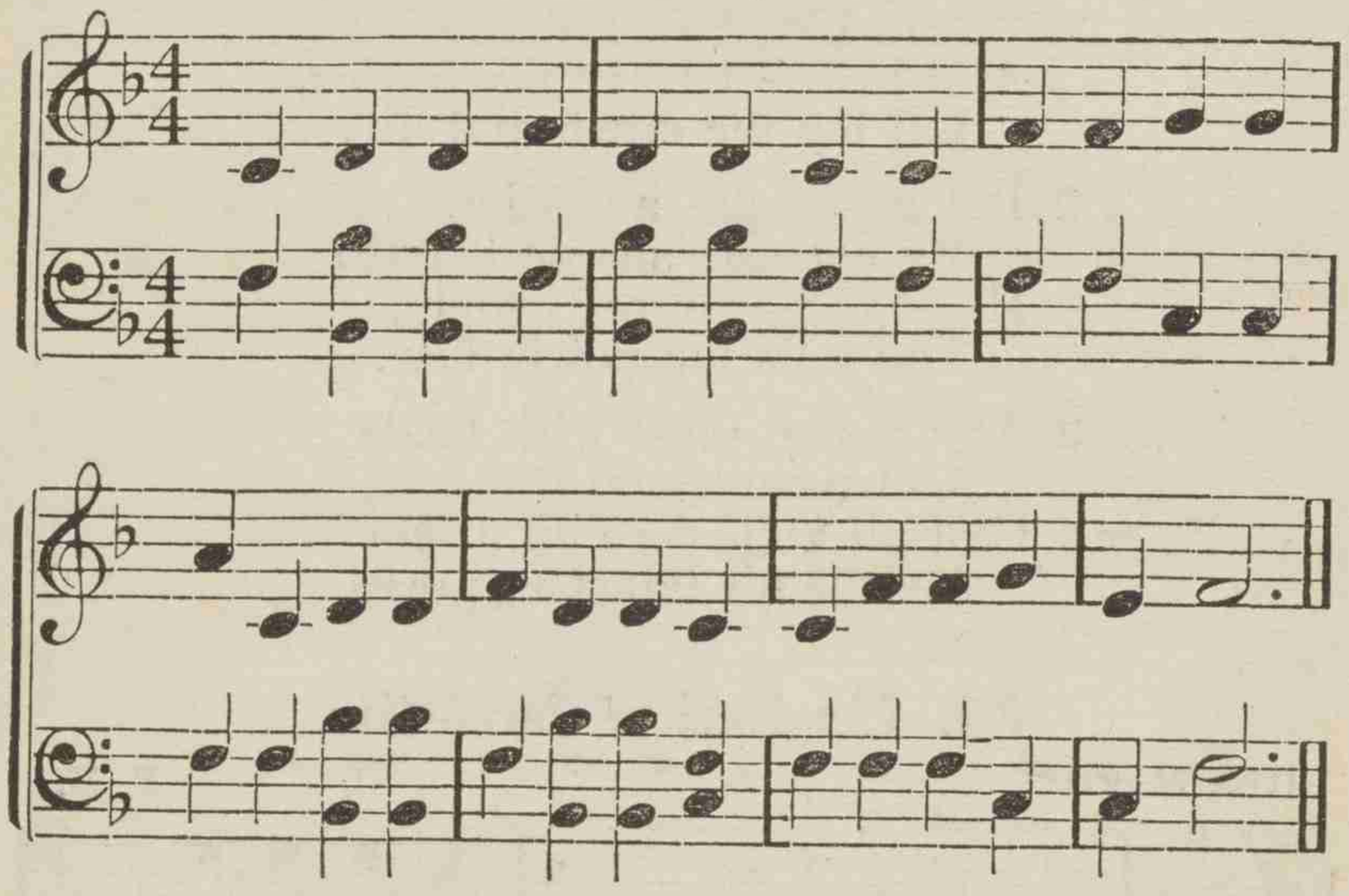
CHORUS.

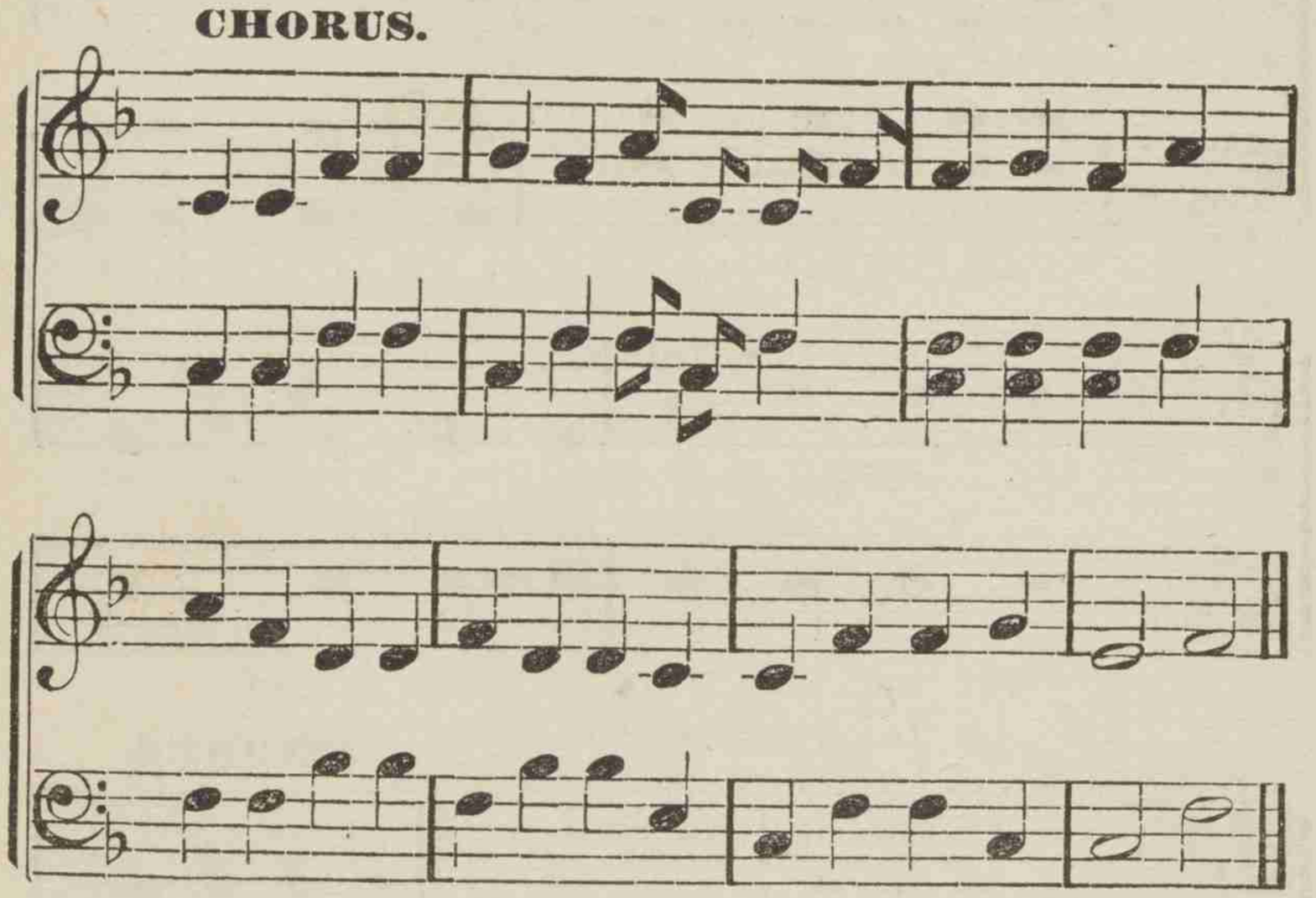
Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 Help me, brethren, by your prayers,
In the light of God;
That I may read my title clear
In the light of God.

3 A little longer here below,
In the light of God;
And then to glory we will go,
In the light of God.

72. Christ is all the World to Me.

S. P. M. John 6 : 67, 68.

CHORUS.



1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?

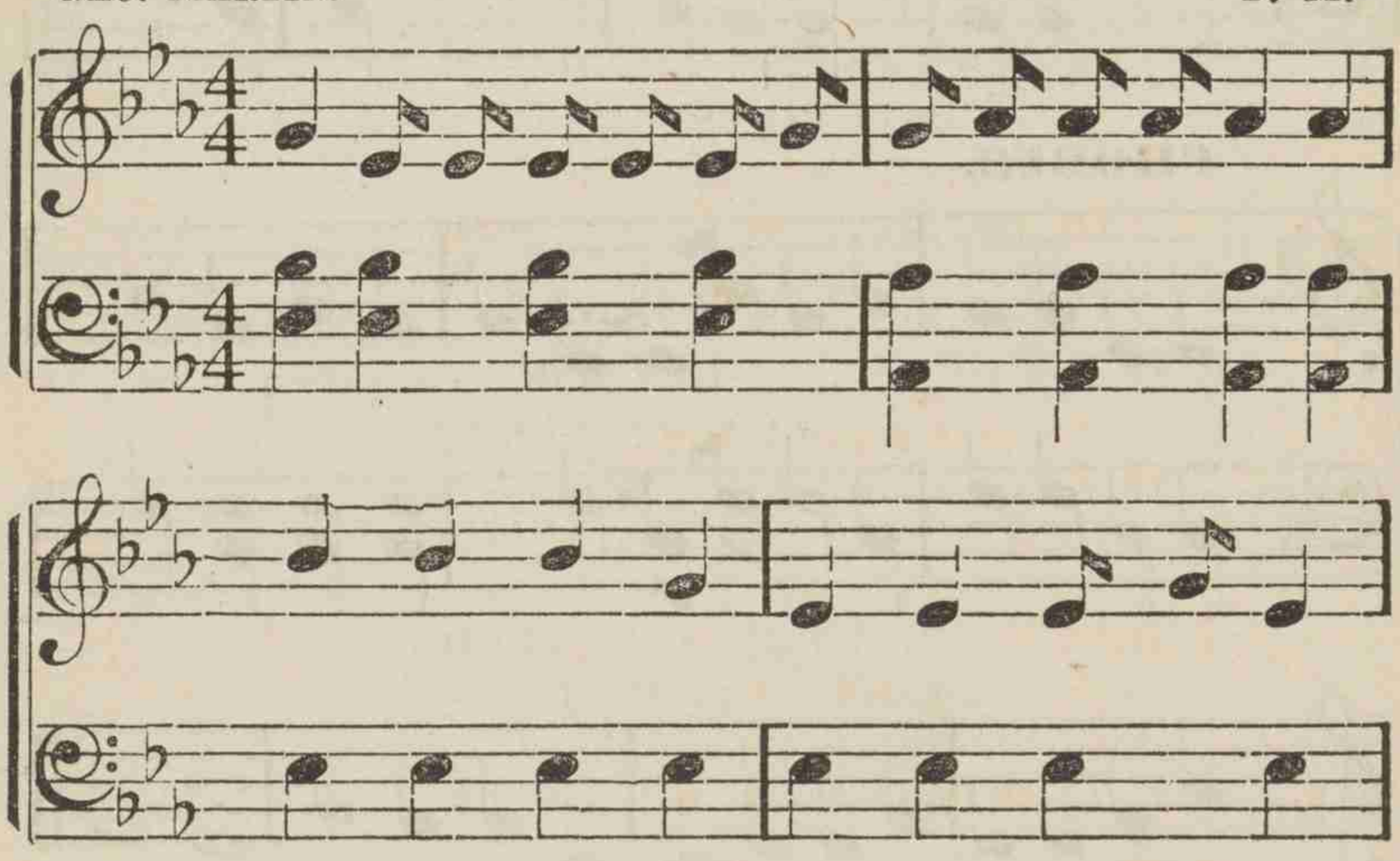
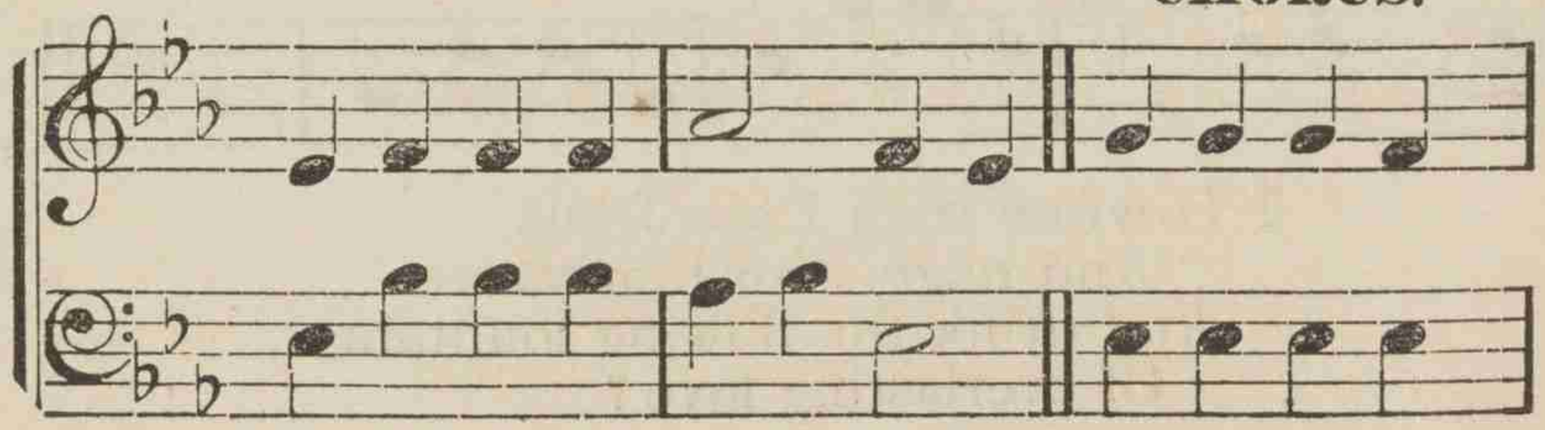
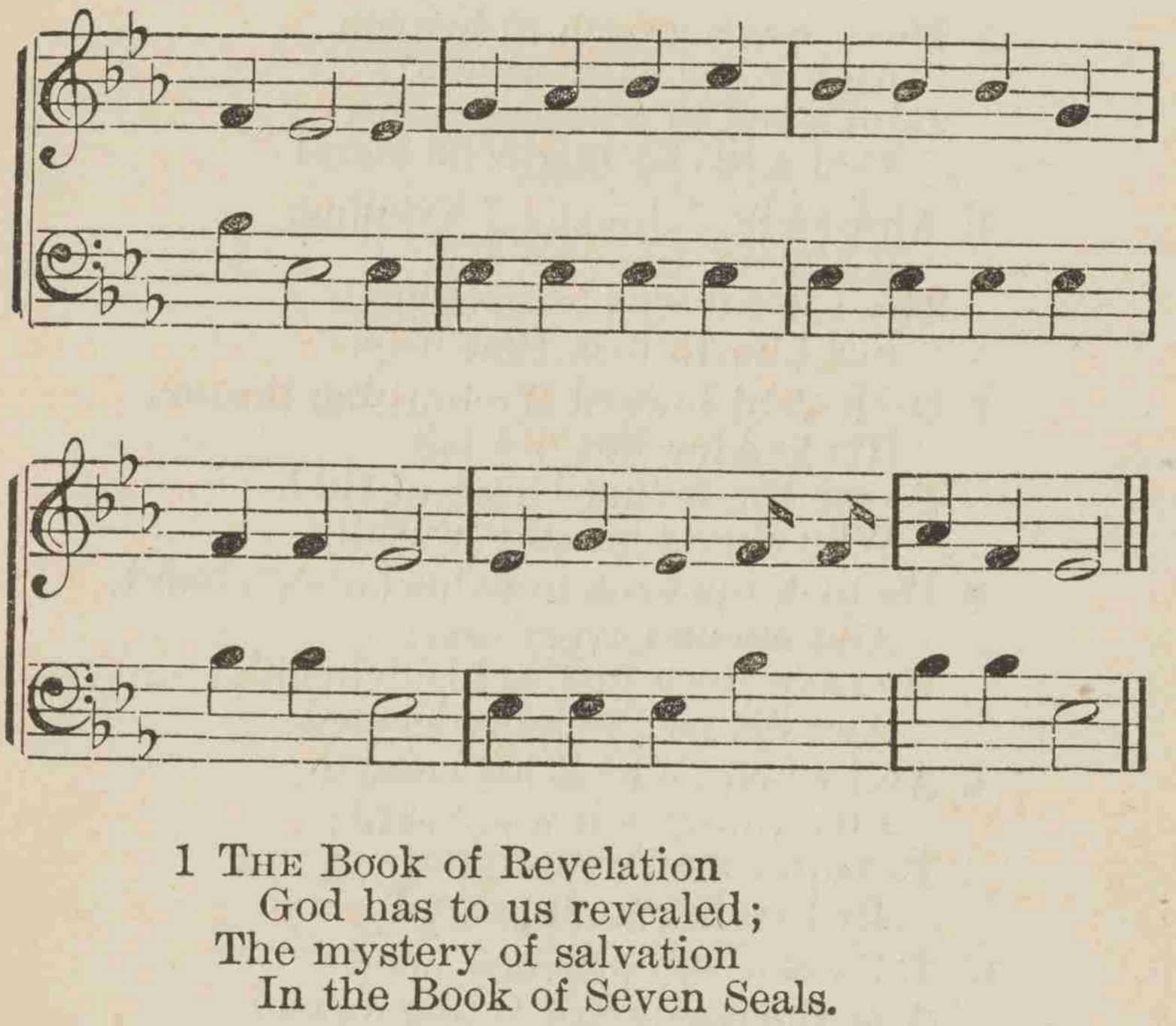
CHORUS.

Christ is all the world to me,
And his glory I shall see;
And before I leave my Savior,
I 'll lay me down and die.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My captain 's gone before;
He gave to me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.

3 And if you meet with trials
And troubles on the way,
Cast all your care on Jesus
And do n't forget to pray.

73. The Book of Revelation.

GEO. MARTIN. P. M.

CHORUS.



1 The Book of Revelation
God has to us revealed;
The mystery of salvation
In the Book of Seven Seals.

Chorus.

O was n't that hard trials,
Great tribulations?
O was n't that hard trials?
I am bound to leave this world.

2 And to the Church in general
The mystery was sent,
And teaches every nation
That they must all repent.

3 The way this book was opened,
John plainly doth inform;
The law of God was broken,
And a Savior must be found.

4 For justice has a legal claim
On what the law demands,
Unless a Savior is ordained,
The criminal must be damned.

5 There was a search in heaven
And in the earth around;
John stood in sorrow hoping,
That a Savior might be found.

6 And while John stood weeping,
He heard an angel say,
The voice it was beseeching,
For him to look that way.

7 He looked toward the burning throne,
His looking did not fail
To see the loving Lamb of God,
Who surely should prevail.

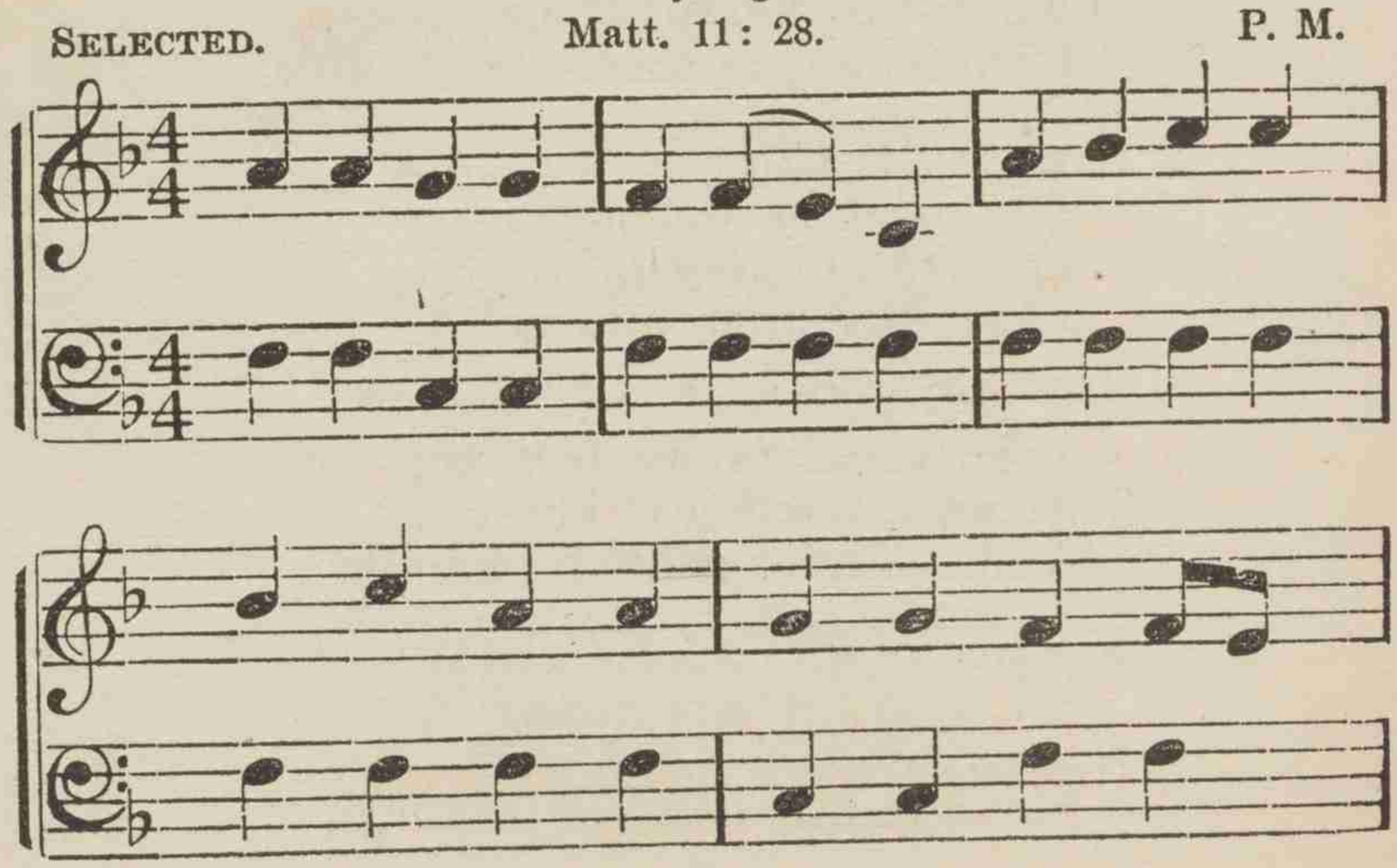
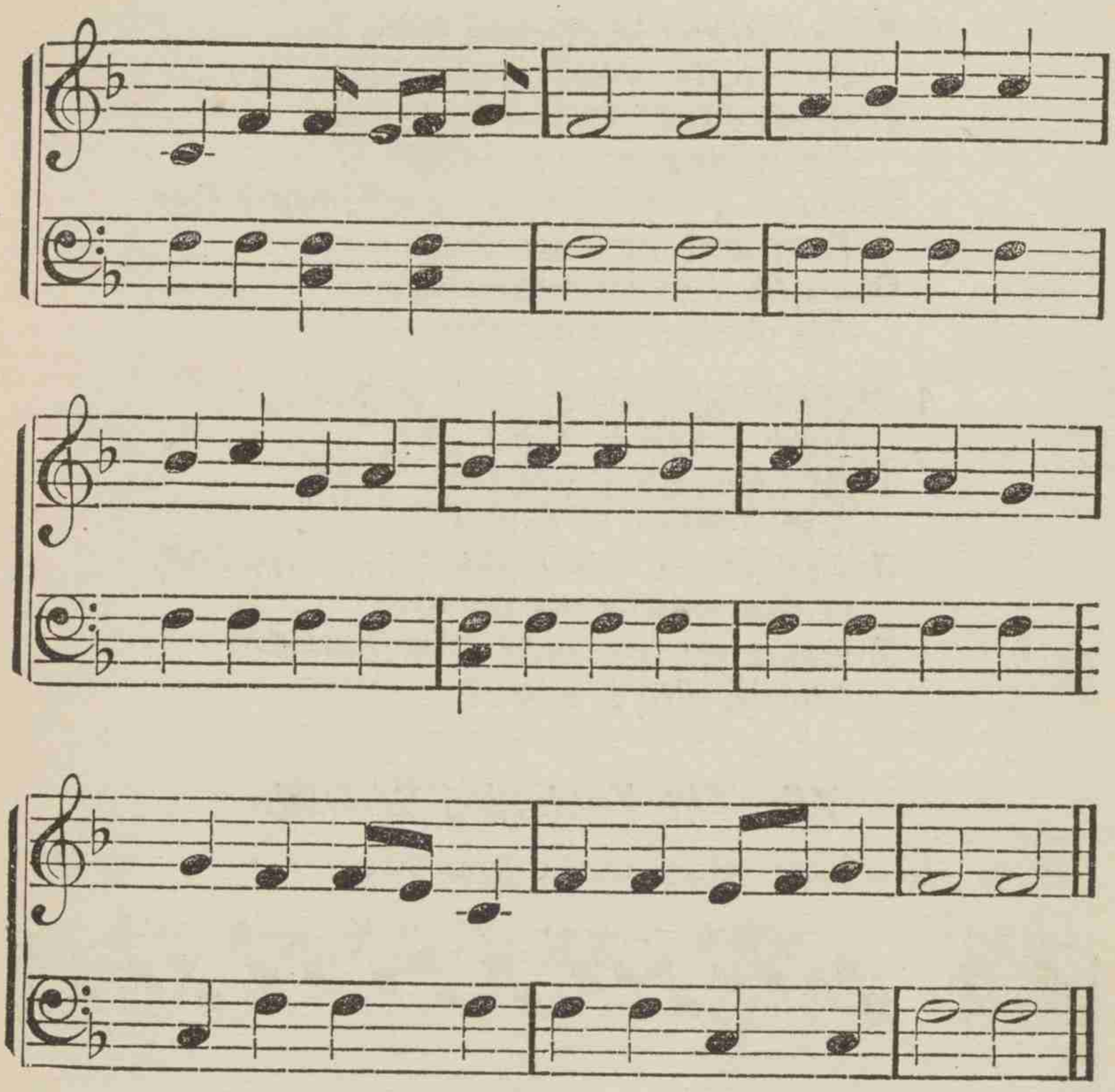
8 He took the book from his father's hand,
And opened every seal;
He gave stern justice his demand,
And his people he redeemed.

9 And when he took his mission,
Like thunder it was heard;
To better man's condition
In Bethlehem appeared.

10 John saw the heavens open
And the conqueror riding down;
He looked and saw white horses,
And the riders following on.

74. Drooping Souls.

SELECTED. Matt. 11: 28. P. M.



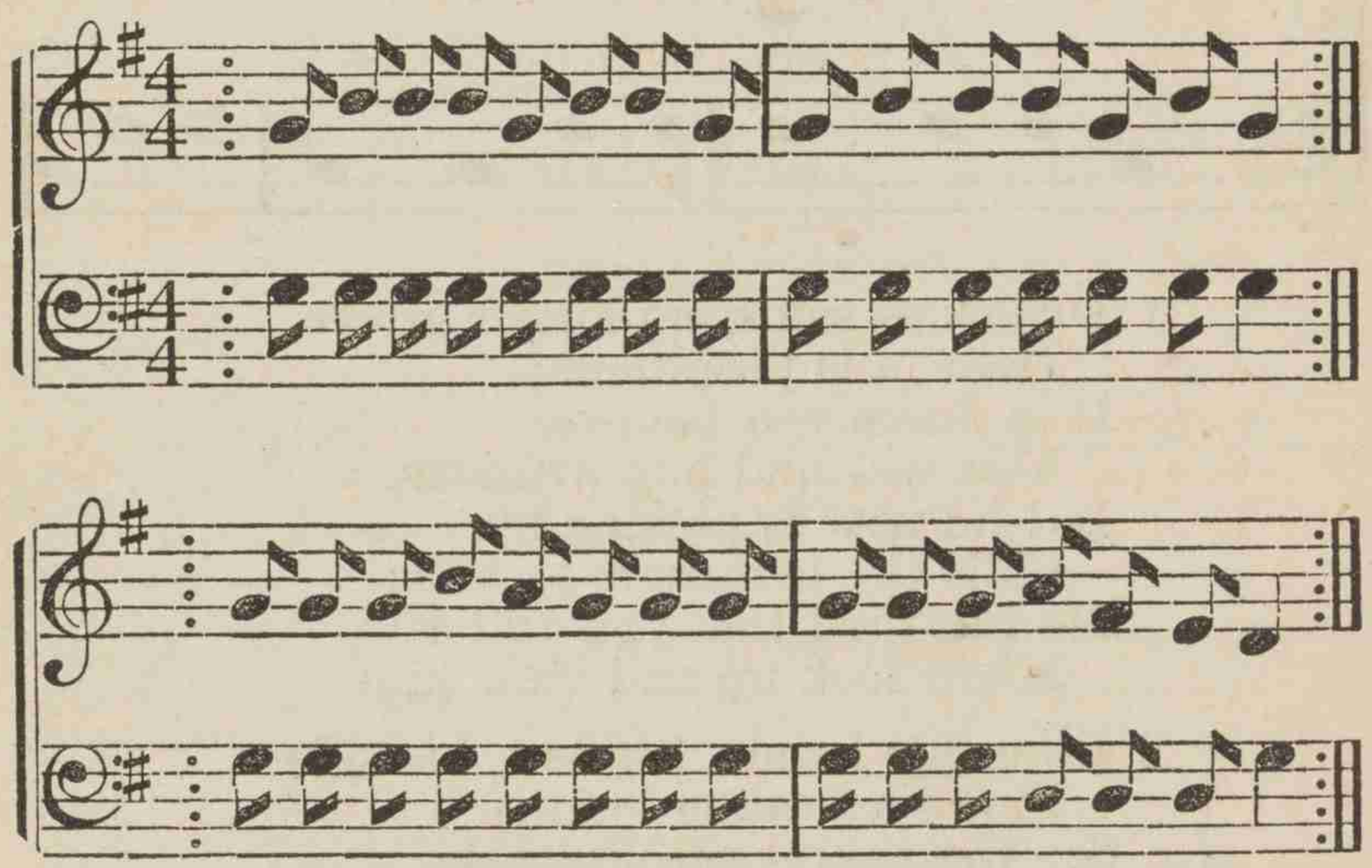
1 Drooping souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If in Jesus you believe,
You will find him precious.
Lo! he now is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him;
He has died that you and I
Might look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side
Flows a healing lotion;
See the heart-consoling tide
Boundless on the ocean.
See the living waters move
For the sick and dying,
Now resolved to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Jesus' grace is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Lo! he calls: Come unto me,
Ye weary heavy-laden.
Though your sins like mountains rise,
Rise and look to heaven;
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

4 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know, I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
O the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now I 'm found,
Glory, glory, glory!

75. The Venturing Ground.

W. H. VAUGHN. Num. 24: 17. Matt. 2: 2. L. M.

1 THE prophet Balaam did declare,
That in the east should rise a star;
This is the venturing ground,
This is the venturing ground.

Thank God, this is the venturing ground,
Hallelujah, this is the venturing ground;
So free, this is the venturing ground;
So glad, this is the venturing ground.

2 When God's chariot swings low in the east,
Let God's children have a little peace,
This is the venturing ground,
This is the venturing ground;
Thank God, this is the venturing ground;
Venture on, this is the venturing ground;
Sinner, man, this is the venturing ground,
Farewell, this is the venturing ground.

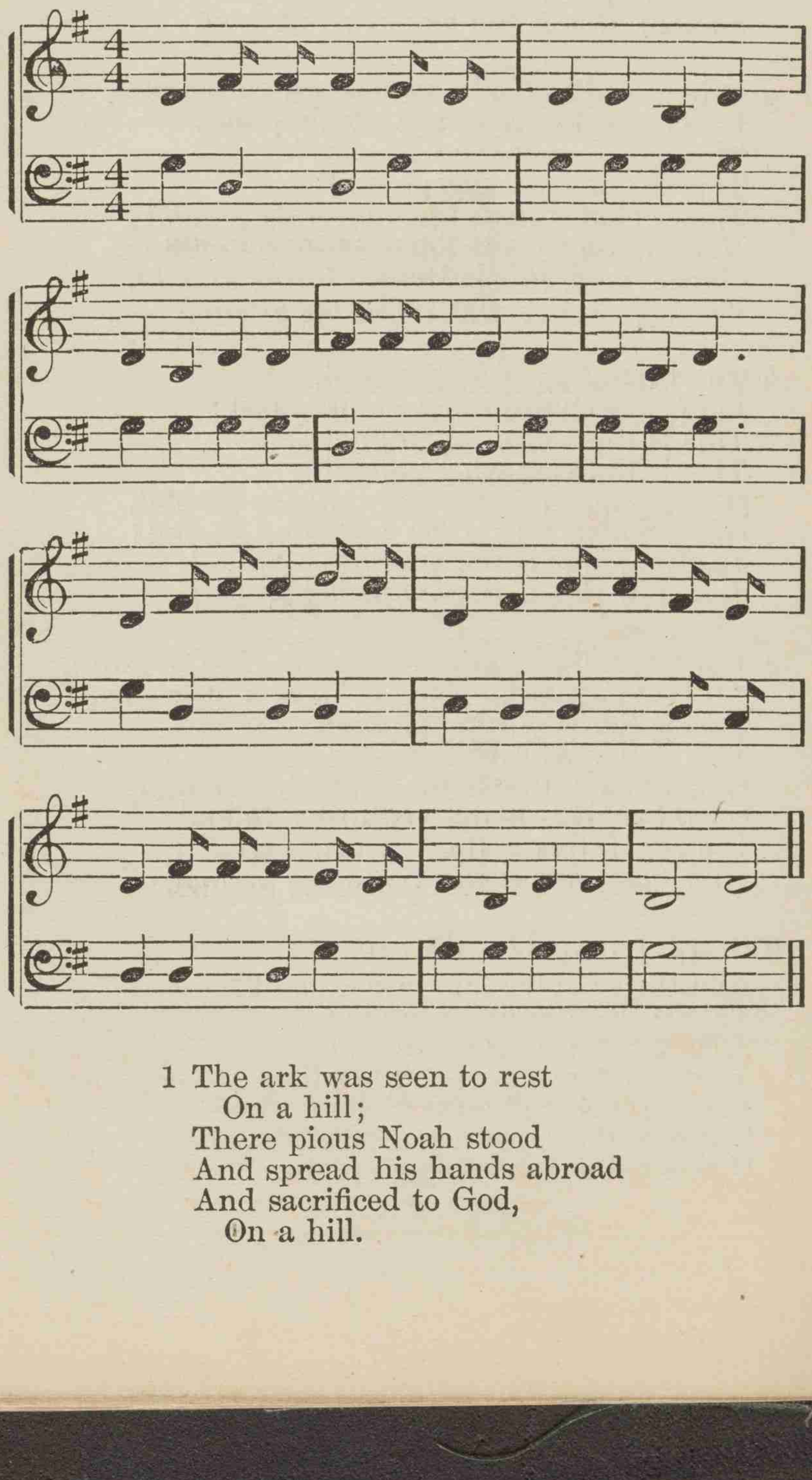
3 The best of all is in the west,
Let God's children have a little rest;
This is the venturing ground,
This is the venturing ground.
O, my sister, this is the venturing ground,
Got religion, this is the venturing ground;
Just now this is the venturing ground,
Just now this is the venturing ground.

4 But when the chariot swings low in the south,
All God's children going to have a little shout;
This is the venturing ground,
This is the venturing ground.
Going home, this is the venturing ground,
Good-bye, this is the venturing ground;
Undefiled, this is the venturing ground,
Undefiled, this is the venturing ground.

5 O yes, I 'll venture till I die,
And then I 'll take my wings and fly;
This is the venturing ground,
This is the venturing ground.
Venture, venture, O venture then,
For, sinners, you must be born again;
O this is the venturing ground,
O this is the venturing ground.

76. Song of the Hill.

D. N. MASON. Genesis 8: 4.



1 The ark was seen to rest
On a hill;
There pious Noah stood
And spread his hands abroad
And sacrificed to God,
On a hill.

2 The fiery law was given
On a hill.
Amidst the flames and smoke
The great Jehovah spoke,
While awful thunder broke
On a hill.

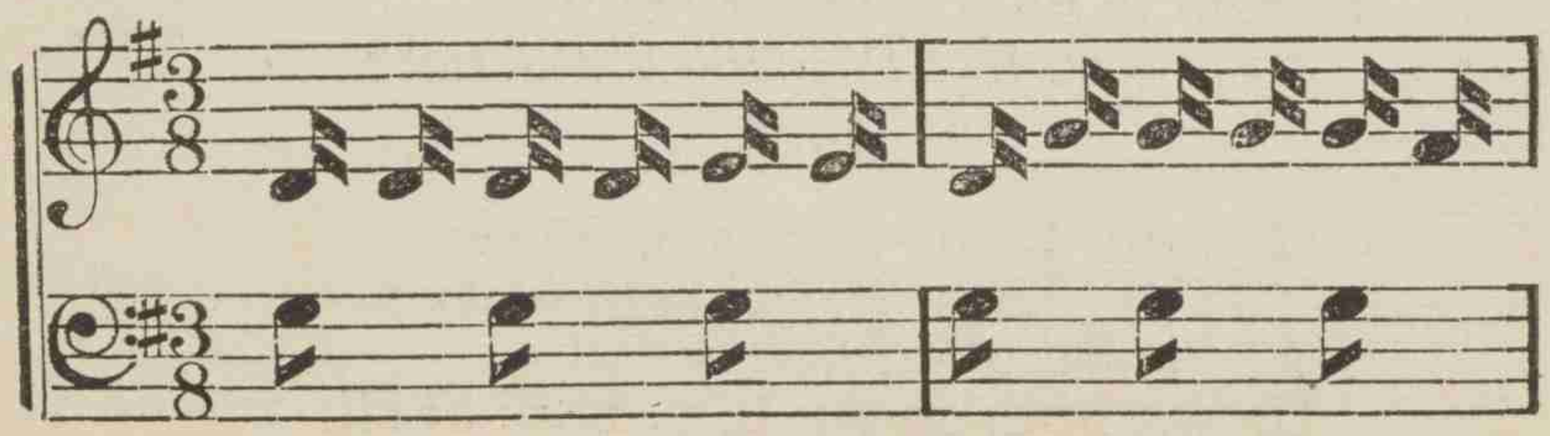
3 Moses saw the promised land
From the hill.
At God's divine command
On Pisgah he did stand,
And viewed the promised land
From that hill.

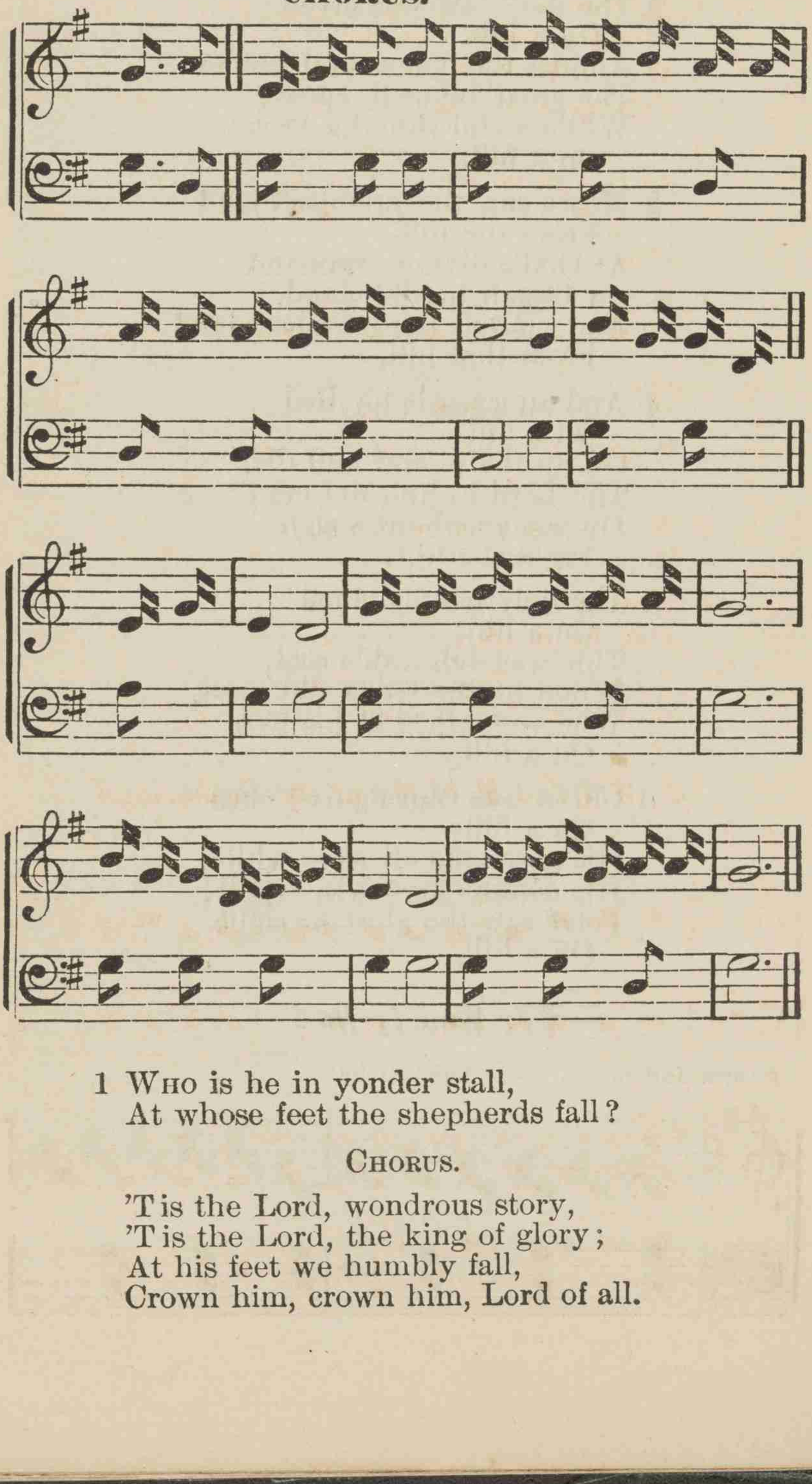
4 And afterwards he died
On a hill.
Go up the mount and die,
The Lord to him did cry;
He went without a sigh
From the hill.

5 The holy temple stood
On a hill;
This was Jehovah's seat,
When he the tribes did meet,
Who worshiped at his feet
On a hill.

6 Christ was transfigured once
On a hill;
His garments all were white,
His countenance was bright;
Peter saw the glorious sight
On a hill.

77. Who Is He?

AARON JONES. Luke 2: 16.

CHORUS.



1 Who is he in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

Chorus.

'T is the Lord, wondrous story,
'T is the Lord, the king of glory;
At his feet we humbly fall,
Crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

2 Who is he in yonder cot,
Bending to his toilsome lot?

3 Who is he in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

4 Who is he that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

5 Lo, at midnight, who is he
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

6 Who is that upon the tree,
Shed his precious blood for me?

7 Lo, we hear the soldiers say,
The God of nature dies to-day.

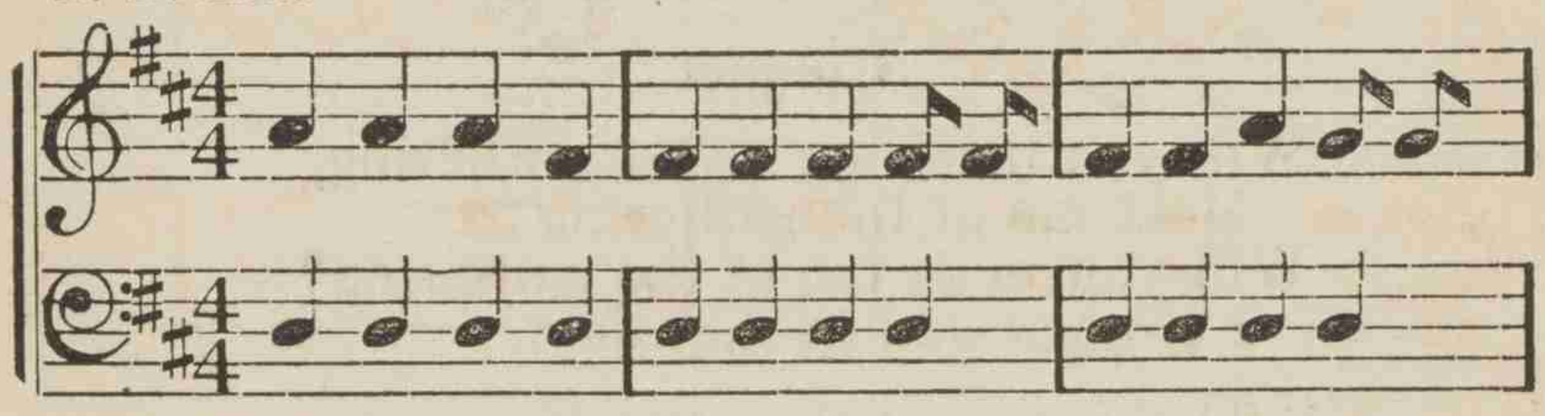
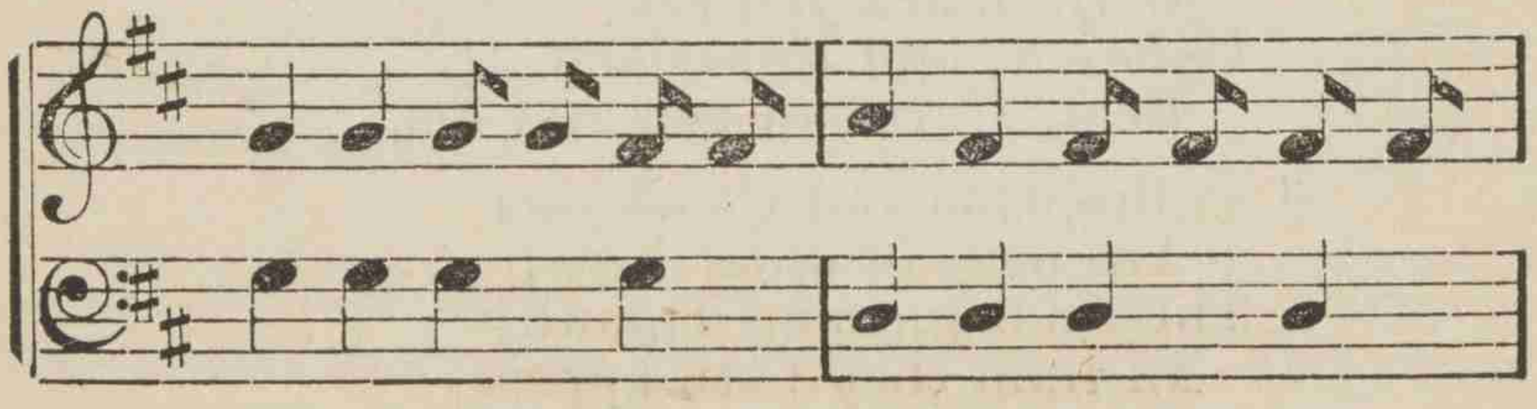
8 Who is he, that from the grave
Comes to heal, to plead and save?

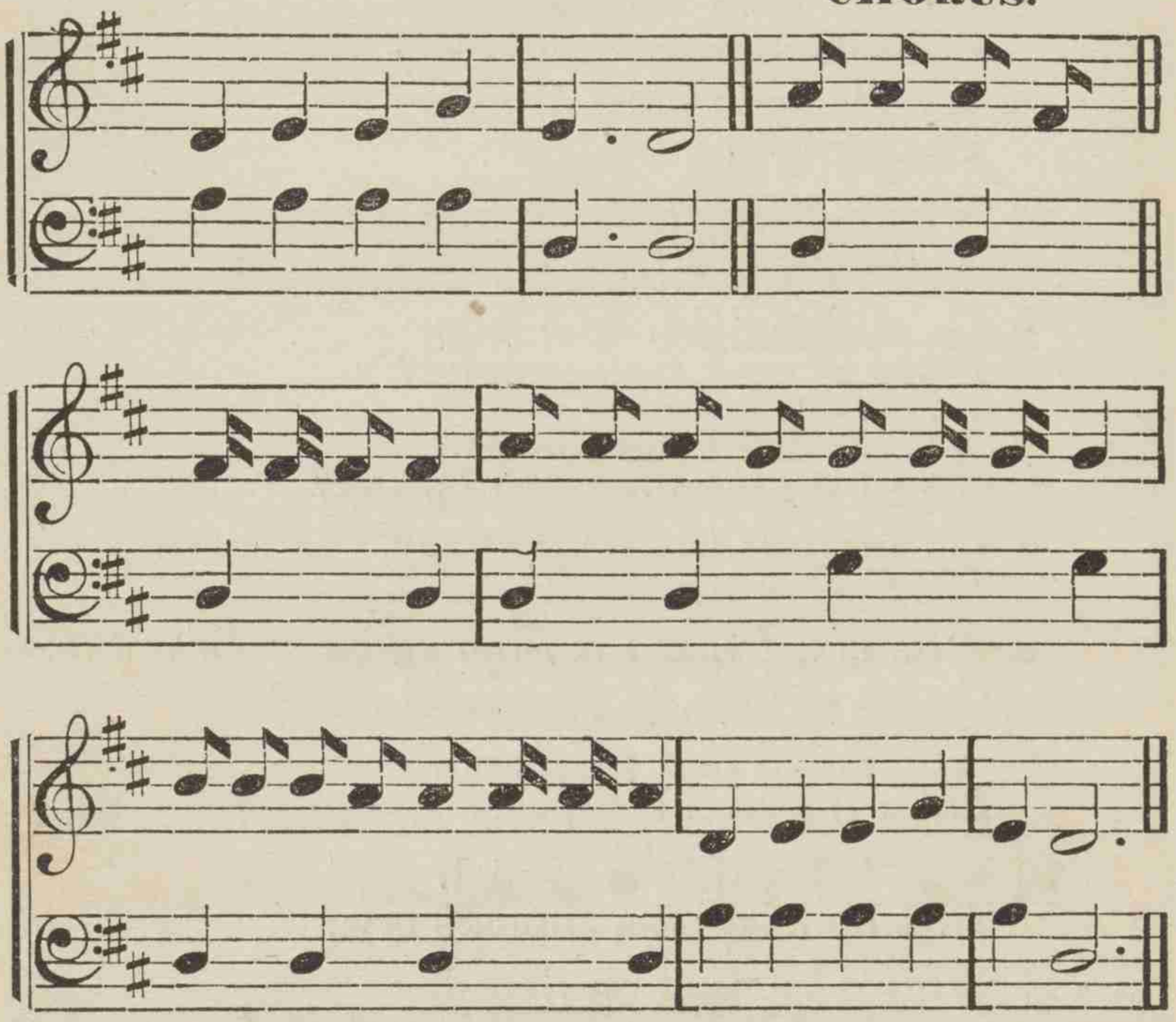
9 Who is he, that from above
Rules the world in peace and love?

10 Who is he, that is so nigh
That he hears the sinner's cry?

11 Who is he, that on that day
Shall lead the ransomed host away?

78. Will You Meet Me at the Gathering?

D. TUCKER. P. M.



CHORUS.

1 We love the books of Matthew,
Of Mark and Luke and John;
The life of God, our Savior,
Is what they dwell upon.

CHORUS.

Will you meet me at the gathering,
Meet me at the gathering?
Will you meet me at the gathering?
I'll meet you in that day.

2 The Acts and then the Romans,
Corinthians you see;
Galatians and Ephesians
Bring Christ to you and me.

3 Philippians and Colossians
Are next in order here;
Thessalonians and Timothy
In train they both appear.

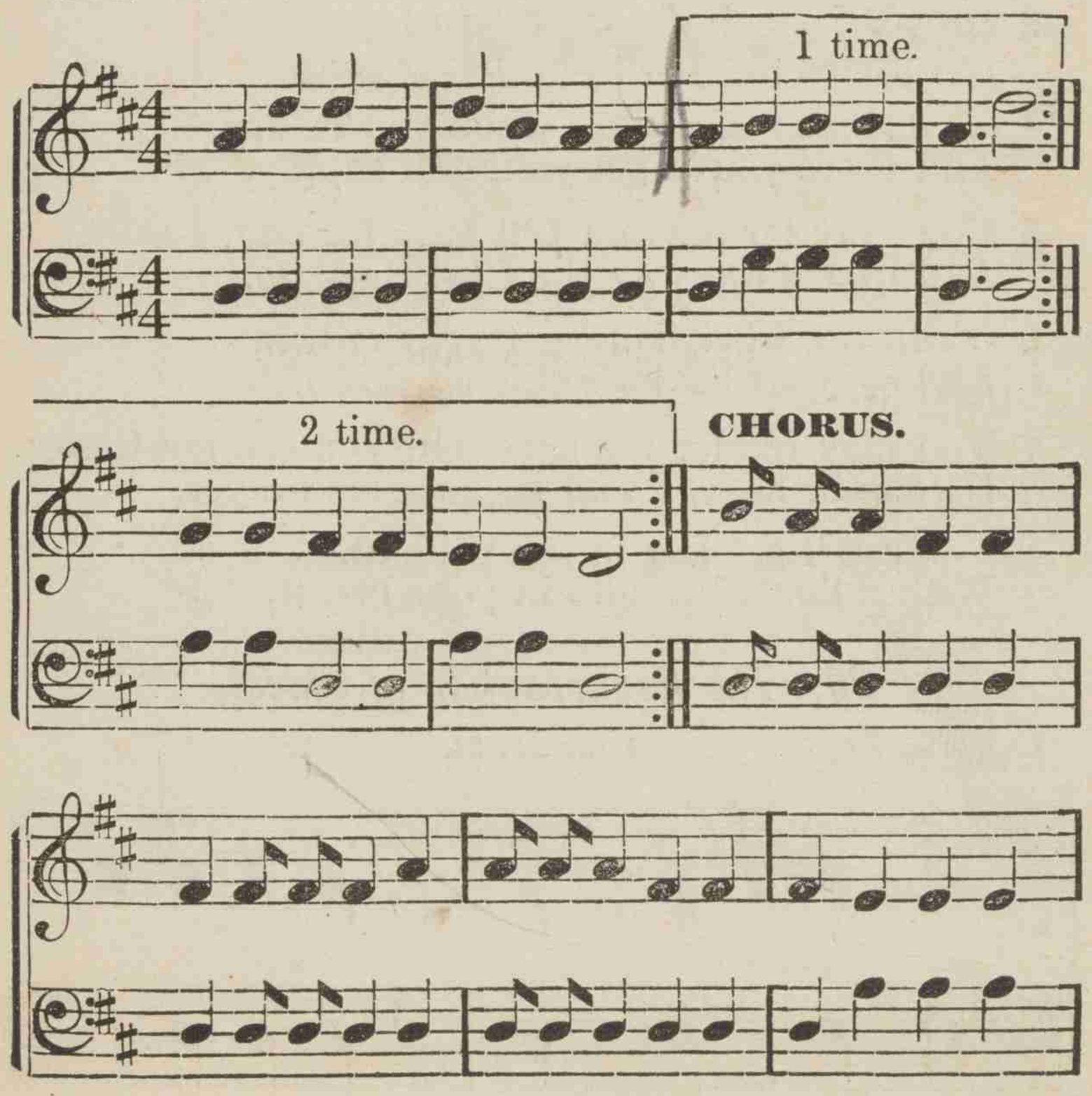
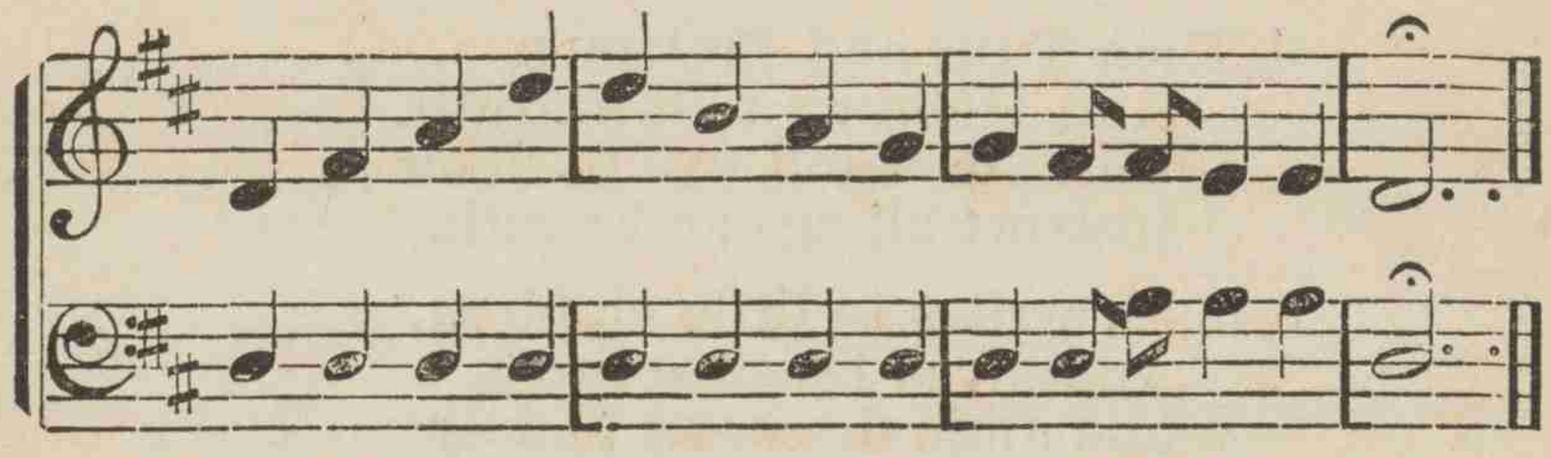
4 Then Titus and Philemon
And Hebrews rich in truth,
With James and two of Peter
Instruct all age and youth.

5 John writes to little children,
And gives Epistles three,
While Jude discusses plainly
Of what we all should be.

6 The last is Revelation,
To all the nations sent;
And then we have completed
The whole New Testament.

79. Get Ready, there's a Meeting here To-night.

CHAS. T. JONES. Matt. 7: 16. L. M.



1 GET you ready, there 's a meeting here to-night,
Come along, there 's a meeting here to-night;
I know you by your daily walks,
There 's a meeting here to-night.

2 O hallelujah to the Lamb,
There 's a meeting here to-night;
The Lord is on the giving hand,
There 's a meeting here to-night.

3 If ever I reach the mountain top,
I 'll praise my Lord and never stop.

4 Go down to the water when you 're dry,
And there you 'll get your full supply.

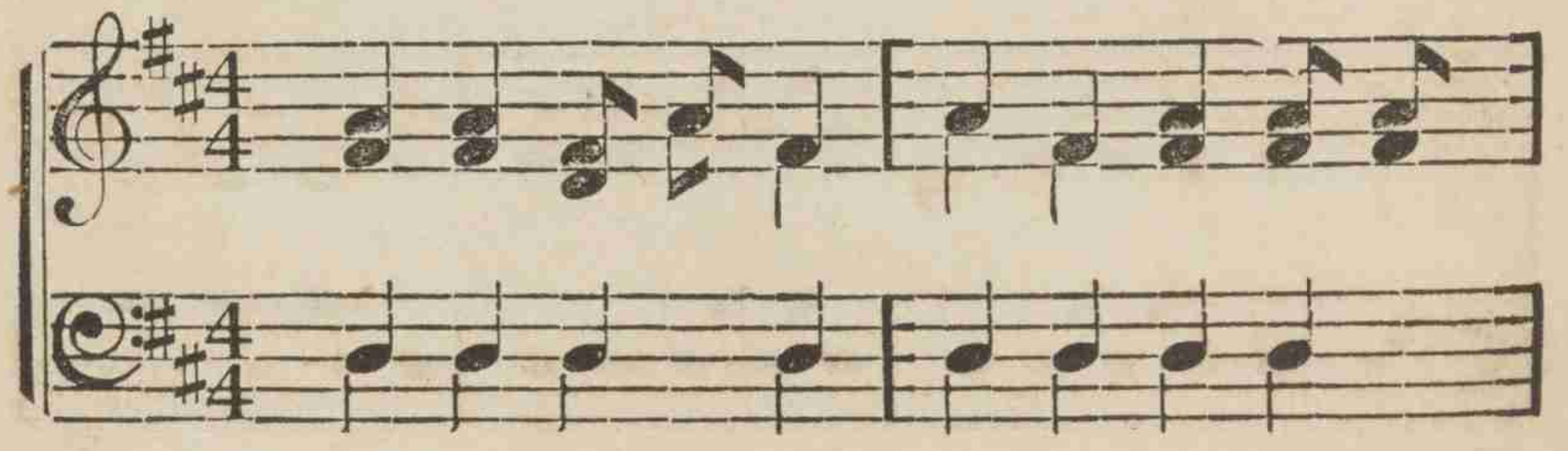
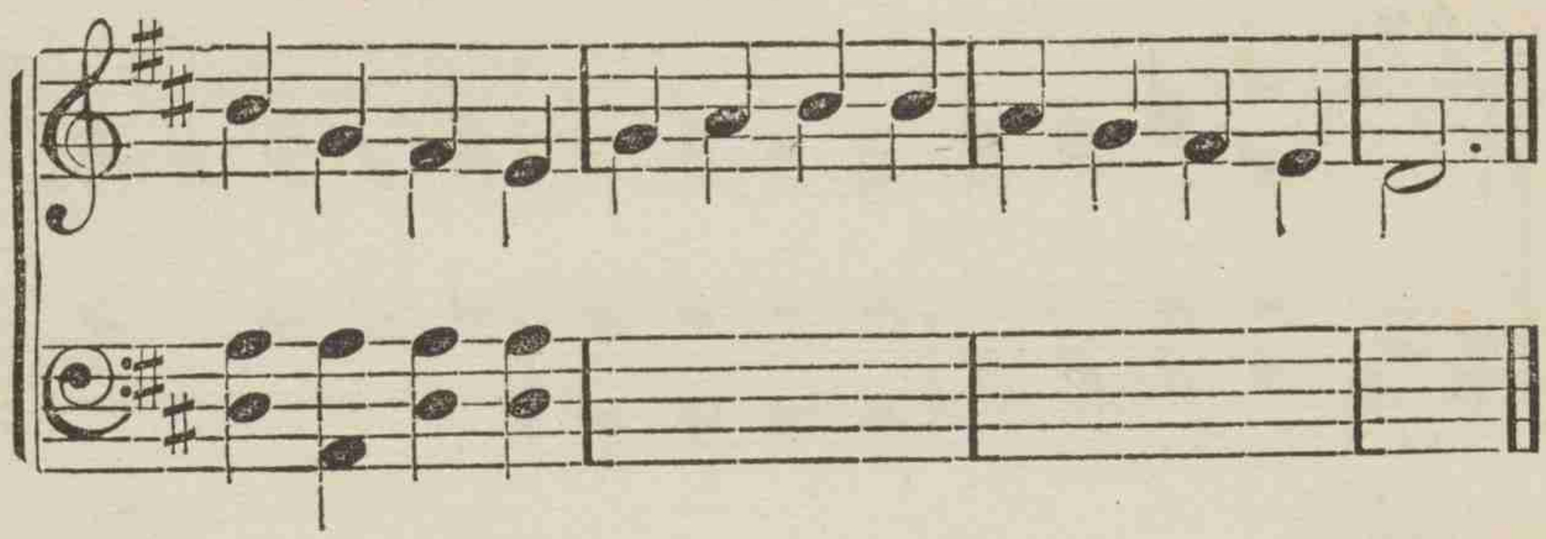
5 You pray for me and I 'll pray for you,
And that 's the way the Christians do.

6 O run up, Christians, get your crown,
And by your Savior's side sit down.

7 You may hinder me here, but you can not there;
He sits in heaven and he answers prayer.

8 You can 't get lost in the wilderness,
With a lighted candle in your breast.

80. The Resurrection of Christ.

L. FACING. Luke 24: 34.

1 He was cradled in a manger in the town of Bethlehem,
He was cradled in a manger in the town of Bethlehem,
He was cradled in a manger in the town of Bethlehem,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

Chorus.

He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, he rose from the dead;
He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, he rose from the dead;
He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

2 The Jews they crucified him, and nailed him to the cross,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

3 The earth began to tremble, and the Roman soldiers fell,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

4 Joseph begged his body, and laid it in the tomb,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

5 The cold grave could n't hold him, nor death's cold iron bands,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

6 From heaven came an angel, and rolled the stone away,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

7 Mary came a-running, the Savior for to see,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

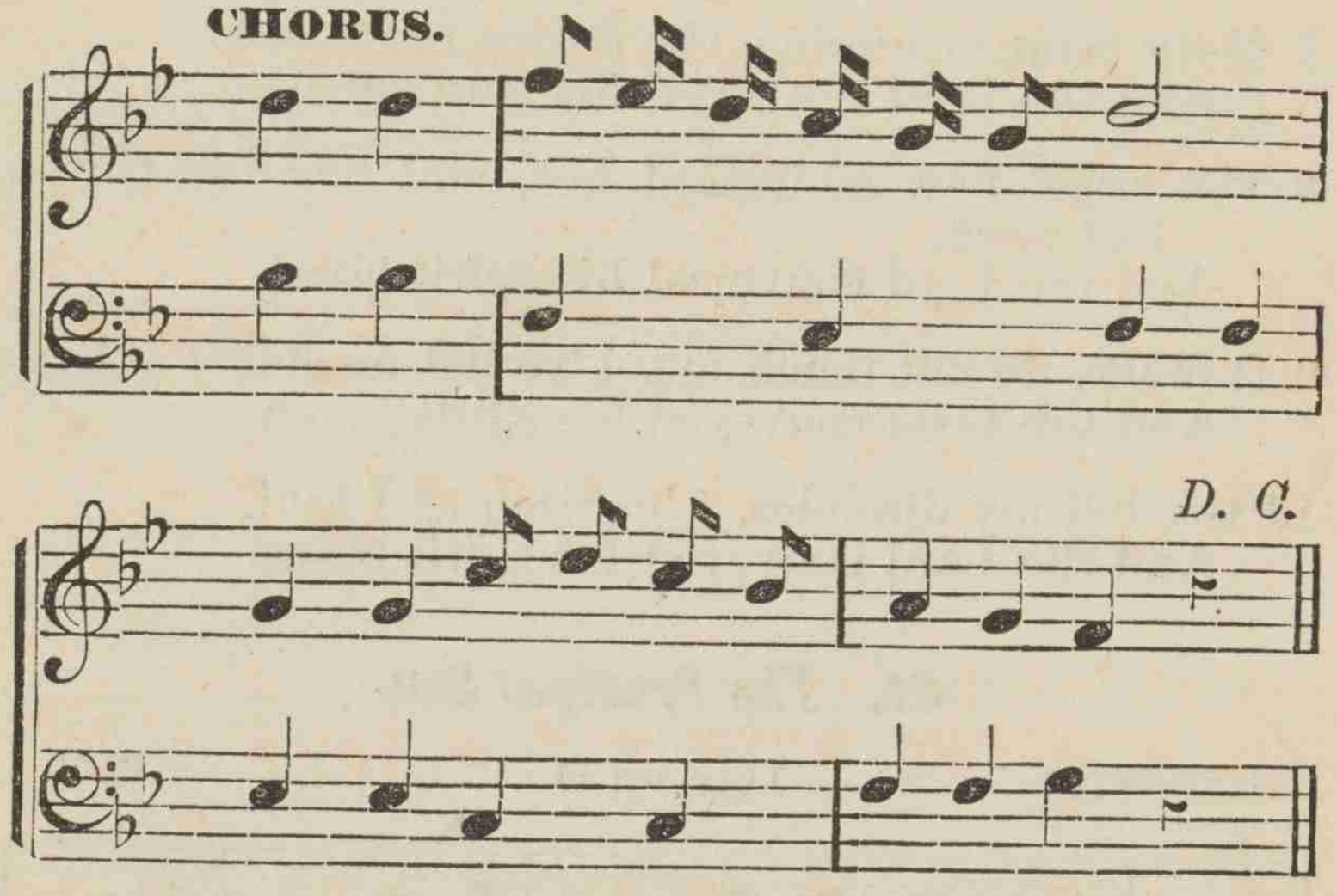
8 The angel now addressed her, and told her Christ had risen,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

9 O Mary, do not touch me, I've not ascended yet,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

10 Go, tell my disciples, I'm risen as I said,
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.

81. The Prodigal Son.

SELECTED. Luke 15 : 18. P. M.



1 RING the bells of heaven,
There is joy to-day, for a soul 's returning from the wild;
See the father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary, wandering child.

CHORUS.

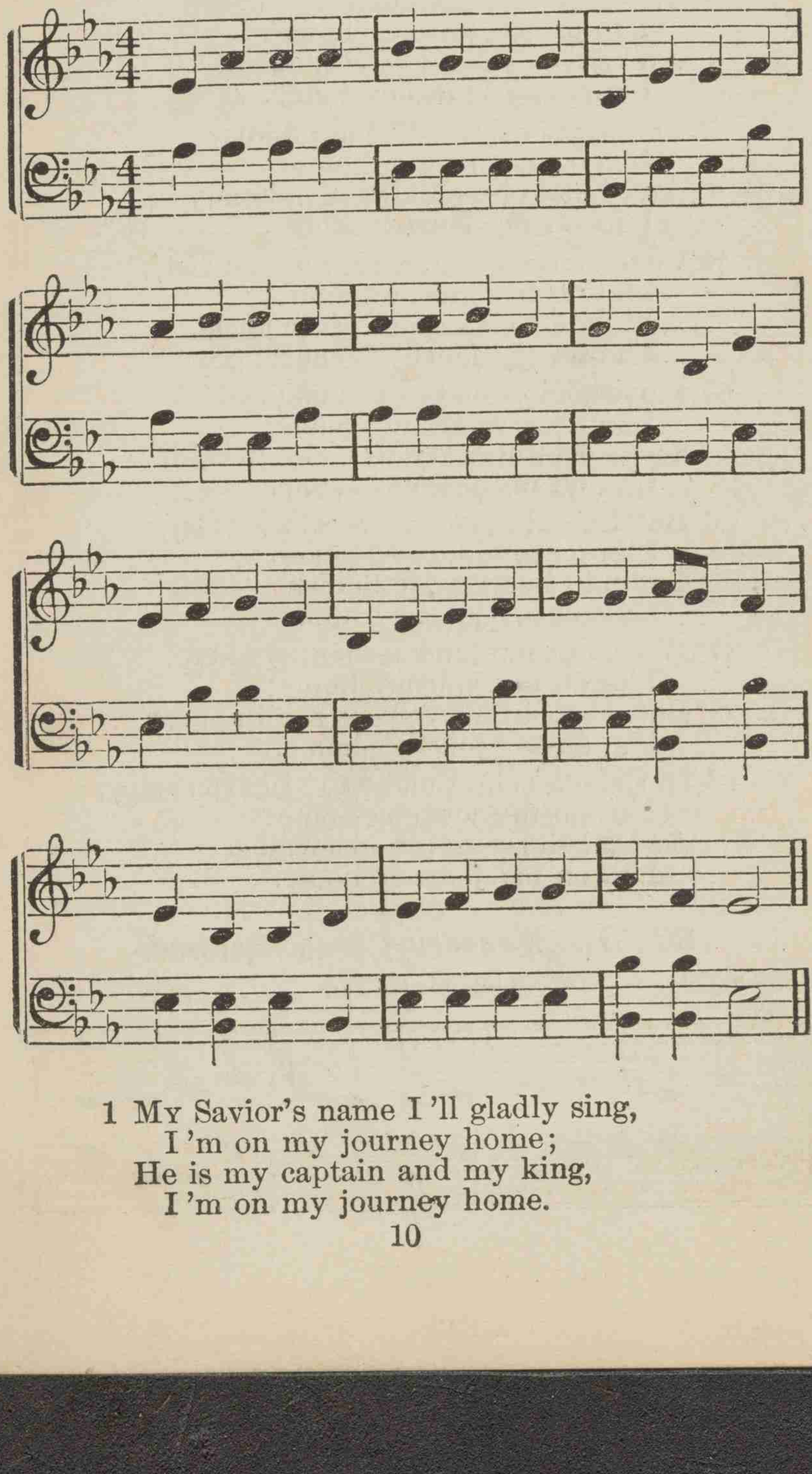
Glory, glory, how the angels sing,
Glory, how the loud harps ring;
'T is the ransomed army like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven, there is joy to-day.
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven, spread the feast to-day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain;
Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far away,
For a precious soul is born again.

4 Ring the bells of heaven, every one may come,
For our Father waits to welcome him;
Ye who 're sick and weary of a wanderer's shame,
Come, be reconciled, in Jesus' name.

82. *I'm on My Journey Home.*

GEO. W. LEACH. Rev. 6: 2. C. M.

1 My Savior's name I 'll gladly sing,
I 'm on my journey home;
He is my captain and my king,
I 'm on my journey home.

CHORUS.

Ride on, ride on, ride on, conquering Jesus;
Ride on, ride on, all the way along. *Repeat.*

2 Where 'er I go his name I 'll bless,
I 'm on my journey home;
And strive to live a Methodist,
I 'm on my journey home.

3 The devil's camp I 'll bid adieu,
I 'm on my journey home;
And Zion's peaceful ways pursue,
I 'm on my journey home.

4 Come, sinners, join with me and list,
I 'm on my journey home;
And fight like valiant Methodists,
I 'm on my journey home.

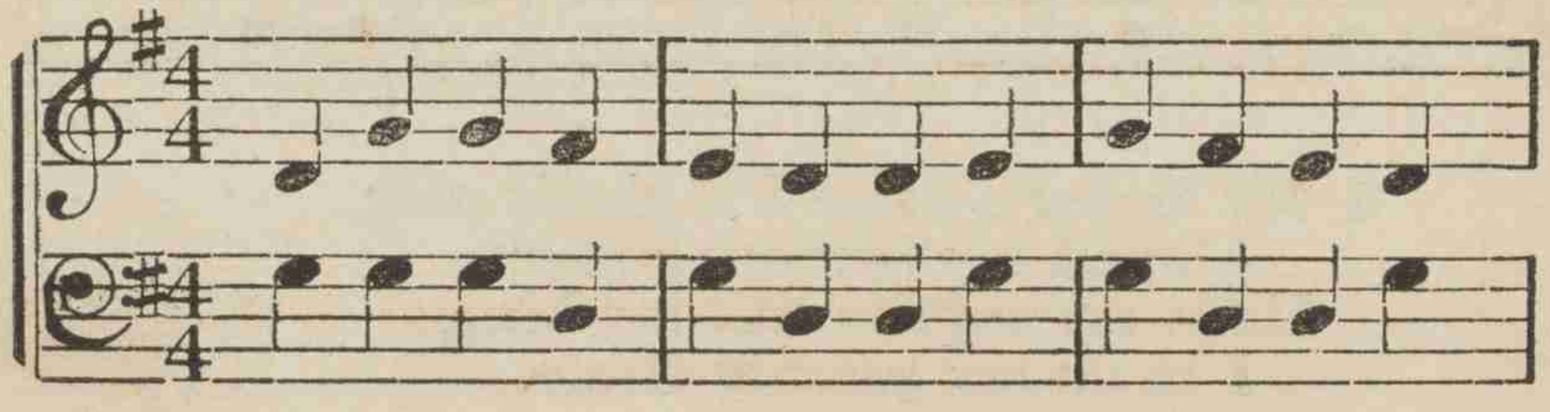
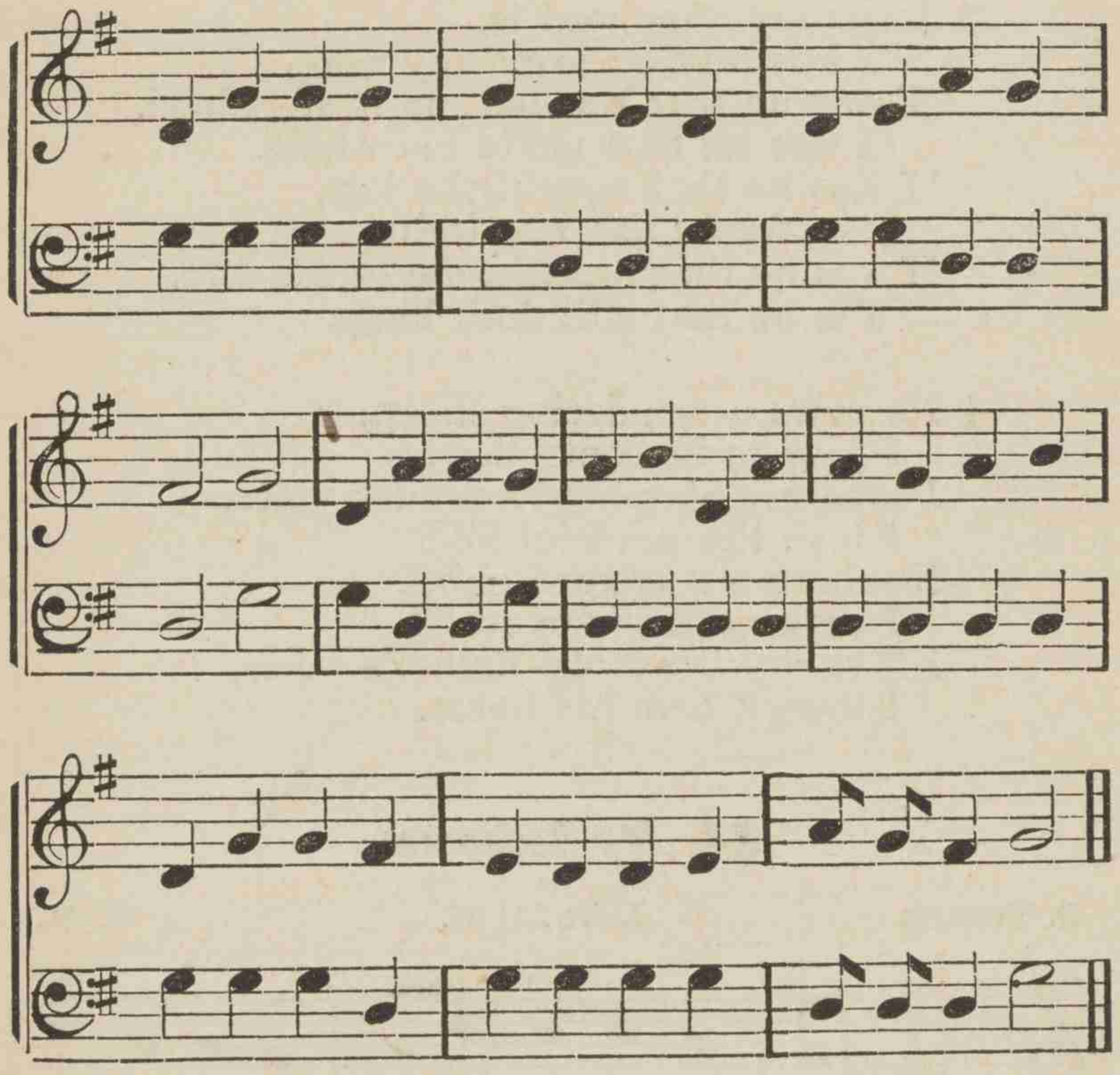
5 It is religion makes the man,
I 'm on my journey home;
The world may try to make it vain,
I 'm on my journey home.

6 But I would give the world for this,
I 'm on my journey home;
To be in heart a Methodist,
I 'm on my journey home.

7 We shout too loud for sinners here,
I 'm on my journey home;
But when in heaven we shall appear,
I 'm on my journey home.

8 Our shouts shall make the heavens ring,
I 'm on my journey home;
And all the saints in glory sing,
I 'm on my journey home.

83. *The Wandering Sheep Restored.*

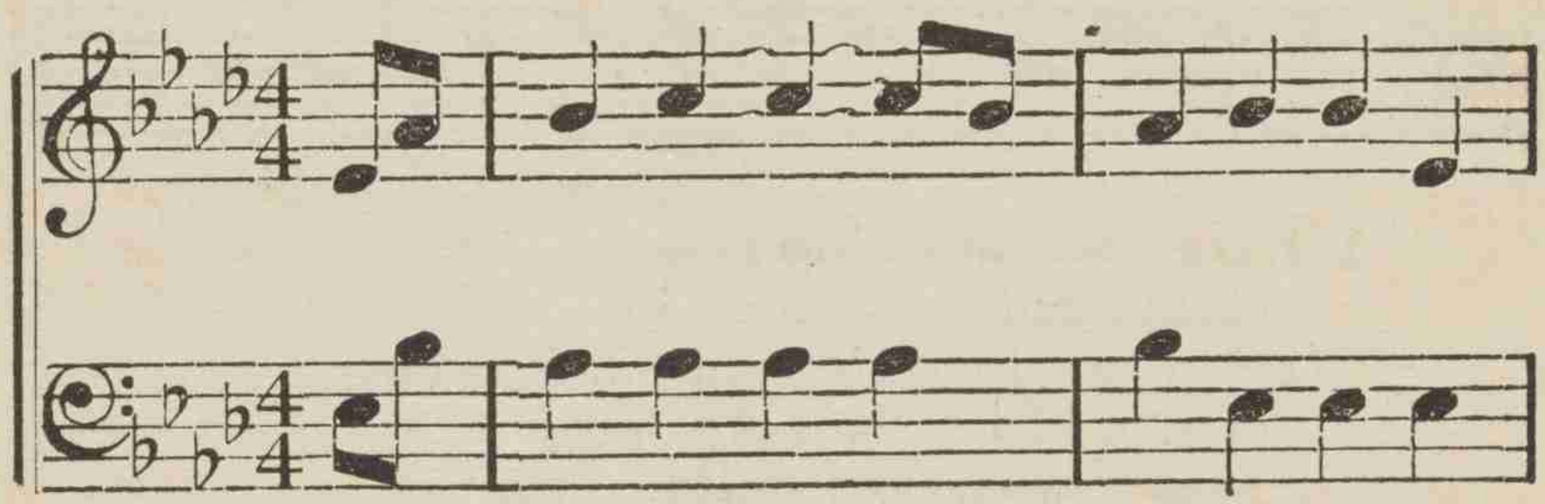
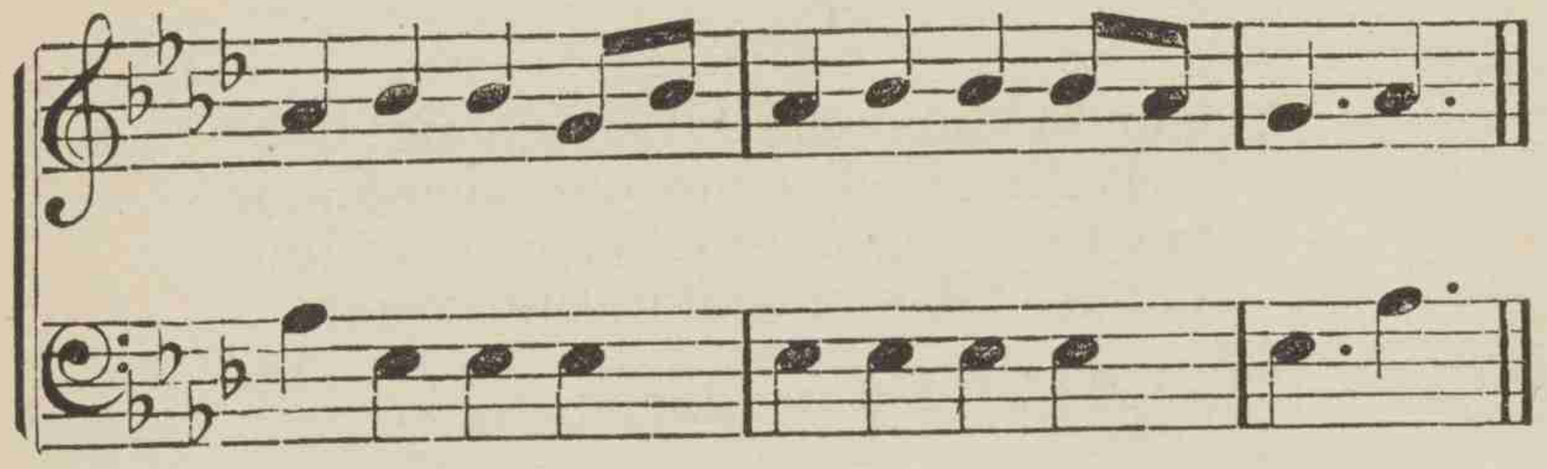
SELECTED. Luke 15: 12, 13. S. M.

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was he that loved my soul,
'T was he that washed me in his blood,
'T was he that made me whole.
'T was he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'T was he that brought me to the fold,
'T is he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my Shepherd's tender voice,
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

84. My Redeemer.

D. TUCKER. Luke 23 : 46. P. M.

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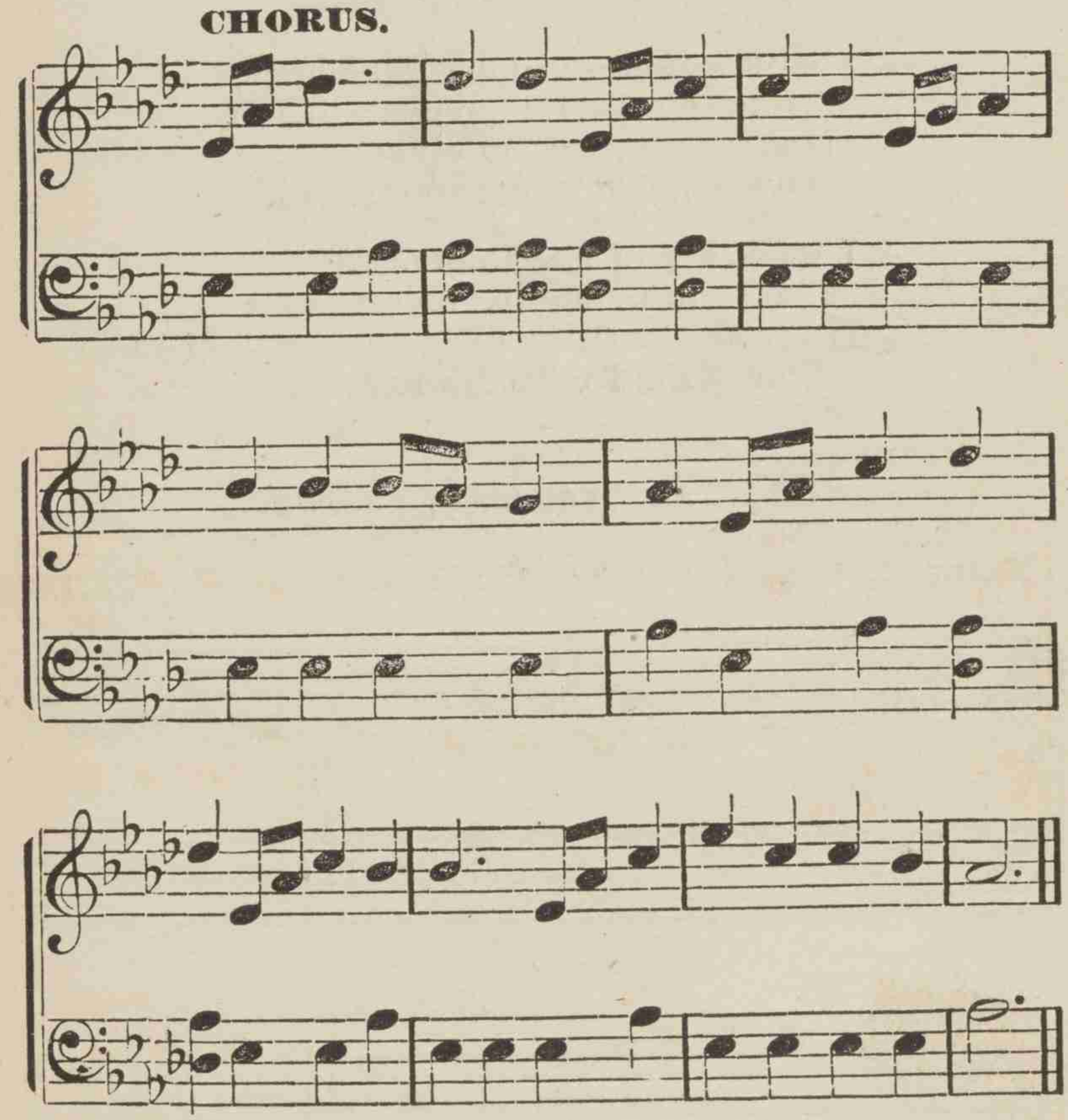

1 I WILL sing of my Redeemer
And his wondrous love to me,
On the cruel cross he suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

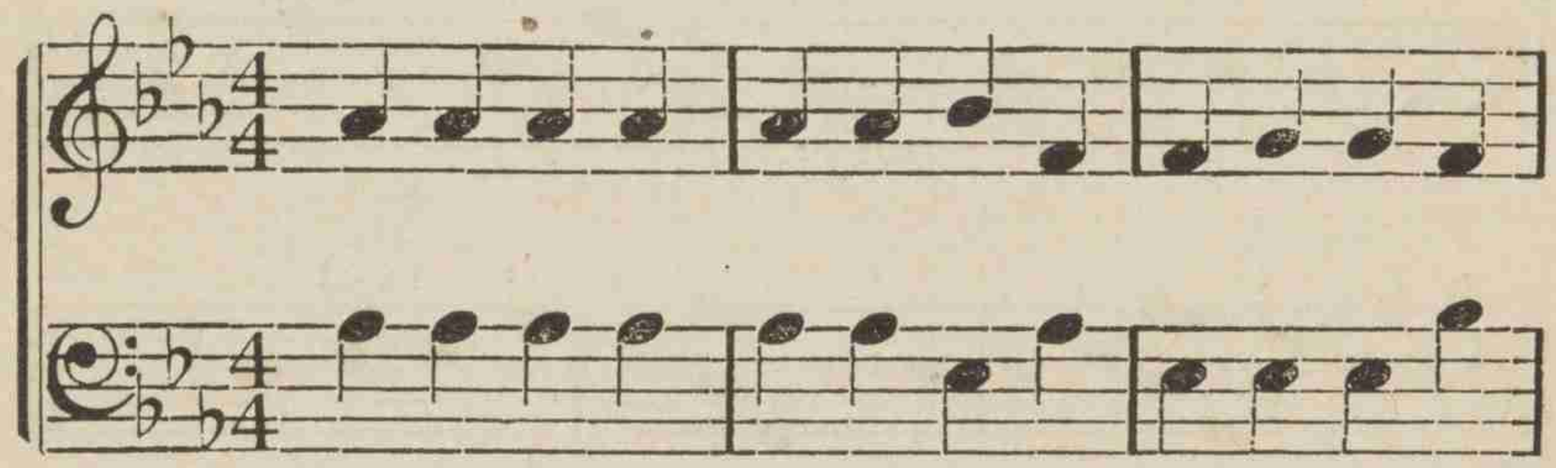
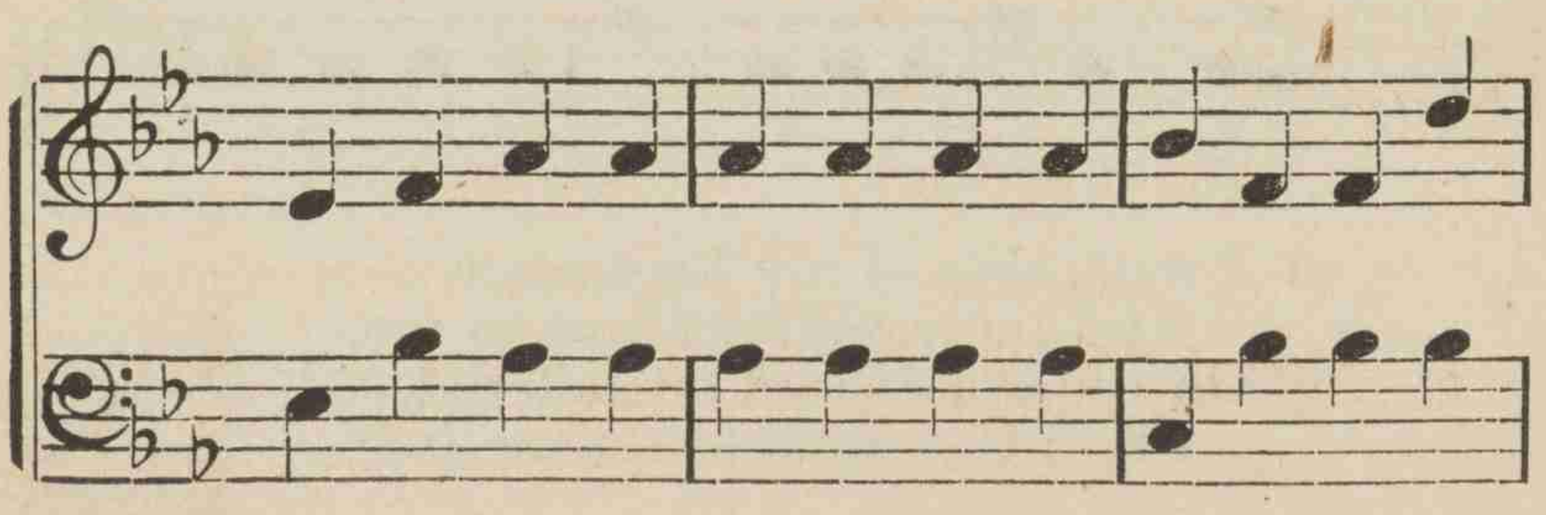
Sing, O sing of my Redeemer,
With his blood he purchased me,
On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and set me free.

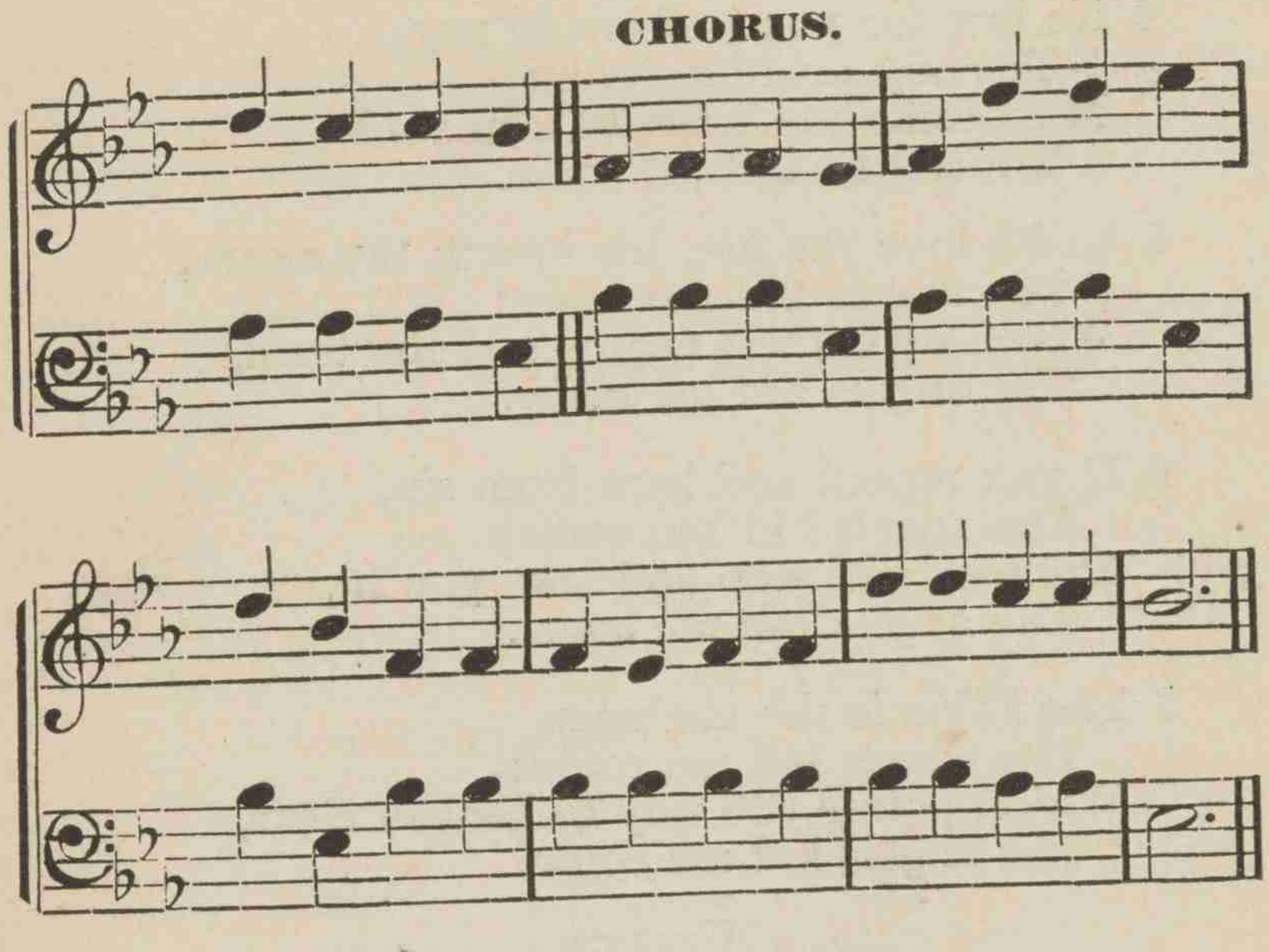
2 I will tell the wondrous story
How my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I 'll tell,
How the victory he giveth
Over sin and death and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer
And his heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God with him to be.

85. The Heavenly Railroad.

NANCY TAYLOR. 2 Cor. 12 : 2, 4. P. M.

CHORUS.



1 THERE is a road which Christ has made,
The angels bid me come;
With heavenly truths the rails are made,
The angels bid me come.

CHORUS.

Going home, children;
Going home, children;
Going home, children,
The angels bid me come.

2 From earth to heaven the line extends,
The angels bid me come;
To life eternal, there it ends,
The angels bid me come.

CHORUS.

Watch and pray, children, etc.

3 Then come, poor sinners, now 's your time,
The angels bid me come;
At any station on this line,
The angels bid me come.

4 No fare for you is there to pay,
The angels bid me come;
Must come to Christ, in him abide,
The angels bid me come.

5 God's love the fire, his breath the steam,
The angels bid me come;
Which drives the engine and the train,
The angels bid me come.

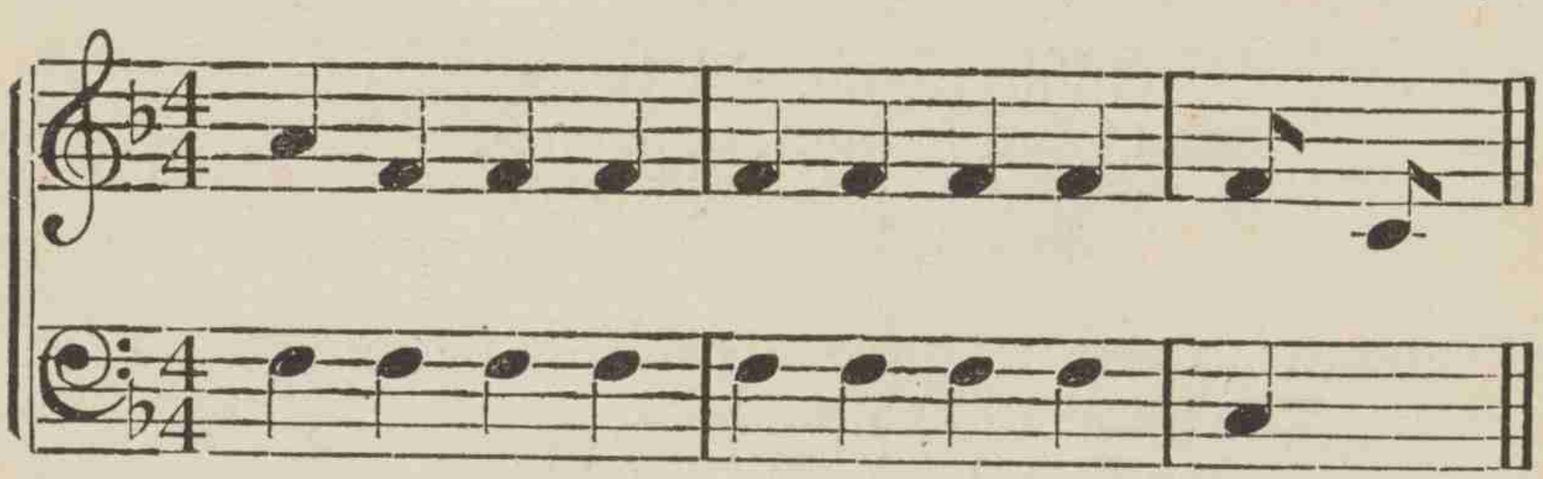
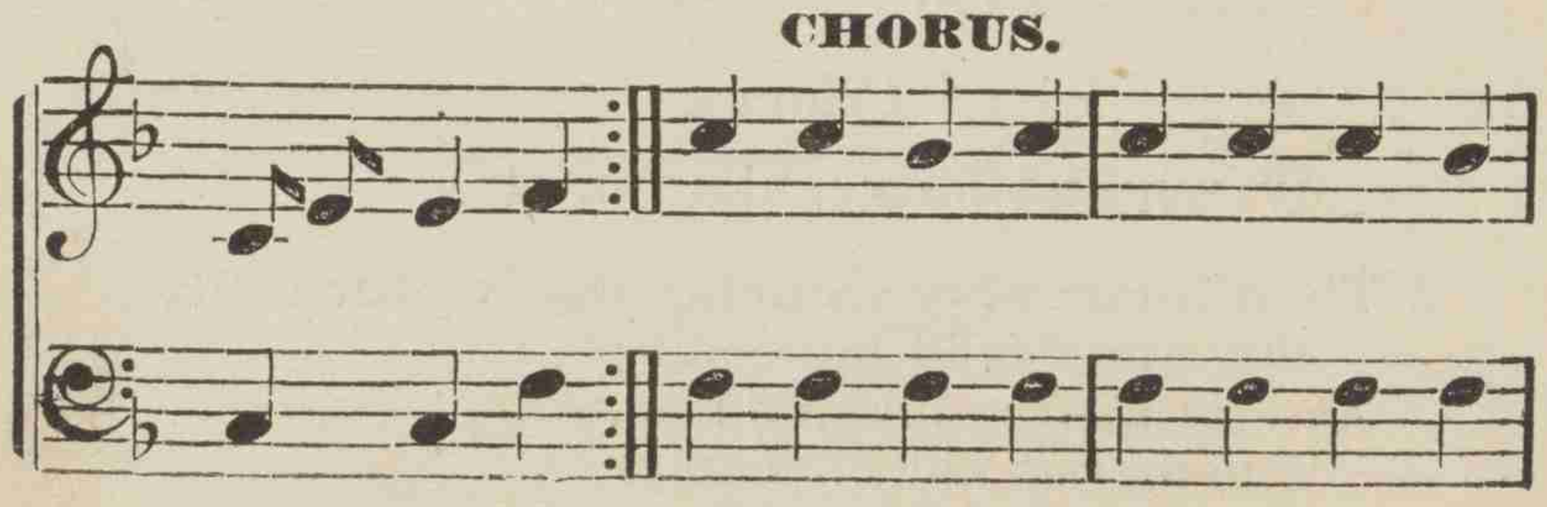
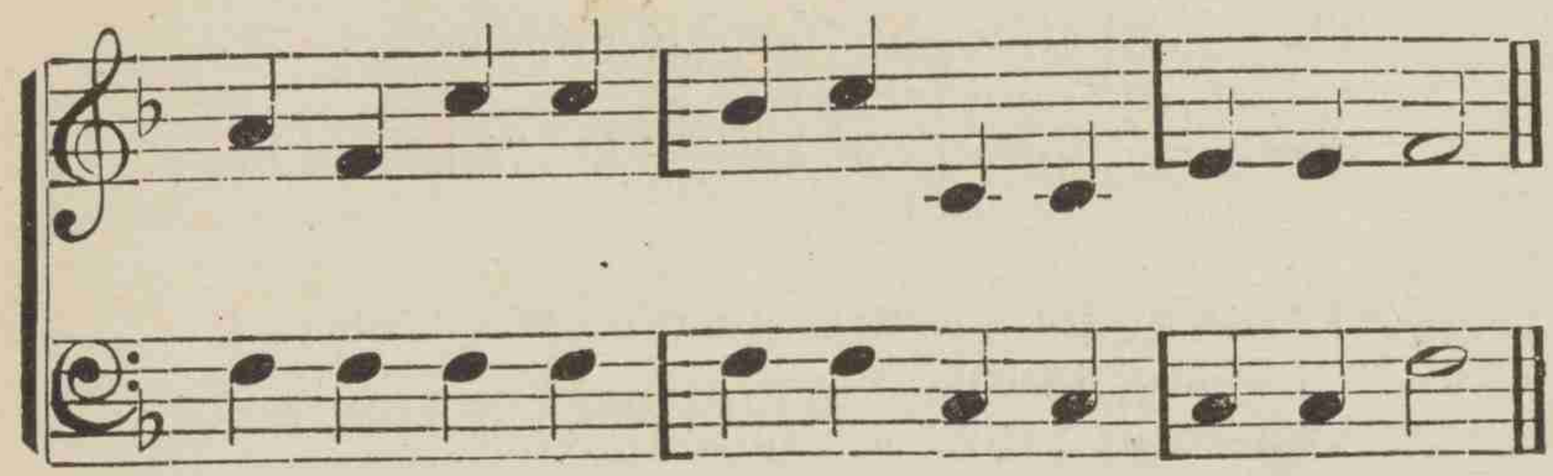
6 If you repent and turn from sin,
The angels bid me come;
The cars will stop and take you in,
The angels bid me come.

7 The Bible is the engineer,
The angels bid me come;
Which points the way to heaven clear,
The angels bid me come.

CHORUS.

Sing and shout, children, etc.

86. Go Down, Moses.

F. MINTER. Exodus 3: 10. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 When Israel was in Egypt land,
Let my people go;
Oppressed so hard, they could not stand,
Let my people go.
Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.

Chorus.

Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt land,
Tell King Pharoah, to let my people go.

2 No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go;
Let them come out of Egypt's soil,
Let my people go.
O 't was a dark and dismal night,
Let my people go;
When Moses led the Israelites,
Let my people go.

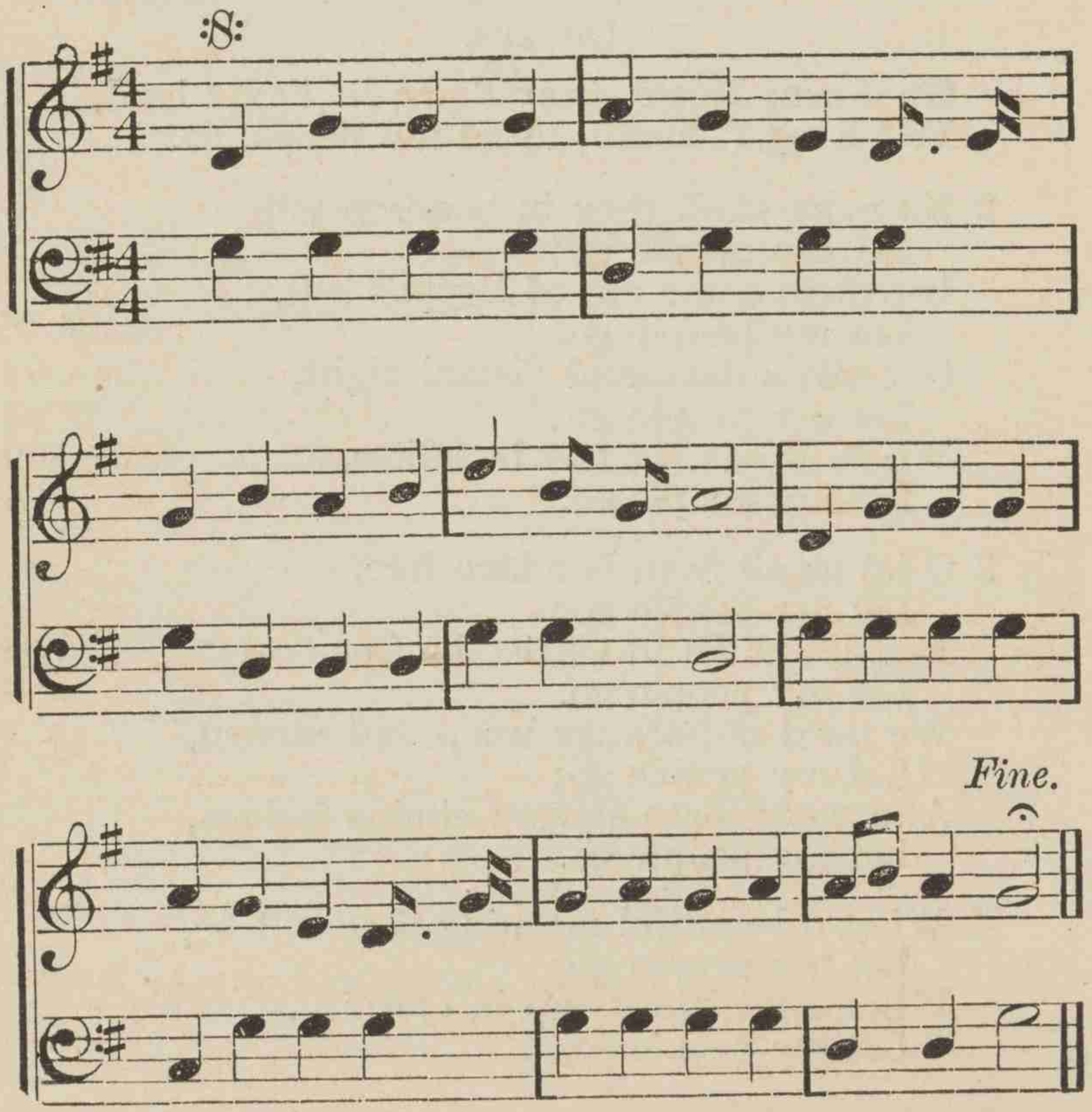
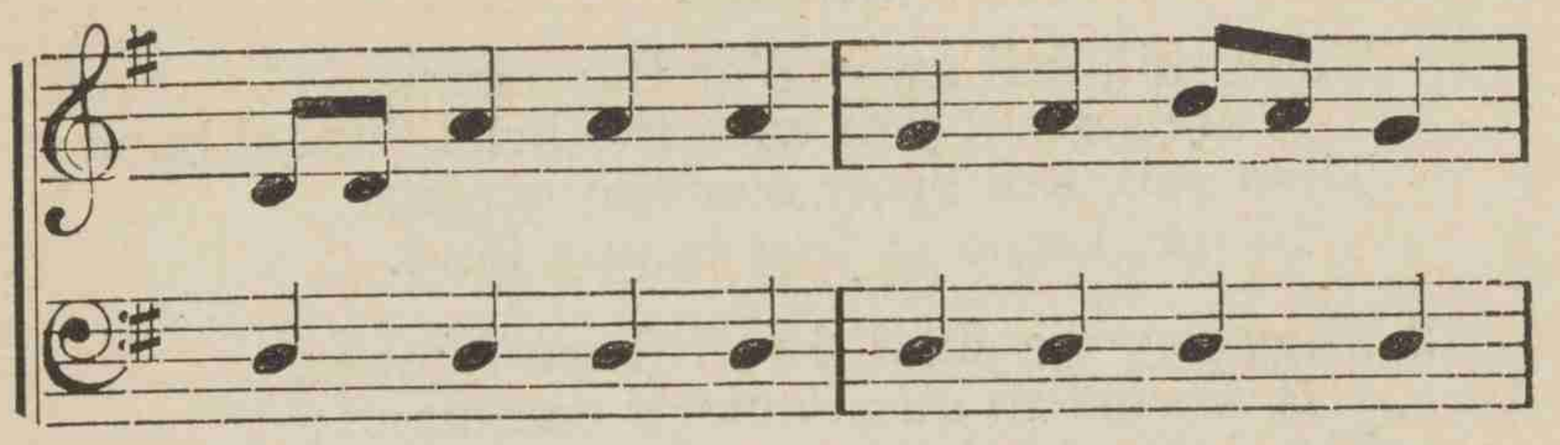
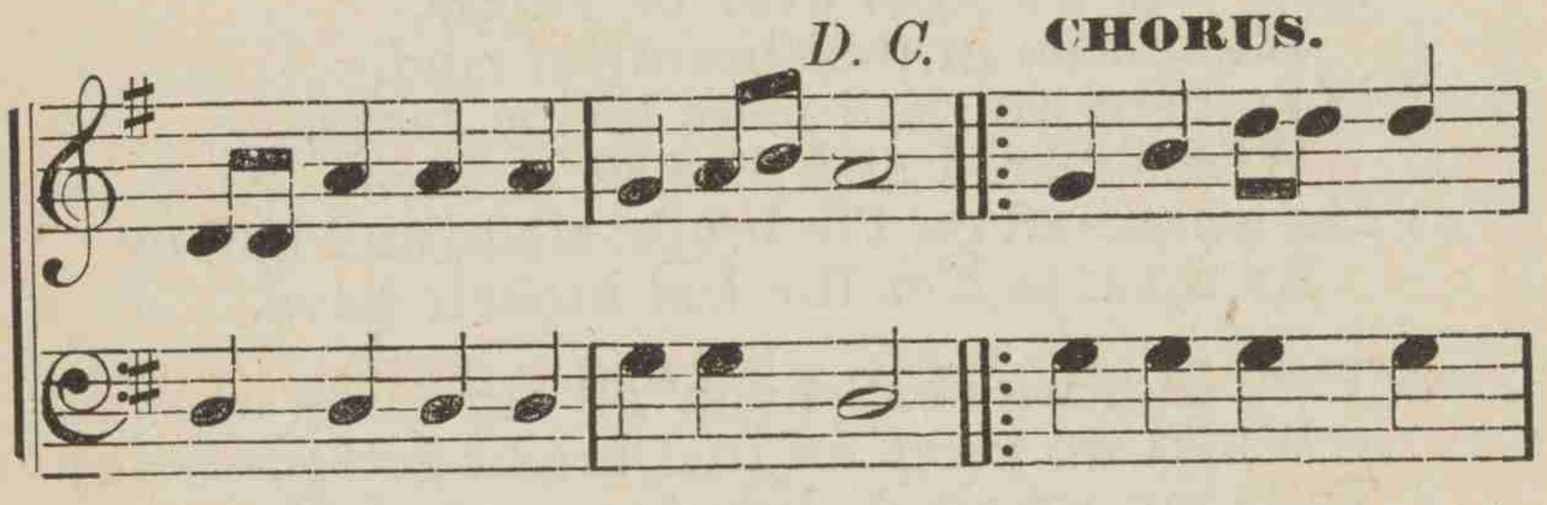
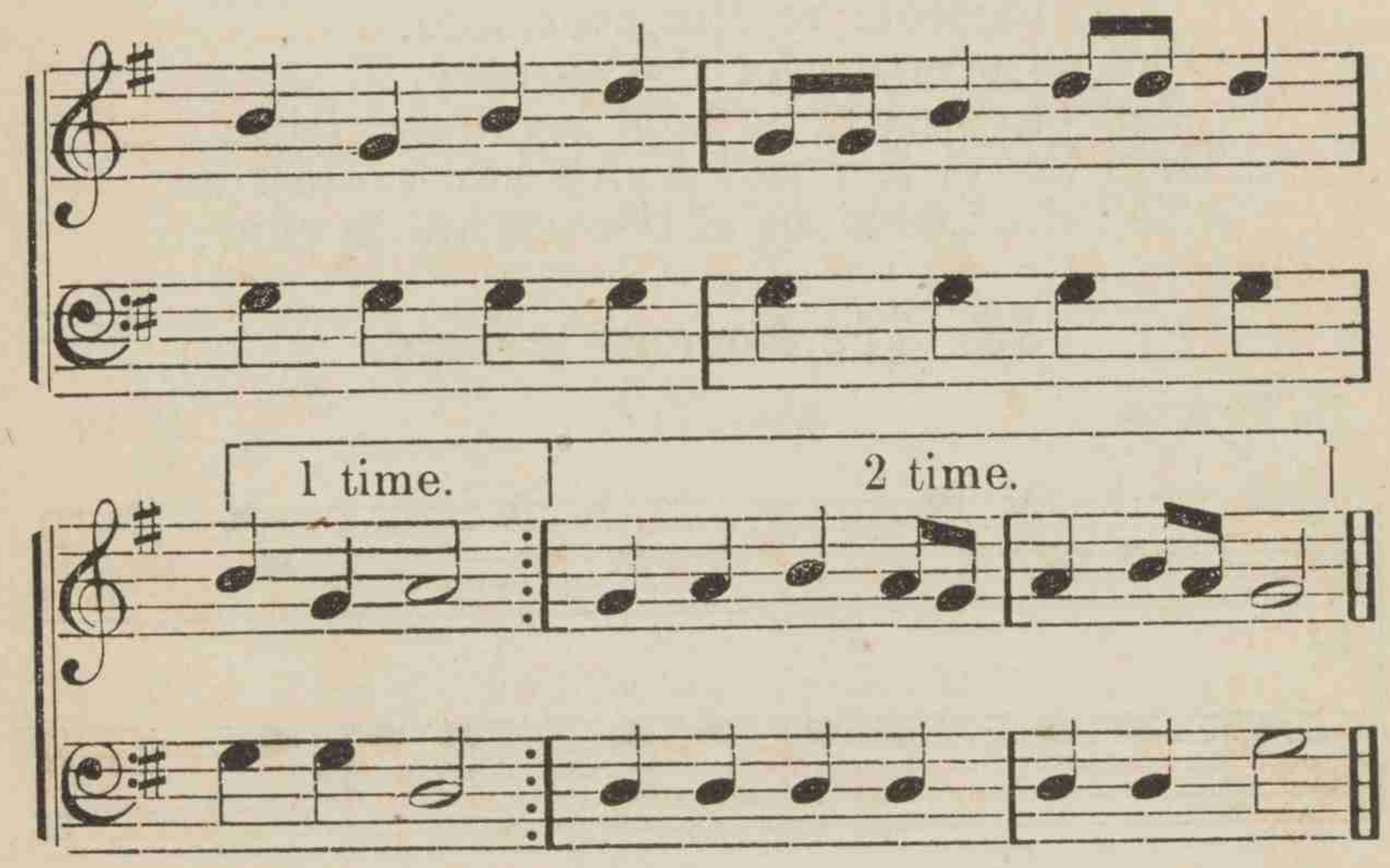
3 O let us all from bondage free,
Let my people go;
And let us all in Christ be free,
Let my people go.
We need not always weep and mourn,
Let my people go;
And wear these slavery chains forlorn,
Let my people go.

4 What a beautiful morning that will be,
Let my people go;
When time breaks up in eternity,
Let my people go.

The devil thought he had me fast,
Let my people go;
But I thought I 'd break his chains at last,
Let my people go.

5 O take your shoes from off your feet,
Let my children go;
And walk into the golden street,
Let my people go.
I do believe without a doubt,
Let my people go;
That the Christian has a right to shout,
Let my people go.

87. *They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean.*

D. TUCKER. Deut. 34: 1, 2. P. M.



1 They say there 's a land o'er the ocean,
Where wonders and beauties are seen;
They say it 's a glorious Eden,
Where none but the blessed convene.
Many friends for that land have departed,
They have crossed over life's troubled sea;
O let us sail over and meet them,
Jesus, the life-boat will carry you free.

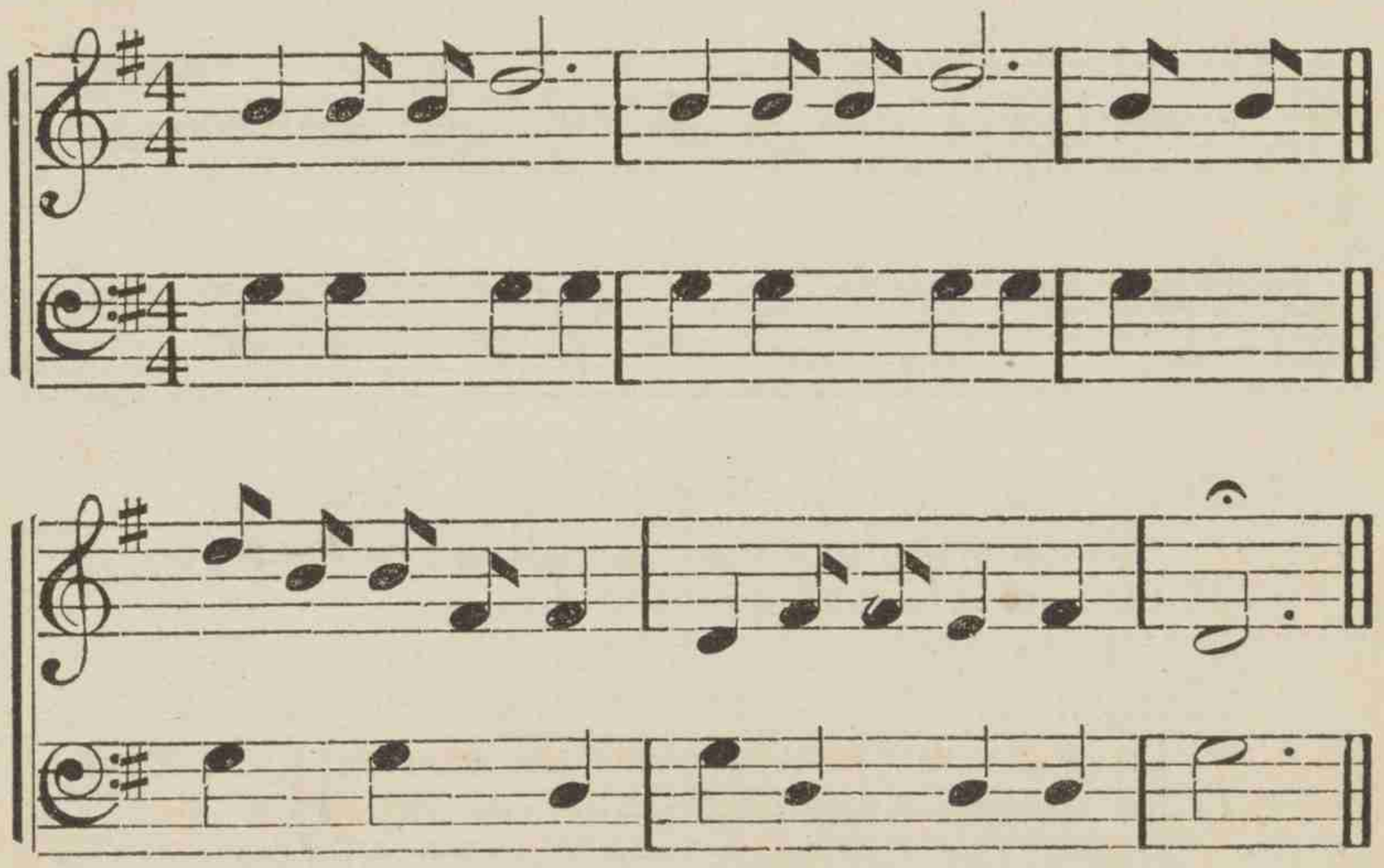
CHORUS.

Then sail, sail away o'er the ocean,
Where we 'll join with the bright angel band;
Then sail, sail away o'er the ocean,
To our home in that happy land.

2 They say we shall dwell there forever,
If we list to our Savior's command;
They say we shall ever be happy,
When safe in that beautiful land.
'T is there we shall meet loving Jesus,
Who suffered and died us to save;
He will stand on the bright shore and hail us,
As we ride o'er the last broken wave.

3 They say, we shall know all our loved ones,
When we meet on that bright golden shore;
They say we shall clasp hands so gladly,
And together rejoice evermore.
O let us prepare for the journey,
Let our hearts be kept loyal and true;
Then the Savior will watch and protect us,
Till the mansions of heaven are in view.

88. The Mourner's Race.

D. TUCKER. Matt. 5: 4. P. M.

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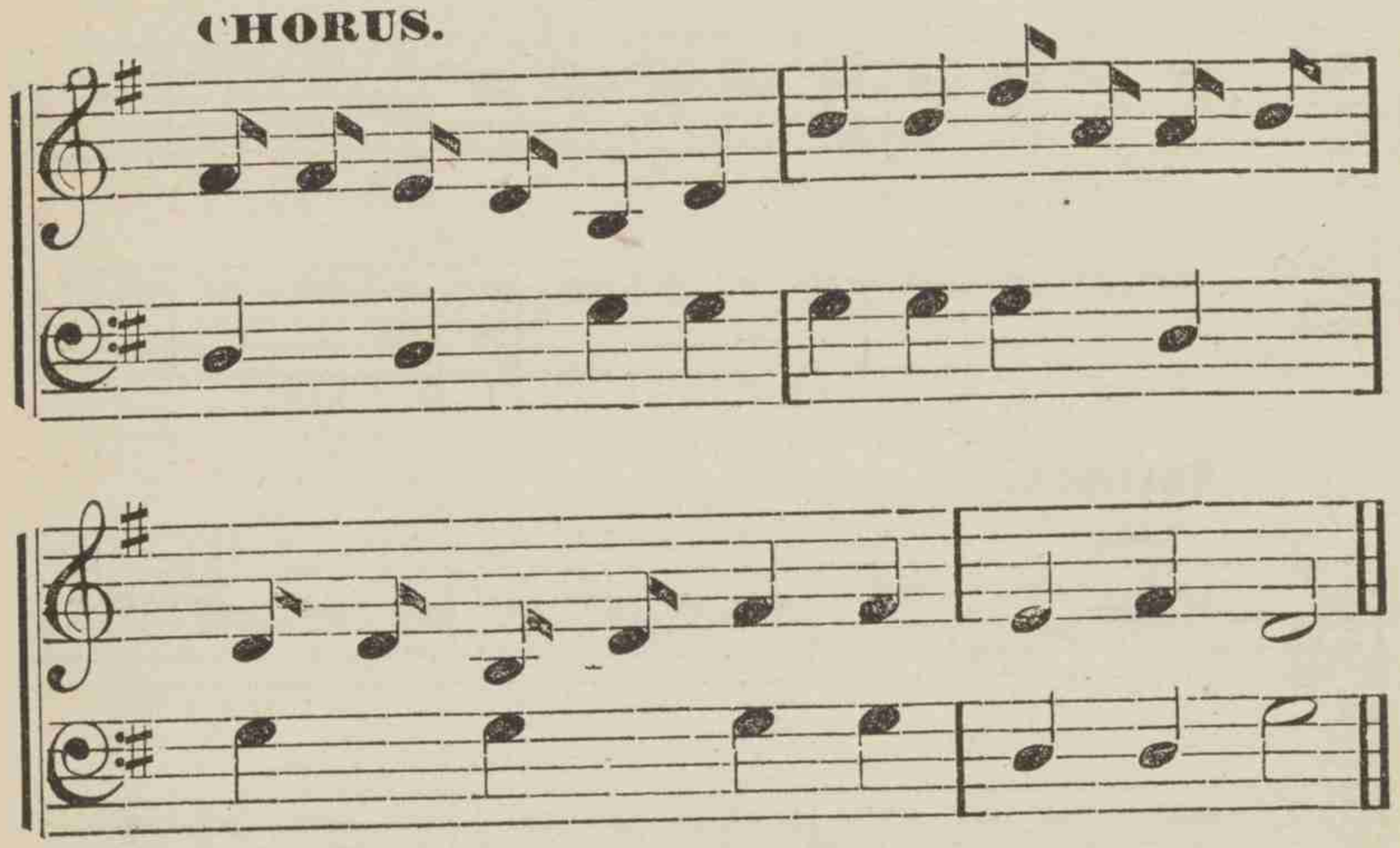

1 THERE 's trouble here, there 's trouble there,
I really do believe there is trouble everywhere.

CHORUS.

Run, mourners, run, for low is the Bible;
Run, mourners, run, for low is the way.

2 There is praying here, there 's praying there,
I really do believe there is praying everywhere.

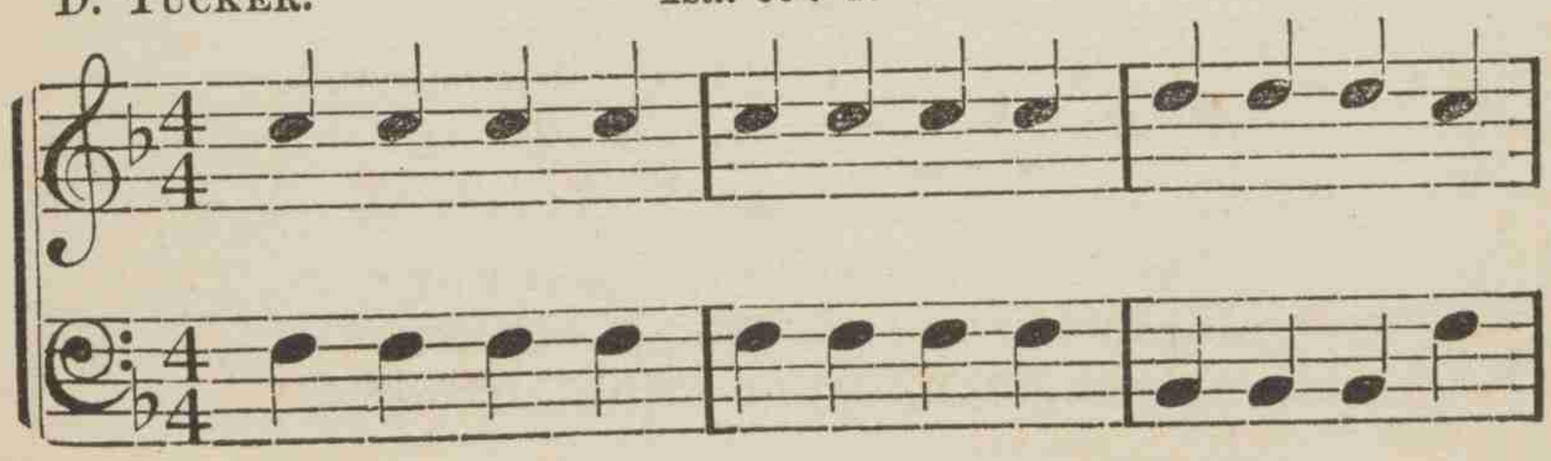
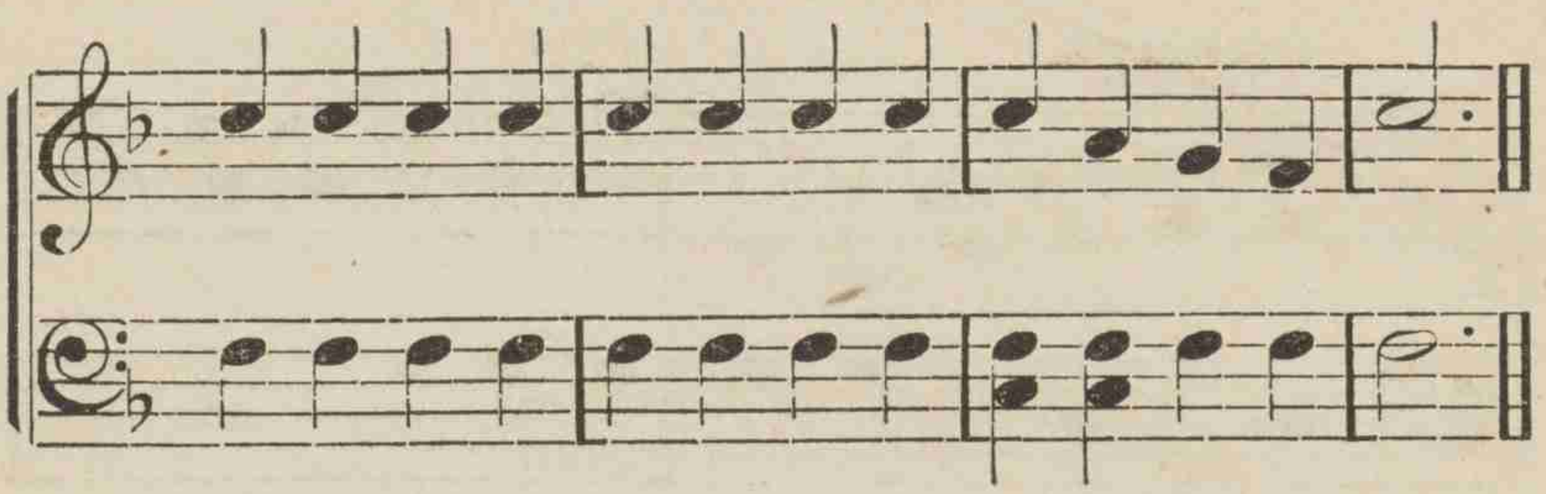
3 There 's Christians here, there 's Christians there,
I really do believe there are Christians everywhere.

4 There are believers here, there are believers there,
I really do believe there are believers everywhere.

5 There are devils here, there are devils there,
I really do believe there are devils everywhere.

6 My Jesus is here, my Jesus is there,
I really do believe my Jesus is everywhere.

89. Rise and Shine.

D. TUCKER. Isa. 60 : 1. P. M.

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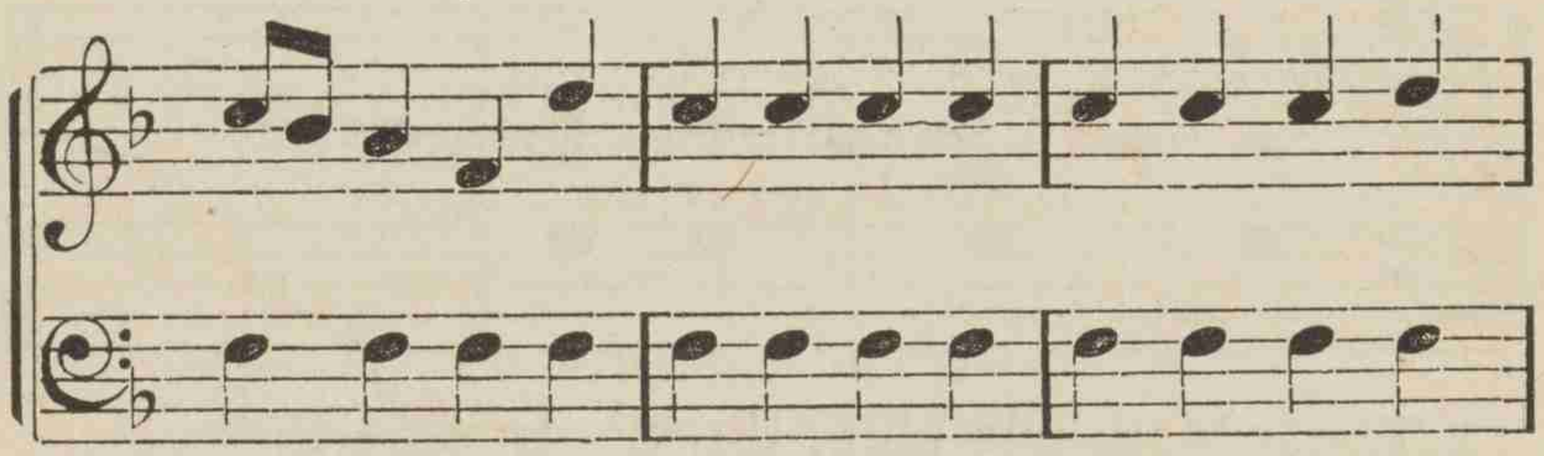
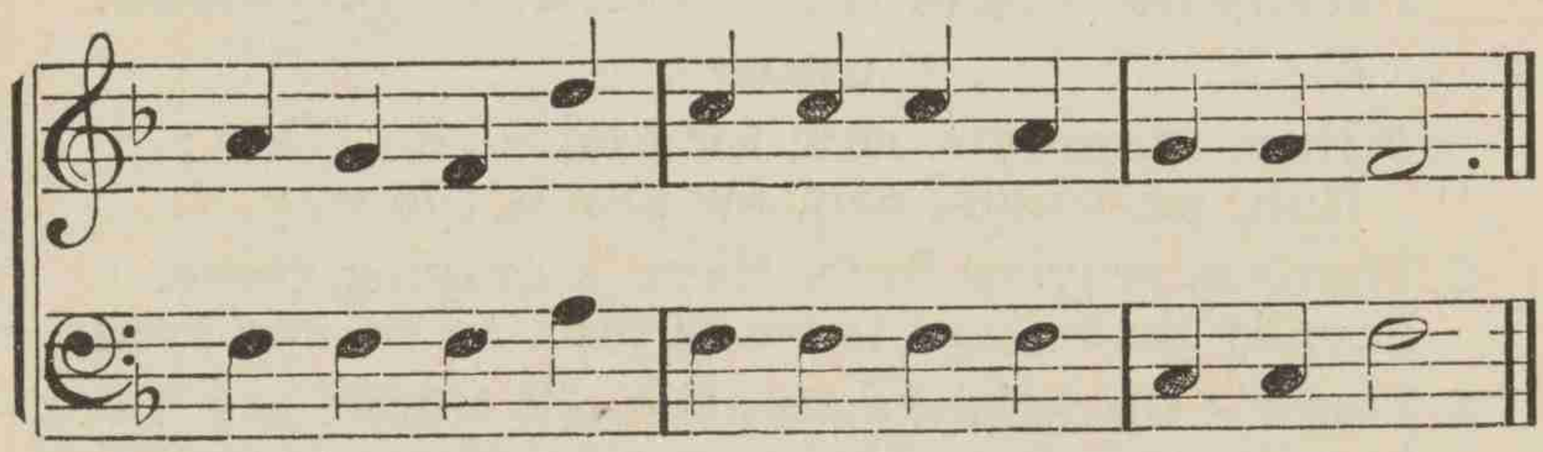

1 Good morning, brother Pilgrim,
Pray tell to me your name,
And to where it is you are going,
Also from whence you came.

Chorus.

Brethren, rise and shine, behold King Jesus coming;
Brethren, rise and shine, and meet him in the cloud.

2 My name it is bold Pilgrim,
I am for Canaan bound;
I 'm from the howling wilderness,
From that exhausted ground.

3 What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand?
Likewise the shining instrument,
You bear in your right hand?

4 'T'is gospel shoes upon my feet,
And in my hand a shield;
With this bought sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field.

5 We came up out of Egypt
And across the Red Sea,
But when I get to Canaan,
My happiness I 'll see.

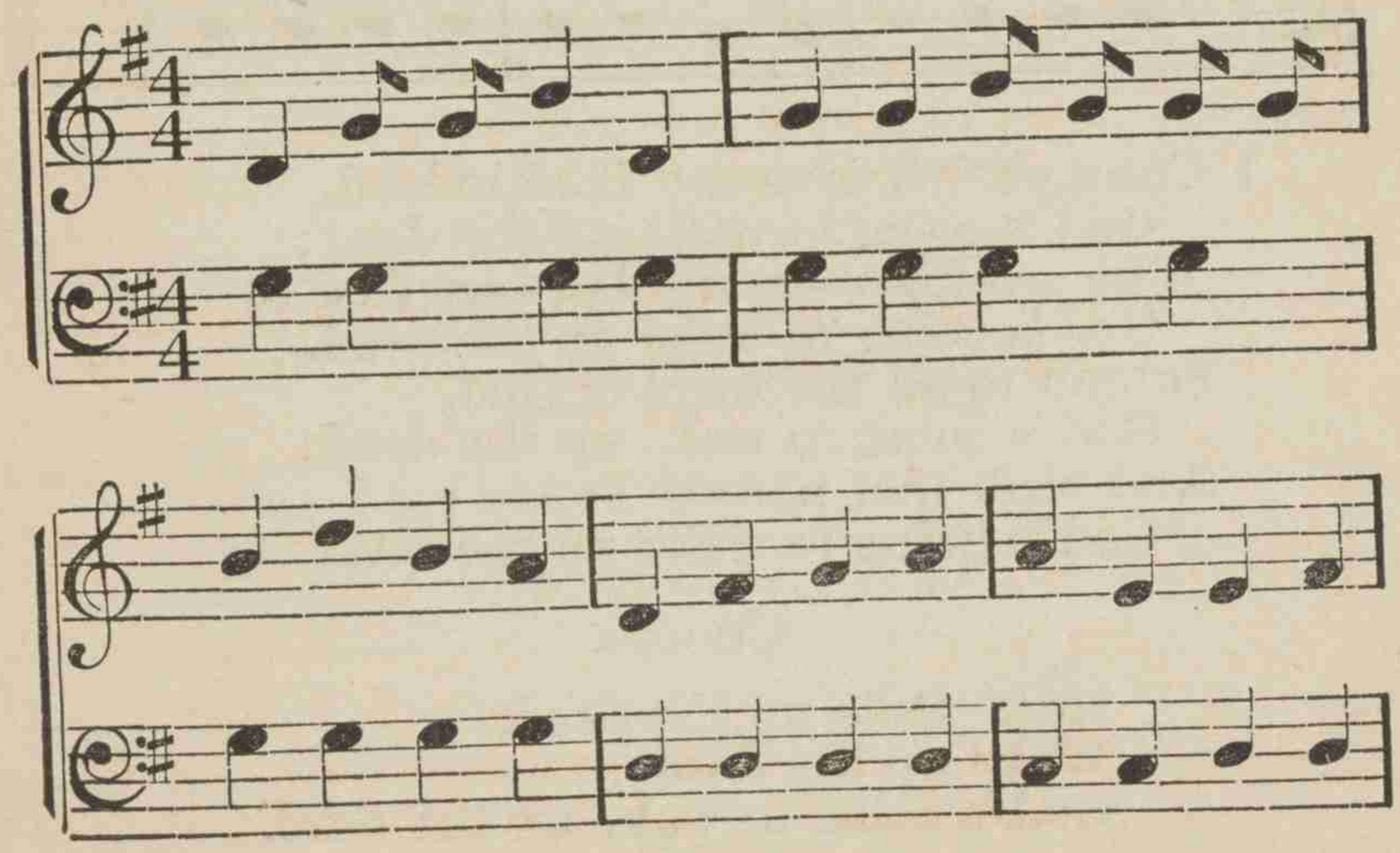
6 Jesus he will go with me,
And with a cloud by day;
And if I trust him as a guide
I 'll never lose my way.

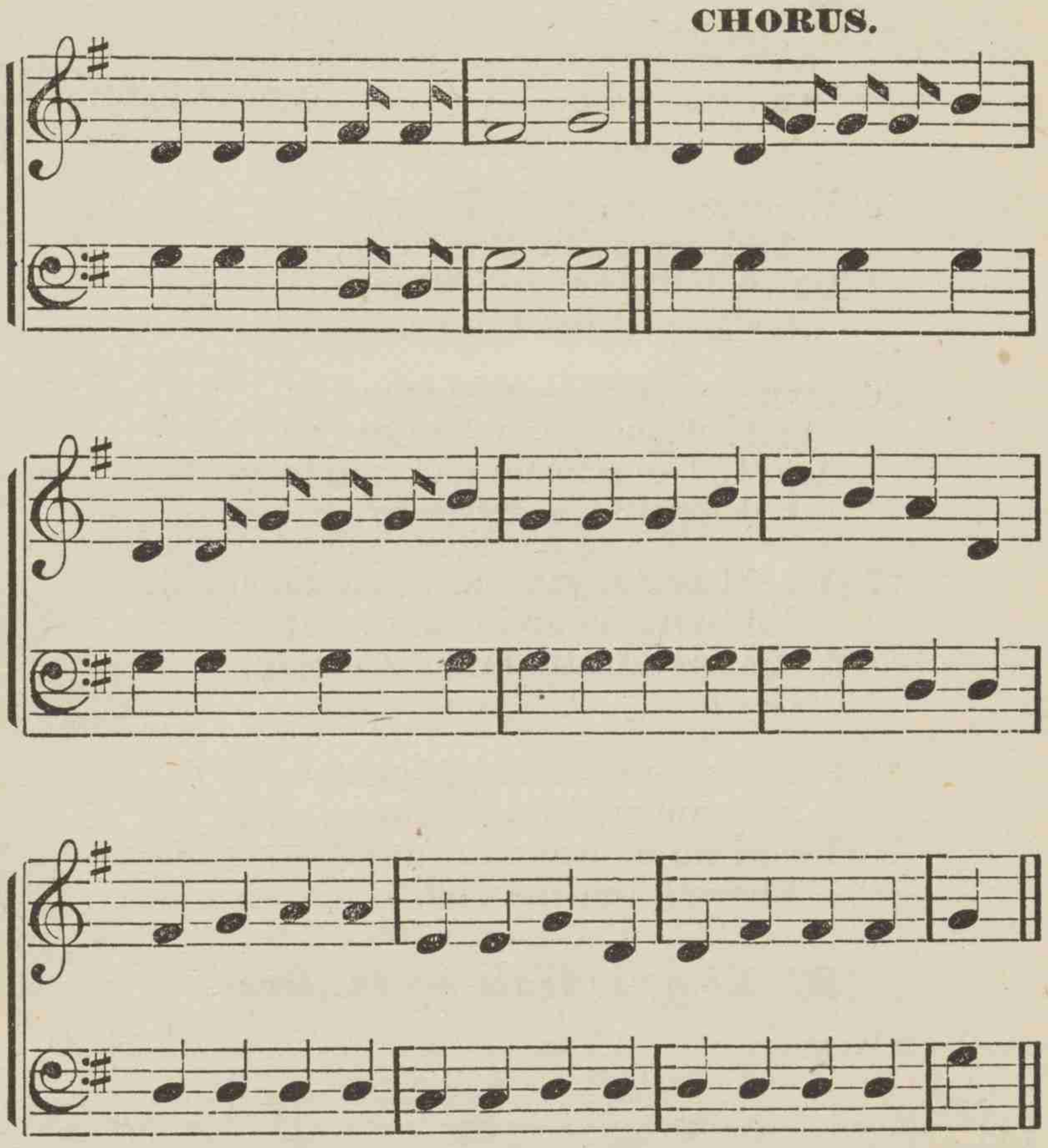
7 You 'd better stay with me all night,
And give your journey o'er;
Your captain he is out of sight,
His face you 'll see no more.

8 O no, says the bold pilgrim,
Sir, your offer I disdain,
For a brilliant crown awaits me there,
I shortly shall obtain.

90. Going to Wake up the Dead.

SALLIE WASHINGTON. 1 Thess. 4: 16. P. M.





1 Come ye that love the Lord indeed,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
Who are from sin and bondage free 'd,
God 's going to wake up the dead.
Submit to all the ways of God,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
And walk that narrow happy road,
God 's going to wake up the dead.

Chorus.

He 'll wake up the dead,
Wake up the dead,
God 's going to wake up the dead.

2 Great tribulations you shall meet,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
But soon shall walk the golden street,
God 's going to wake up the dead.
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight,
God 's going to wake up the dead.

3 That happy day will soon appear,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
God 's going to wake up the dead.
Sound through the earth, yea down to hell,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
To call the nations great and small,
God 's going to wake up the dead.

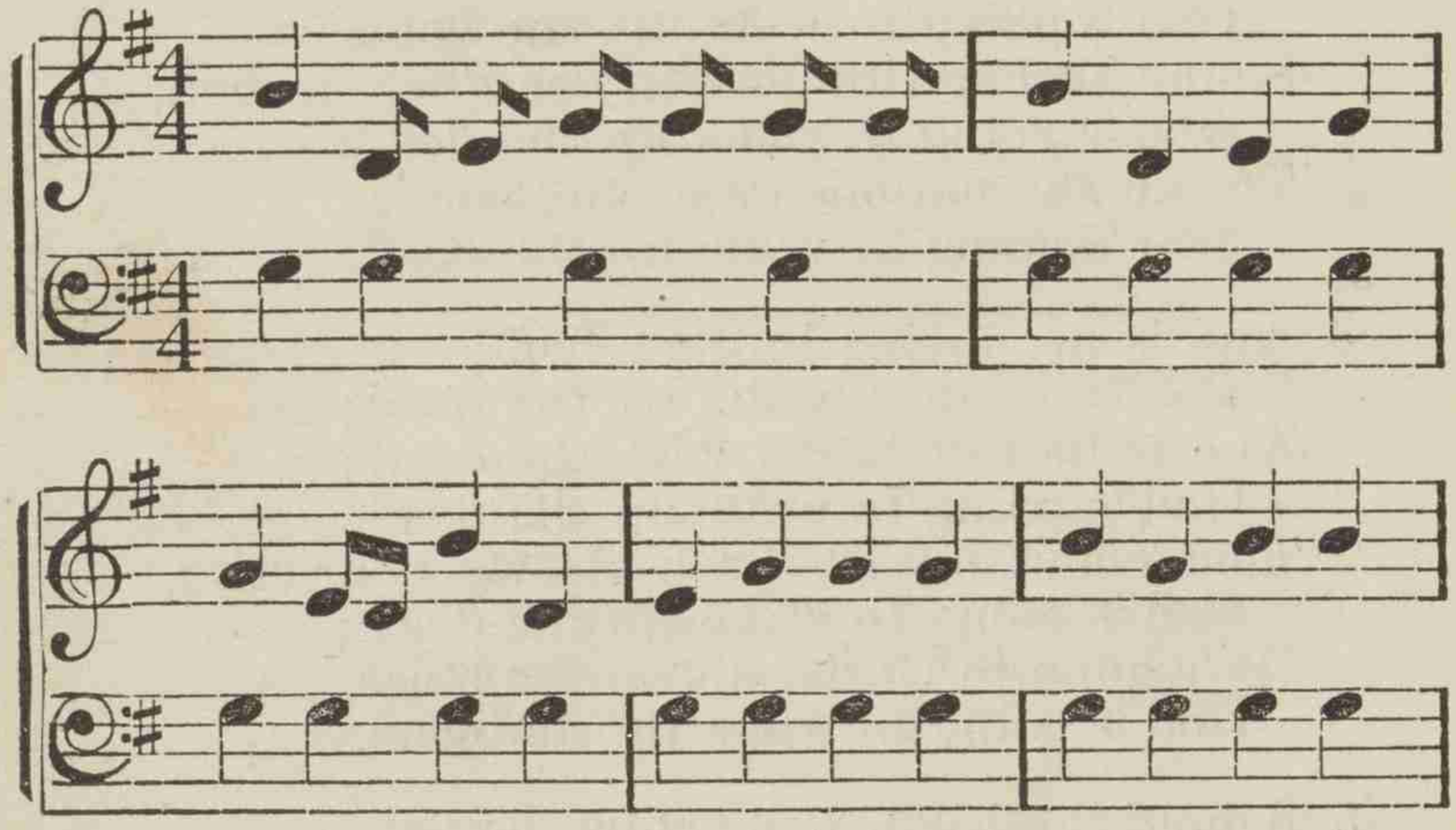
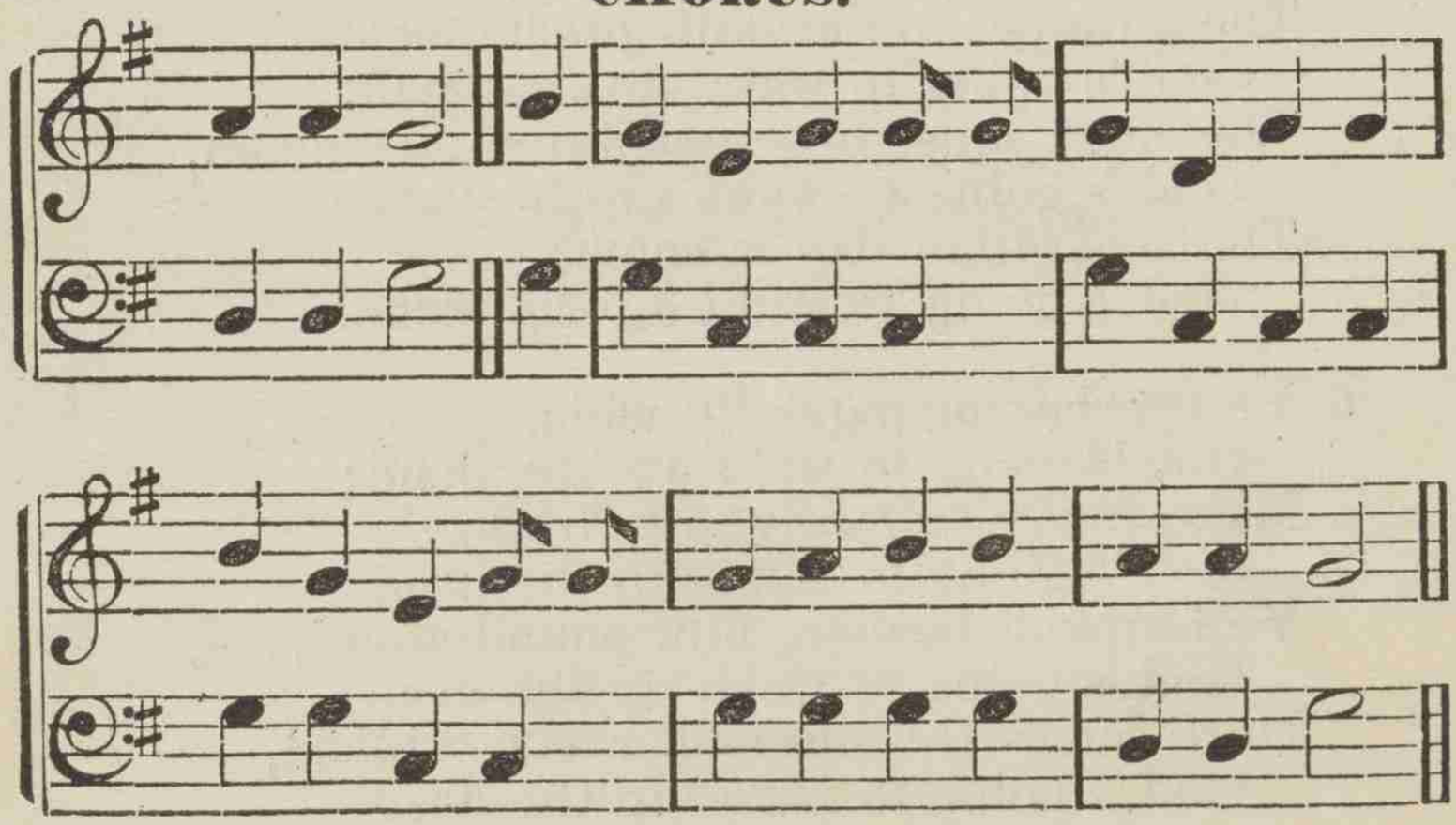
4 And is my loving brother fled?
God 's going to wake up the dead;
And is he numbered with the dead?
God 's going to wake up the dead.
Then come, my brethren, drown your cries,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
He 's gone to Christ above the skies,
God 's going to wake up the dead.

5 Behold the earth in burning flames,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
The trumpet louder still proclaims,
God 's going to wake up the dead.
The earth must hear and know her doom,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
The separation day is come;
God 's going to wake up the dead.

6 Ye everlasting gates fly wide,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
Make ready to receive my bride,
God 's going to wake up the dead.
Ye harps of heaven, now sound aloud,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
Here comes the purchaser of my blood,
God 's going to wake up the dead.

7 They 've fought the fight, their race is run,
God 's going to open the books;
Their songs are now in heaven begun,
God 's going to wake up the dead.
Their fears are gone, their sorrows fled,
God 's going to wake up the dead;
No more afflictions here on earth,
God 's going to wake up the dead.

91. The Gospel Train.

A. JAMIESON. Acts. 2: 41. P. M.

CHORUS.

1 I The gospel train is moving,
I hear it just at hand;
I hear the carwheel moving,
And rumbling through the land.

Chorus.

Get on board, children;
Get on board, children;
Get on board, children,
For there 's room for many more.

2 I hear the bell and whistle,
They 're coming round the curve;
She 's playing all her steam and power,
And straining every nerve.

3 O see the gospel engine,
She 's heaving now in sight;
Her steam-valves they are groaning,
The pressure is so great.

4 No signal for another train,
To follow on the line;
O sinner, you 're forever lost,
If once you 're left behind.

5 O see the engine banner,
She 's flut'ring in the breeze;
She 's spangled with the Savior's blood,
But still she floats at ease.

6 This is the Christian banner,
The motto 's new and old,
Repentance and Salvation
Are burnished there in gold.

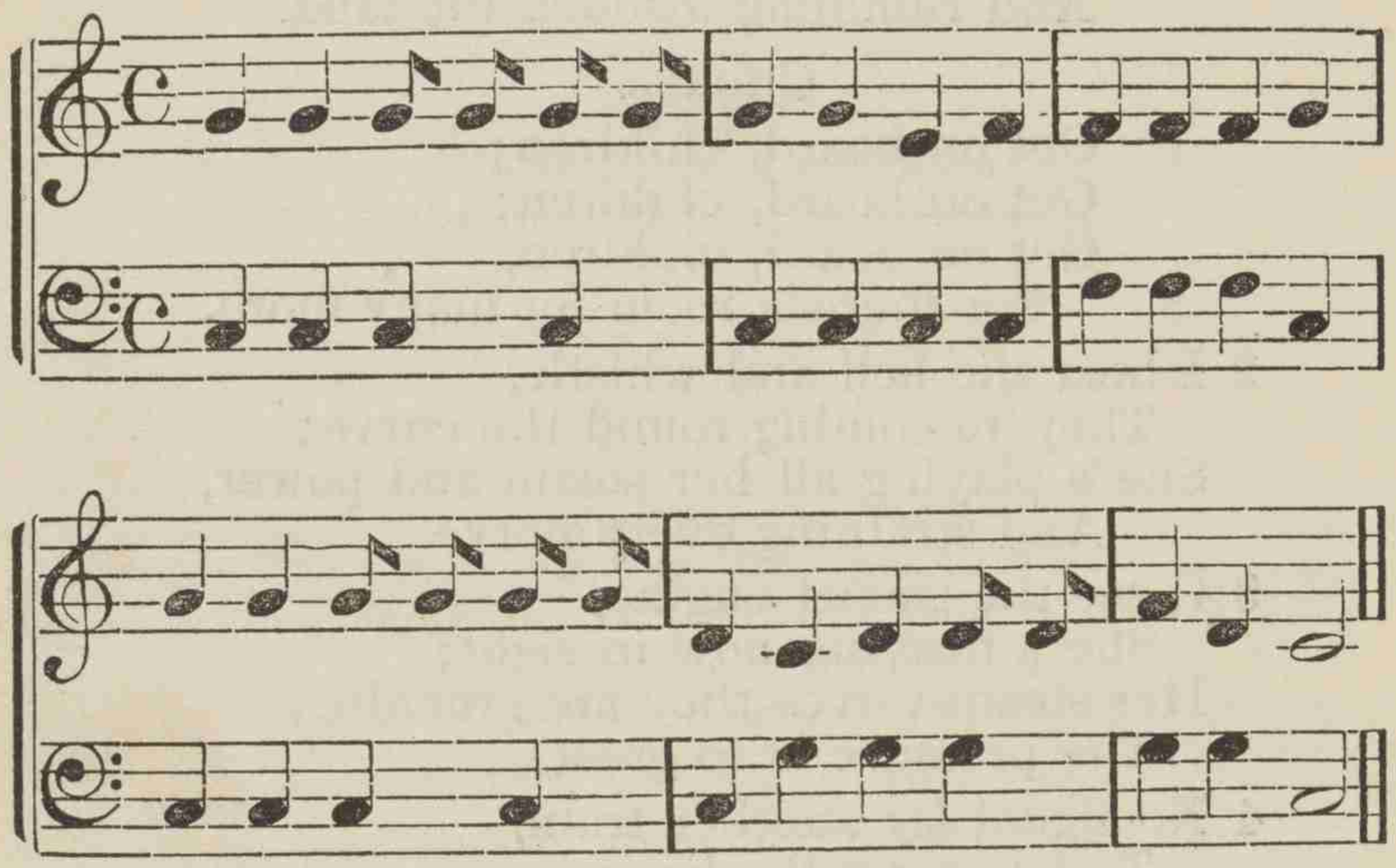
7 She 's nearing on the station;
O sinners do n't be vain,
But come and get your ticket,
And be ready for the train.

8 The fare is cheap and all can go,
The rich and poor are there;
No second class are on board this train,
No difference in the fare.

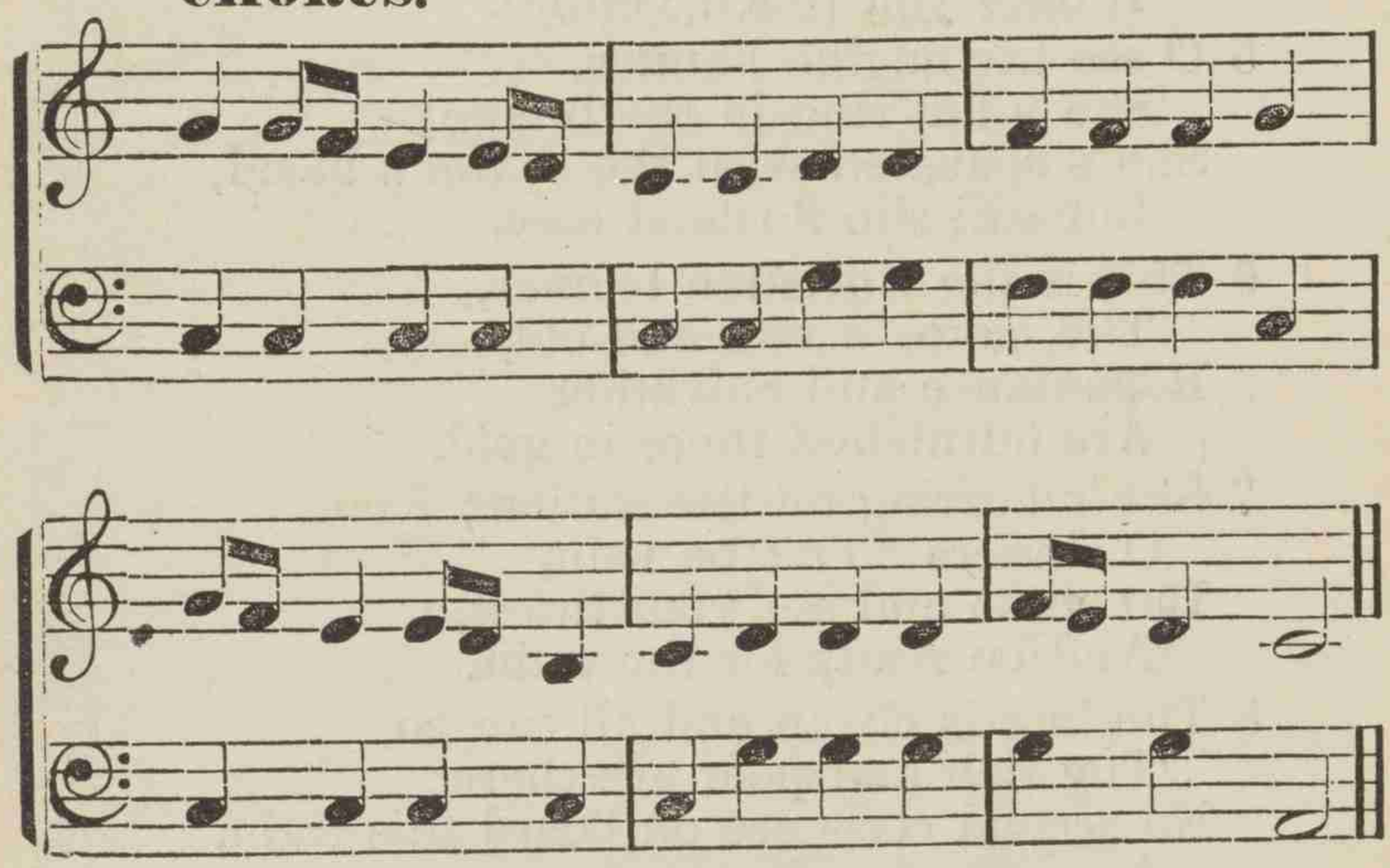
9 We soon shall reach the station,
O how we then shall sing
With all the heavenly army
On that celestial shore.

92. Look Away to Bethlehem.

A. A. PRICE. Matt. 2: 6.



CHORUS.



1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.

Next door to death he found me
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

CHORUS.

Look away, look away,
Look away to Bethlehem;
Look away, look away,
Look away to Bethlehem.

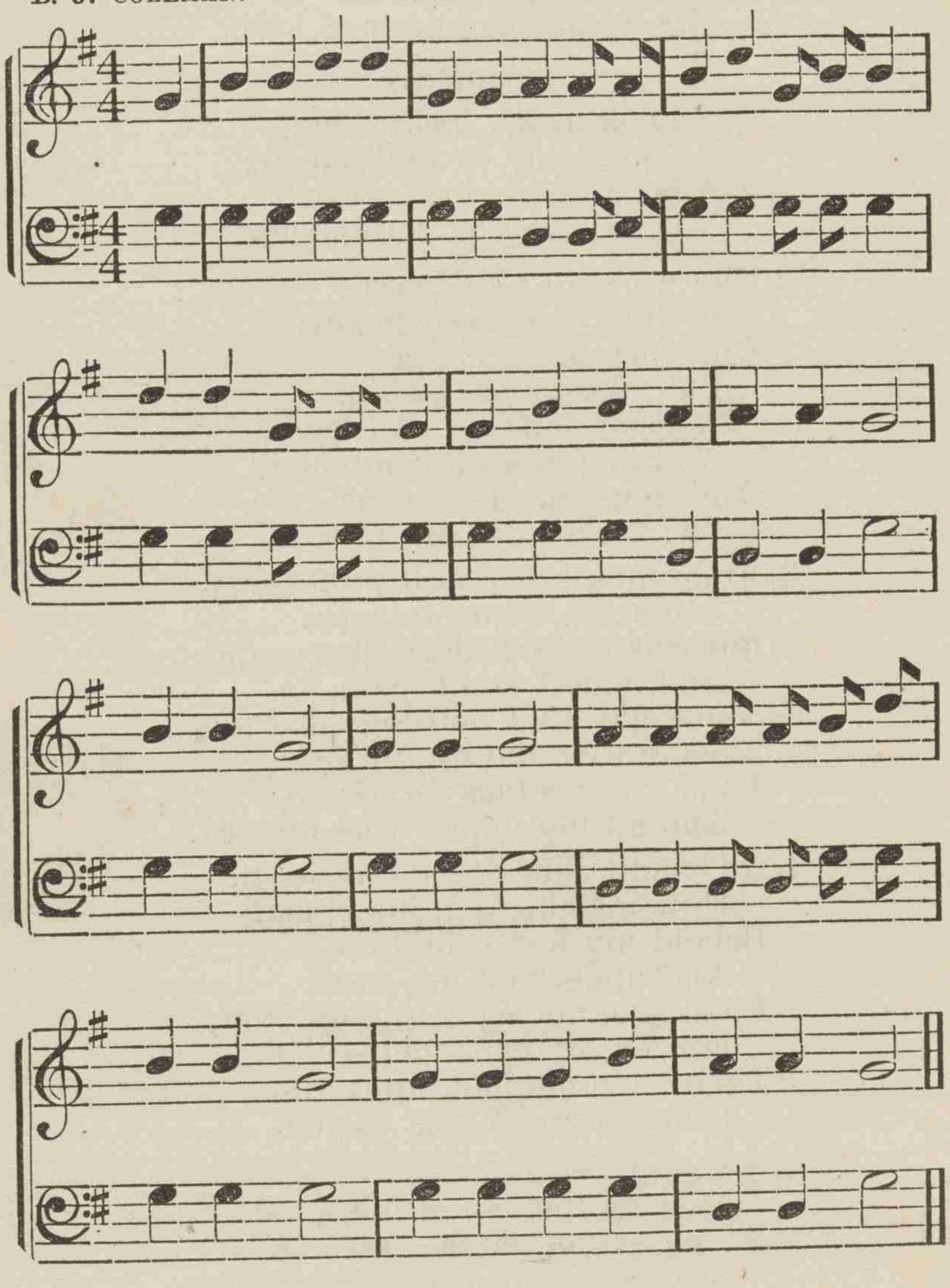
2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared to sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'T is palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said, that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length this Great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Beheld my lost condition
And undertook my case.
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had sealed,
Then bade me look unto him;
I looked and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.
Come then to this physician,
His help he 'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'T is only look and live.

93. The War, Christians, is 'Most over.

B. J. COLEMAN. Isa. 40: 31.

1 O BRETHREN, ain't you glad
That the war is 'most over?
O brethren, ain't you glad
That you are going home to glory?

CHORUS.

We'll rejoice, rejoice,
We are going home to glory;
We'll rejoice, rejoice,
And shout, O glory.

2 O sisters, ain't you glad
That the war is 'most over?
O Sisters, ain't you glad
That you are going home to glory?

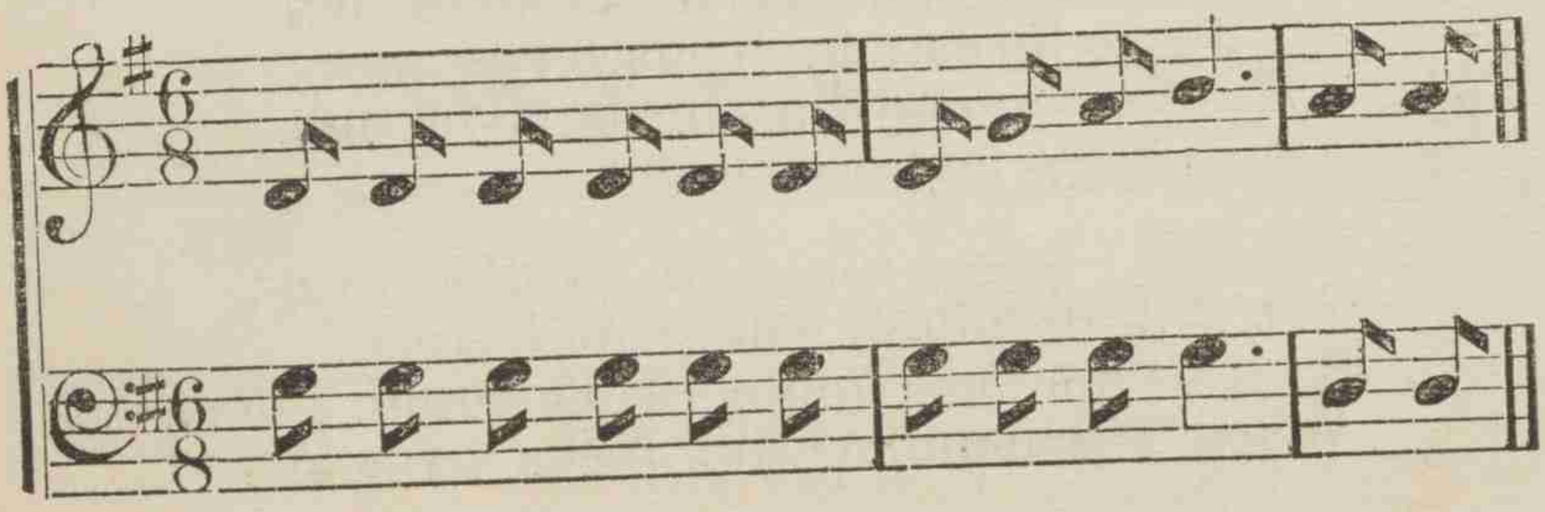
3 O father, ain't you glad
That the war is 'most over?
O father, ain't you glad
That you are going home to glory?

4 O mother, ain't you glad
That the war is 'most over?
O mother, ain't you glad
That you are going home to glory?

5 O preacher, ain't you glad
That the war is 'most over?
O preacher, ain't you glad
That you are going home to glory?

6 O I am so glad
The war is 'most over;
O I am so glad
That I am going home to glory.

94. Jesus Loves Me.

J. HOLLIDAY. 1 John 4: 19. P. M.

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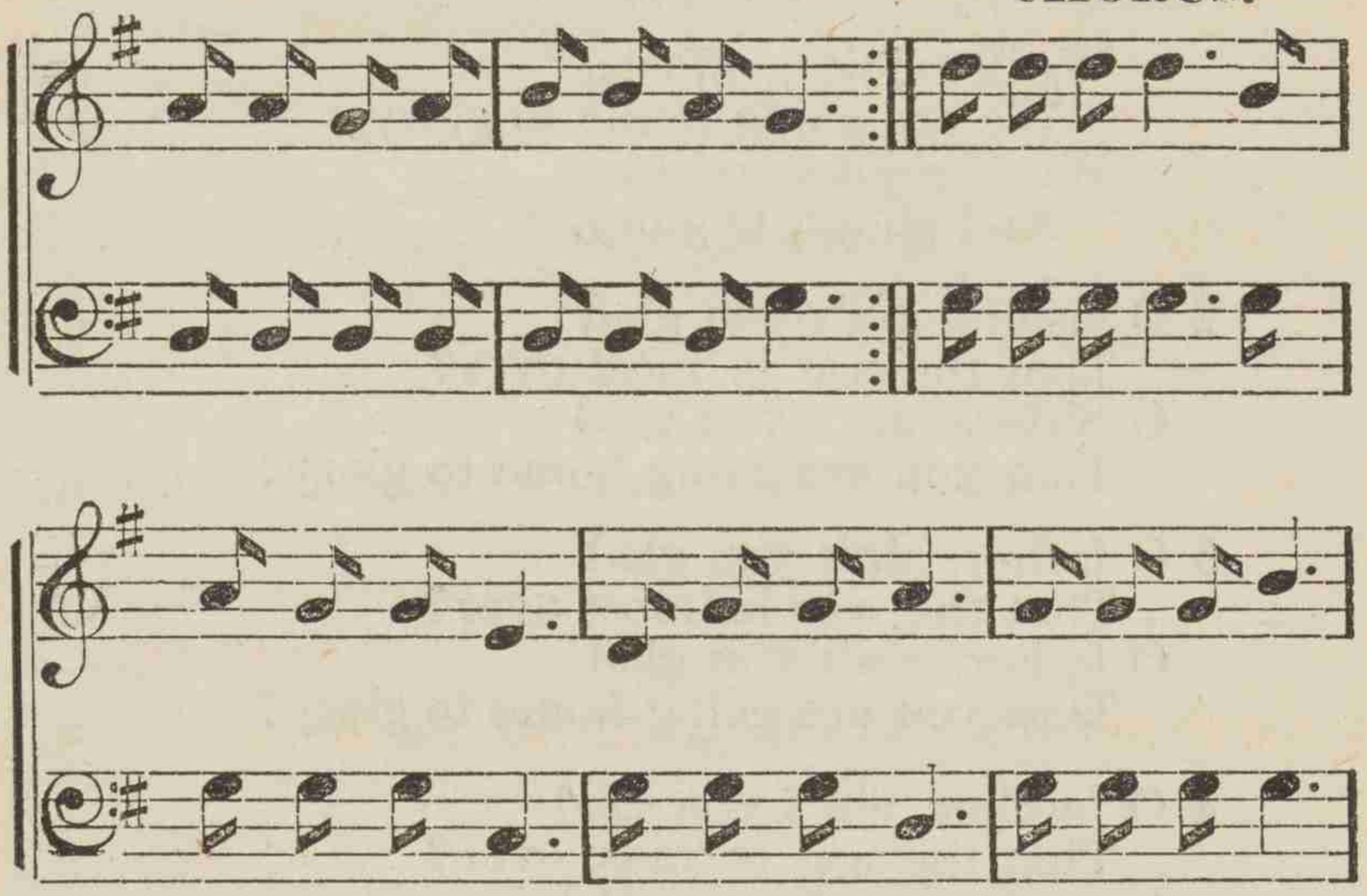
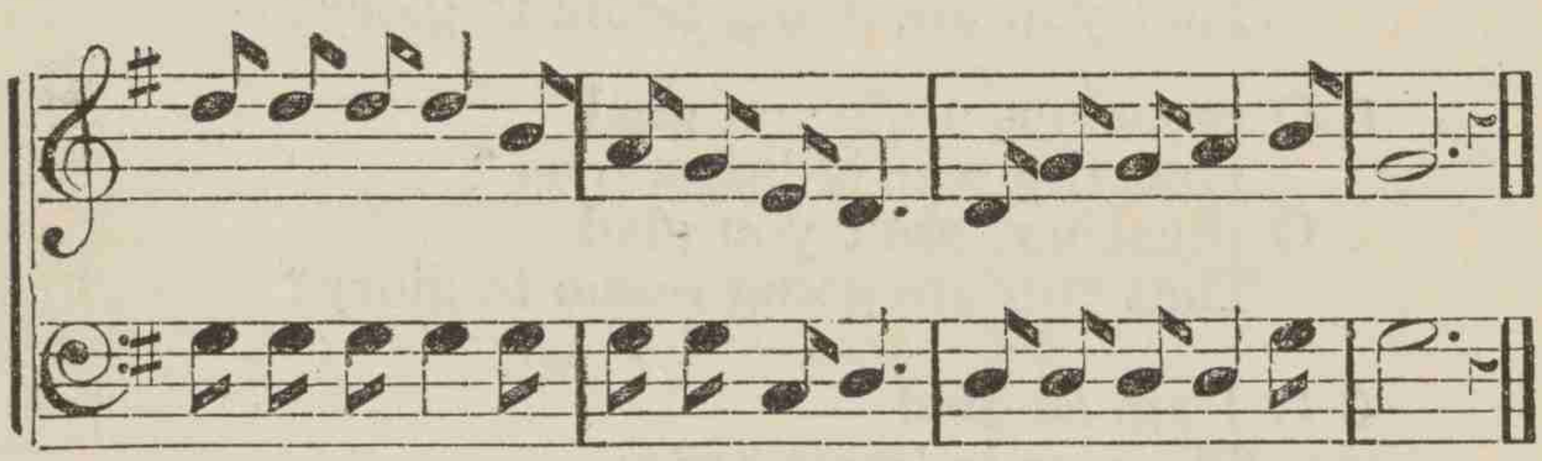



1 I AM so glad that my Father in heaven,
Tells of his love in the book he has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Yet will he follow wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Jesus loves me and I know I love him,
Love brought him down my poor soul to redeem;
Yes, it was love made him die on the tree,
O I am certain that Jesus loves me.

4 If one should ask me how I can tell,
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;
The dear Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly whispering, Jesus loves me.

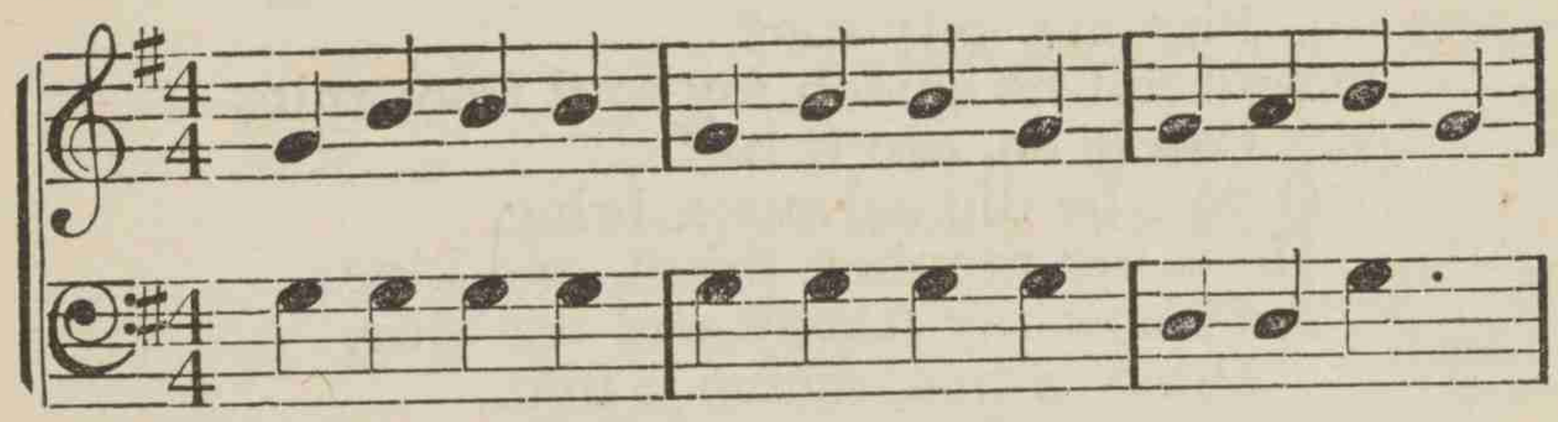
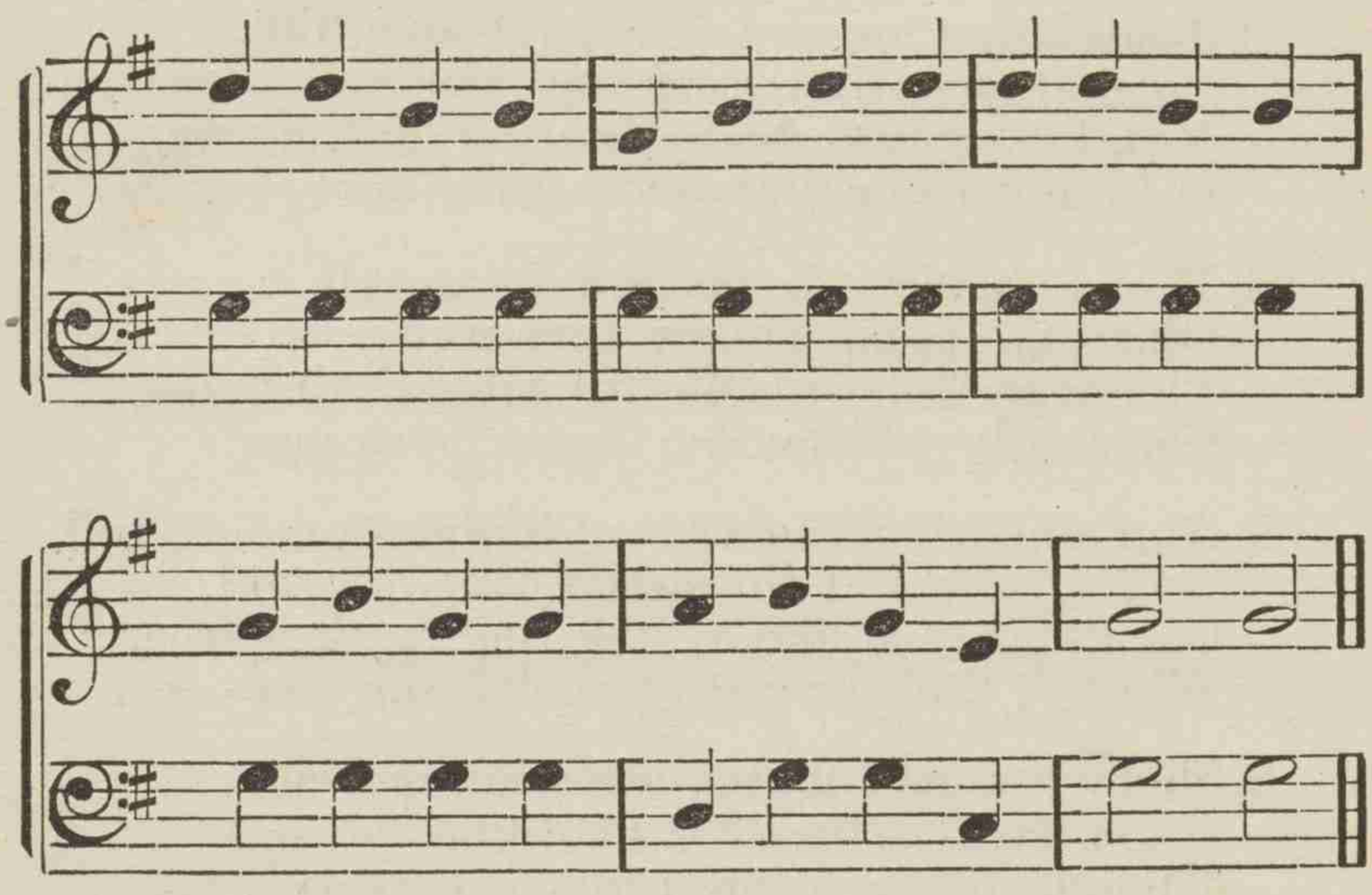
5 And now when the wave of temptation doth roll,
And sorrow and sin sweep over my soul,
Comes a peace like a river, my spirit is free,
When I, tho' unworthy, feel Jesus loves me.

6 Shout the glad tiding, salvation is free,
Jesus has purchased redemption for me;
Though in the crimson blood flowing I see,
Glory forever, that Jesus loves me.

7 If there is only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
O what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

95. Mercy's Free.

LESTER. Heb. 12: 2. P. M.



1 By faith I view my Savior dying,
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me.
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;
Hark, hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?
O yes, he did salvation bring,
He is my prophet, priest, and king;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free;
Soon as I in his name believed
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ my soul from death relieved,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

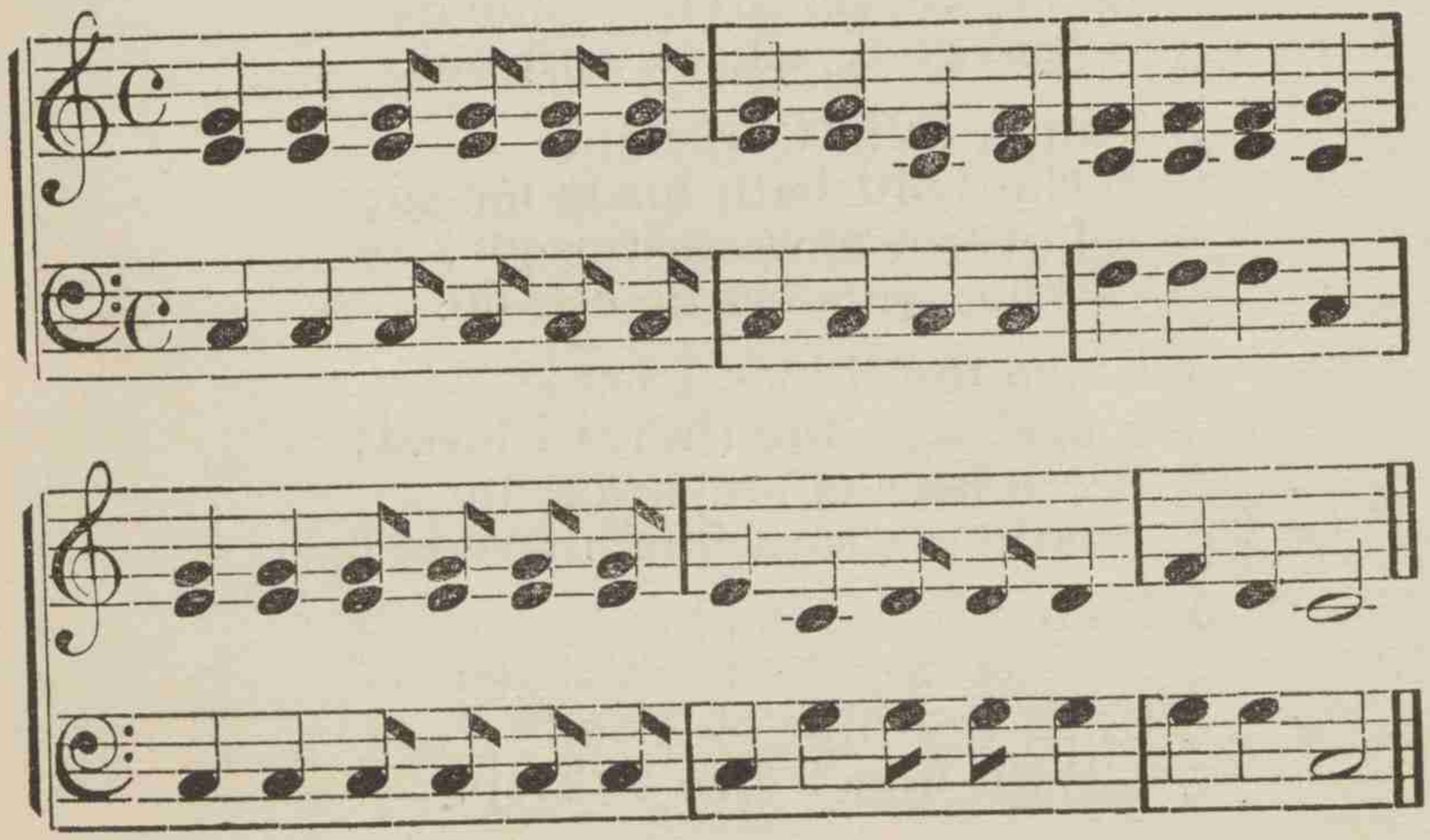
4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,
Mercy 's free; mercy 's free;
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through the wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Savior's love,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free;
Ministers of God, declare it,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

6 Long as I live, I 'll still be crying,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.
And when the veil of death I 've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I 'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

96. *The Young Christian.*

CHAS. MUNDAY. Joel 2 : 16.



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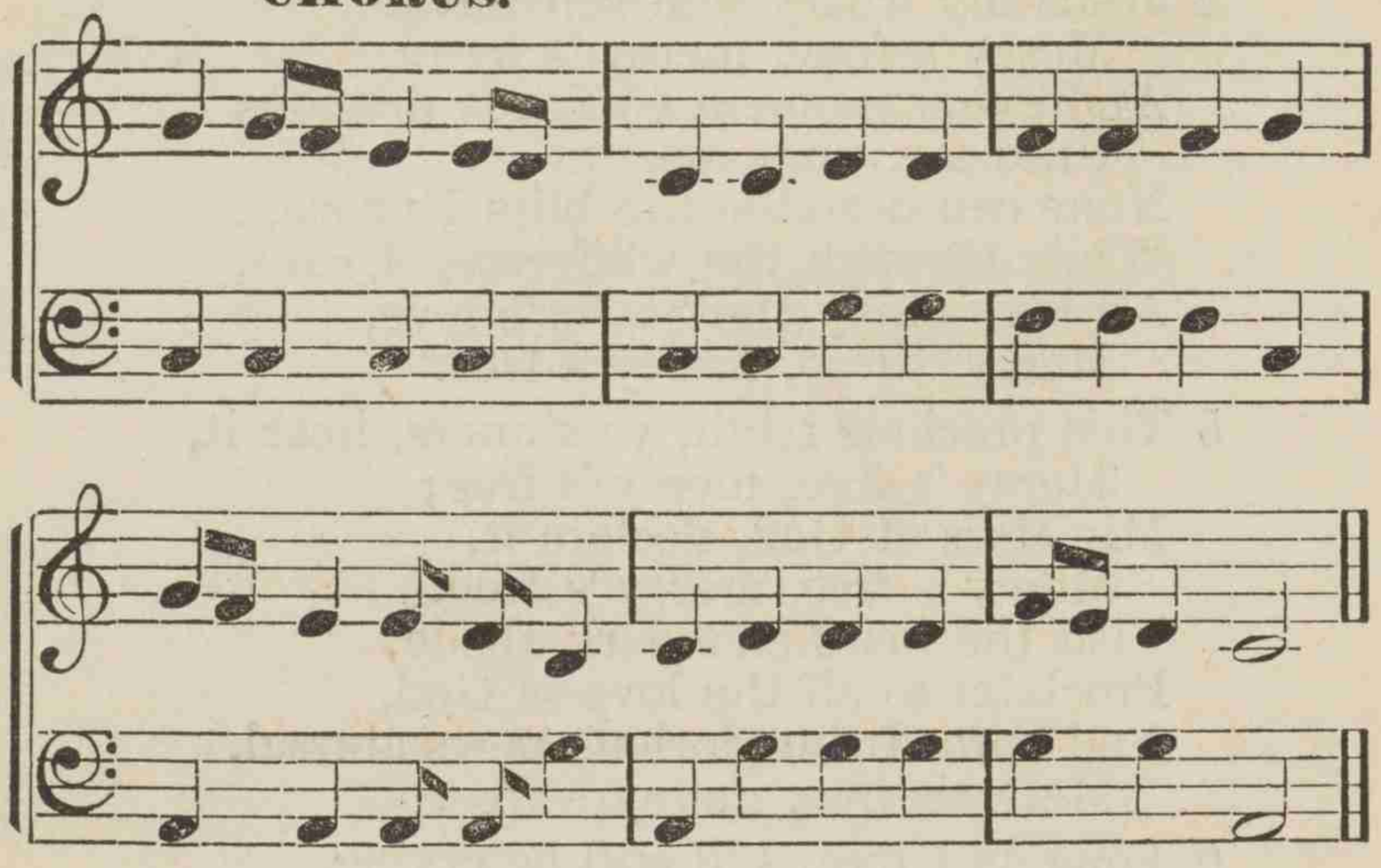

1 I AM a little scholar,
I daily go to school,
And learn of Master Jesus,
His perfect holy rule.

CHORUS.

Look away to Bethlehem, etc.

2 The scholars they do love him,
His school is good and free;
Come all, ye careless sinners,
And go to school with me.

3 I am a little Christian,
The Lord hath made me so;
All over a new creature,
What wonders he can do.

4 I love the things I hated,
And hate the things I loved;
My Master is preparing me
To reign with him above.

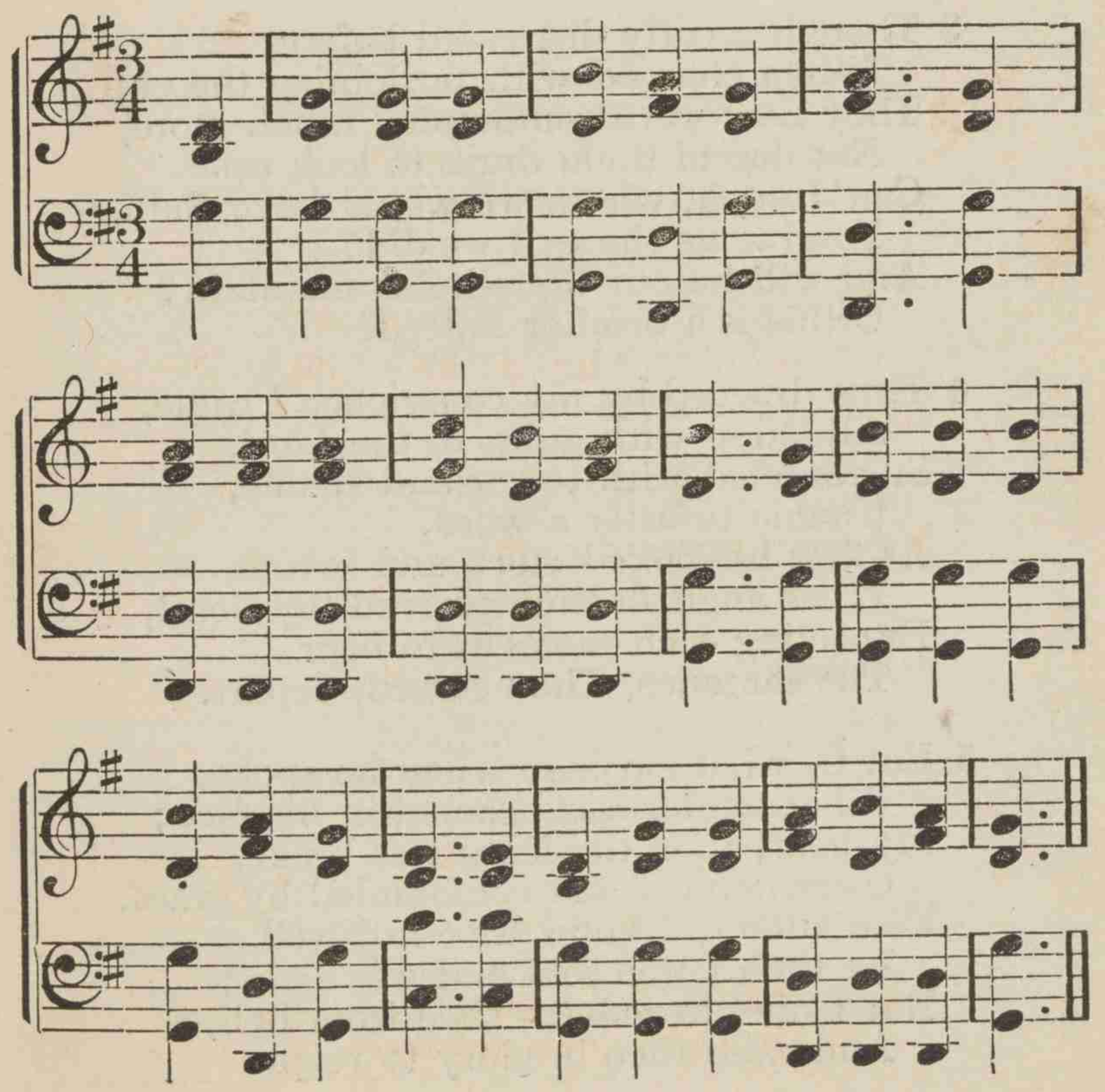
5 I am a little shepherd,
I feed my Master's sheep
Upon the hills of Zion,
With him I love to keep.

6 The food my Master gives me,
With which to feed my flock,
Is the word of life divine,
And honey from the rock.

7 I am a little watchman,
I stand upon the wall,
And when the foe is coming
I give a certain call.

8 I blow my little trumpet,
To let the people know,
And all those who may take warning,
May escape from every foe.

97. *Joseph Made Known to His Brethren.*

SELECTED. Gen. 45 : 3.

1 When Joseph his brethren beheld,
  Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was filled,
  From weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behavior was rough,
  To bring their past sins to their mind,
But when they were humble enough,
  He hastened to show himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he
  Whom they had ill-treated and sold;
How great their confusion must be
  As soon as his name he had told.
I am Joseph, your brother, he said,
  And still to my heart you are dear;
You sold me and thought I was dead,
  But God, for your sakes, sent me here.

3 Though greatly distressed before,
  When charged with purloining the cup
They now were confounded much more,
  Not one of them durst to look up.
Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
  Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our households maintain?
  O this is a brother indeed.

4 Thus dragged by my conscience I came,
  All laden with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
  Unable to utter a word.
At first he looked stern and severe,
  What anguish then pierced my heart,
Expecting each moment to hear
  The sentence, Thou cursed, depart.

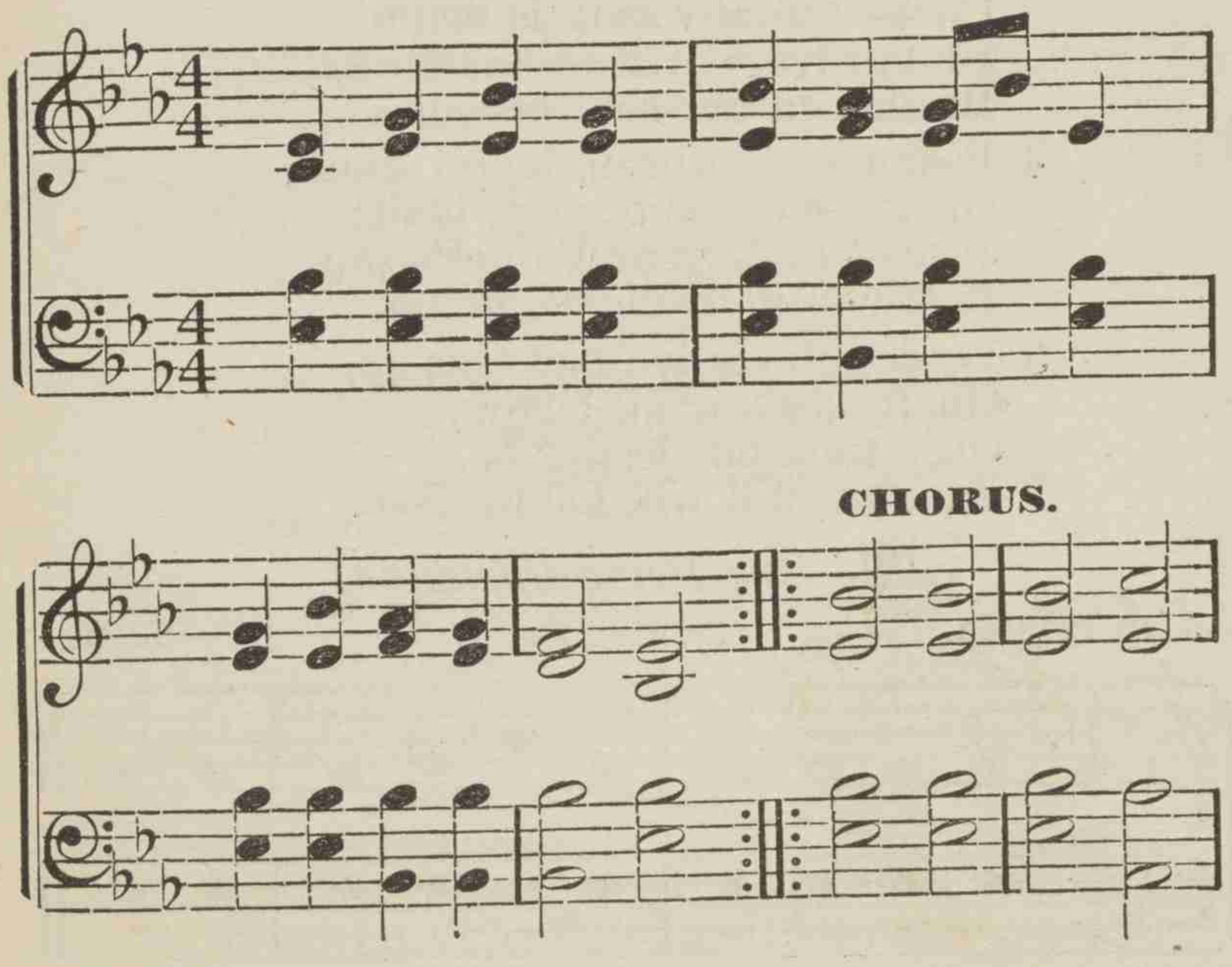
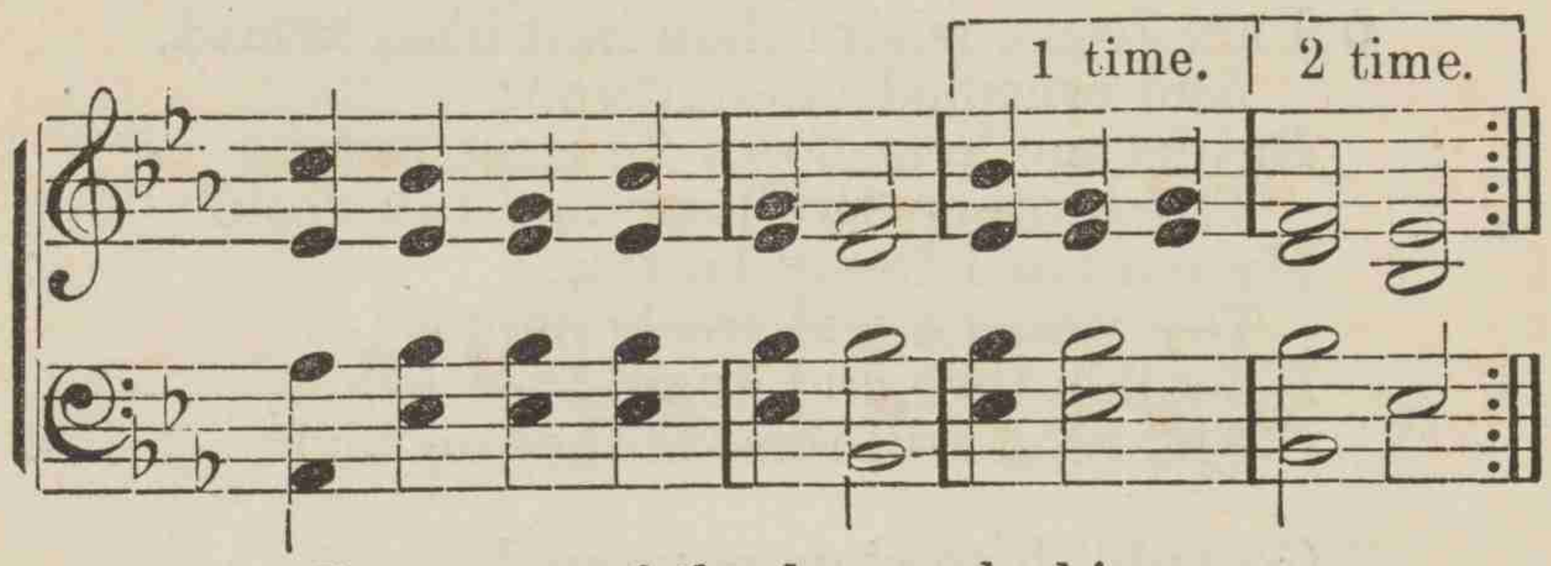
5 But O, what surprise when he spoke,
  What tenderness beamed in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
  O'erwhelmed and confounded by grace.
Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
  By thee I was sold and was slain;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
  And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphemed,
And crucified often afresh;
But let me henceforth be esteemed
Thy brother, thy bone and thy flesh.
My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will freely supply;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.

7 Go publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come;
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them, as yet there is room.
O sinners, the message obey,
No more vain excuses pretend,
But fly without further delay
To Jesus, our brother and friend.

98. The Children of God.

J. J. W. BOWMAN. John 14: 1. P. M.



1 Children of the heavenly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious is his works and ways.

Chorus.

Come home, come home, my Father says, come home;
Come home, come home, my Father says, come home.

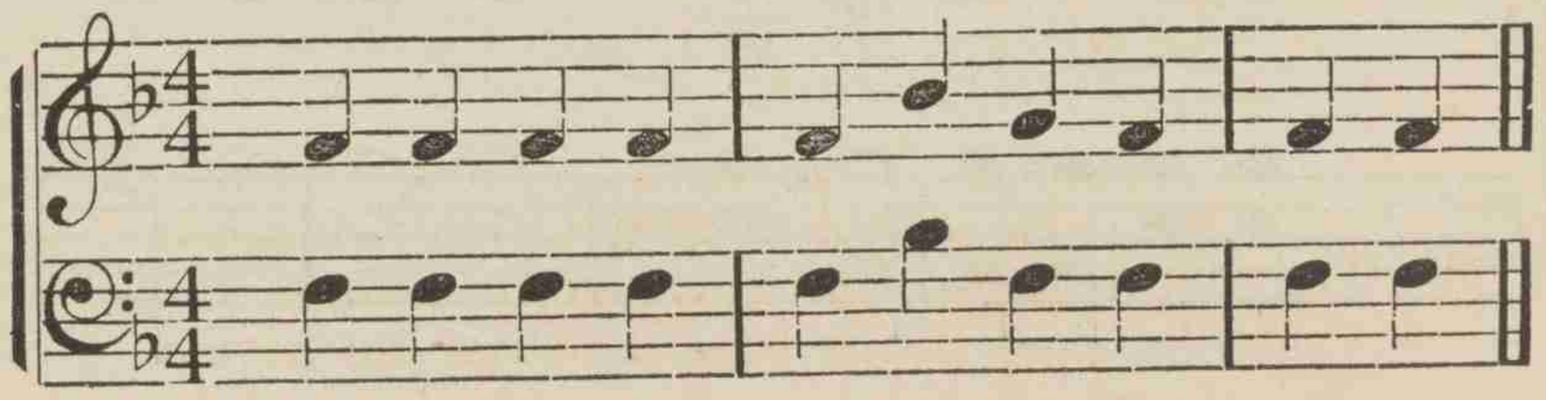
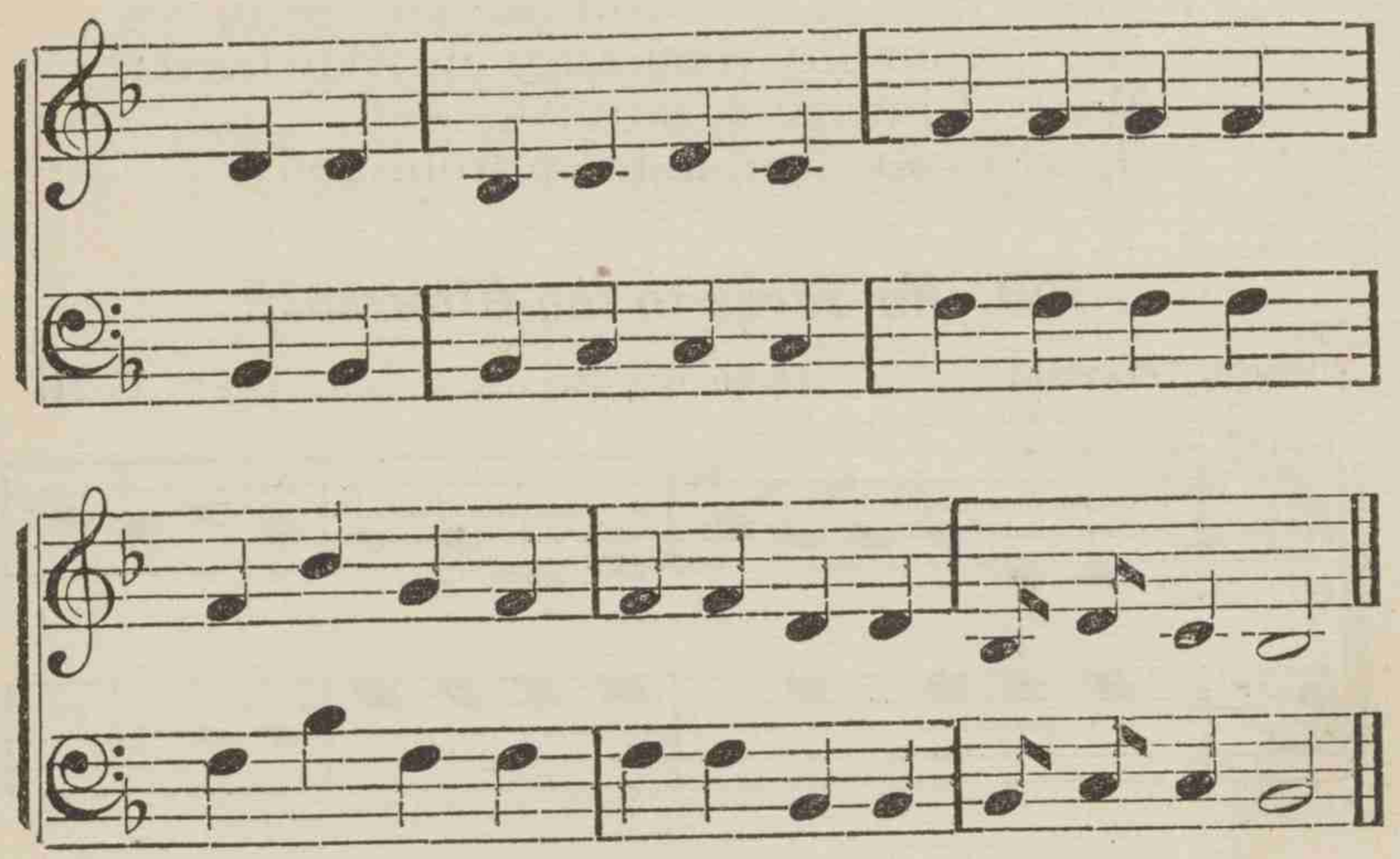
2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed be glad,
Christ our advocate is made,
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ your Father's son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

99. The Dying Christian.

J. H. Parker. Ps. 116: 15. L. M.



1 The time has come when I must go
And join my body with the tomb;
The time has come when I must go
And so I bid this world adieu.

2 As I lay sick upon my bed,
Arise you up and go ahead;
And my poor children standing nigh,
Crying, O my mother, you must die.

3 How often have I heard you say,
You wanted this block out of your way;
This block shall now no more appear,
So fare you well, my husband dear.

4 Here these few lines I leave behind,
I pray you, keep them in your mind;
So farewell, friends, and farewell, foes,
I leave you all my eyes to close.

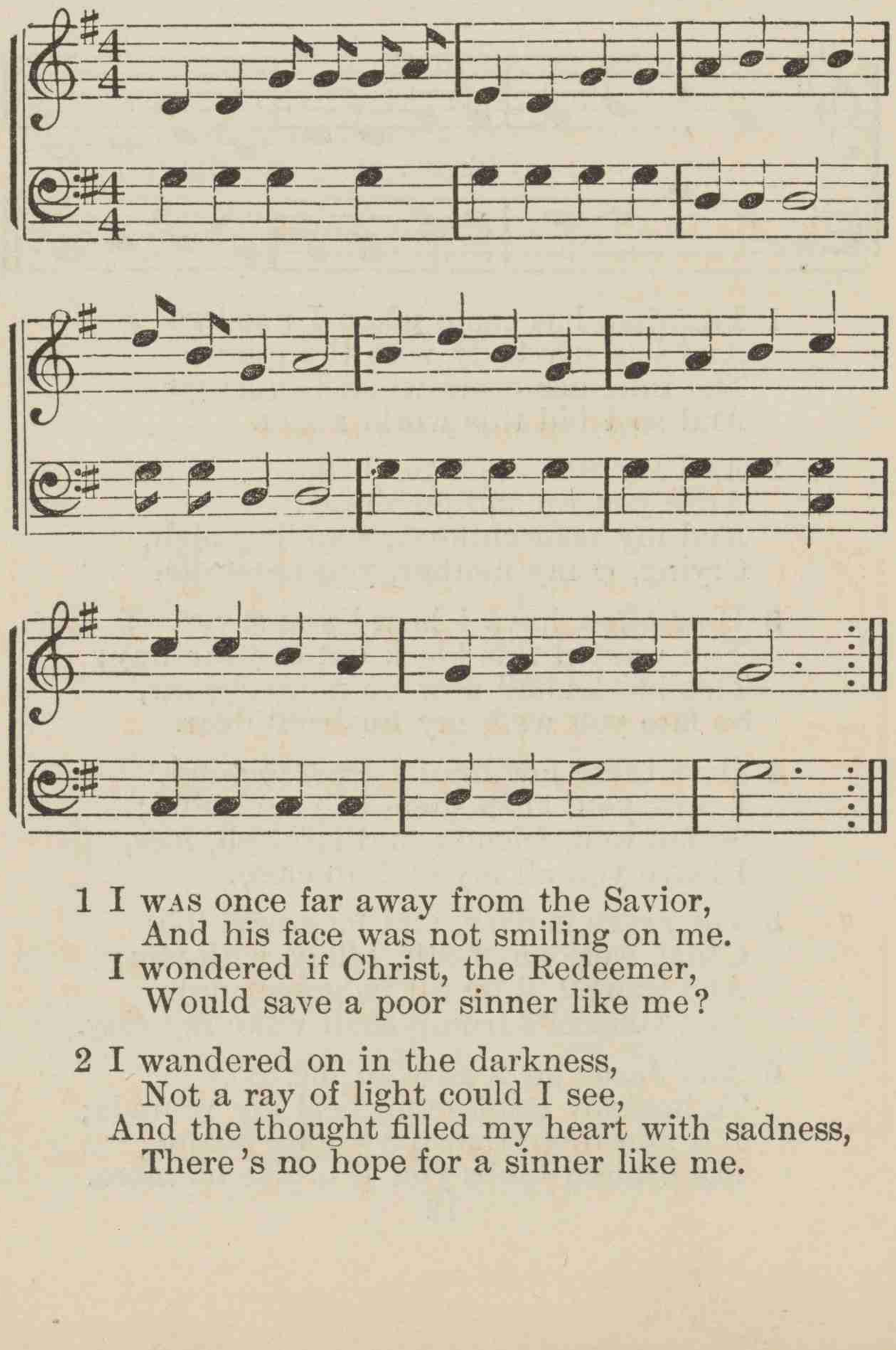
5 The grave is dark, and lonesome too;
Come, welcome death, I 'll go with you;
And there I 'll lie till judgment day,
And Gabriel's trump shall wake my clay.

6 And Jesus he 'll go with me too,
To heal my stripes and heal my wounds;
I 'll join those that have gone before,
My bruised limbs you 'll bruise no more.

7 The wrath of God you can not shun,
He 'll pour his vengeance on your head;
Wicked husband, fare you well,
O, will you turn and flee from hell?

100. He Saves to the Uttermost.

PROF. DRAPER. Luke 15: 21. P. M.



1 I WAS once far away from the Savior,
And his face was not smiling on me.
I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,
Would 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 's no hope for a sinner like me.

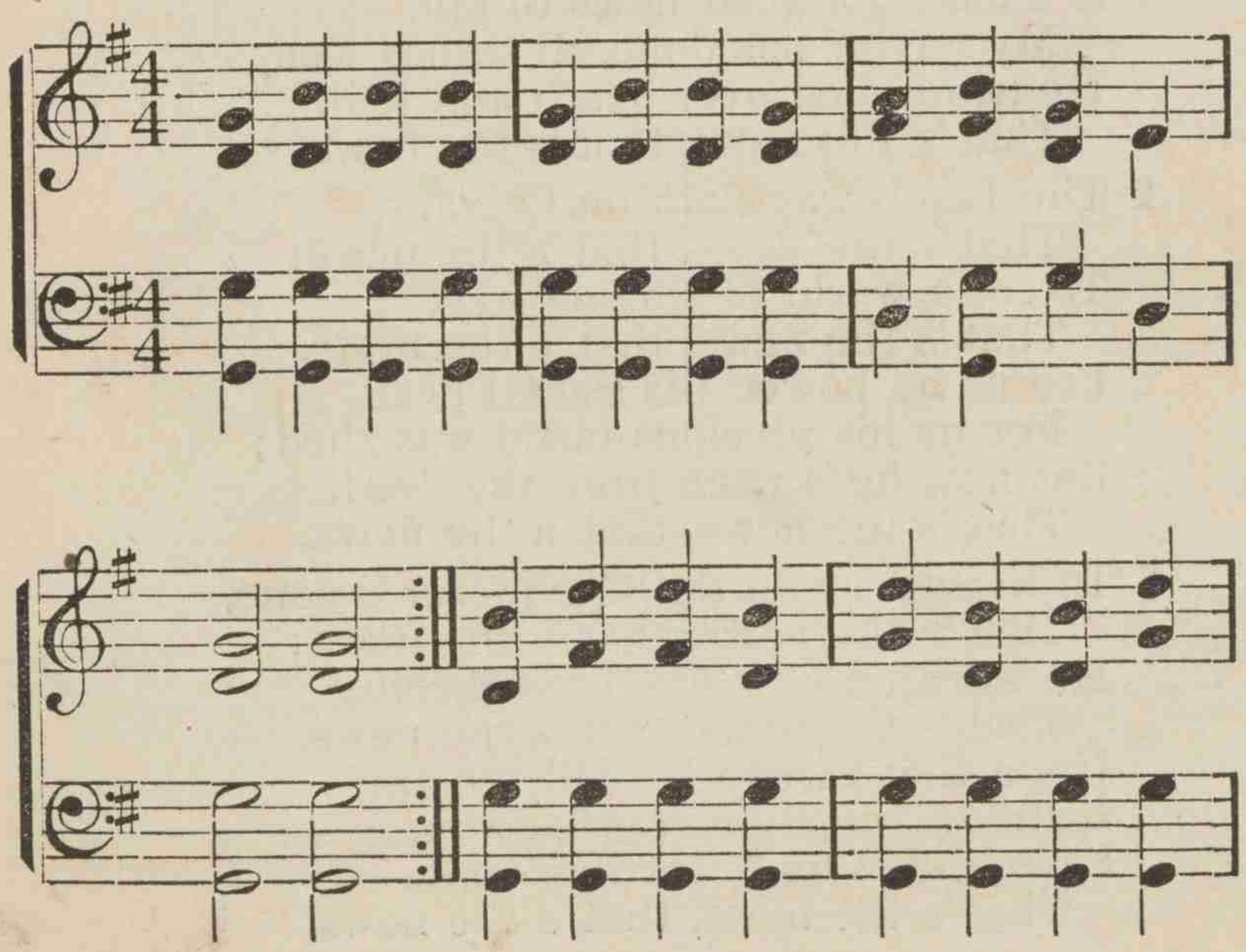
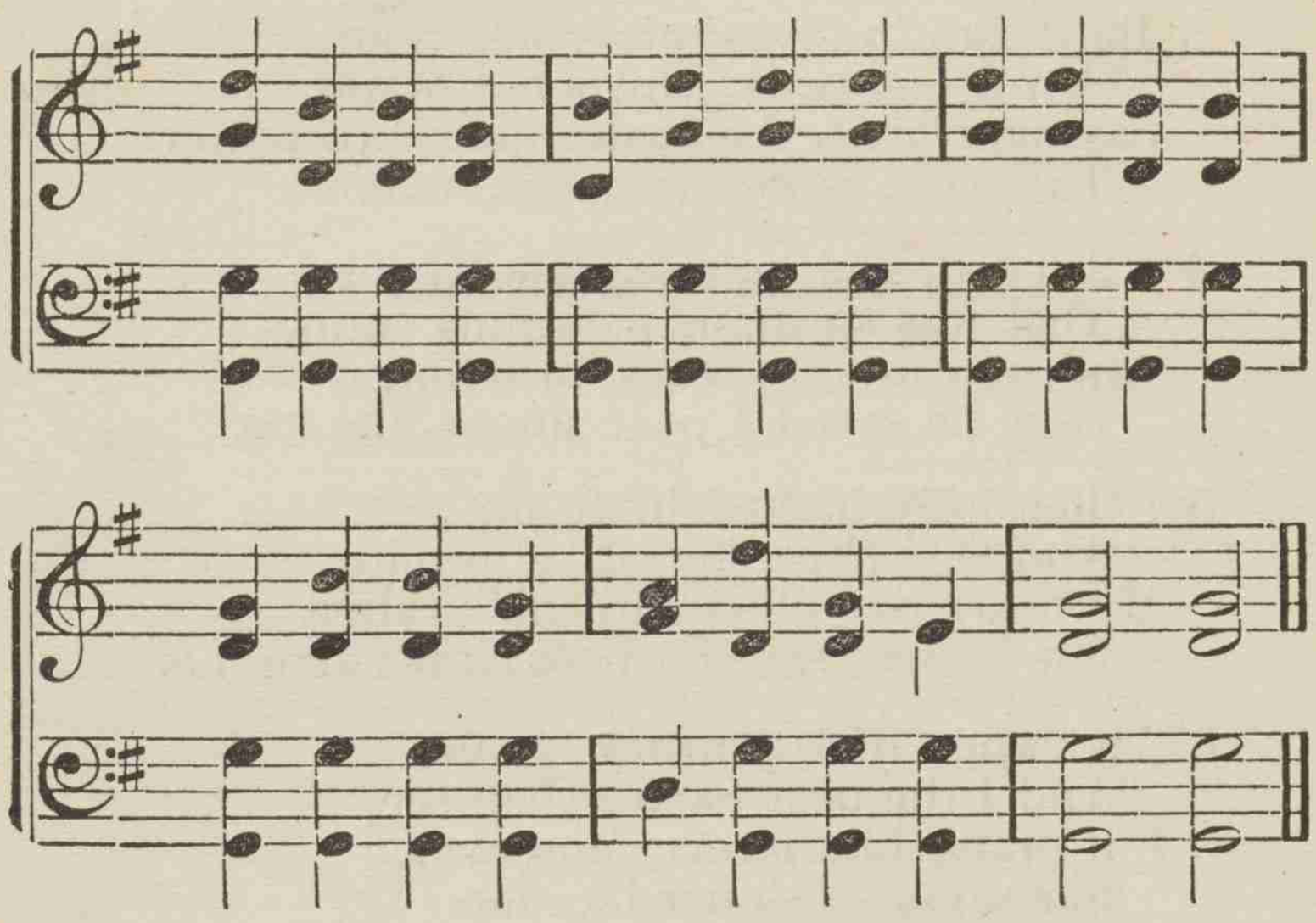
3 But there in that dark lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, Christ, the Redeemer, hath power
To save a poor sinner like thee.

4 I listened, and lo 't was the Savior,
That was speaking so kindly to me,
And now unto others I 'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And O, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For he had 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.

101. What's the News?

J. L. H. SWERES. Luke 24 : 17. P. M.

1 WHENE'ER we meet we always say,
What 's the news? what 's the news?
Pray, what 's the order of the day?
What 's the news? what 's the news?
O I have got good news to tell,
My Savior has done all things well,
He triumphed over death and hell,
That 's the news, that 's the news.

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That 's the news, that 's the news;
To set a world of sinners free,
That 's the news, that 's the news.
For us he bowed his sacred head,
For us his precious blood was shed;
But now he 's risen from the dead,
That 's the news, that 's the news.

3 To heaven again the Conqueror 's gone,
That 's the news, that 's the news;
He 's seated now upon his throne,
That 's the news, that 's the news.
Upon that throne he will remain,
Until as Judge he comes again,
Surrounded by a dazzling train,
That 's the news, that 's the news.

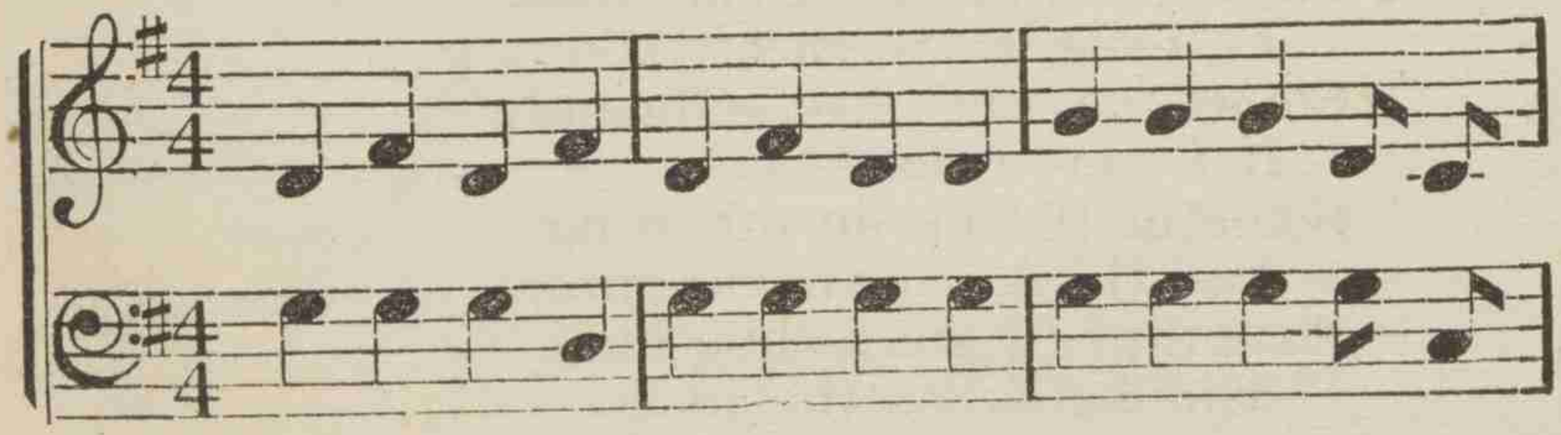
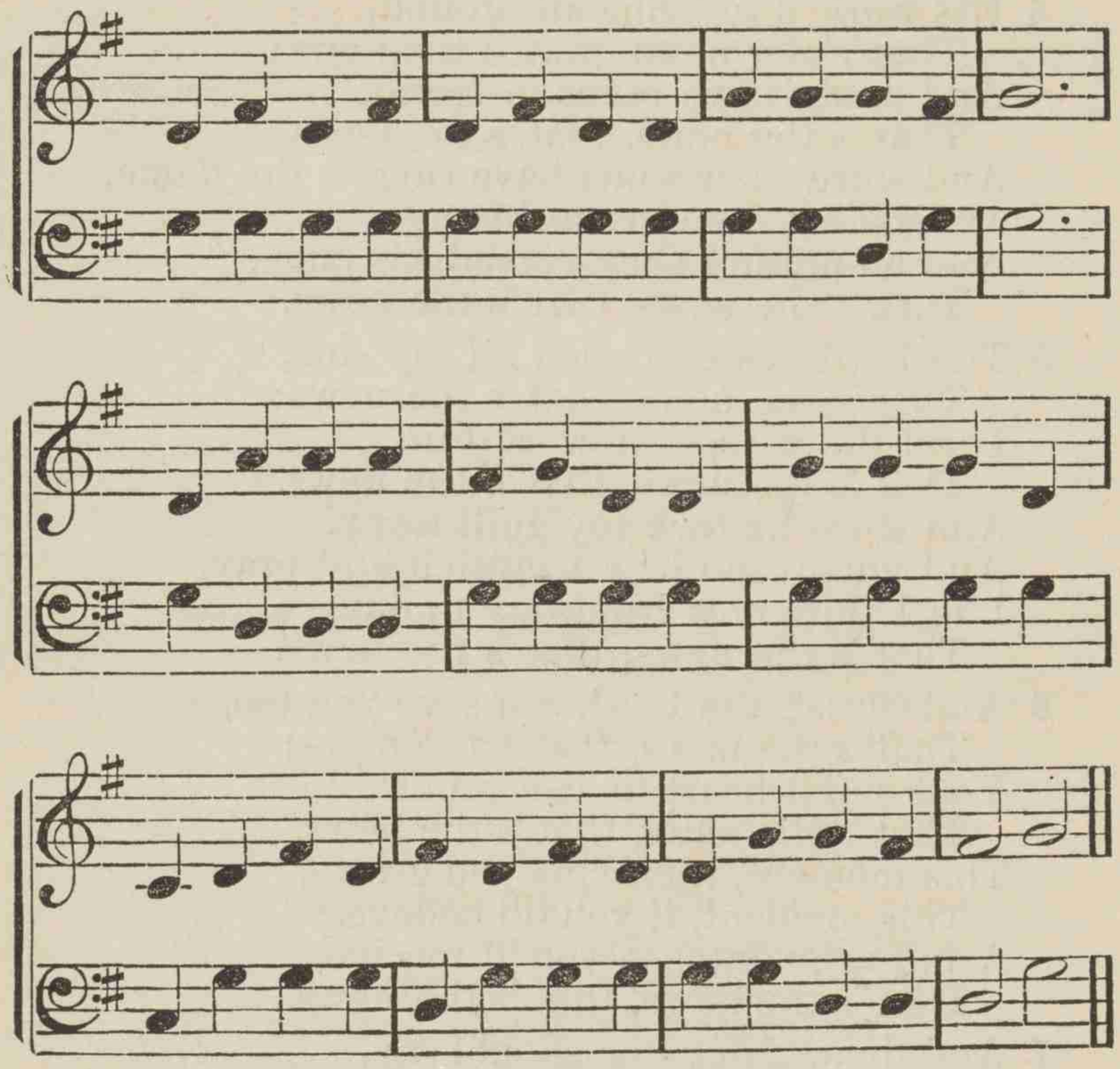
4 His work 's reviving all around,
That 's the news, that 's the news;
And many have Messiah found,
That 's the news, that 's the news.
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosanna to his name,
And all around they spread his fame,
That 's the news, that 's the news.

5 The Lord has pardoned all my sins,
That 's the news, that 's the news;
I feel the witness now within,
That 's the news, that 's the news.
And since he took my guilt away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I 'm happy now from day to day,
That 's the news, that 's the news.

6 And Christ, the Lord, can save you too,
That 's the news, that 's the news;
Your sinful heart he can renew,
That 's the news, that 's the news.
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquaintance you 'll receive,
That 's the news, that 's the news.

7 And then, if any one should say,
What 's the news? what 's the news?
O tell them you 've began to pray,
That 's the news, that 's the news;
That you have joined the conquering band
And now at God 's divine command
You are marching to a better land,
That 's the news, that 's the news.

102. *Mixture of Joy and Sorrow.*

SELECTED. Phil. 1: 23. P. M.

1 Mixture of joy and sorrow
I daily do pass through,
Sometimes I 'm in the valley,
Then sinking down with woe;
Sometimes I am exalted,
On eagles' wings I fly,
Rising above Mount Pisgah,
I almost reach the sky.

2 Sometimes my hopes are little,
I almost lay them by;
Sometimes they are sufficient,
If I were called to die.
Sometimes I am in doubting
And think I have no grace;
Sometimes I am a-shouting,
And Bethel is the place.

3 Sometimes I shun the Christian,
For fear he 'll talk to me;
Sometimes he is the neighbor,
I long the most to see.
Sometimes we meet together
In seasons dry and dull;
Sometimes I find a blessing
Of joy that fills my soul.

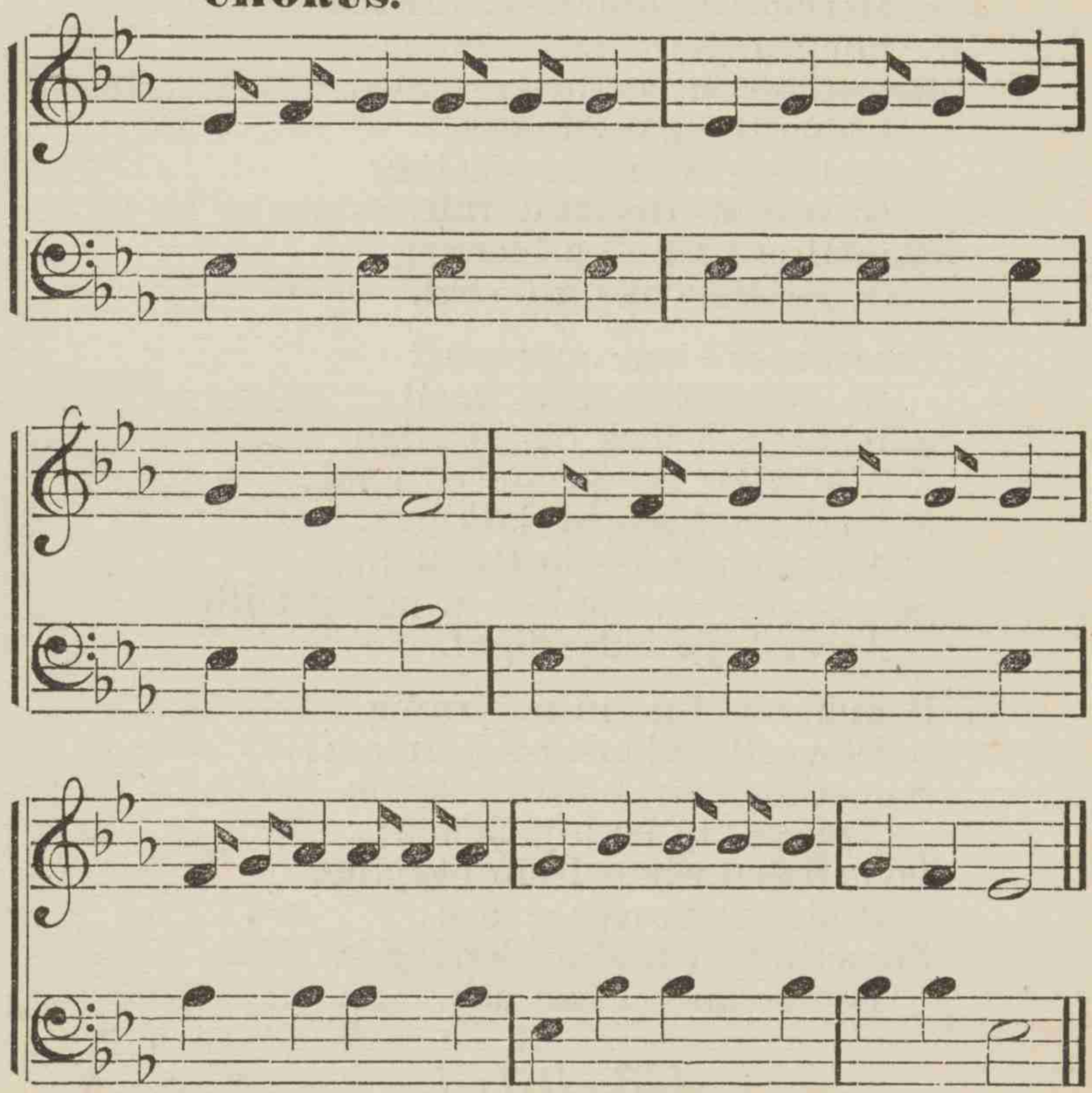
4 Sometimes I am oppressed
By Pharaoh's cruel hand;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan
And view the promised land;
Sometimes I am in darkness,
And sometimes in the light;
Sometimes my soul on wings of faith
Ascends in lofty flight.

5 Sometimes I go in mourning
Down Babylon's cold stream;
Sometimes my Lord's religion
Appears to be my theme;
Sometimes when I am praying,
It almost proves a task;
Sometimes I find a blessing,
The greatest I can ask.

103. It Is I.

SELECTED. Mark. 6: 50. P. M.

CHORUS.



1 When the storm in its fury on Galilee fell
And lifted its water on high,
And the faithless disciples were bound in the spell,
Jesus whispered: "Fear not, it is I."

Chorus.

It is I, it is I, fear not, trembling one,
It is I, it is I, it is I;
In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom,
Fear not, trembling one, it is I.

2 The storm could not bury the word in the wave,
'T was taught in the tempest to fly;
It shall reach his disciples in every clime,
Saying, Be not afraid, it is I.

3 When the spirit is broken with sorrow and care
And comfort is ready to die,
Then the darkness shall pass and the sunshine appear
By the life-giving word, It is I.

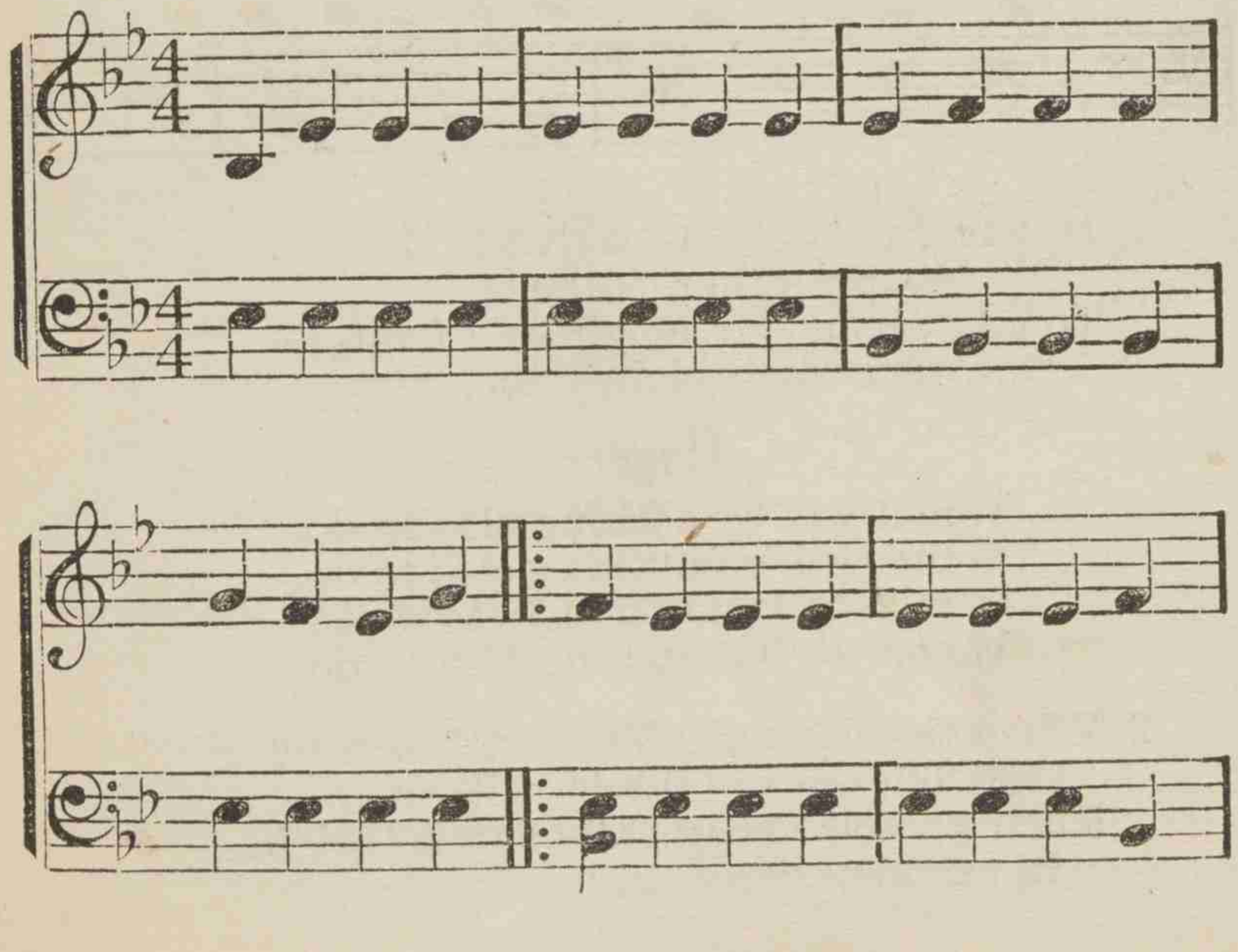
4 When death is at hand and this cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The precious Redeemer will fight all the way,
Saying, Be not afraid, it is I.

5 When the river is past, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye,
He will welcome, encourage, and comfort us all,
Saying, Be not afraid, it is I.

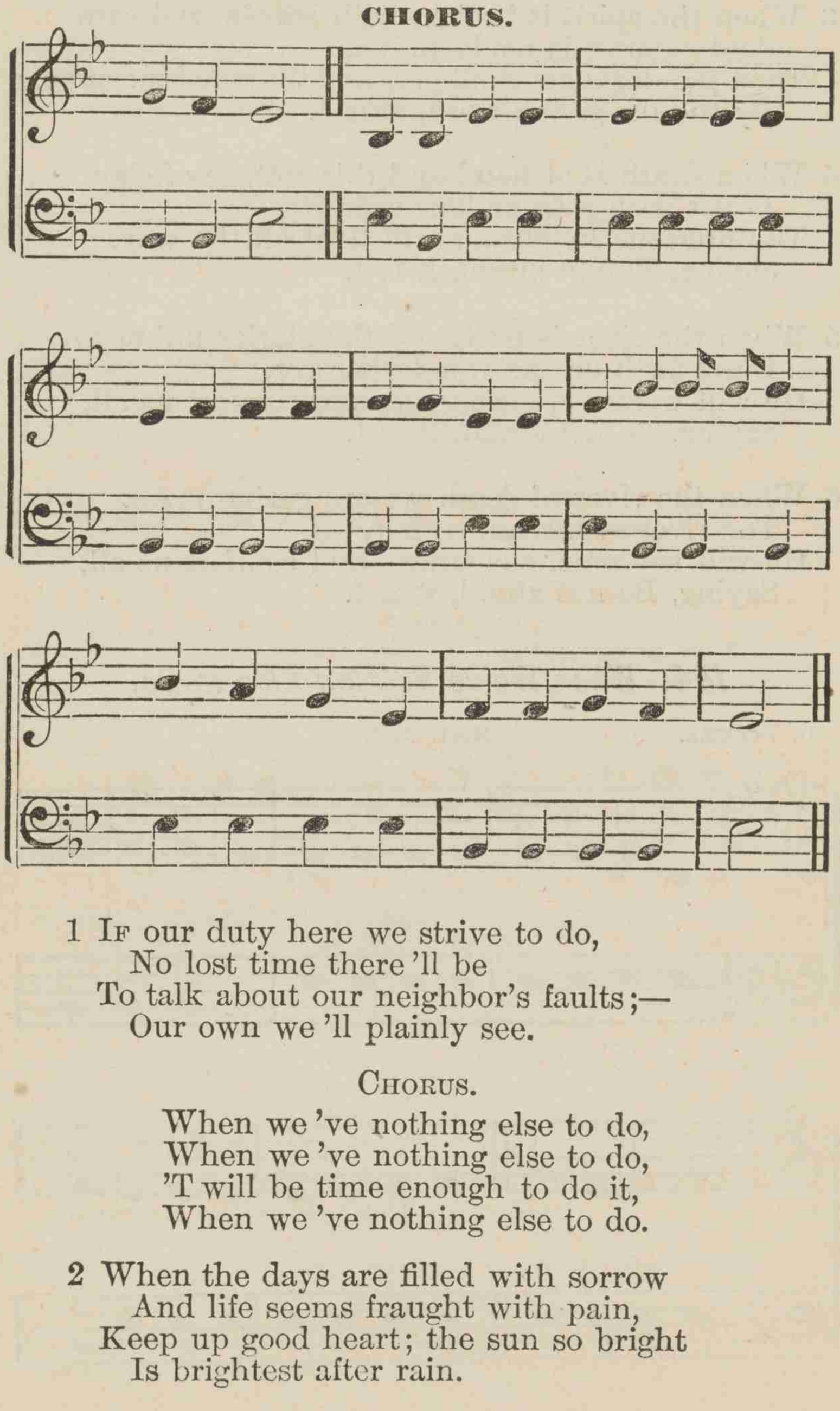
6 When the river of death we are gazing upon,
The river of Jordan, so fair,
He will welcome, encourage, and comfort us all,
Saying, Be not afraid, it is I.

104. When We've Nothing Else to Do.

D. TUCKER. Matt. 7: 5.



CHORUS.



1 If our duty here we strive to do,
No lost time there 'll be
To talk about our neighbor's faults;—
Our own we 'll plainly see.

Chorus.

When we 've nothing else to do,
When we 've nothing else to do,
'T will be time enough to do it,
When we 've nothing else to do.

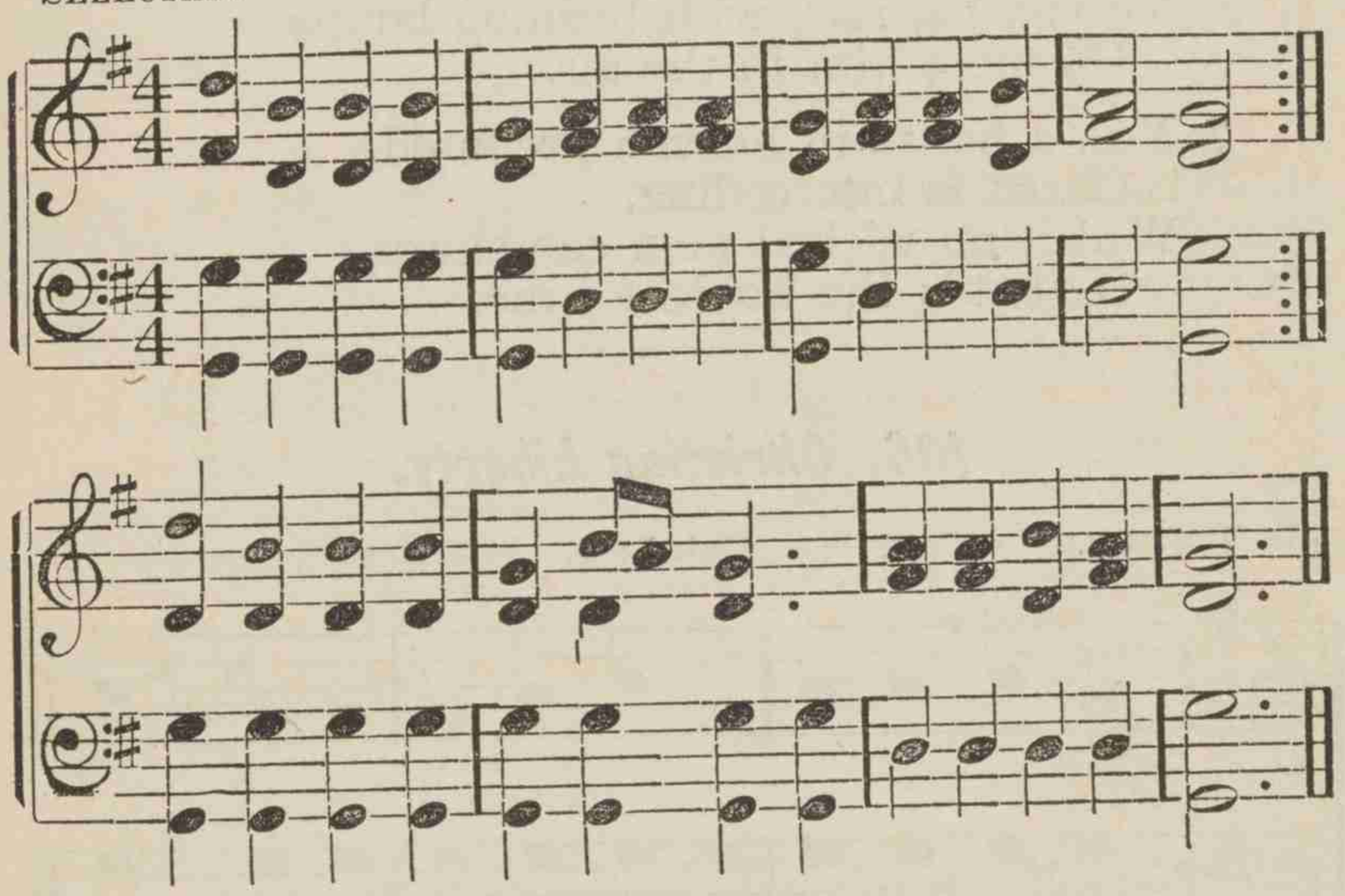
2 When the days are filled with sorrow
And life seems fraught with pain,
Keep up good heart; the sun so bright
Is brightest after rain.

Strive to walk within the light,
Clouds will disperse to-morrow.

3 Do not let the grumblers ever bring
Discouragement to you,
But say that you 'll give in to them,
When you 've nothing else to do,
And win a crown of brightest gems,
And send good news on angel wings.

105. The Cross and Crown.

SELECTED. Luke 23 : 26. C. M.



1 MUST Simon bear his cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there 's a cross for every one,
And there 's a cross for me.

2 Yes, there 's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see;
To me 't is pardon bringing,
O, that 's the cross for me.

3 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here;

But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

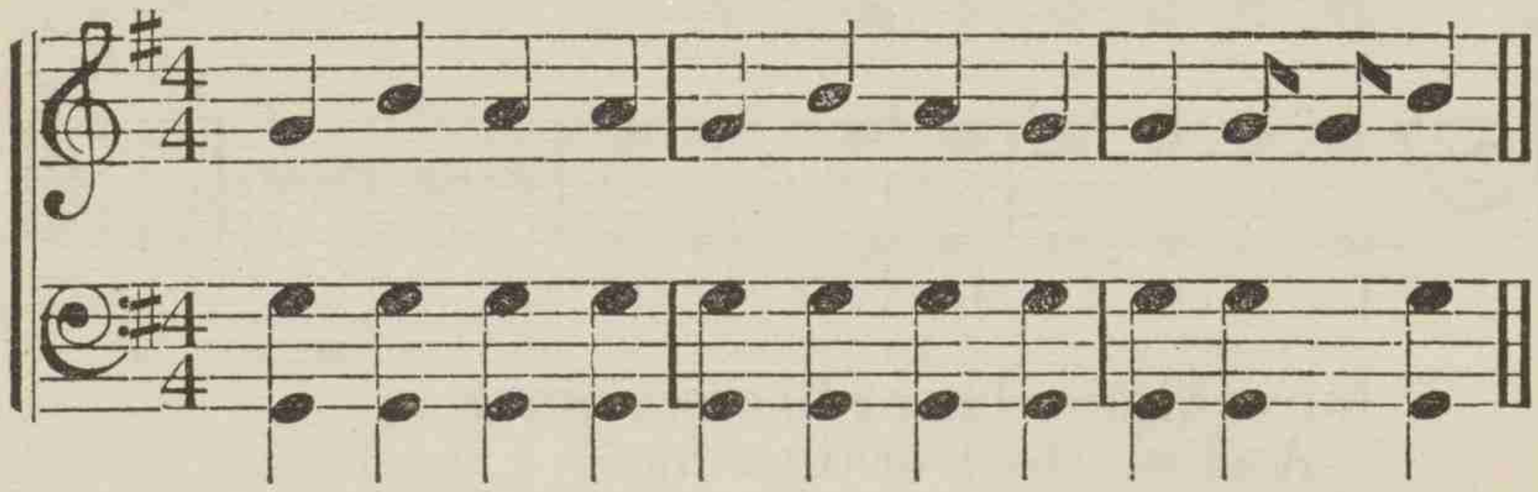
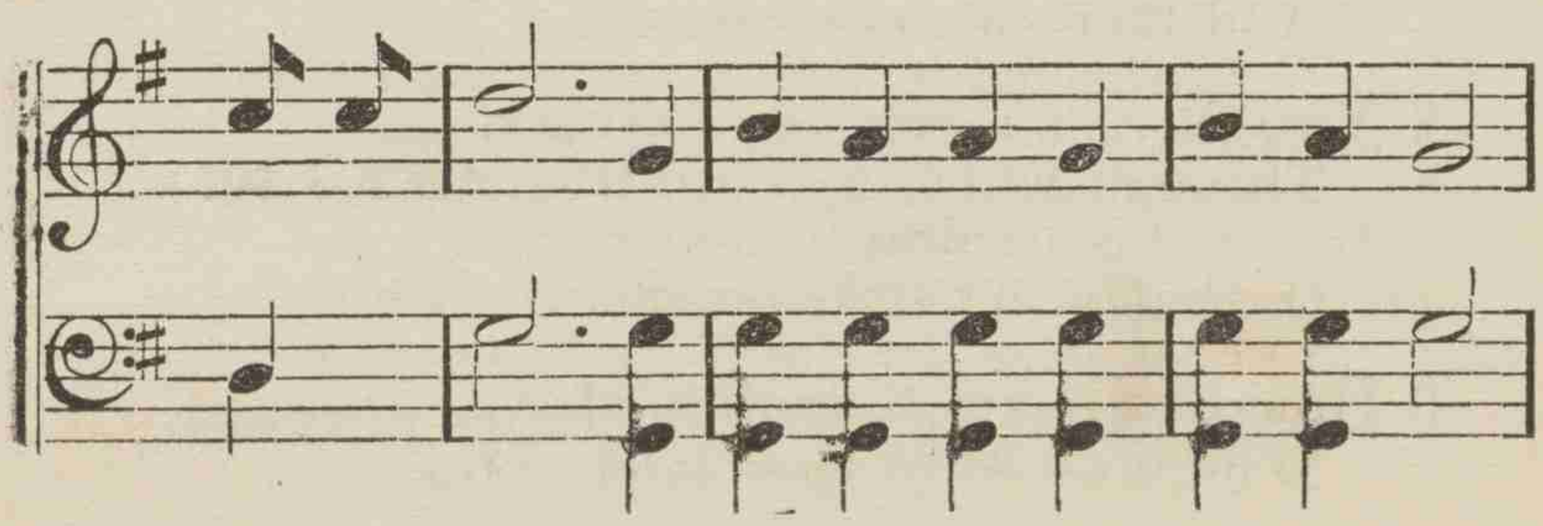
4 I 'll bear the consecrated cross
Till from the cross I 'm free,
And then go home and wear the crown,
For there 's a crown for me.

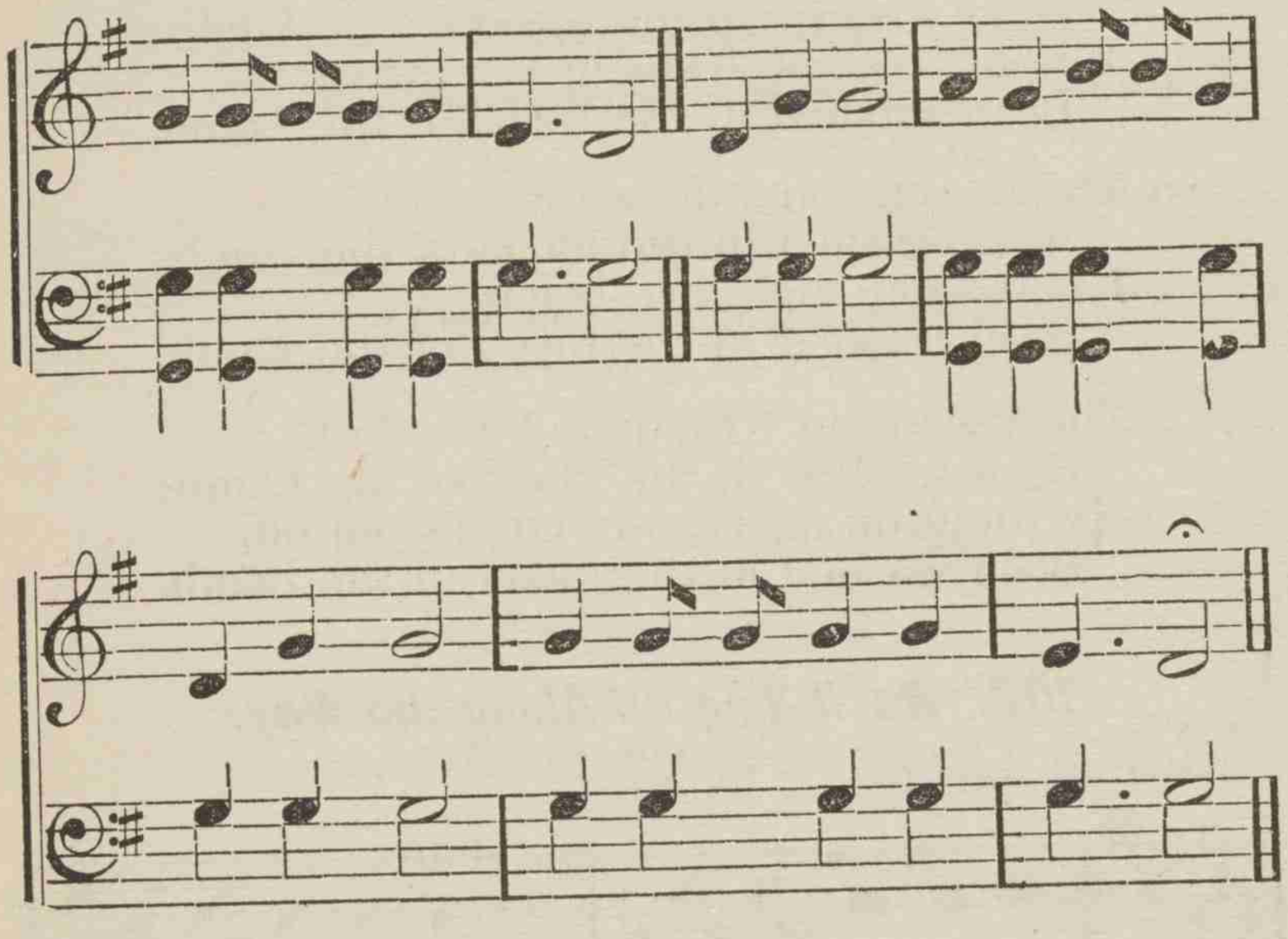
5 There's a crown in heaven above,
For me when he appears;
The purchase of my Savior's love,
O, that 's the crown for me.

6 The Church will hear the midnight cry,
The Lord will soon appear;
Ye virgins, rise, with burning lamps
Go meet him in the air.

7 Yes, a house in heaven prepared,
Christ is interceding,
Which no wicked man can share,
O, that 's the house for me.

106. Christian Liberty.

D. TUCKER. Gal. 5: 1.

CHORUS.



1 Fighting for peace and liberty,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
Till we the King in glory see,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Chorus.

I 'm free, I 'm free, I know I 'm free,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 I was once a slave in sin,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
But since my Lord has taken me in,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Old Satan came into my tent,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
He gave one shout and out he went,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

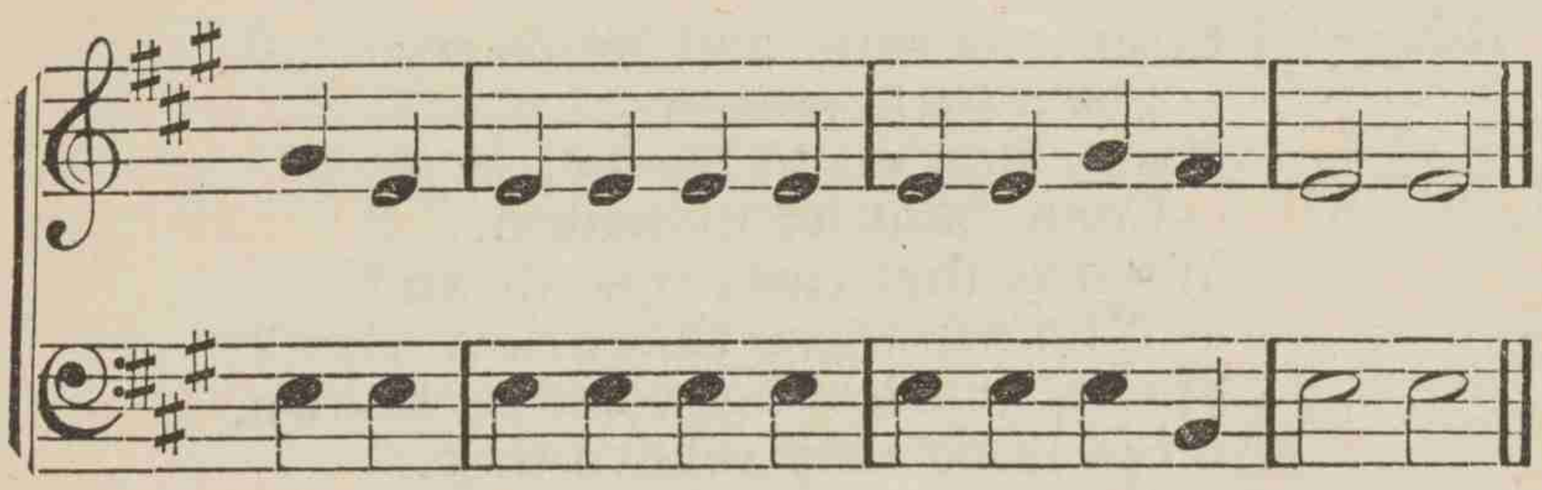
4 I 'll tell you what 's a matter of fact,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
If you 've left the devil, do n't never turn back,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5 I 'll tell you when I feel the best,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
When I 've got Jesus in my breast,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 This is religion I do know,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I never felt such love before,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb,

7 The very time I thought I was lost,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
My dungeon shook, my chains fell off,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

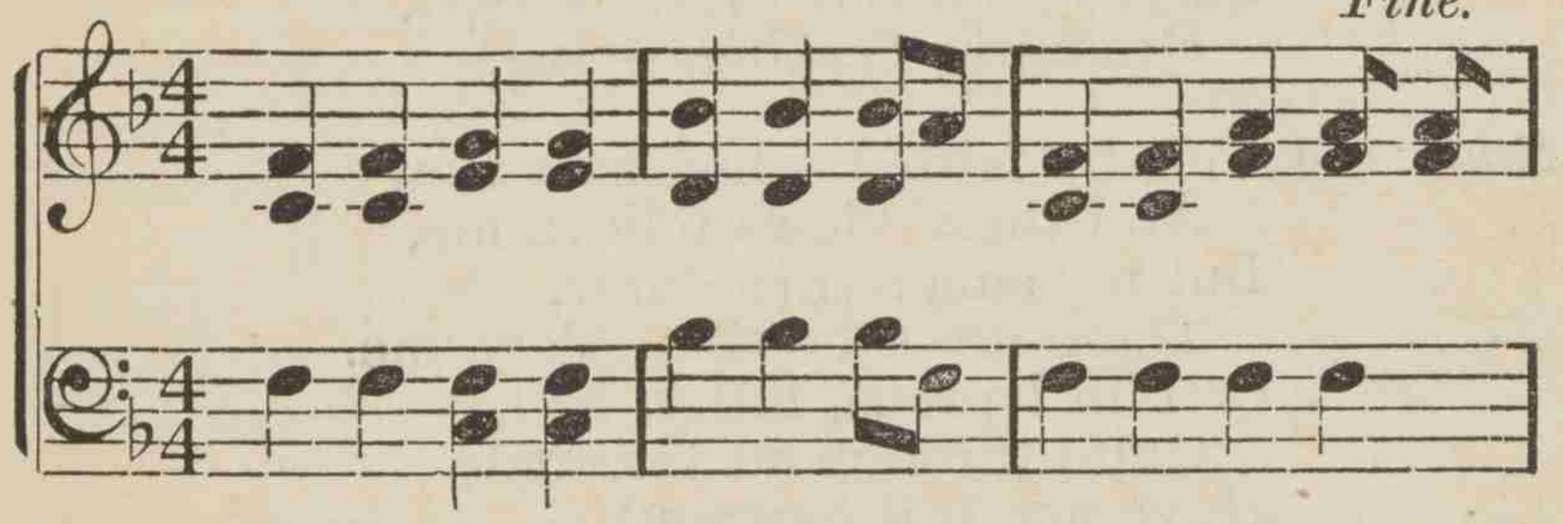
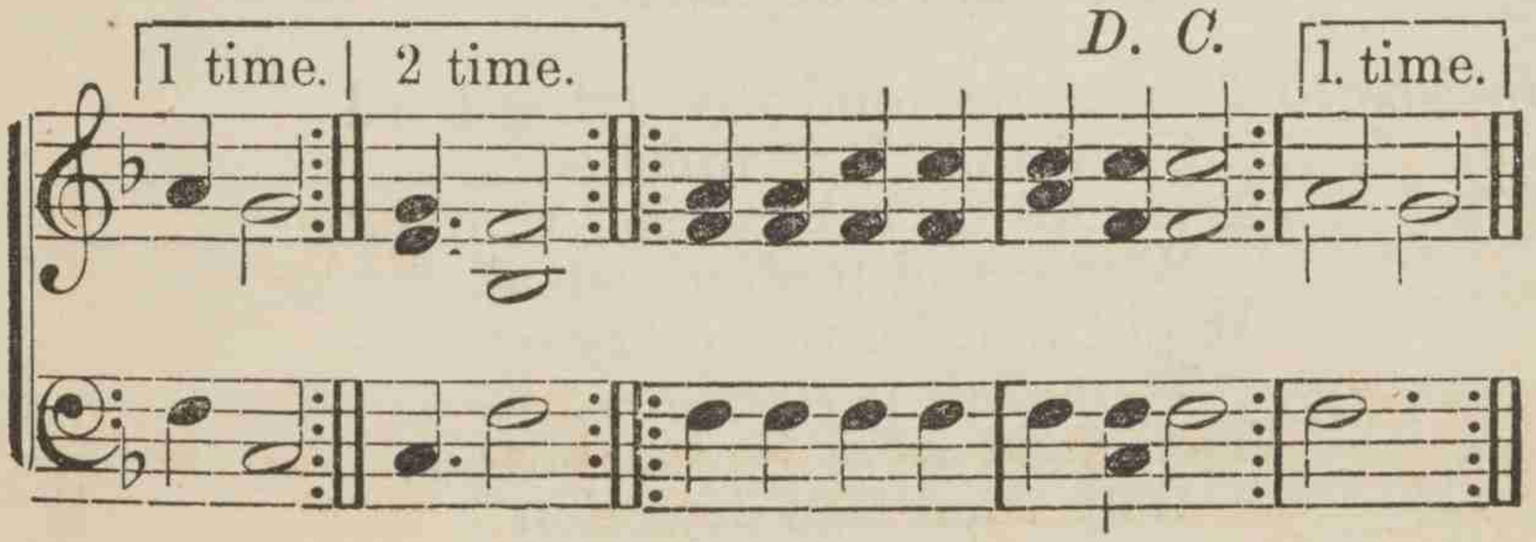
107. We'll Sing all Along the Way.

JERRY WASHINGTON. Ps. 96: 1, 2.

1 Do n't forget me when I 'm old,
Crippled, blind, and gray;
As you go, remember me,
I 'm singing along my way.

Chorus.

We 'll sing, we 'll sing,
We 'll sing all along the way;
We 'll sing, we 'll sing,
We 'll sing all along the way.

108. Dialogue between a Believer and His Soul.

Selected. Isa. 1 : 18. P. M.

Believer: 1 Come, my soul, and let us try
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.
What is that casts thee down?
Who are those that grieve thee?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve thee.

Soul: 2 O I sink beneath the load
Of my nature's evil,
Full of enmity towards God,
Captive by the devil.
Restless as the troubled seas,
Feeble, faint and fearful,
Plagued with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

Believer: 3 Think on what thy Savior bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood at every pore
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretched upon the wood,
Bleeding, grieving, crying,
Suff'ring all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying.

Soul: 4 This by faith I sometimes view
And those views relieve me,
But my sins return anew,
These are they that grieve me.
O, I 'm leprous, filthy, foul,
Quite throughout infected;
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected?

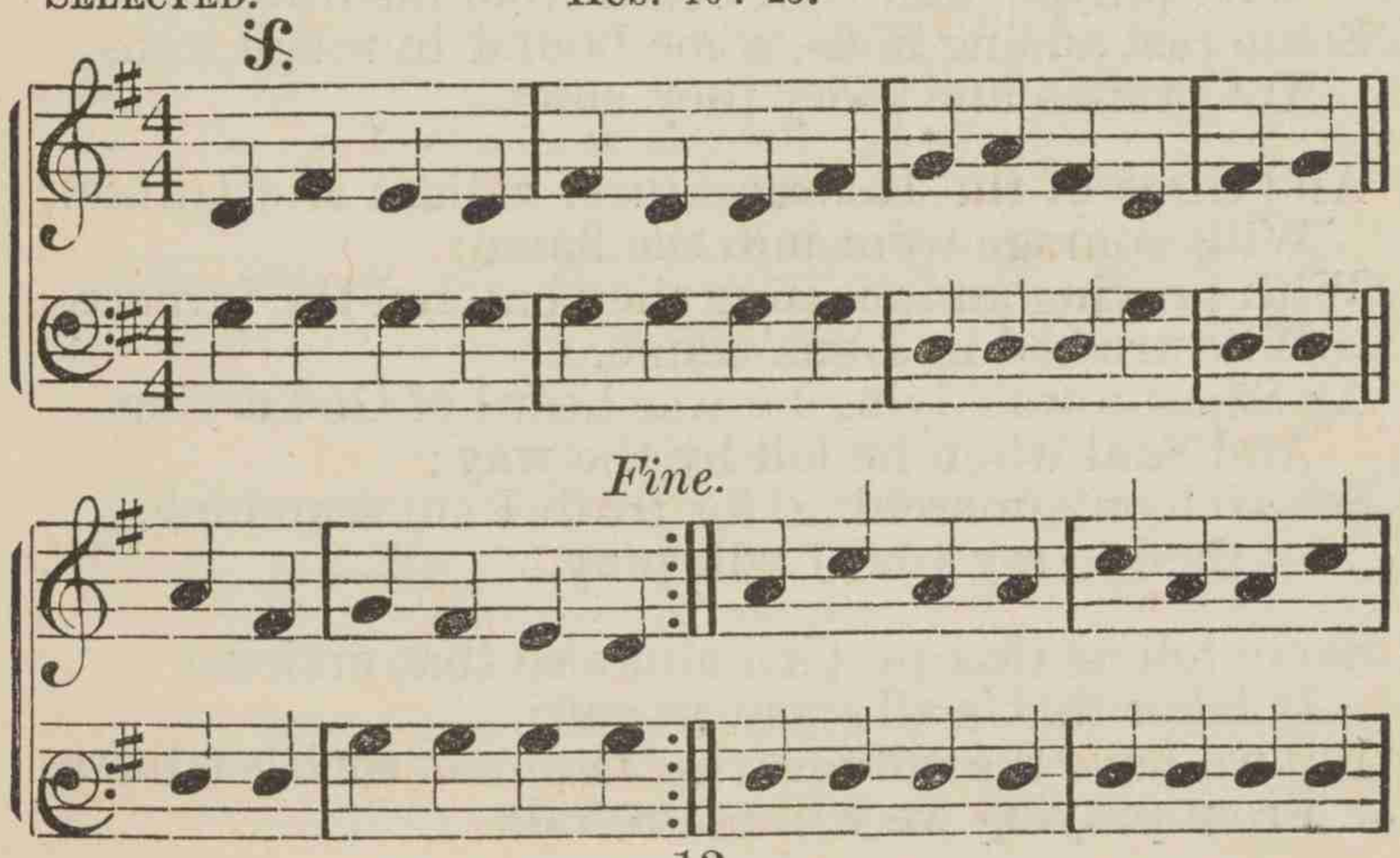
Believer: 5 Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cried out, It is finished;
Treasure up that sacred word
Whole and undiminished.
Doubt not, he will carry on
To its full perfection
That good work he has begun;
Why then this dejection?

Soul: 6 Faith when void of works is dead,
This the Scriptures witness;
And what works have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness?
All my powers are depraved,
Blind, perverse and filthy;
If from death I 'm fully saved,
Why am I not healthy?

Believer: 7 Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower;
Look to Jesus, kind and strong,
Mercy joined with power.
Ev'ry work that thou must do,
Will thy gracious Savior
For thee work, and in thee too,
Of his special favor.

Soul: 8 Jesus' precious blood once spilt
I depend on often.
But I feel myself so hard.
Believer: Jesus will thee soften.
Soul: But my enemies make head.
Believer: Let them closer drive thee.
Soul: But I 'm cold, I 'm dark, I 'm dead.
Believer: Jesus will revive thee.

109. Come, Brethren and Sisters.

SELECTED. Heb. 10: 25.

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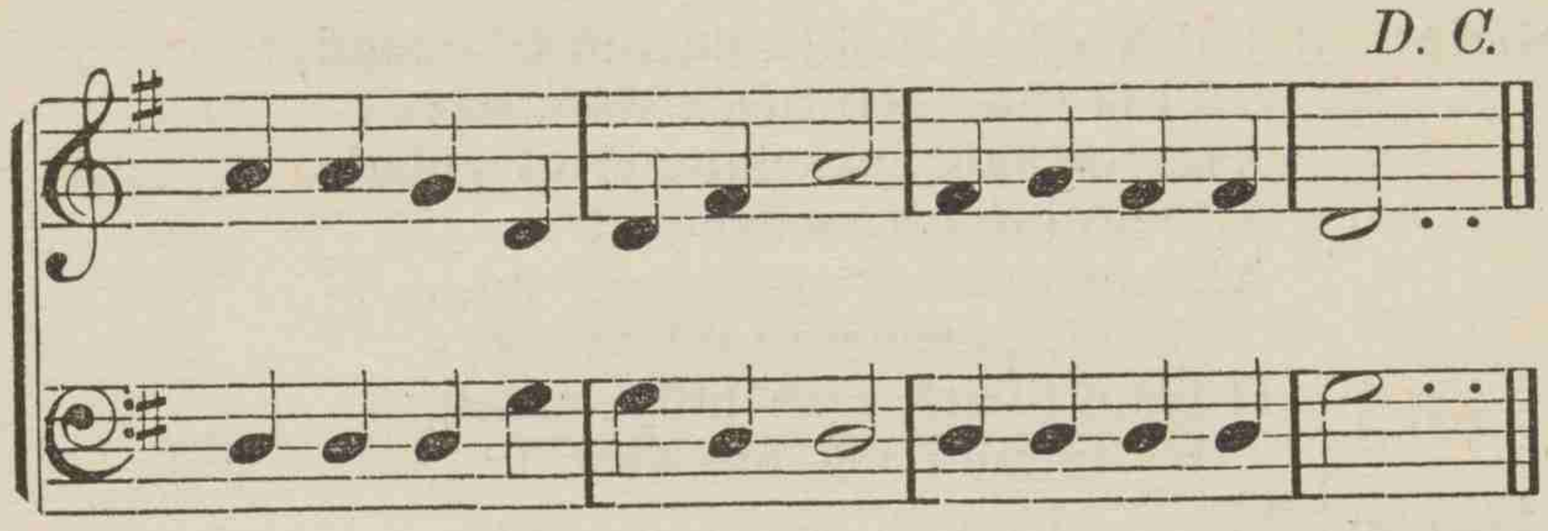

1 Come, brethren and sisters that love one another,
And have done for years past and gone;
How oft have met in that sweet heavenly union,
That opened the way to God's throne.
With joy and thanksgiving we 'll praise him who loved us,
While we 're on the bright shining way.
Though we here part in body, we 're bound for one glory,
And bound for each other to pray.

2 There 's Jesse and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
And Solomon, and Stephen and John,
And Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and David,
Who prayed as they journeyed along;
There 's Simon and Anna and I don't know how many,
Who prayed, and God heard from his throne;—
Some cast among lions, some bound in rough irons,
Yet praises and glory they sung.

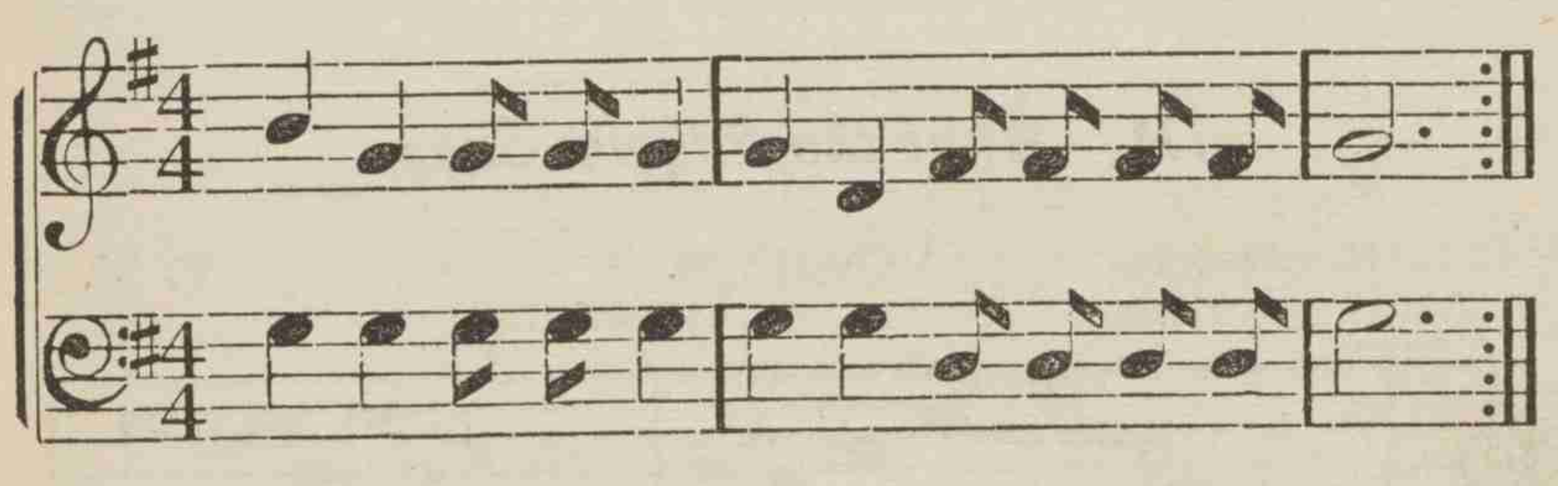
3 And three of the Hebrews most valiant and faithful,
With courage went into the flame;
With praying and praising they entered the furnace,
Who trusted in Jesus' name.
As Samson was dying he was heard of God crying,
And Saul when he fell by the way;
See Gideon a-marching, for truth I am searching,
So then to my God I will pray.

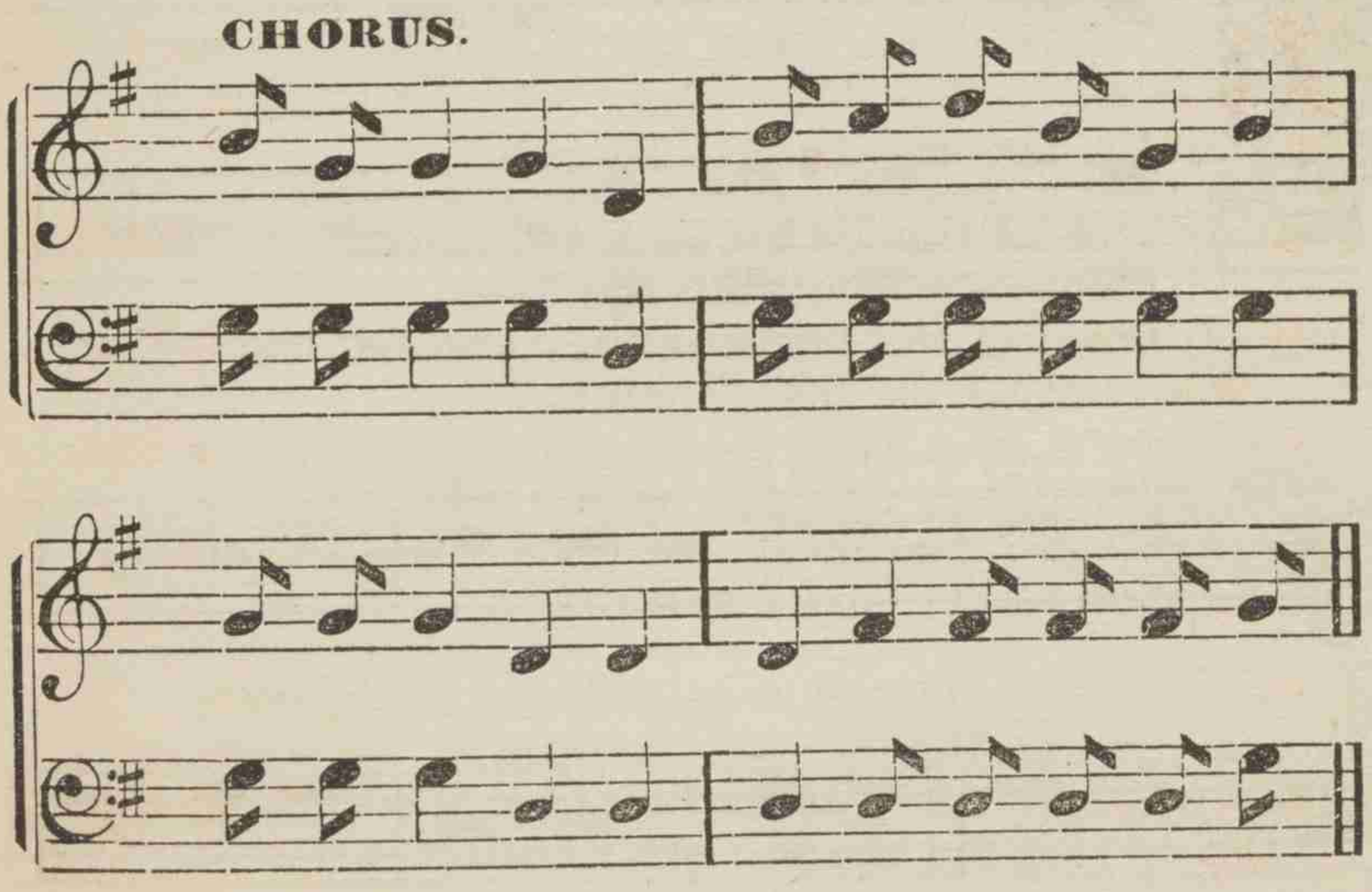
4 Some tell us that praying and also that praising
Is labor that 's all spent in vain,
But we have the witness that God 's of such goodness,
From praying we will not refrain.

There 's old Father Noah and ten thousand more
Can witness that God heard them pray;
There 's Simeon and Hannah, Paul, Silas, and Peter,
And Daniel and Jonah will say,

5 That God by his spirit and angels did visit
Their souls when to him they did pray,
While we go on praying and they go on praising
And glorify God on the way.
God grant us to inherit that same praying spirit,
While we are here toiling below;
And when we 're done praying we shall not cease praising,
But round God 's bright throne we shall bow.

110. Jesus Knows My Heart.

EDW'D FREEMAN. Ps. 139: 1, 2.

CHORUS.



1 Shout, shout, for we are free,
Jesus knows just what I am;
Christ has bought our liberty,
Jesus knows just what I am.

Chorus.

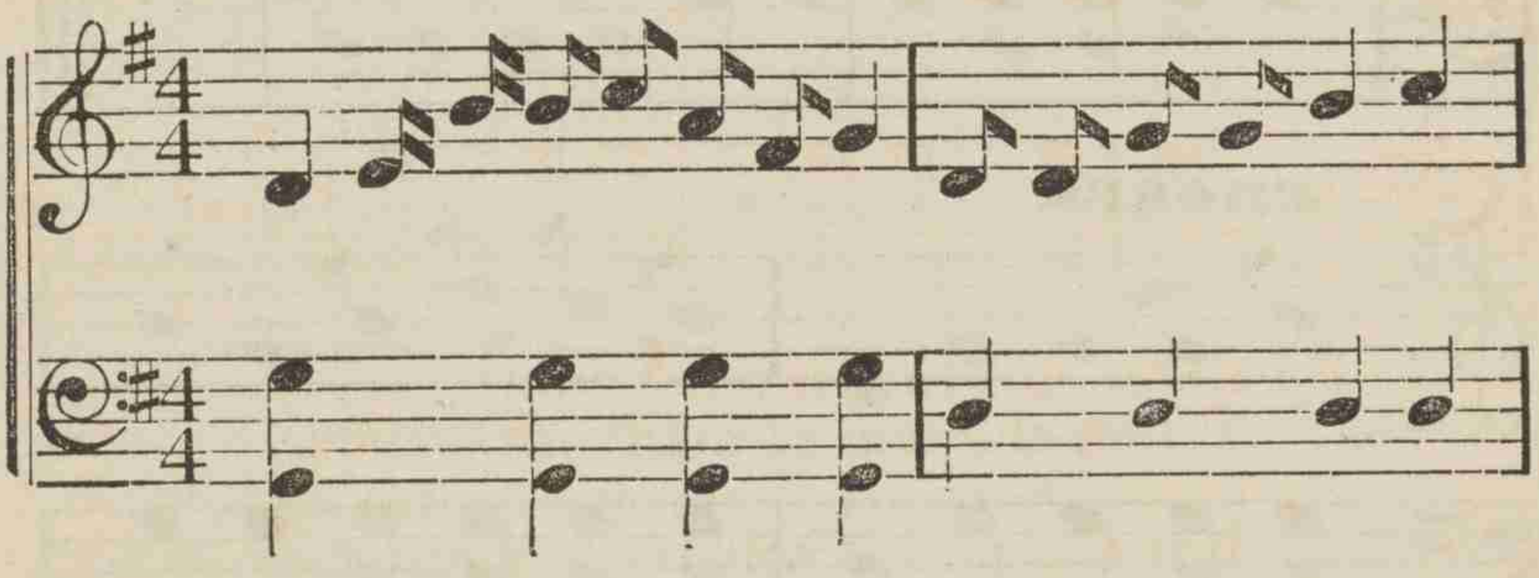
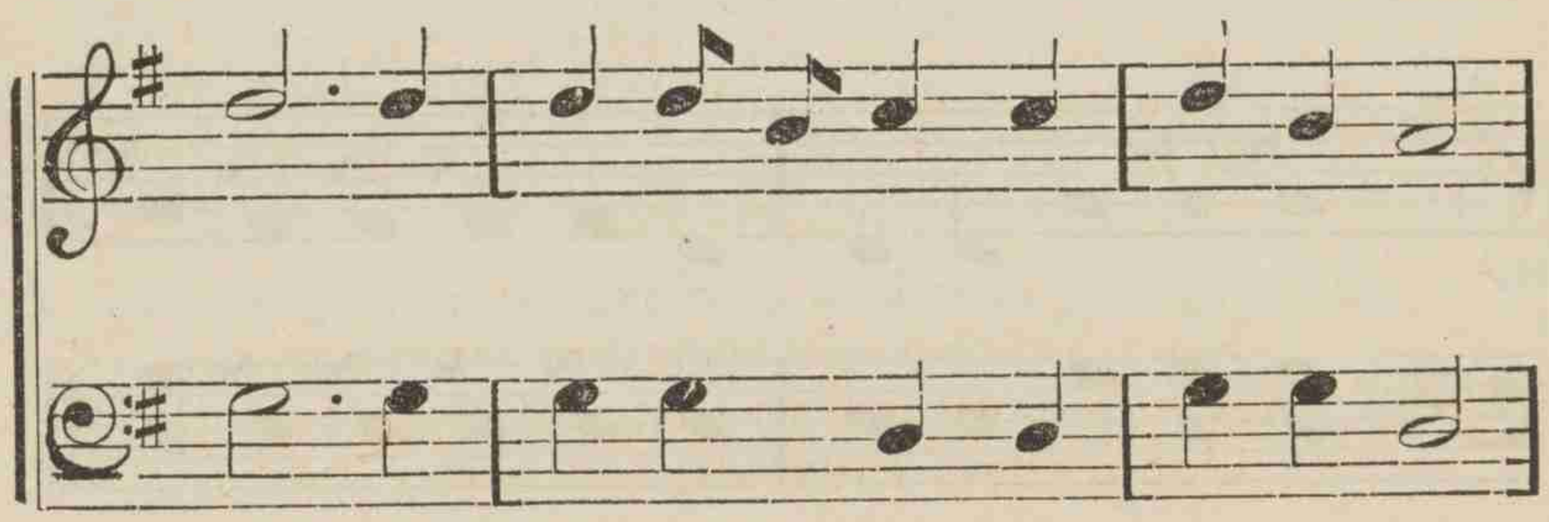
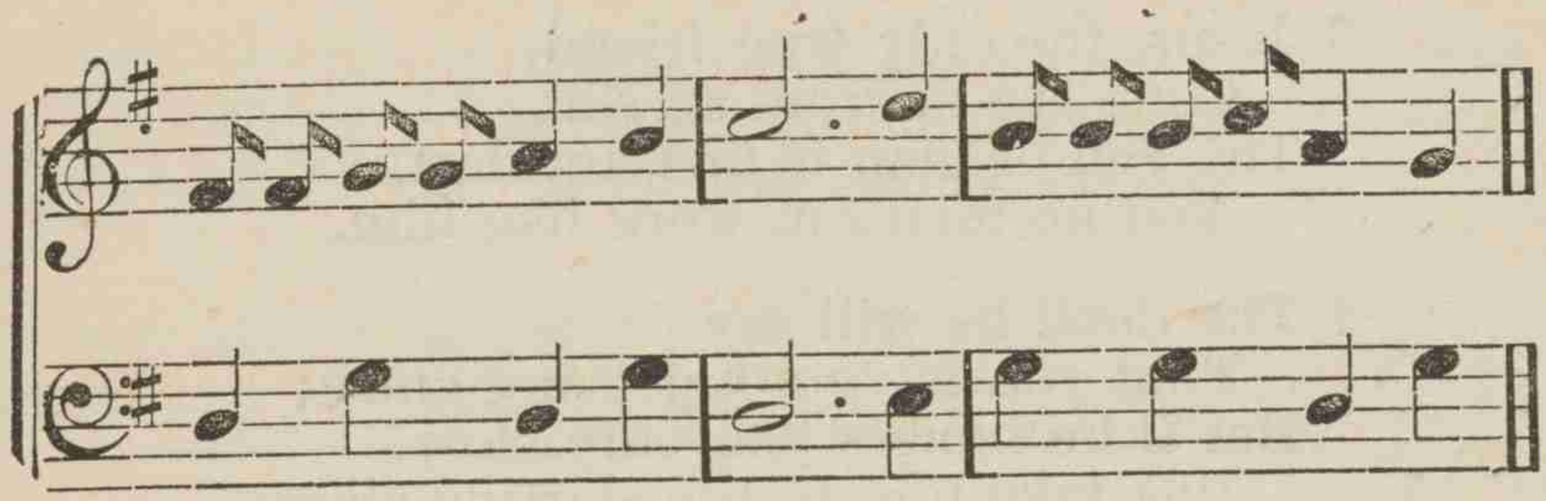
Jesus knows my heart, Jesus knows my heart.
Jesus knows just what I am.

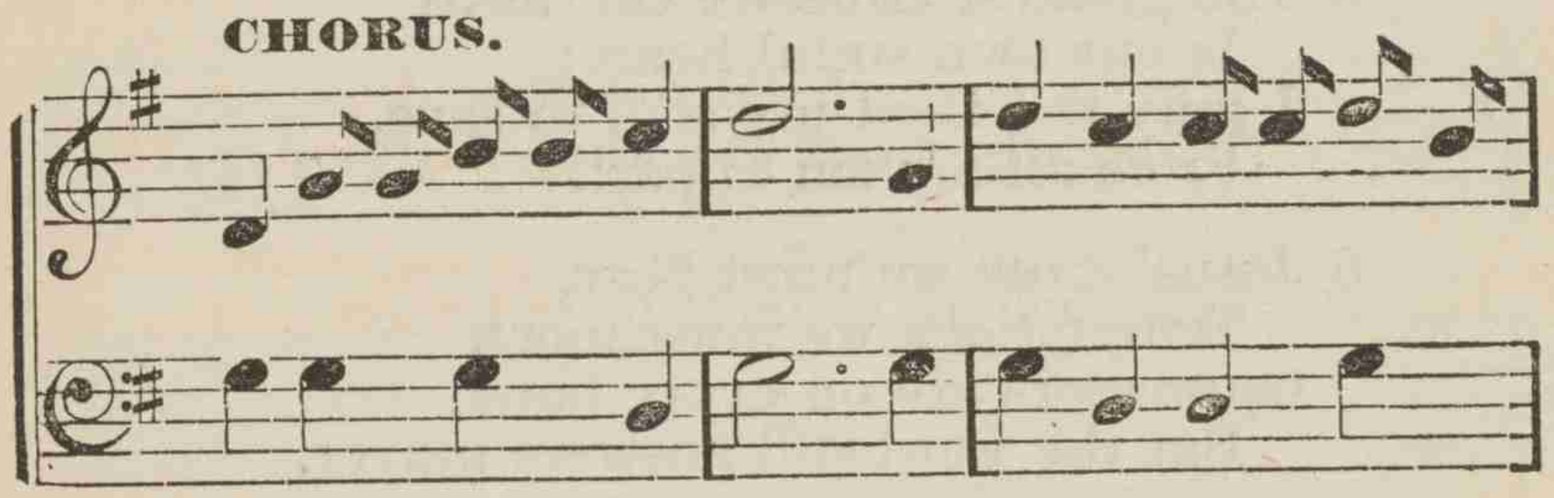
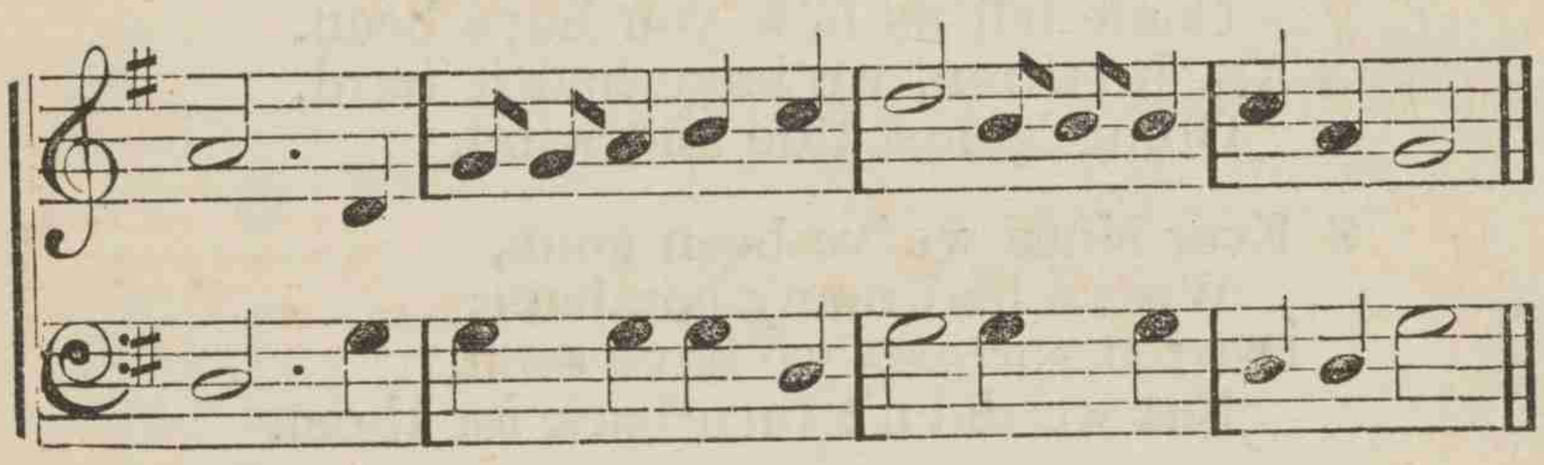
2 Brethren, do n't you think it best
To carry Jesus in your breast?

3 I know just what I mean to do,
I mean to reach the kingdom too.

4 Rocks and mountains skipping away,
They 've got to melt in judgment-day.

111. What the Pilgrim Says.

J. L. H. Sweres. Heb. 11 : 36. P. M.

CHORUS.



1 I know not the day nor hour
When the Son of man will come;
I know there are lions on my way,
But the race I will try to run.

Chorus.

Just hear what the pilgrim says,
You need not think it is strange;
Why O! this is the way we read
The holy Prophets went.

2 We have the names of friends,
Friends who say they are true,
But when we are in distress
Our friends they are but few.

3 Jesus, the only true friend,
Can save us from all sin;
The Son of man is first and last,
And no man can work like him.

4 The devil he will say
That you have not got any grace;
But if he haunts you very close,
Just take him to the starting-place.

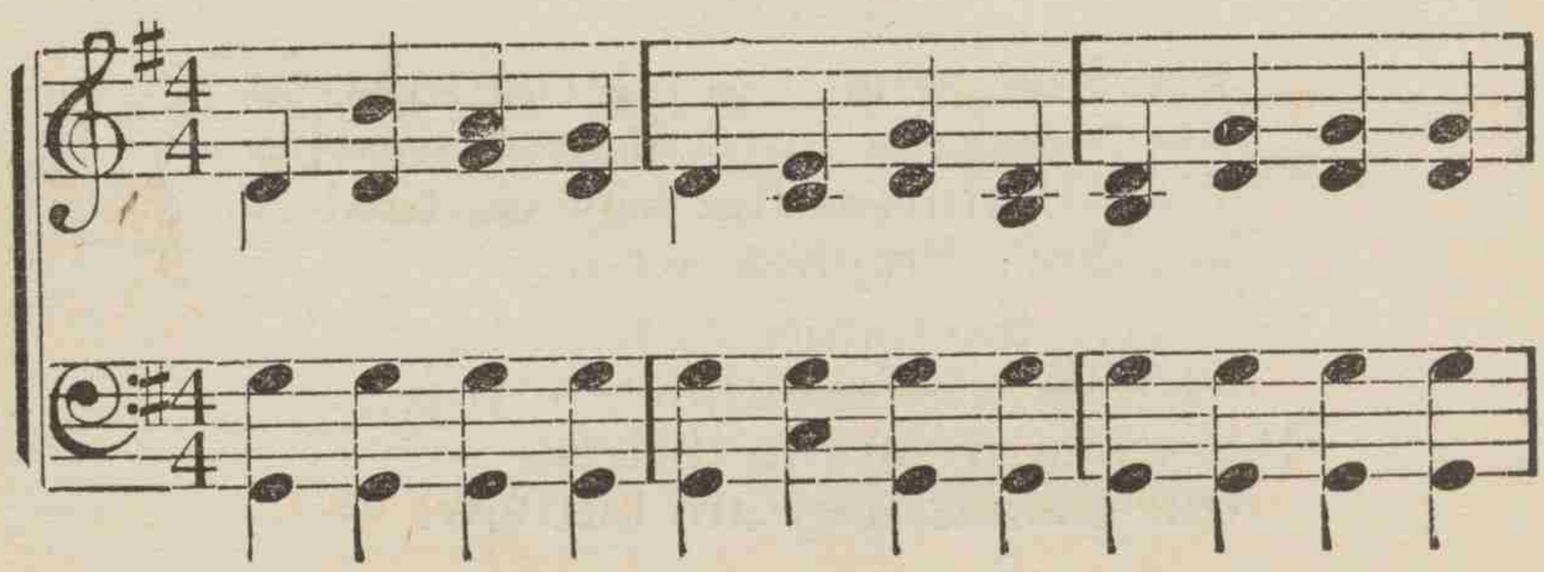
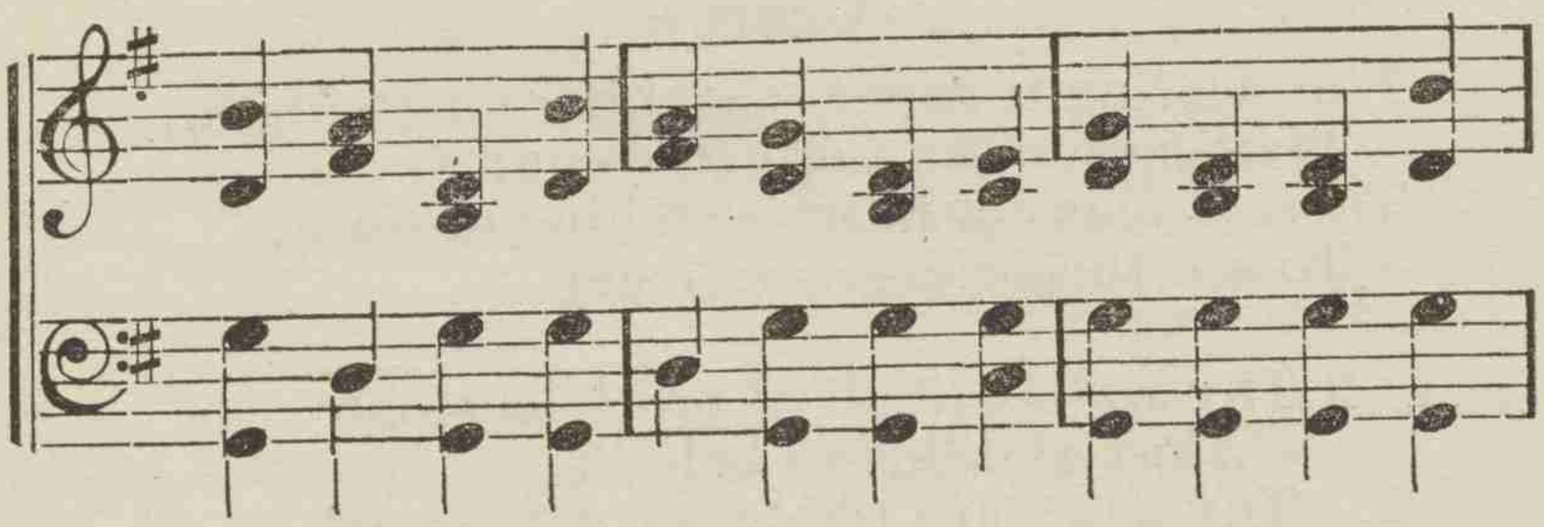
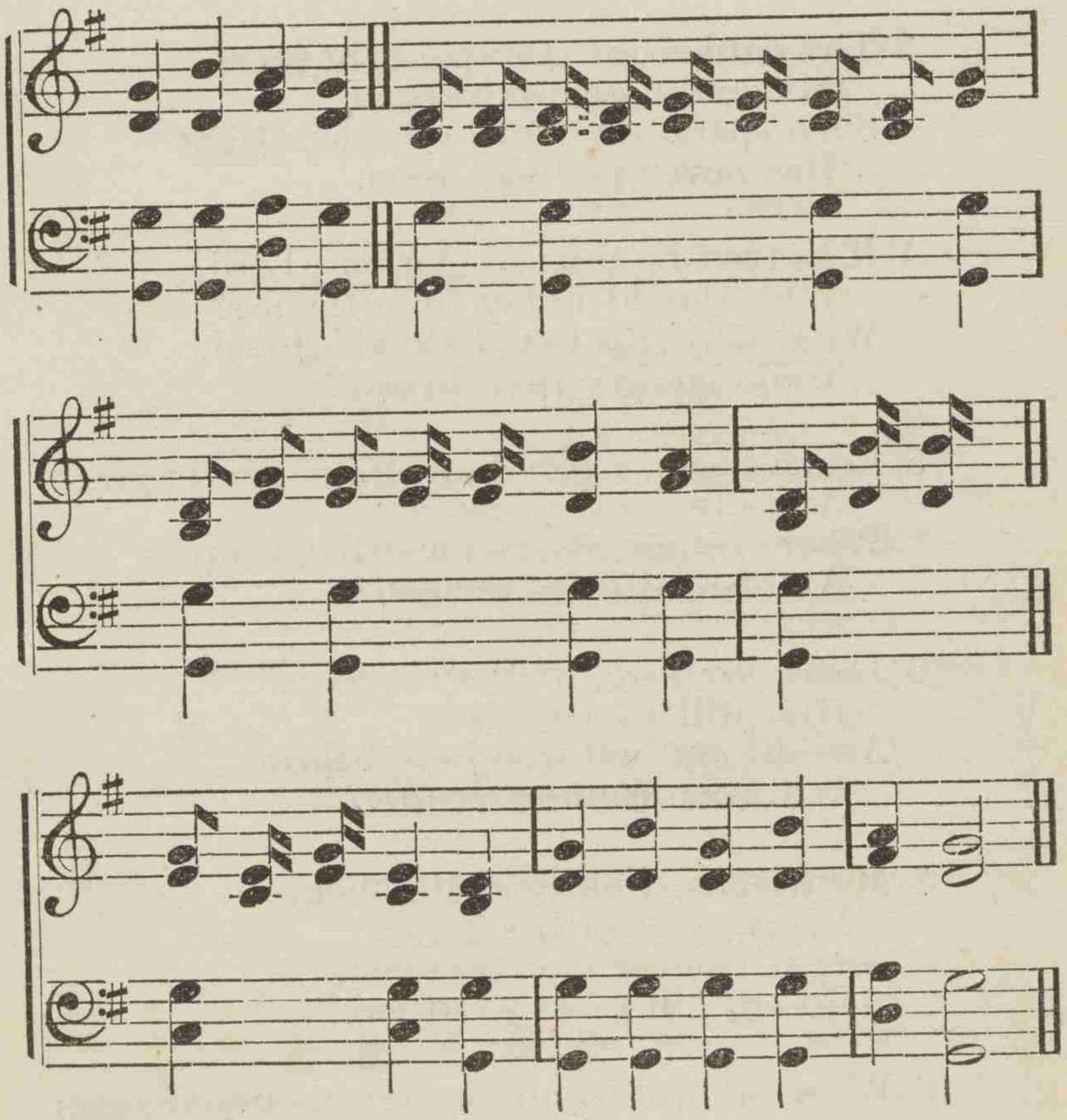
5 The greatest cross we can have
Is our own sinful heart;
I pray the Lord my soul to save,
From all my sin to part.

6 Jesus' cross we must bear,
Temptations we must meet,
Oppressors are on every hand,
But the Lord still answers prayer.

7 Preachers, how do you do?
Come tell us how you have been.
Ah, brethren, we have had it hard,
Going 'gainst tide and wind.

8 Ever since we 've been gone,
We 've had many combats;
O what sorrows we have seen,
But we did n't turn back for them.

112. Waiting To-Night.

M. MACOOMER. Ps. 137: 5. C. M.

CHORUS.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee;
When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

CHORUS.

I 'm waiting to-night, watching for the light,
Waiting for the Lord to come;
There 's many a heart watching to-night,
To see the bridegroom come.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
My study long have been,
Such sparkling light by human sight
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 't is that I should dread,
To die and go from hence?

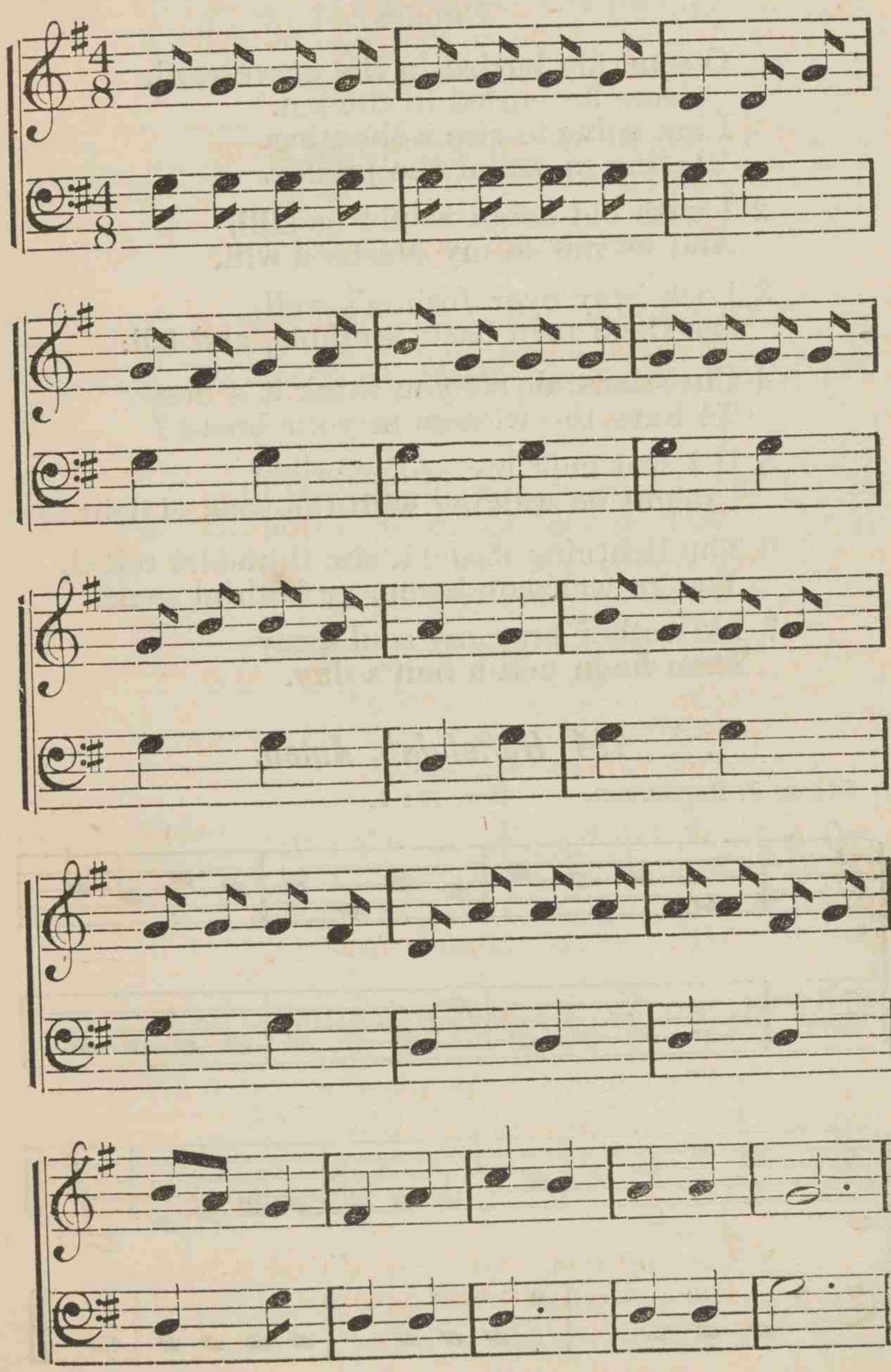
5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory 's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I 'll meet you there.

8 When we 've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We 've no less days to sing God 's praise
Than when we first begun.

113. Going to Rise A-shouting.

ALEX. MACDADE. Rev 20: 13.

1 High up in heaven I 'll take my seat,
I 'll ground my weapons at Jesus' feet.

Chorus.

O some lie buried in the grave-yard,
Some lie buried in the sea.
I am going to rise a-shouting,
Going to sound the jubilee.

2 I wish old Satan would be still,
And let me do my Master's will.

3 Look 'way over Joshua's wall,
See them turn back, stumble, and fall.

4 Christians, do n't you think it 's best
To have the witness in your breast?

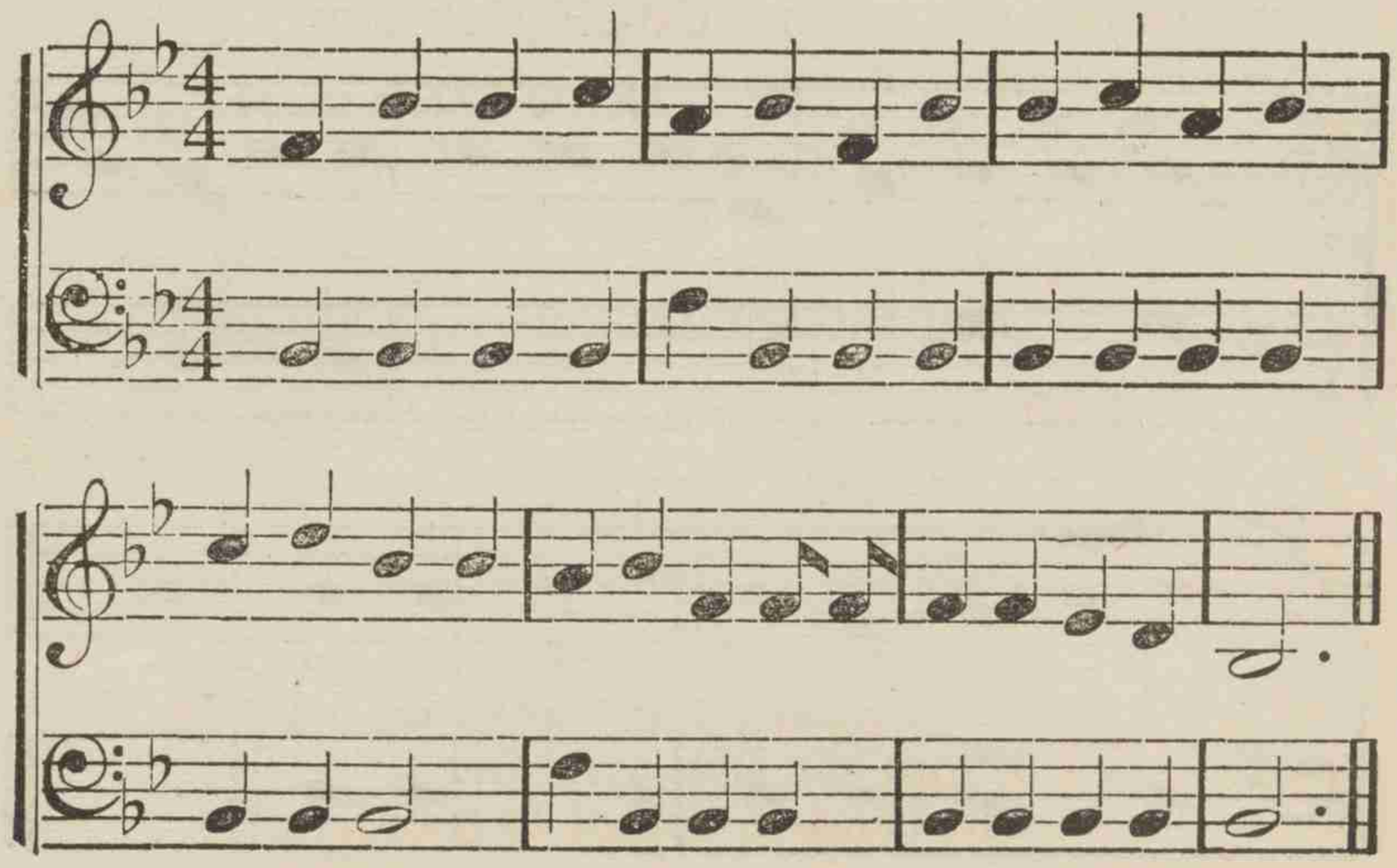
5 If I had kept my armor bright,
I might be walking with the sons of light.

6 The lightning flashed, the thunders rolled,
You 're welcome home, ye faithful souls.

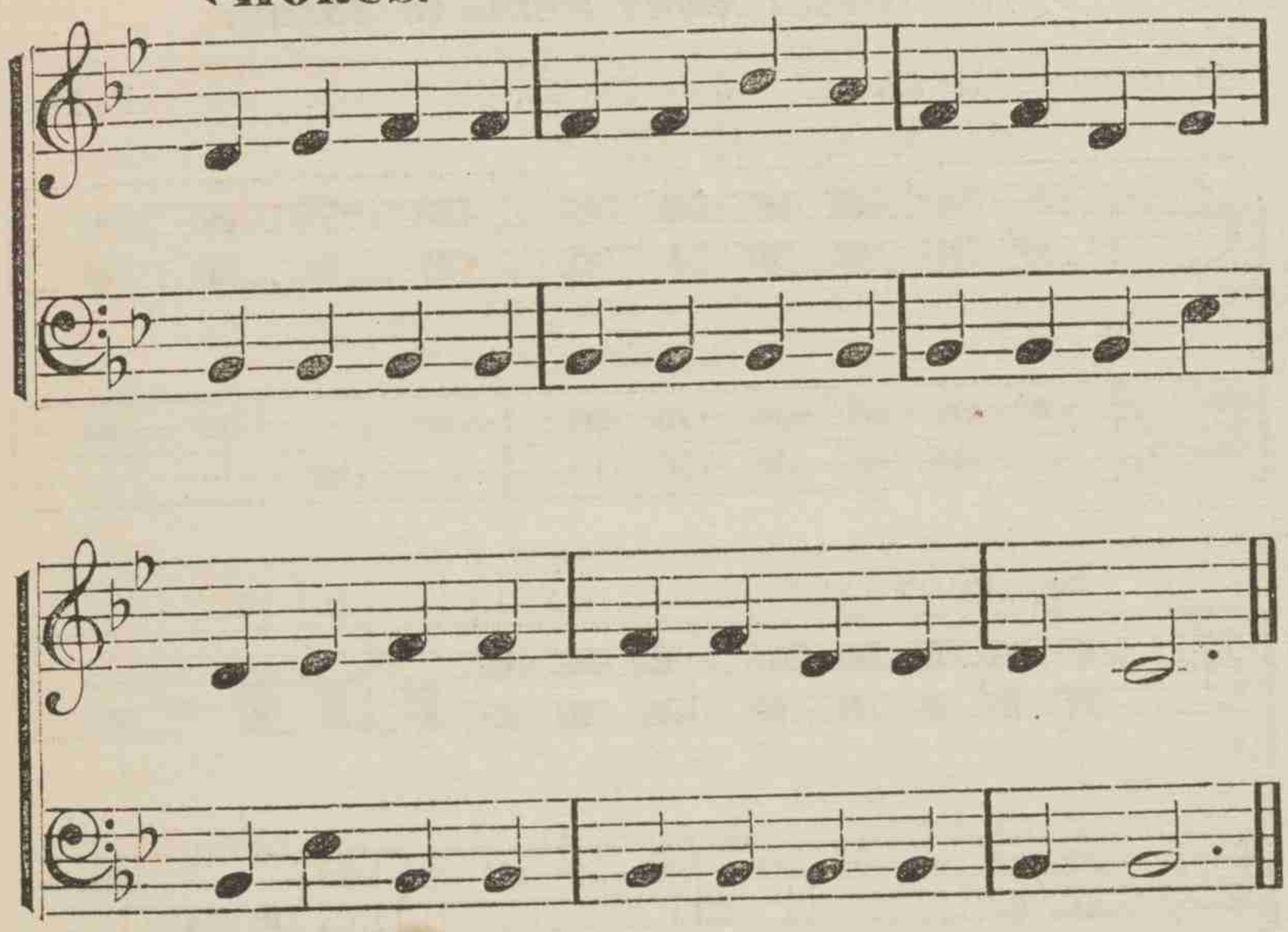
7 I 'd rather pray my soul away
Than lie in hell a half a day.

114 Hallelujah, Amen.

Ellen J. Penelton. Rev. 19 : 1.



CHORUS.



1 Once while I was walking
Alone the Christian road,
My joyful heart was musing
Upon the love of God.

Chorus.

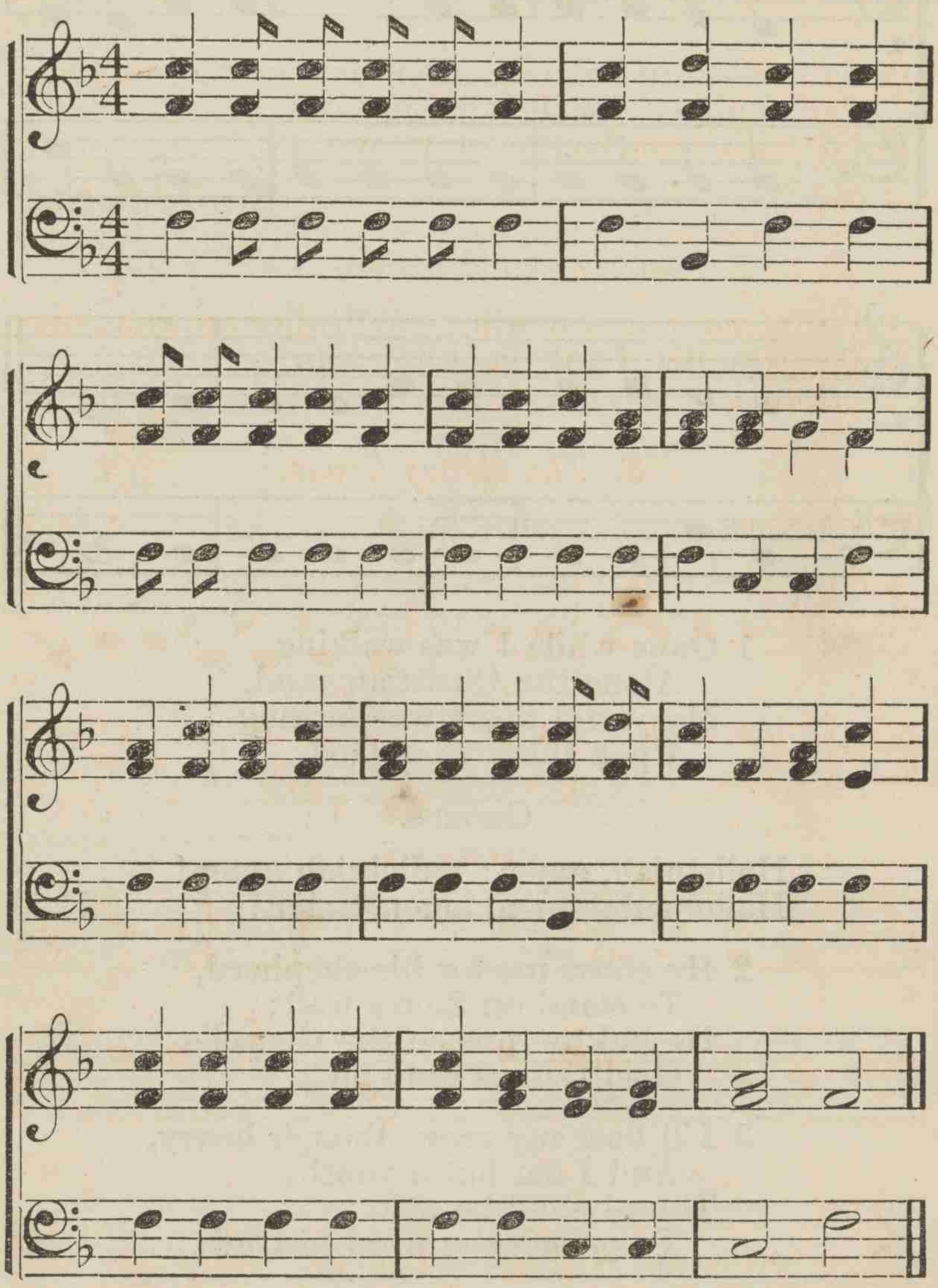
Hallelujah, amen; hallelujah amen!
Hallelujah, amen, amen, amen!

2 He chose me for his shepherd,
To stand on Zion's wall;
He bid me preach the Gospel's
Glad tidings unto all.

3 I'll bear my cross, though heavy,
And I am but a youth;
Thus I shall be able
To preach the word of truth.

4 When clad with Christian armor,
The breast-plate, sword and shield,
I'll quit me like a soldier;
Old Satan's bound to yield.

115. Steal Away Home to Jesus.

MARGARET HINES. Job. 26 : 14. P. M.

1 MY Lord calls me, he calls me in the thunder;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul,
I hain 't got long to stay here.

CHORUS.

Steal away, steal away to Jesus;
Steal away, steal away home, I hain't got long to stay here.

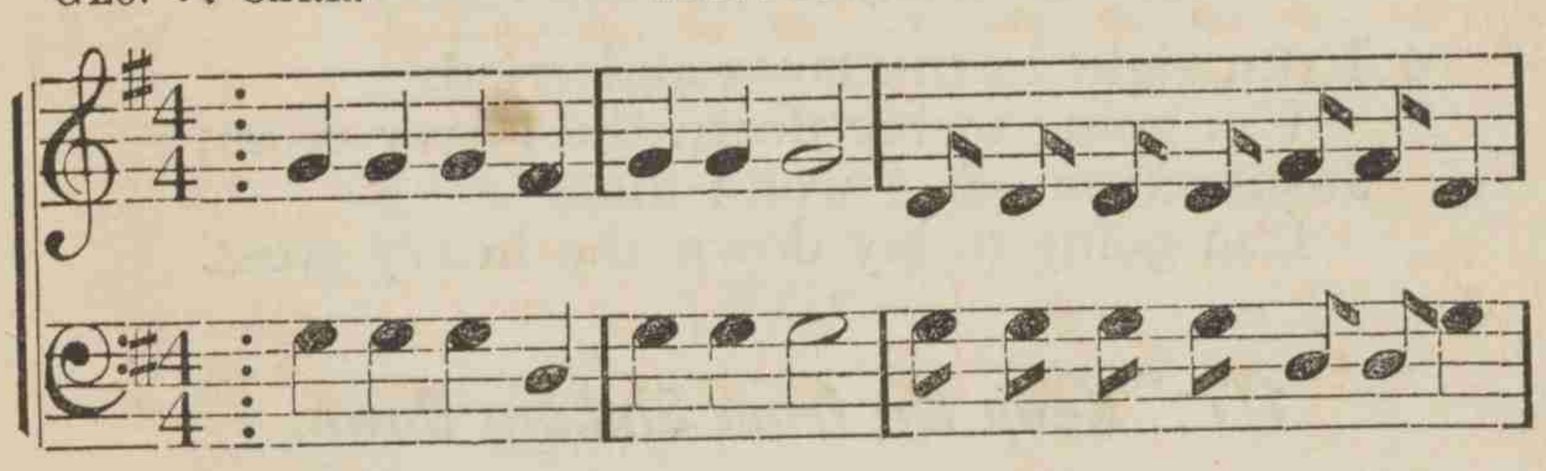
2 Tall trees are bending, poor sinners are trembling,
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.

3 My Lord calls me, he calls me by the lightning,
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.

4 Tombstones are bursting, our bodies are changing,
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
And I hain't got long to stay here.

116. The Heavy Cross.

GEO. F. CARR. Matt. 19 : 25. P. M.



1 Only but for Adam's fall,
I 'm going to lay down the heavy cross;
Men would not have died at all,
I 'm going to lay down the heavy cross.

Chorus.

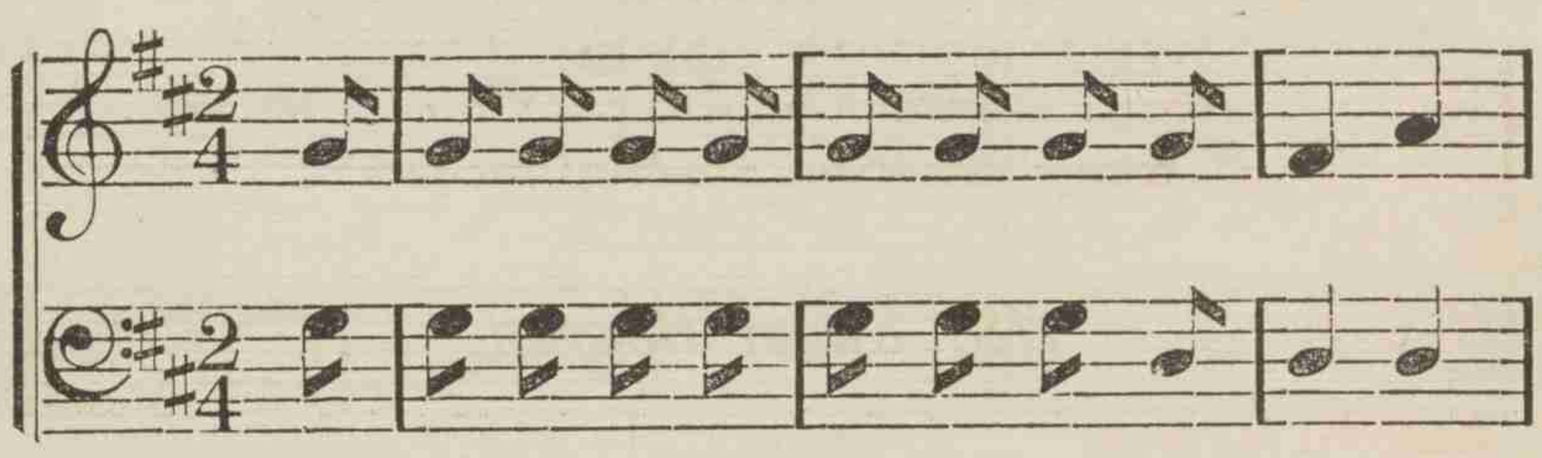
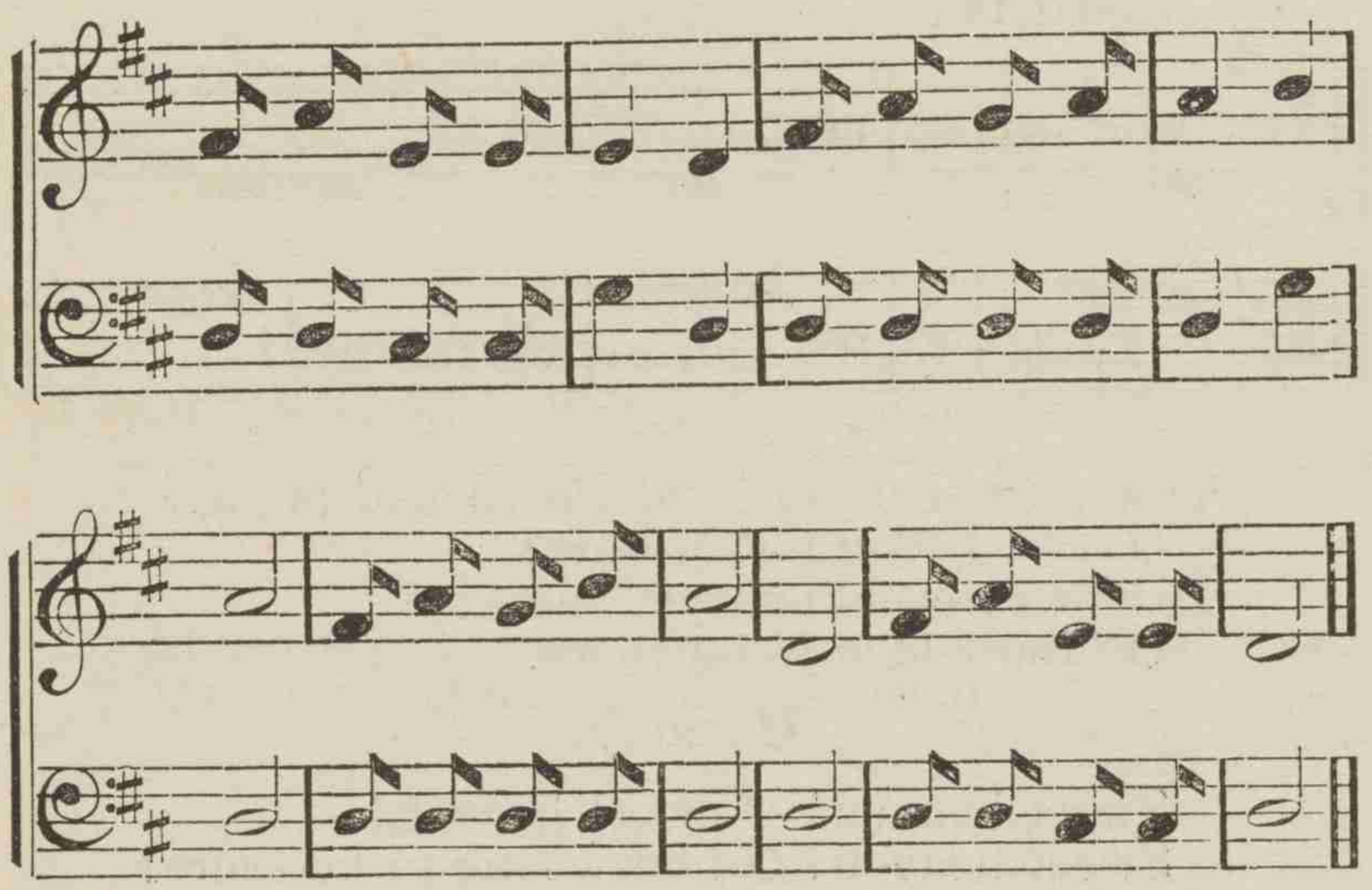
By and by, by and by, by and by,
I 'm a-going to lay down the heavy cross by and by.

2 The prettiest thing, that ever I 've done,
I 'm going to lay down the heavy cross;
Was seeking of religion when I was young,
I 'm going to lay down the heavy cross.

3 Little did I think that he was so nigh,
I 'm going to lay down the heavy cross;
He spoke, and then I laughed and cried,
I 'm going to lay down the heavy cross.

4 I run right to the cross and cried,
I 'm going to lay down the heavy cross;
Jesus saves me, I won't die,
I 'm going to lay down the heavy cross.

117. Keep Me from Sinking Down.

M. Gooseland. Ps. 69 : 2.



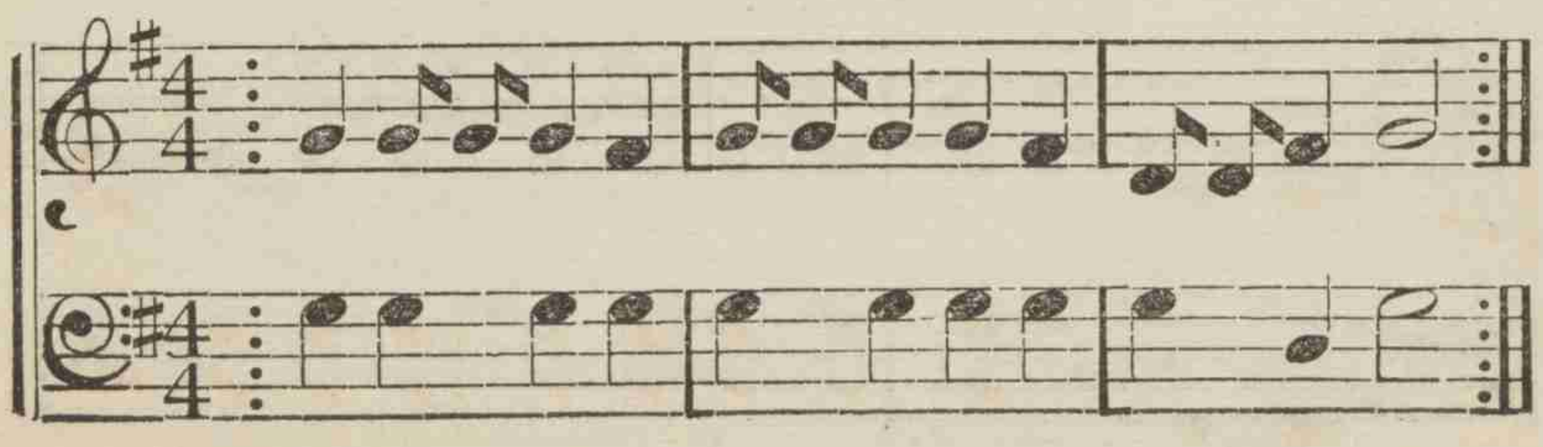
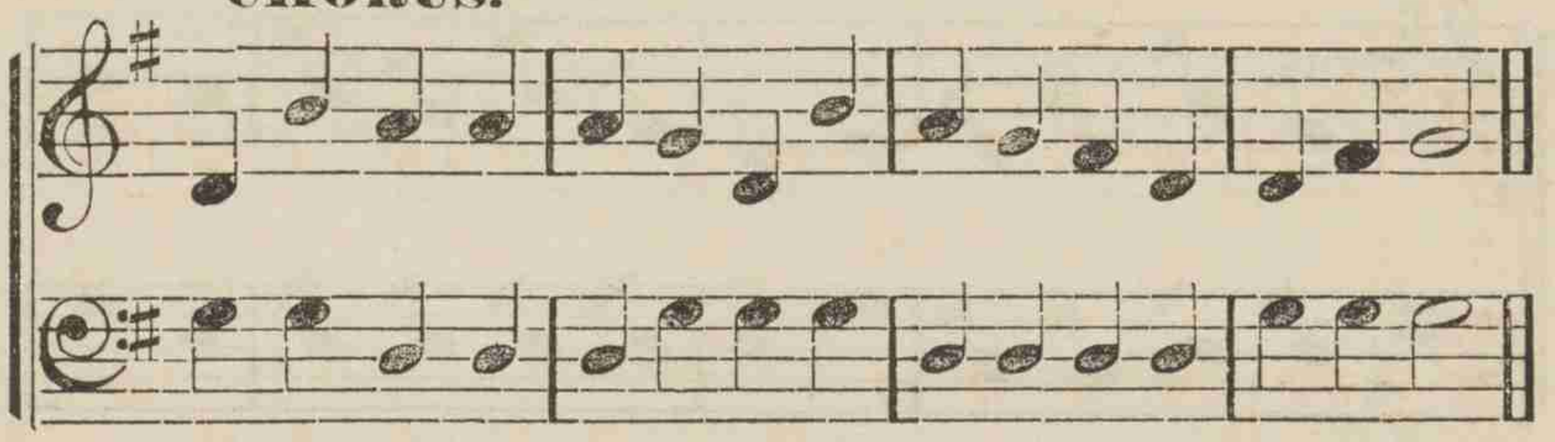
1 I BLESS the Lord, I 'm born to die,
Keep me from sinking down;
I 'm gwine to judgment by and by,
Keep me from sinking down.

CHORUS.

O Lord, O my Lord, O my blessed Lord!
Keep me from sinking down.

2 Just look over yonder, what I see,
Keep me from sinking down;
Band of angels coming for me,
Keep me from sinking down.

118. Sweet Heaven.

GEO. W. HATTON. 2 Cor. 5 : 1, 2. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 THROUGH heat and cold Christ had to go,
O how I long to be there;
To institute his Church below,
O how I long to be there.

CHORUS.

Sweet heaven! O sweet heaven!
Sweet heaven! O how I long to be there!

2 My father's fought the battle at last,
And all his days on earth are past.

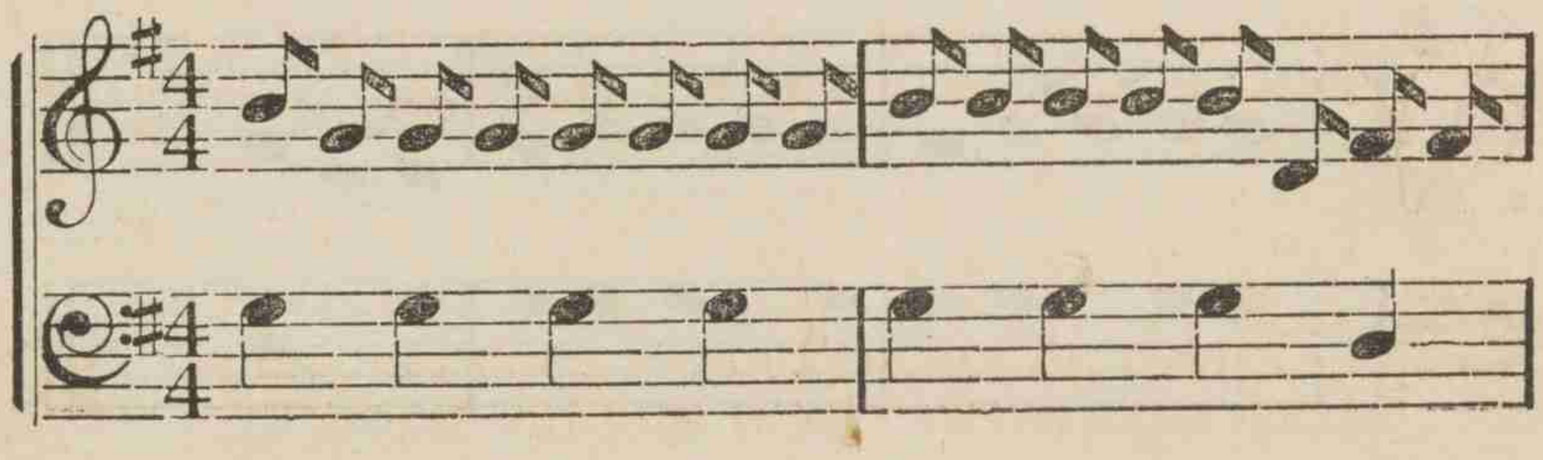
3 Mother 's broke the ice and gone,
Now she sings a heavenly song.

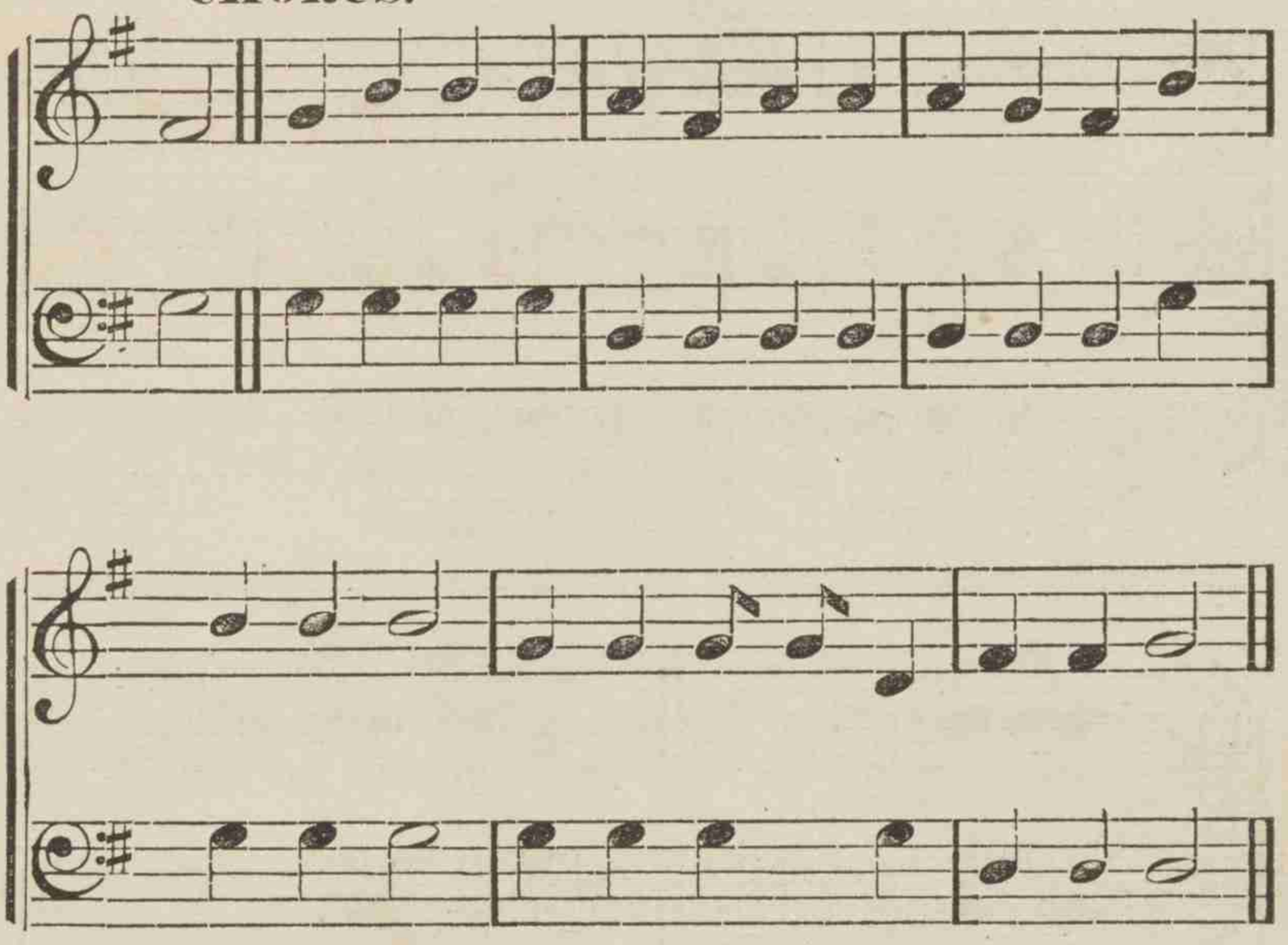
4 I hope to meet my mother there,
Who used to kneel with me in prayer.

5 Ere we walk the golden streets,
We 'll tell to all the saints we meet,

6 Religion's like a blooming rose,
And none but them that feel it knows.

119. Been in the Grave and Arose Again.

H. C. MILLER. Ps. 30: 3. P. M.

CHORUS.



1 I 've been coming up all this time,
I 've been in the grave an' rose again;
I do n't want the chariot to leave me behind,
I 've been in the grave an' rose again.

CHORUS.

O hallelujah! O hallelujah! O hallelujah!
I 've been in the grave an' rose again!

2 Chariot run to the mountain top,
My Lord bid the chariot stop.

3 Way over yonder in the harvest field,
Angels working at the chariot wheels.

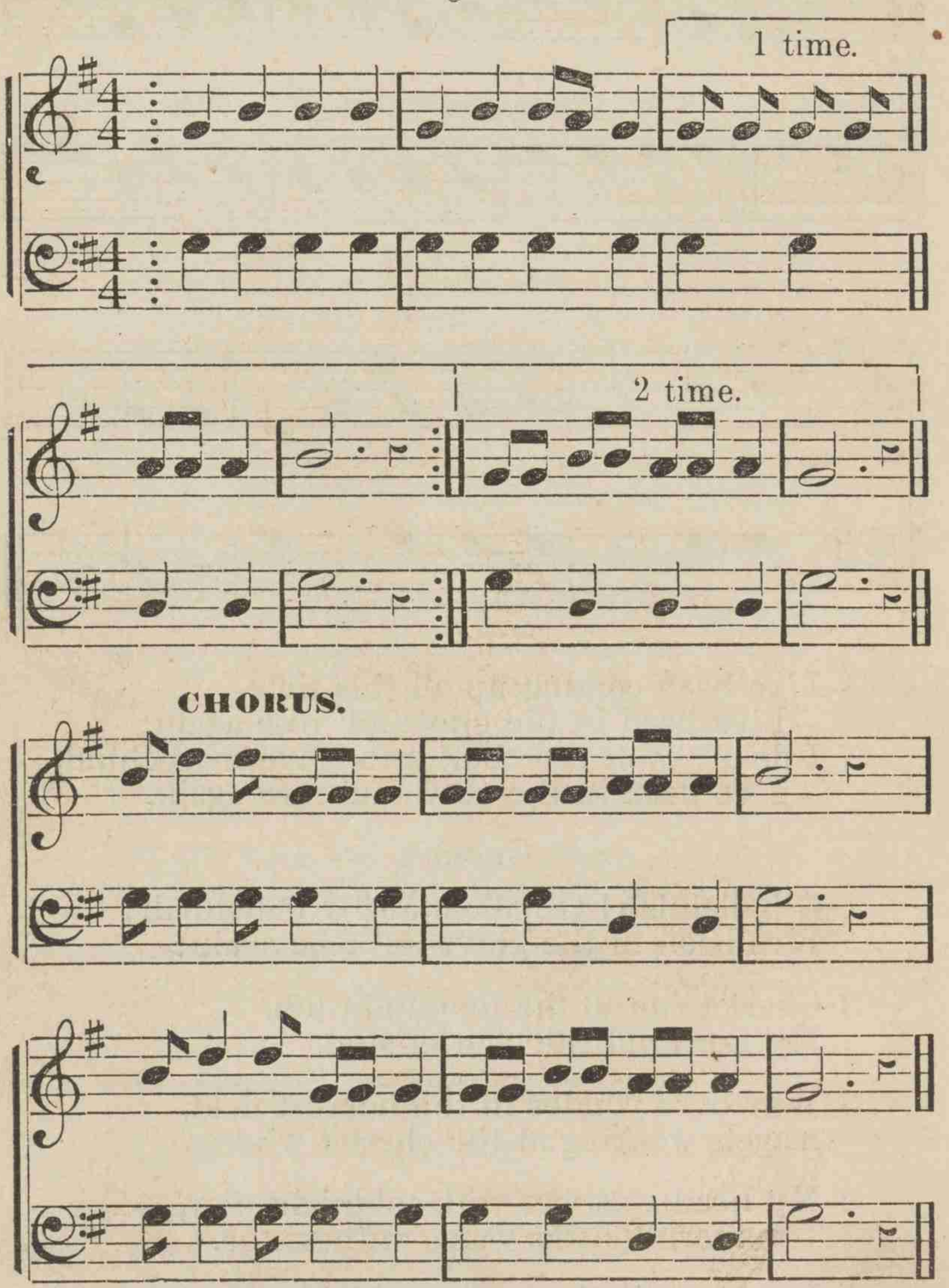
4 My head was wet with midnight dew,
The morning star was a witness too.

5 I never will give up my shield,
Until the devil 's made to yield.

6 I 'll leave this world like a shooting star;
Look in heaven, you 'll find me there.

120. Sweet Chariot.

JESSE MUNDAY. 2 Kings 2: 11. L. M.



1 THE brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home;
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.

CHORUS.

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

2 Come here to sing, come here to pray,
And praise the Lord till break of day.

3 You love praying? I do too;
That 's what I come here to do.

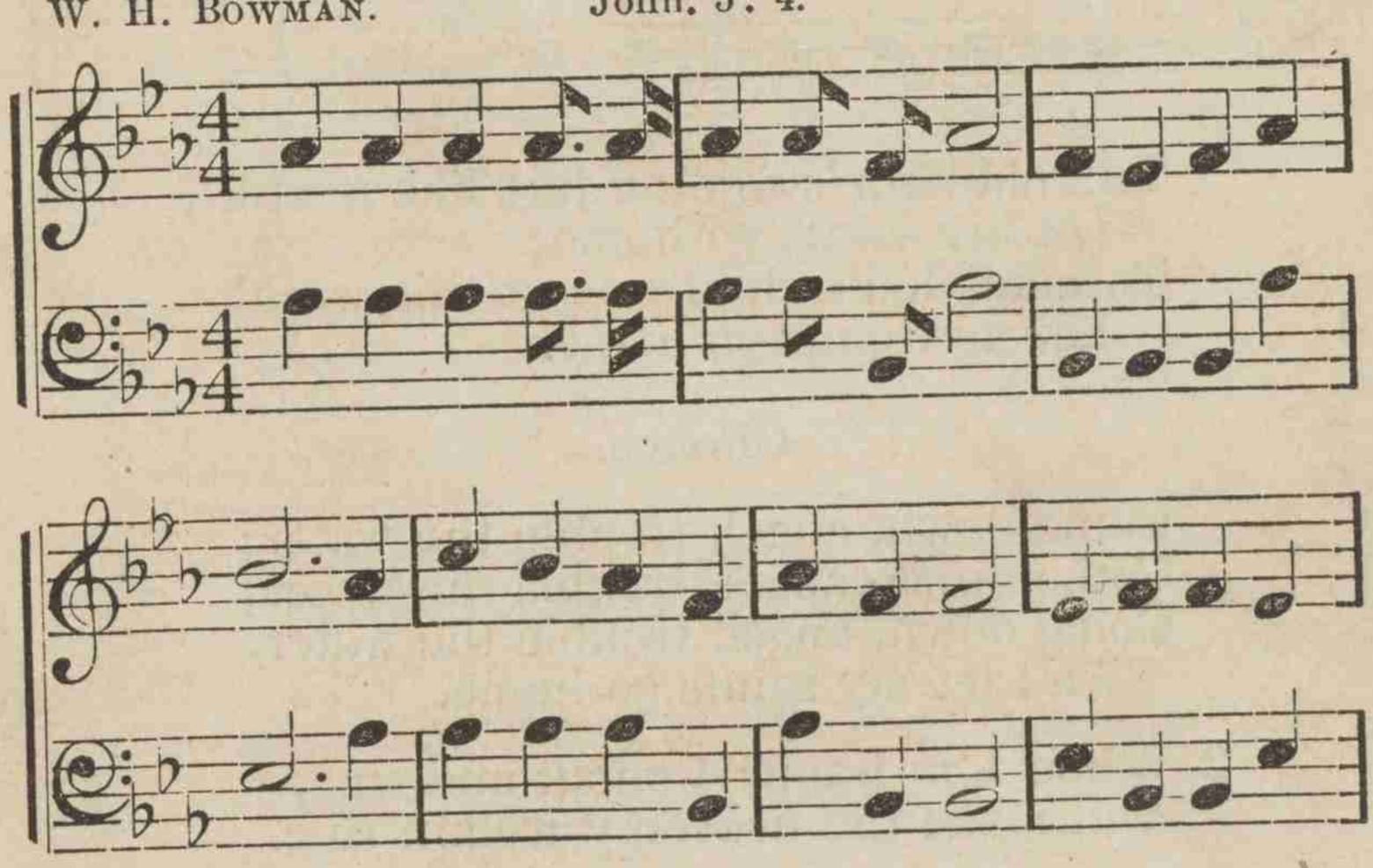
4 I 'll argue with the Father, chatter with the Son,
And talk about the world, I 've just come from.

5 What a pretty morning that 'll be,
When time breaks up in eternity.

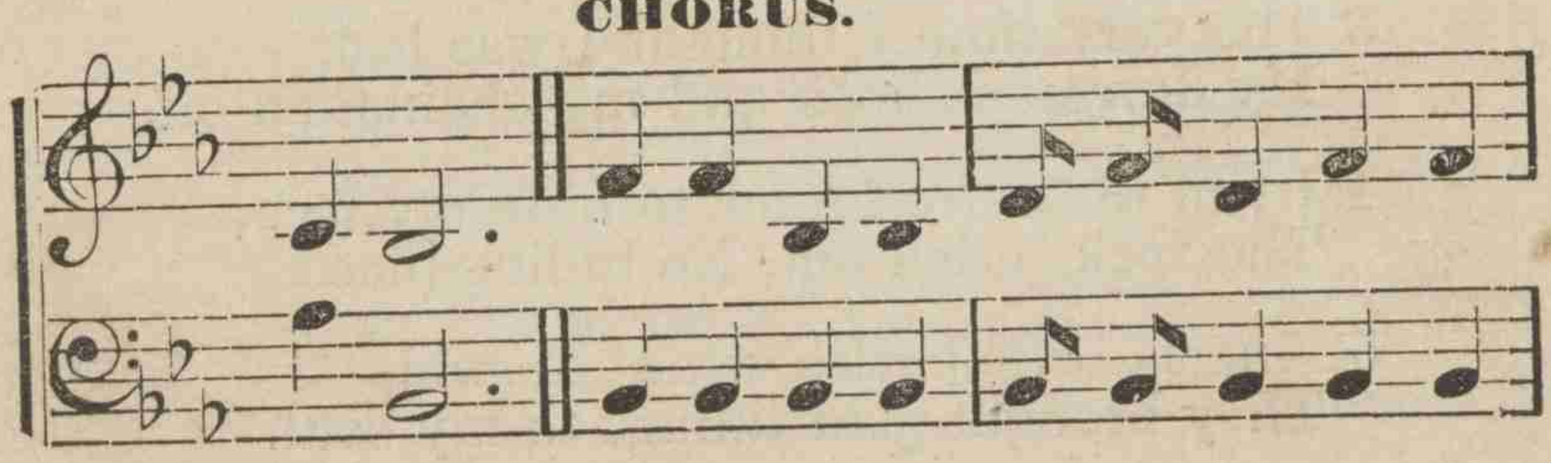
6 I never heard him speak so loud,
It must be Jesus in the cloud.

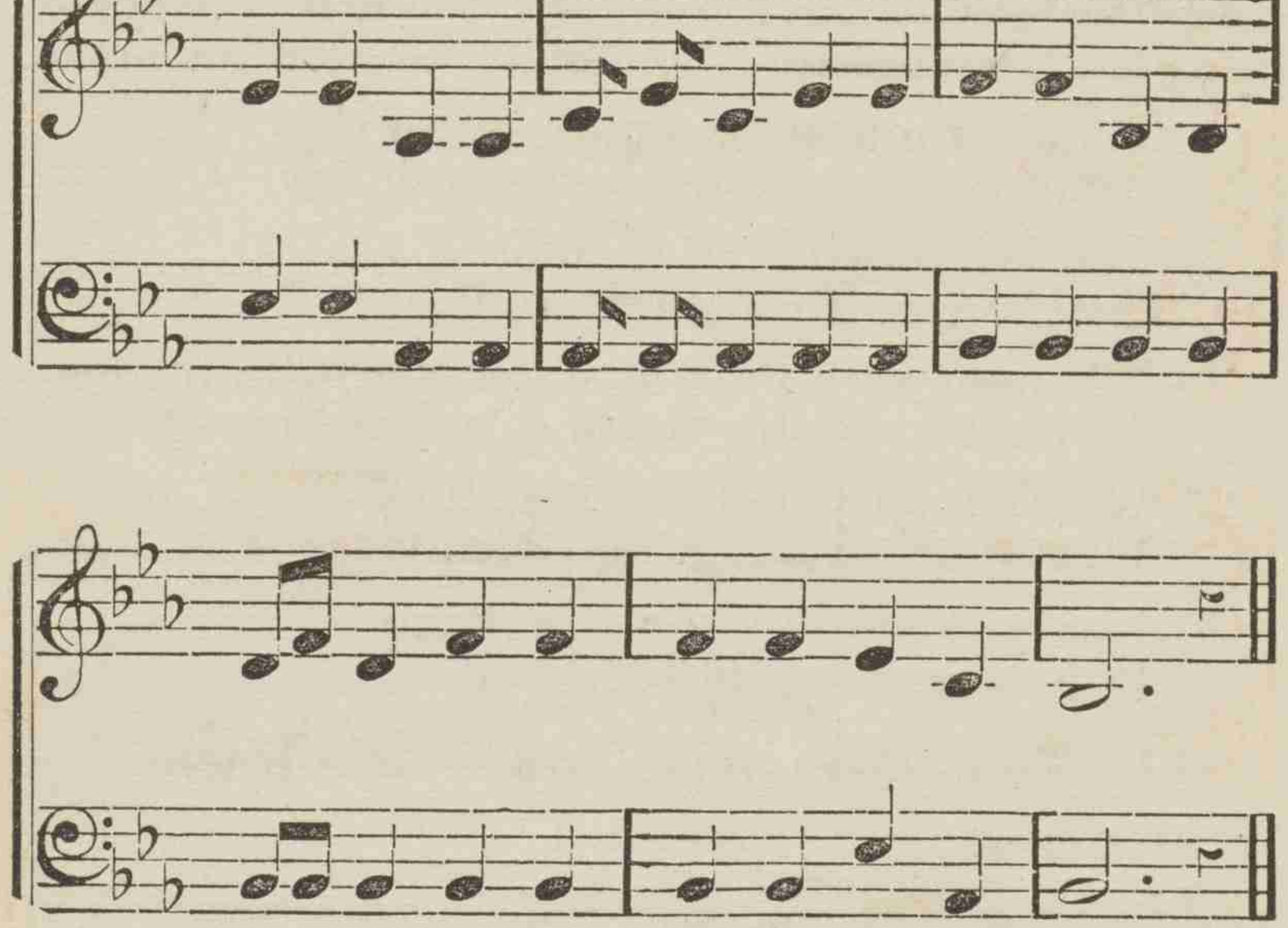
121. Come Down, Angel, trouble the Water.

W. H. BOWMAN. John. 5: 4.



CHORUS.





1 The old ship 's coming just like a whirl,
Let my saints go home;
To take God's children out this world,
Let my saints go home.

Chorus.

Come down, angel, trouble the water;
Come down, angel, trouble the water;
Come down, angel, trouble the water,
And let my saints go home.

2 When I'm happy I shout and sing,
And make the heavenly welkin ring.

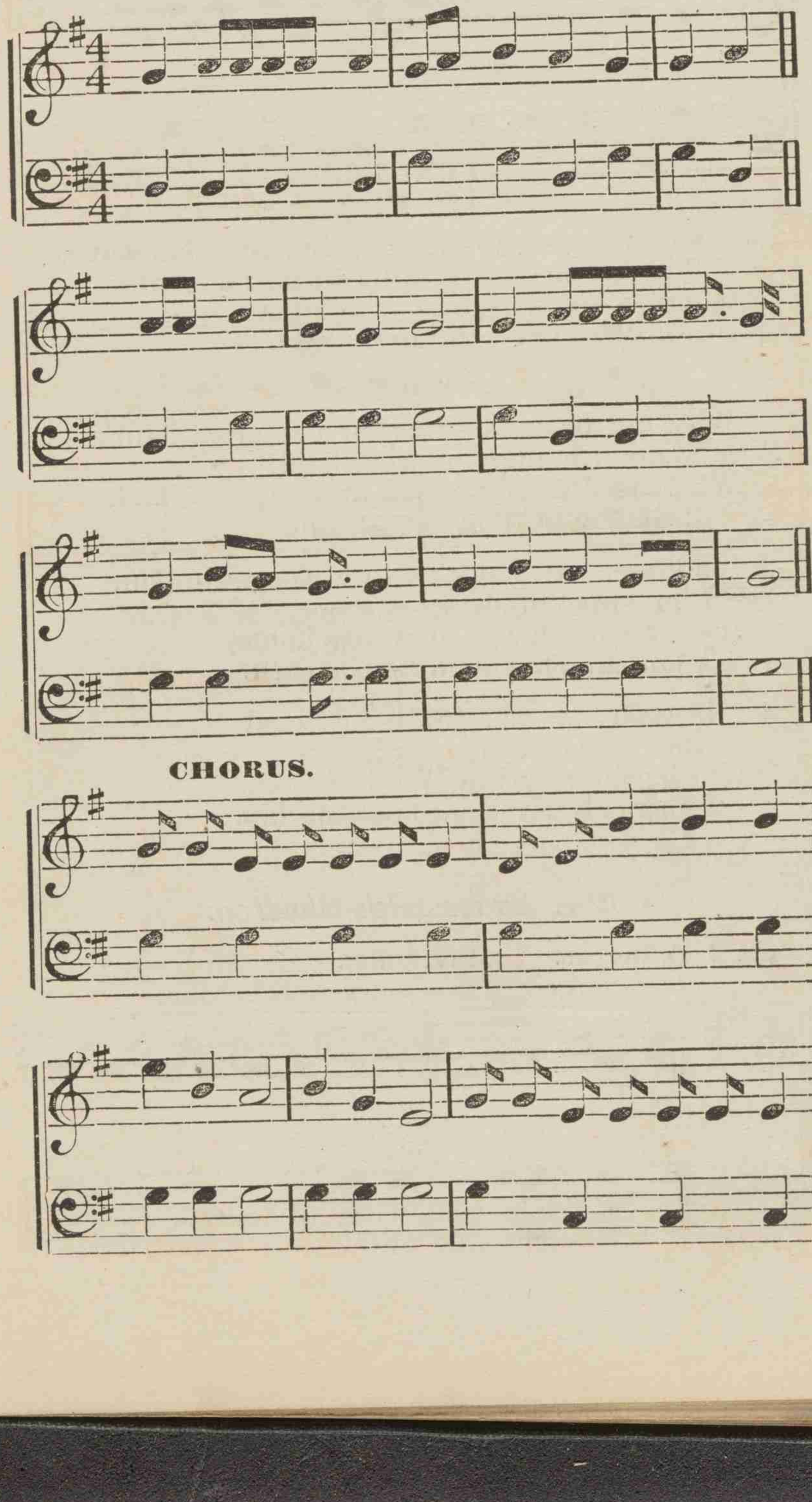
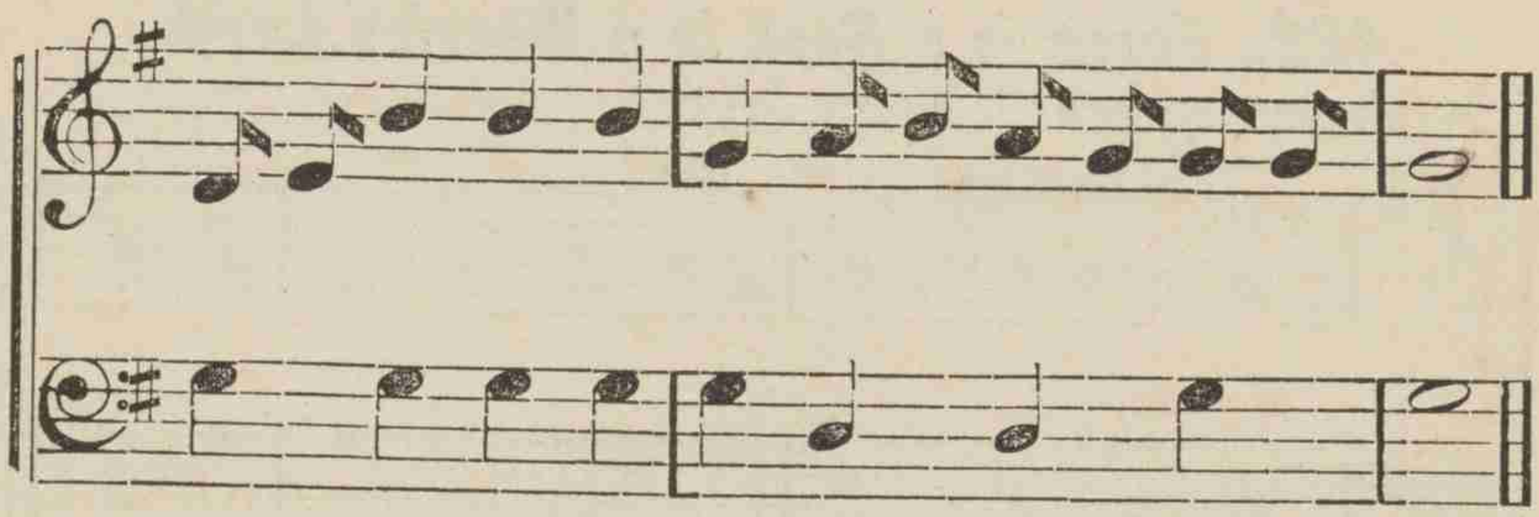
3 The very time I thought I was lost,
My dungeon shook and my chains fell off.

4 I run to the rocks for to hide my face;
The rocks cried out, No hiding-place.

5 Angels bright with wings of gold,
They brought glad tidings to my soul.

122. Jesus is a Rock in a Wearied Land.

MARGARET NICOLS. Ps. 94: 22.



1 The sinner sees a mote in the Christian's eye,
But he can 't see the beam in his own.
O never mind, sinner, you 'd better go and pray,
And let God 's children alone.

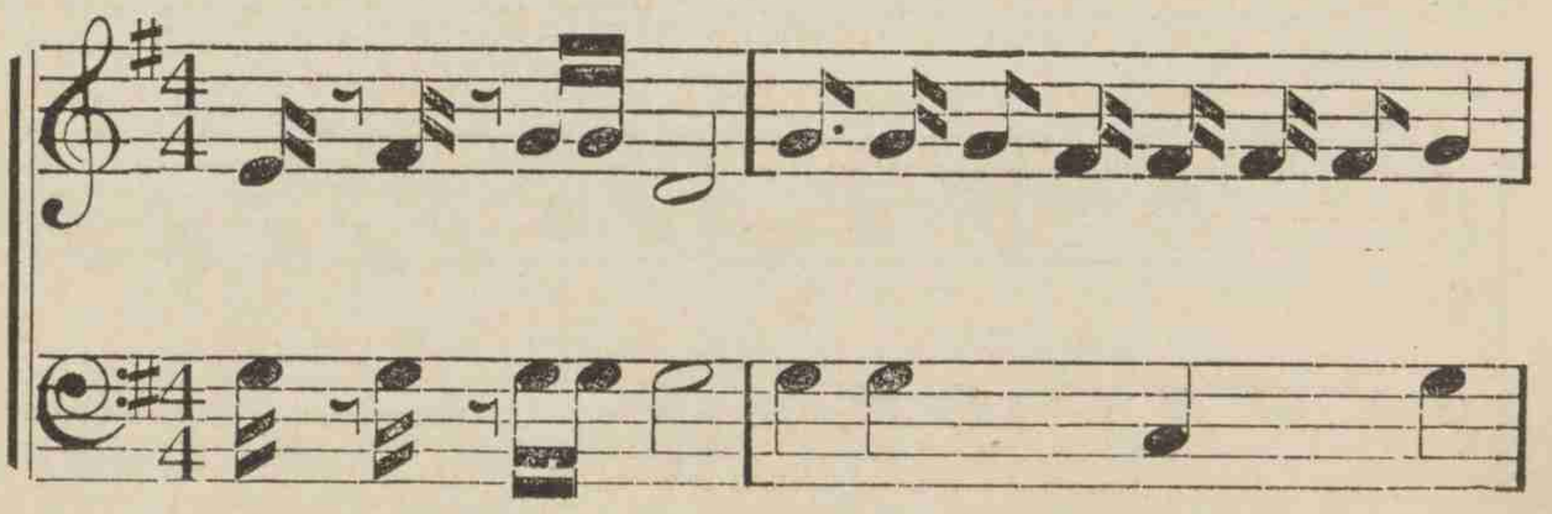
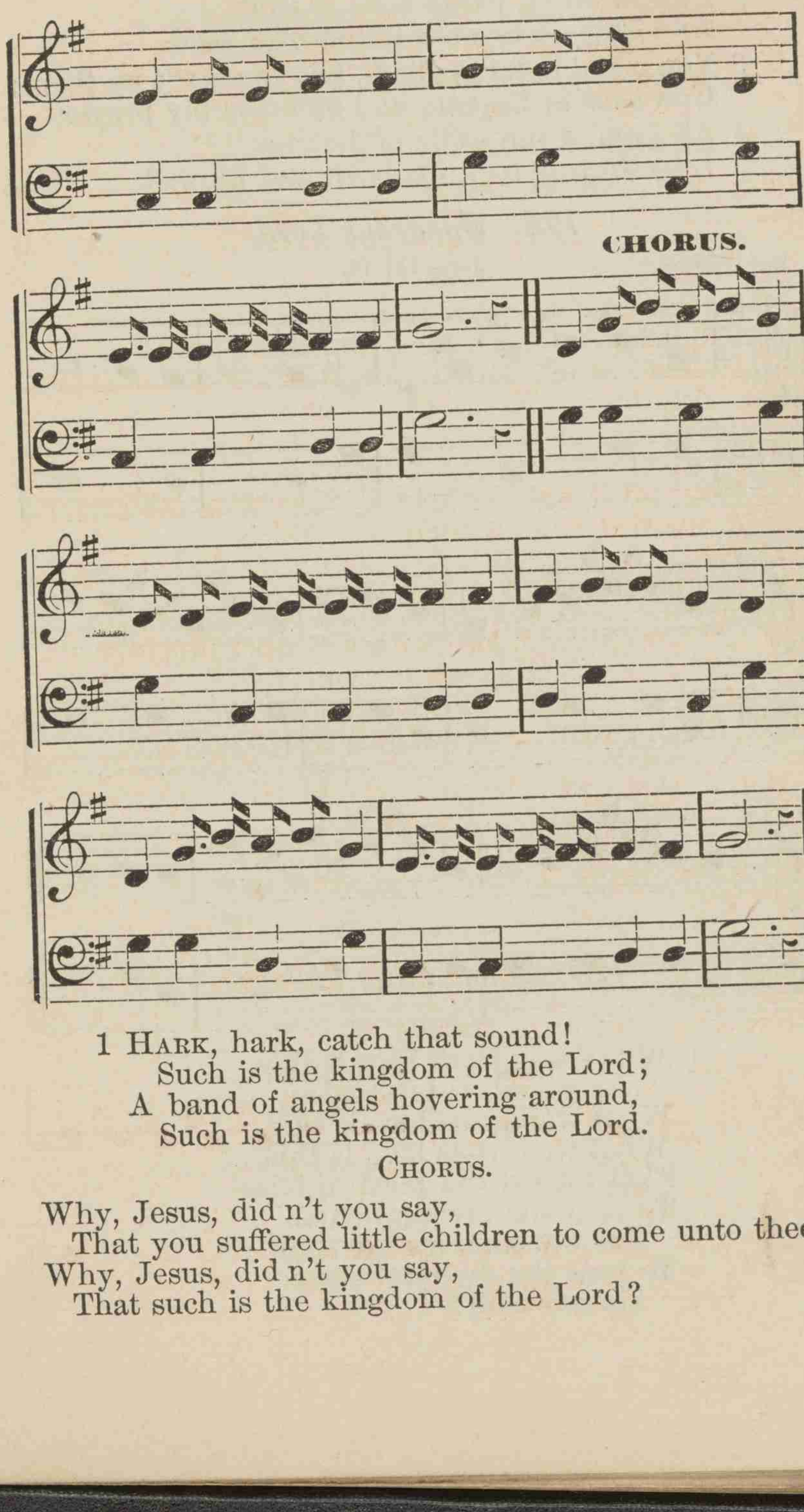
Chorus.

Why my Jesus is a rock in a wearied land,—
A wearied land, a wearied land!
Why my Jesus is a rock in a wearied land,
A shelter in time of a storm.

2 I 'll sweep my house with a Gospel broom,
I 'm sure I 'll sweep it clean;
If ever I reach my heavenly home,
Then sinner, you 'll not be seen.

3 I 'll wash my robe in Jesus' blood
And travel in my way;
I 'm battling by the Word of God,
I 'm ready for the judgment-day.

123. Suffer Little Children.

Mrs. Kate Taylor. Mark. 10: 14.

1 Hark, hark, catch that sound!
Such is the kingdom of the Lord;
A band of angels hovering around,
Such is the kingdom of the Lord.

Chorus.

Why, Jesus, did n't you say,
That you suffered little children to come unto thee?
Why, Jesus, did n't you say,
That such is the kingdom of the Lord?

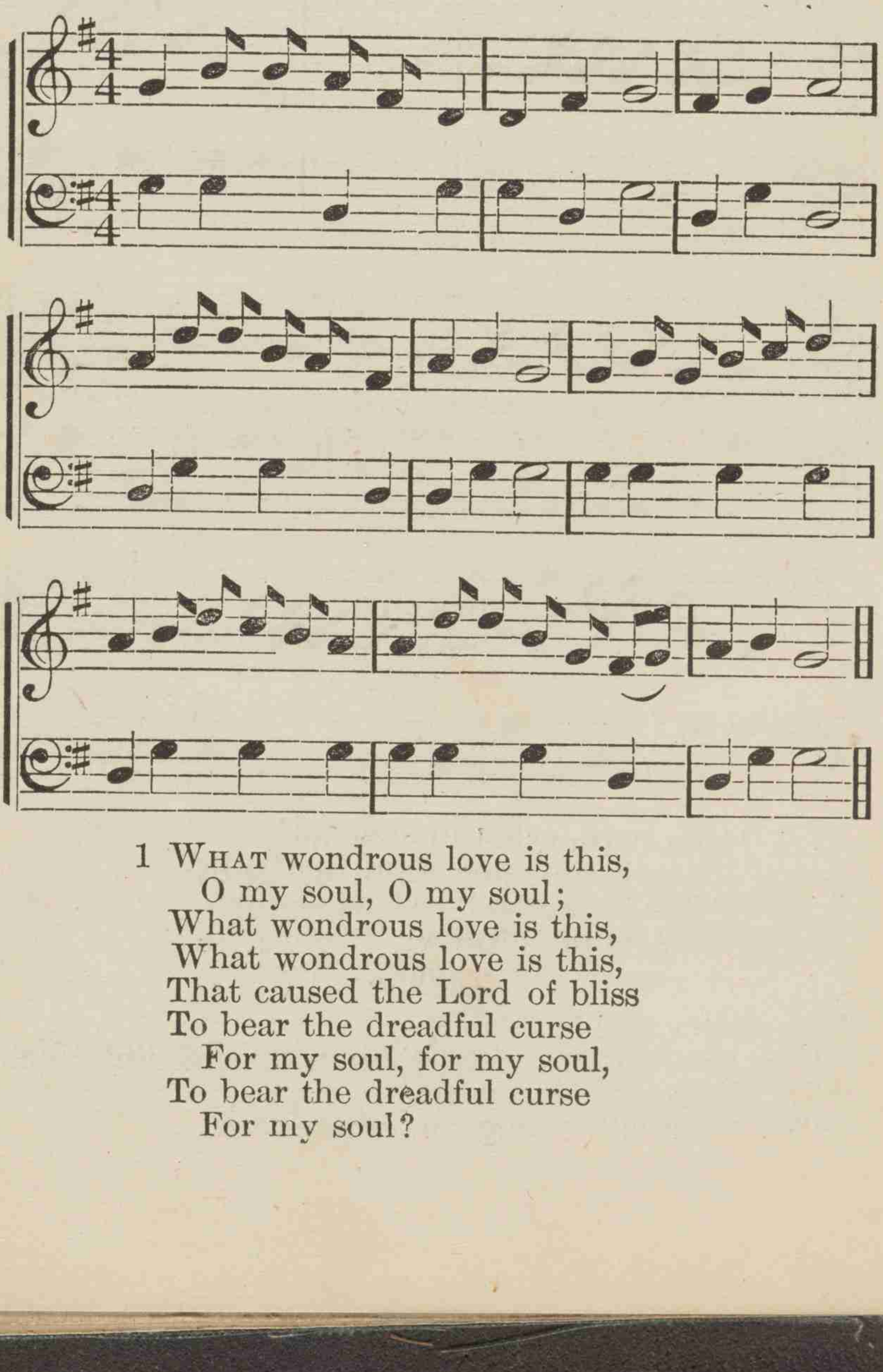
2 I know when I was born of God
And learned to walk the narrow road.

3 You may hinder me here, but you can't up there;
God lives in heaven, and he hears my prayer.

4 All around the walls of Jericho
Why Joshua took his horn and blowed.

124. Wondrous Love.

SELECTED. John 15: 13.



1 WHAT wondrous love is this,
O my soul, O my soul;
What wondrous love is this,
What wondrous love is this,
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul, for my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul?

2 When I was sinking down,
  Sinking down, sinking down;
When I was sinking down,
When I was sinking down
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown,
  For my soul, for my soul, etc.

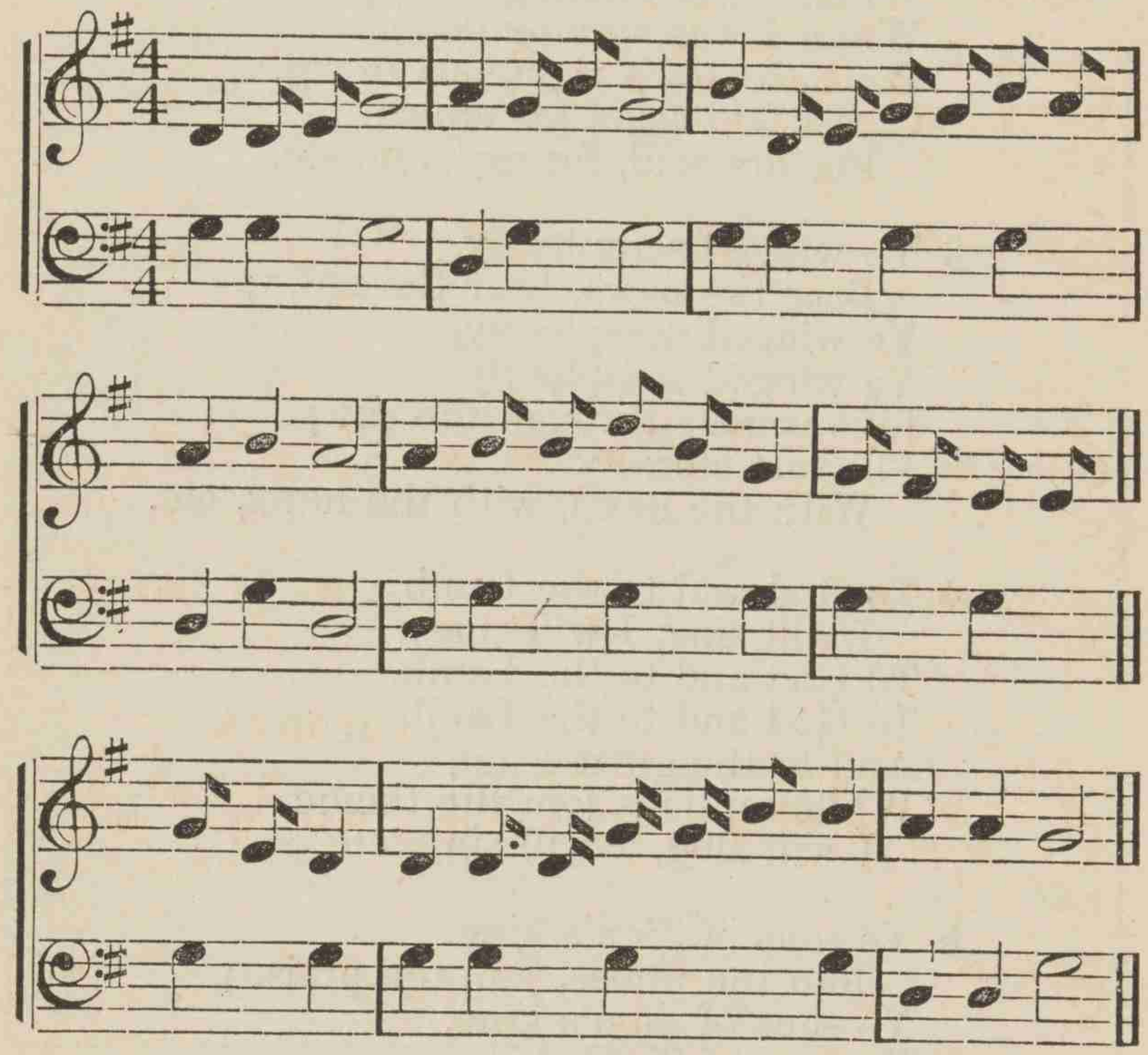
3 Ye winged seraphs fly,
  Bear the news, bear the news;
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Ye winged seraphs fly
Like comets through the sky;
Fill vast eternity
  With the news, with the news, etc.

4 To God and to the Lamb
  I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb,
To God and to the Lamb
And to the great I am,
While millions join the theme
  I will sing, I will sing, etc.

5 Ye sons of Zion's king,
  Join the praise, join the praise;
Ye sons of Zion's king,
Ye sons of Zion's king
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
  In his praise, in his praise, etc.

6 And when from death we 're free,
  We 'll sing on, we 'll sing on;
And when from death we 're free,
And when from death we 're free,
We 'll sing and joyful be,
  And in eternity
We 'll sing on, we 'll sing on, etc.

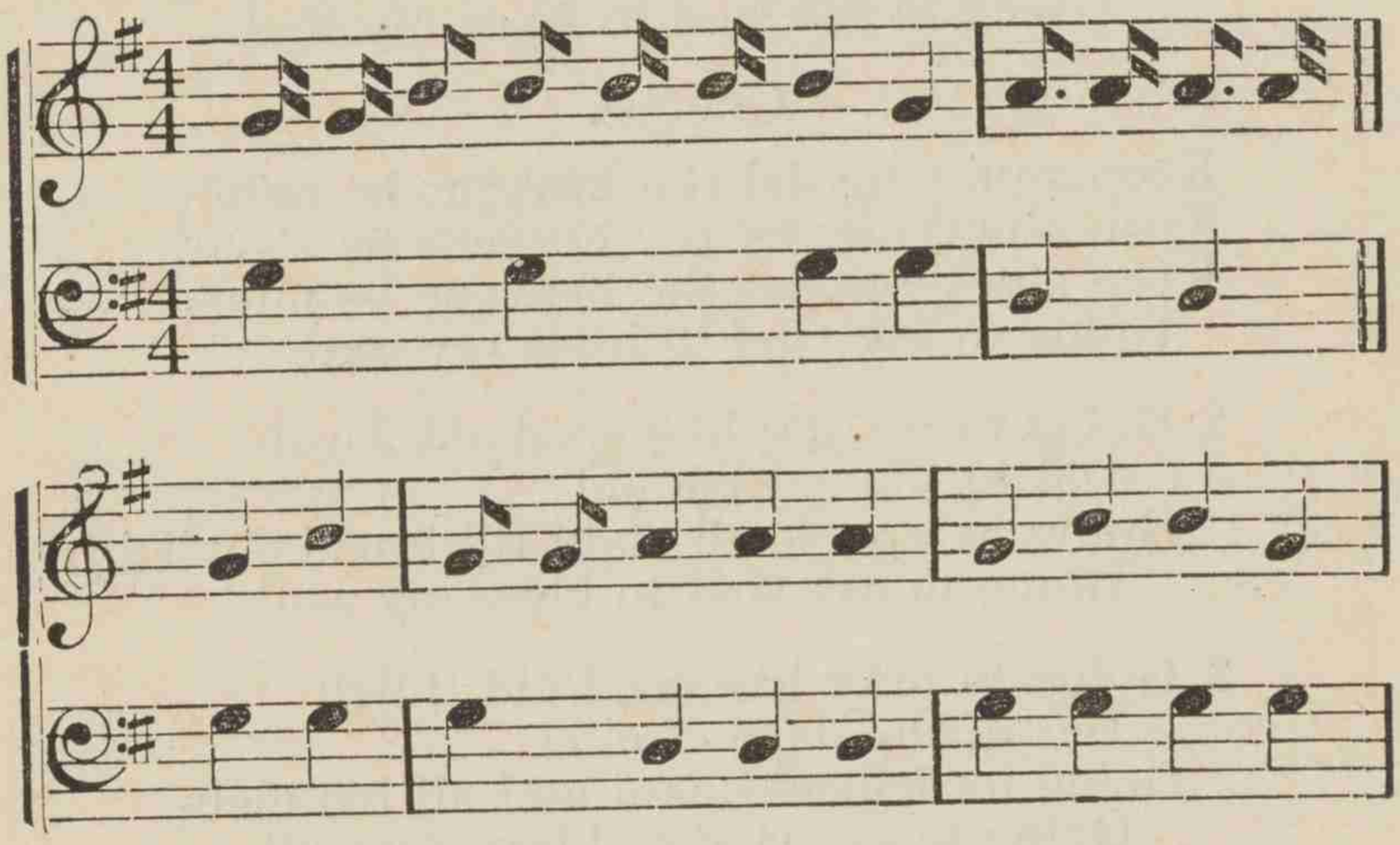
125. Over Me.

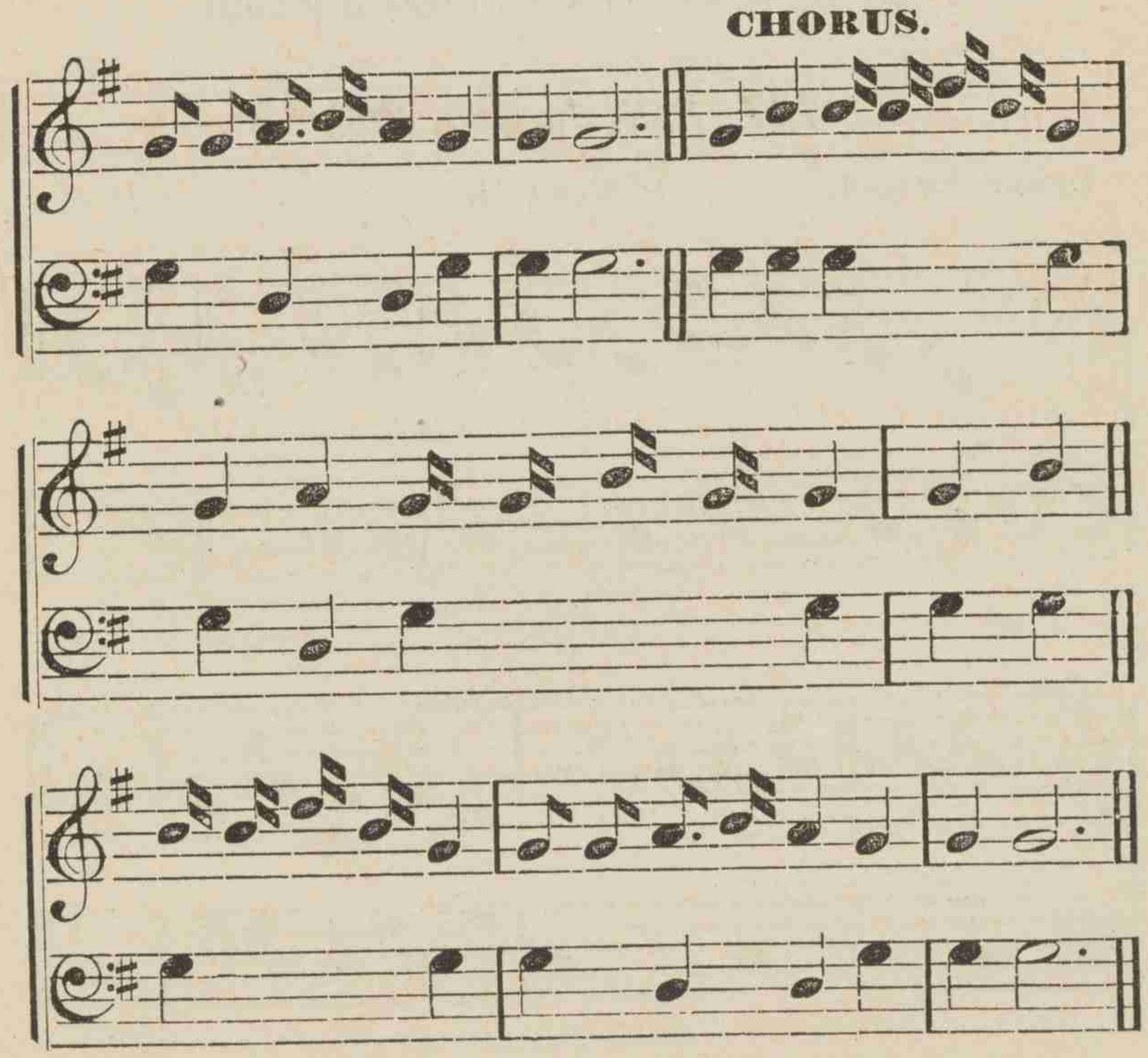
JULIUS ROBERTS. Exodus 6 : 3. P. M.

1 GREAT Jehovah, great Jehovah, great Jehovah,
Over me, over me;
Before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,
And go home to my Father and be saved.

2 Sinking Peter, etc.
3 Doubting Thomas, etc.
4 Weeping Mary, etc.
5 Mourning Martha, etc.
6 Watchful pastors, etc.
7 Loving fathers, etc.
8 Praying mothers, etc.
9 Toiling brethren, etc.
10 Shouting sisters, etc.
11 Lord have mercy, etc.
12 Sweet heaven, etc.

126. Keep A-praying.

MARIA COWARD. Gen. 32: 25. P. M.



CHORUS.

1 Going to pray like good old Daniel
Did in the days of old;
Going to pray all night till broad daylight,
Going to ask God to bless my soul.

Chorus.

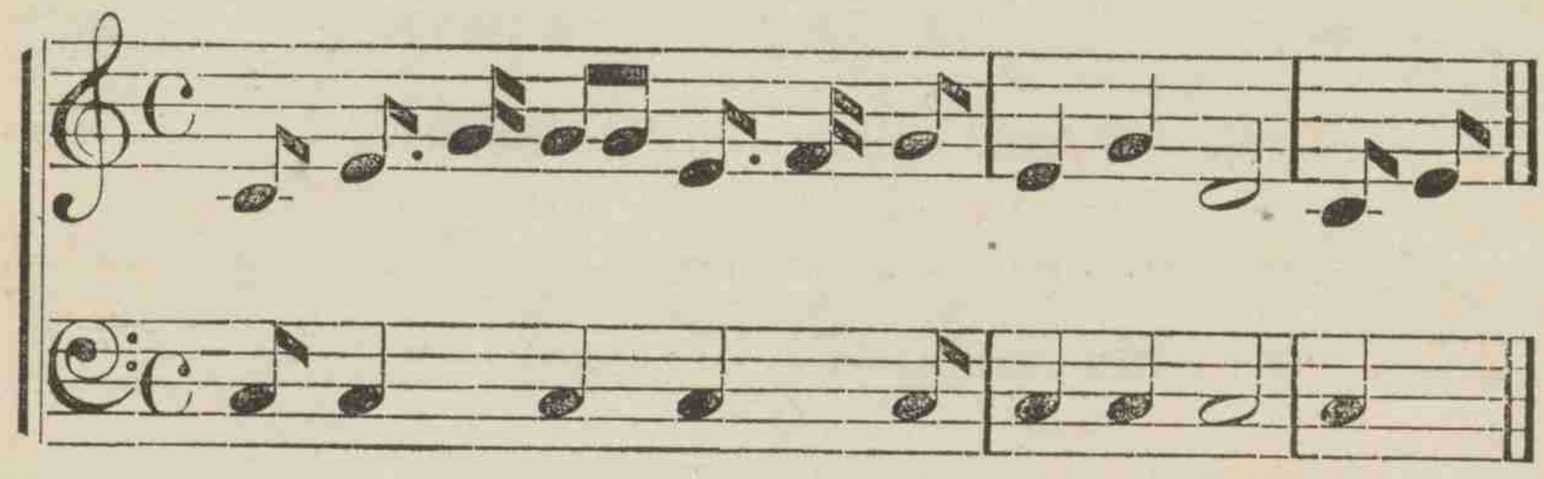
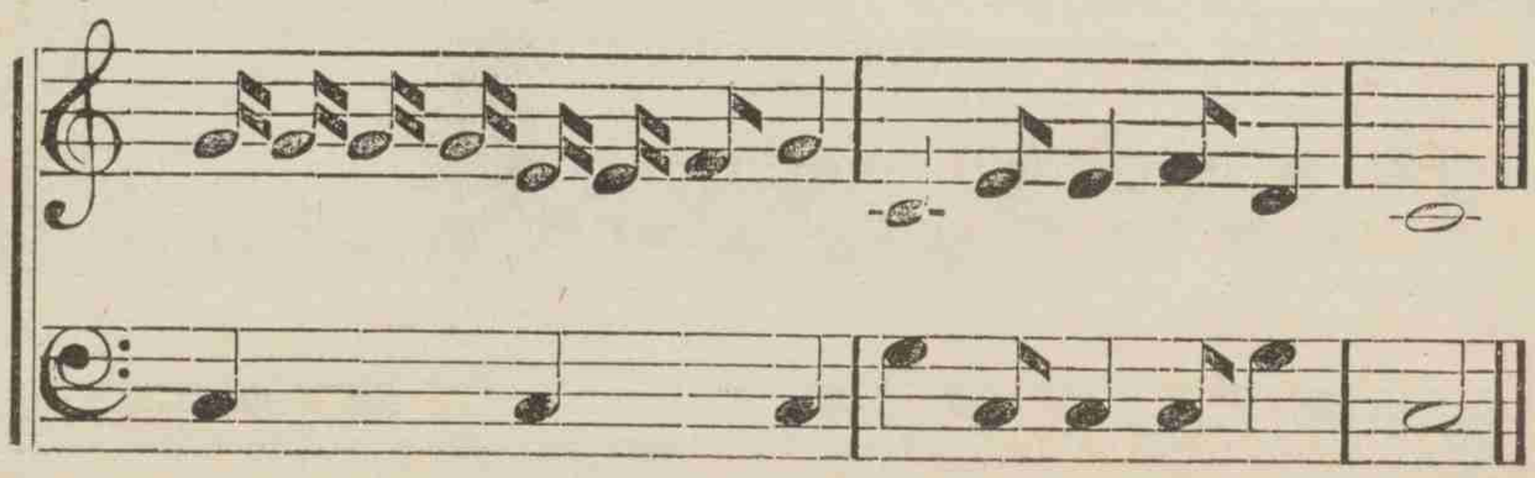
Keep a-praying, let the heavens be mine;
Keep a-praying, let the heavens be mine;
Keep a-praying, let the heavens be mine,
Going to ask God to bless my soul.

2 Going to wrestle like good old Jacob
Did in the days of old;
Going to wrestle all night till broad daylight,
Going to ask God to bless my soul.

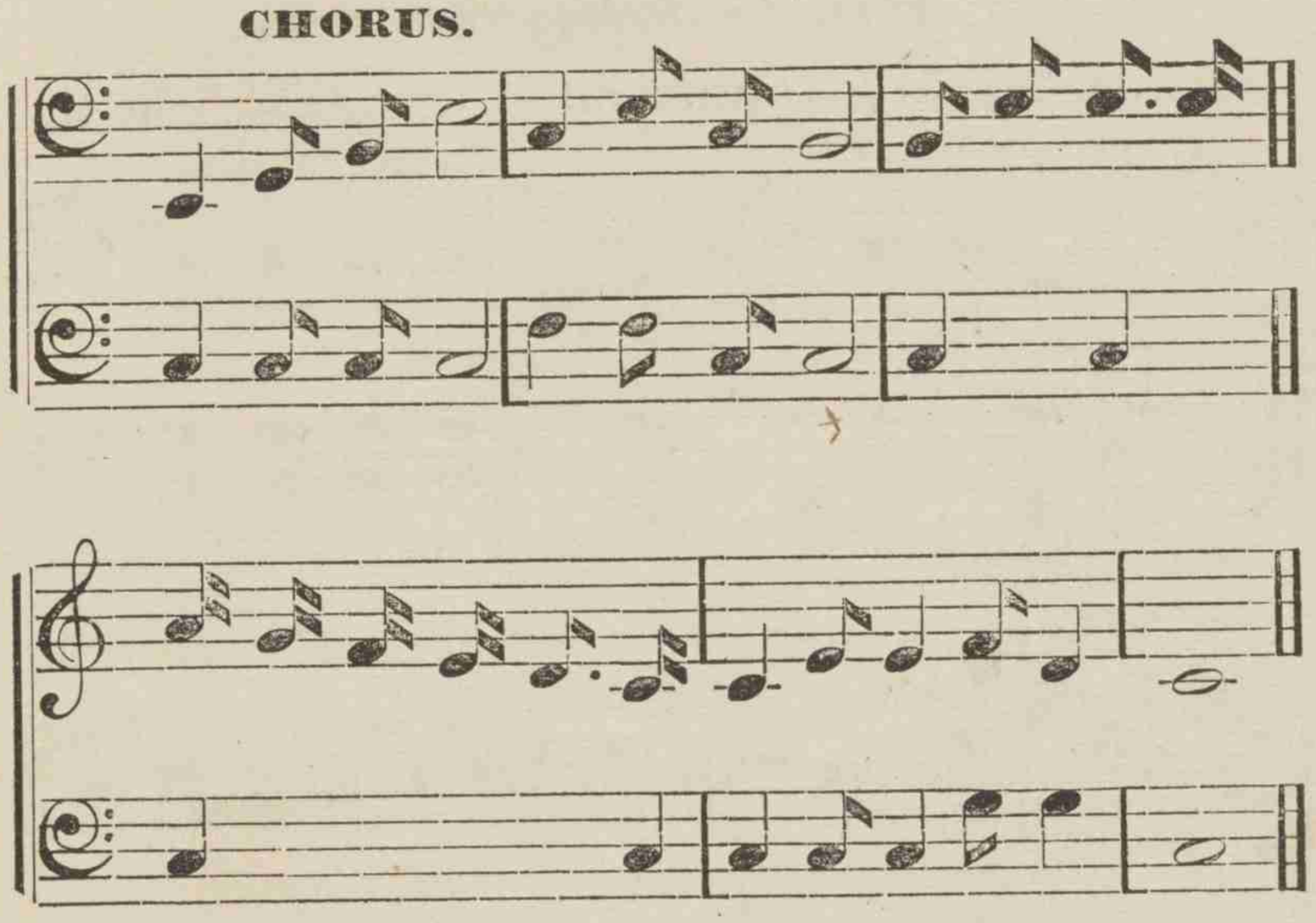
3 Going to pray like good old 'Lijah
Did in the days of old;
Going to fight old Saul and all his men,
Going to ask God to bless my soul.

127. Roll, Jordan, Roll.

Uncle Jordan. 1 Peter 1: 4. P. M.



CHORUS.



1 O, PREACHER, you ought t' have been there,
Yes, my Lord!
You ought t' have been sitting in the kingdom,
To hear sweet Jordan roll.

CHORUS.

Roll, Jordan, roll; roll, Jordan, roll;
I want to go to heaven when I die
To hear sweet Jordan roll.

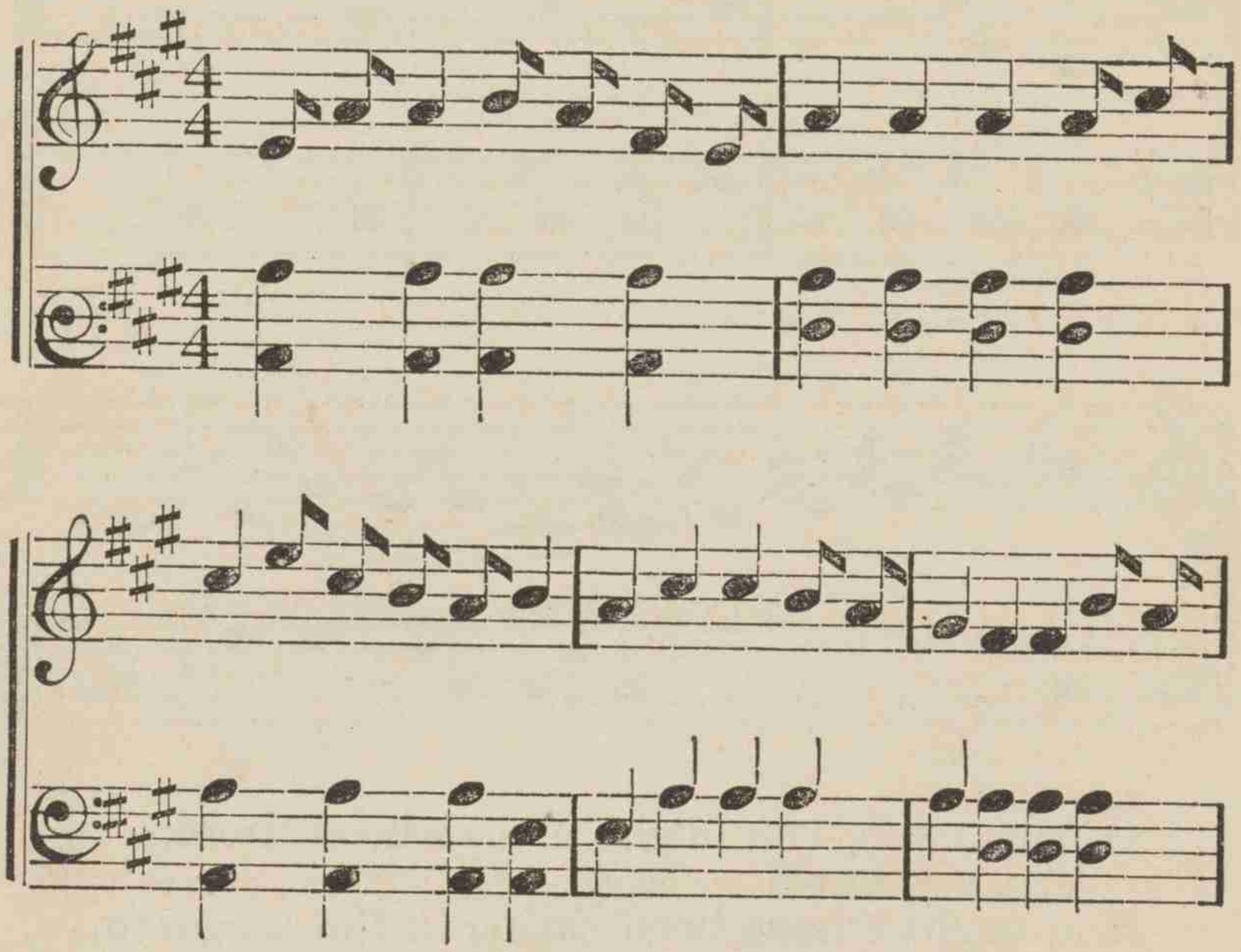
2 I wish in my soul I 'd been there,
Yes, my Lord!
I 'd sit down in the kingdom
And hear sweet Jordan roll.

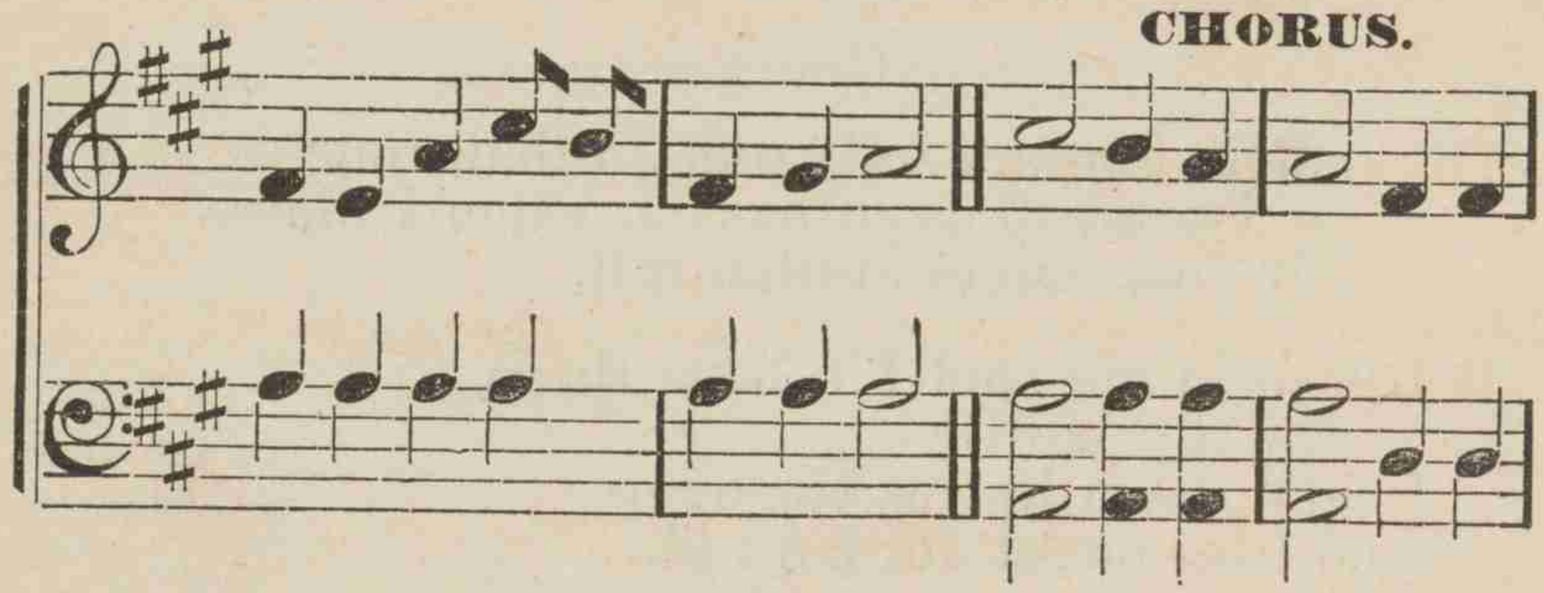
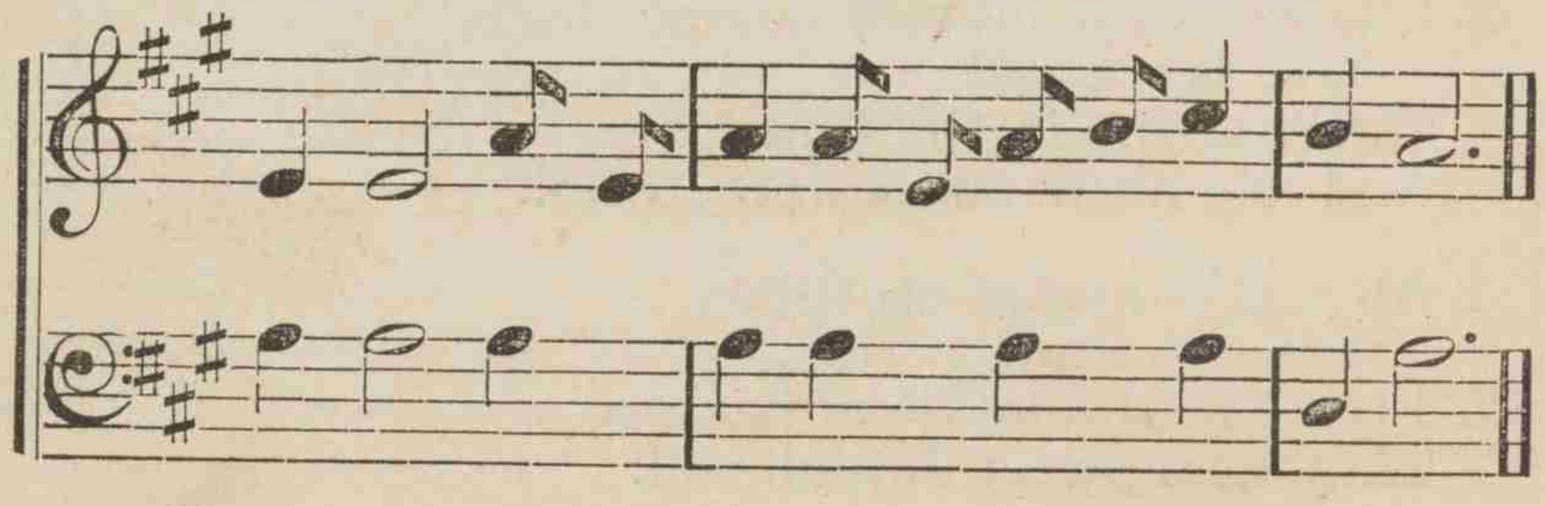
3 I have a dear mother 's gone there,
Yes, my Lord!
She 's sitting in the kingdom
And she hears sweet Jordan roll.

4 All bright angels up there,
Yes, my Lord!
Flying in the midst of heaven,
They hear sweet Jordan roll.

128. When the Bridegroom came.

MARGARET LAPSLEY. Matt. 25 : 1. P. M.



CHORUS.

1 THERE was ten virgins when the Bridegroom came,
There was ten virgins when he came;
There was ten virgins, there was ten virgins,
There was ten virgins when he came, when he came.

CHORUS.

O Zion, O Zion, Zion, behold the heavens,
When the Bridegroom comes.

2 Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, etc.

3 Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came, etc.

4 The foolish took no oil when the Bridegroom came, etc.

5 There was a cry at midnight when the Bridegroom came, etc.

6 The wise they trimmed their lamps when the Bridegroom came, etc.

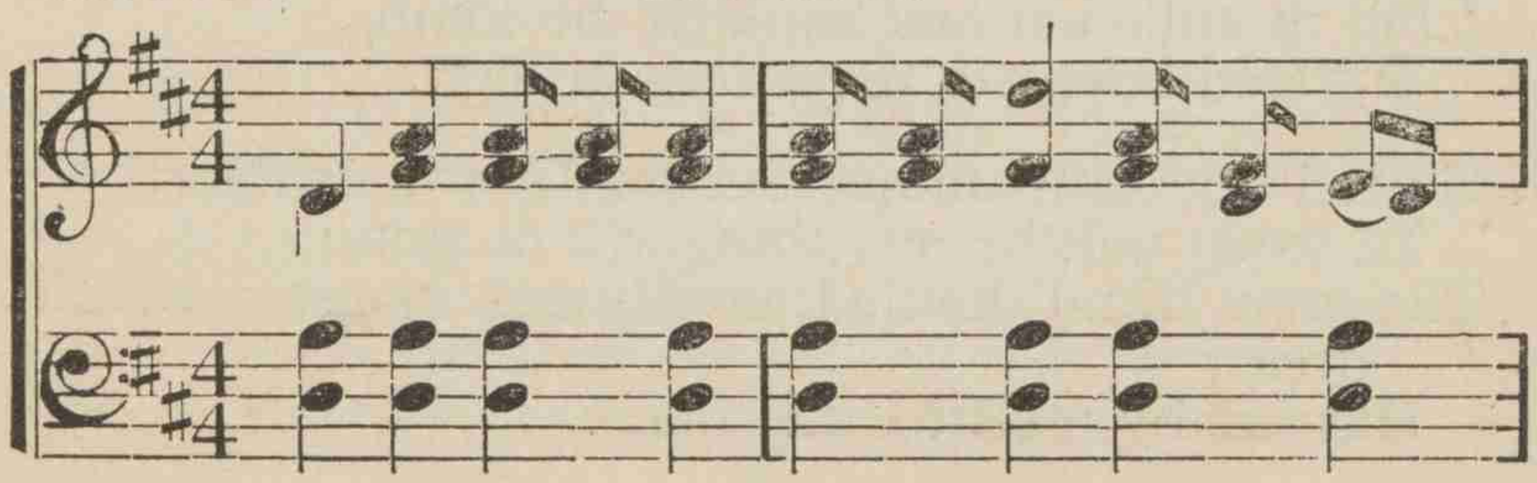
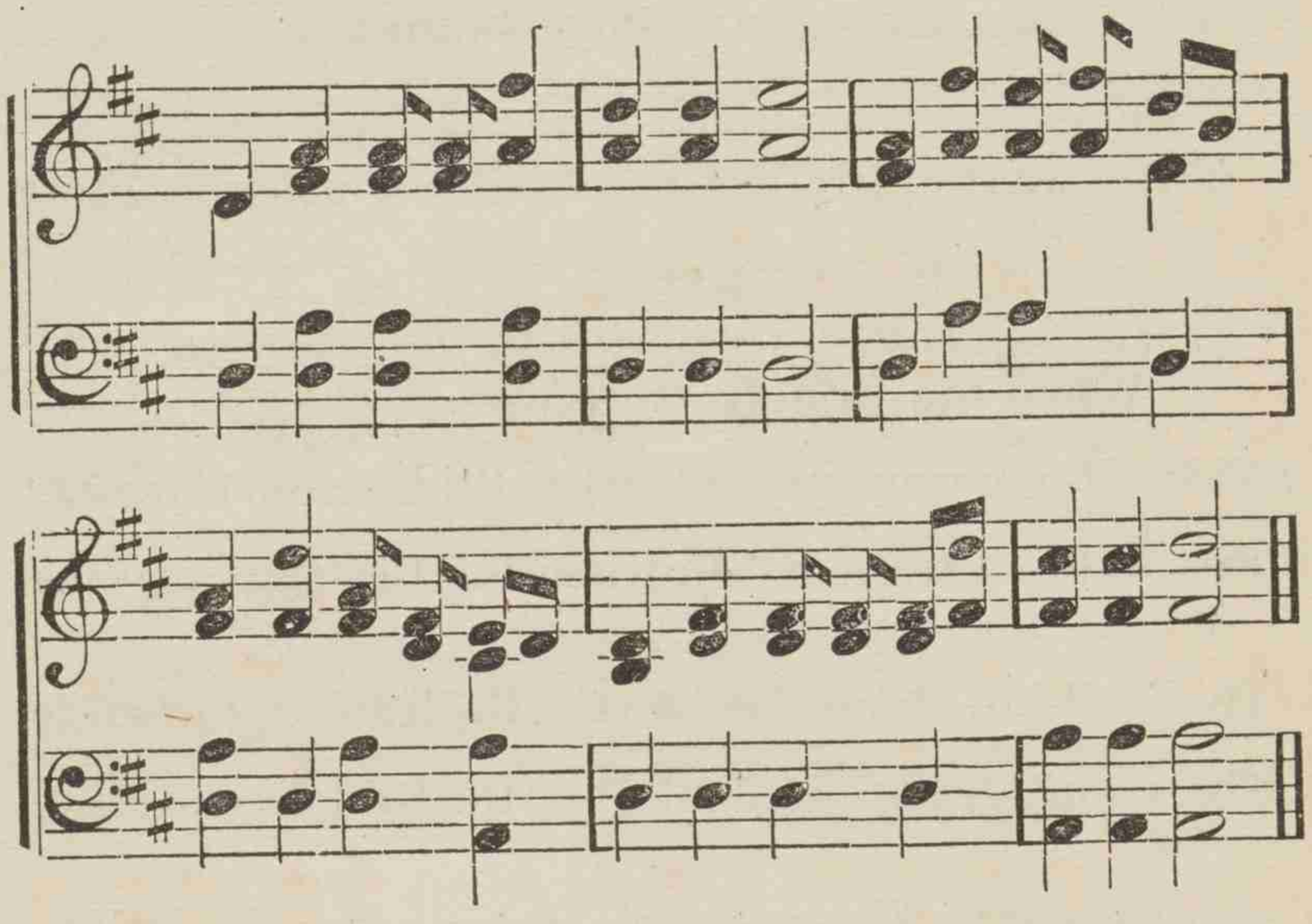
7 But the foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom came, etc.

8 The foolish were left in darkness when the Bridegroom came, etc.

9 The foolish they kept knocking when the Bridegroom came, etc.

10 Depart, I never knew you, said the Bridegroom then etc.

129. The White Pilgrim's Grave.

SELECTED. Matt. 16 : 24.

1 I CAME to the spot where the white pilgrim lay
And pensively knelt by his grave,
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

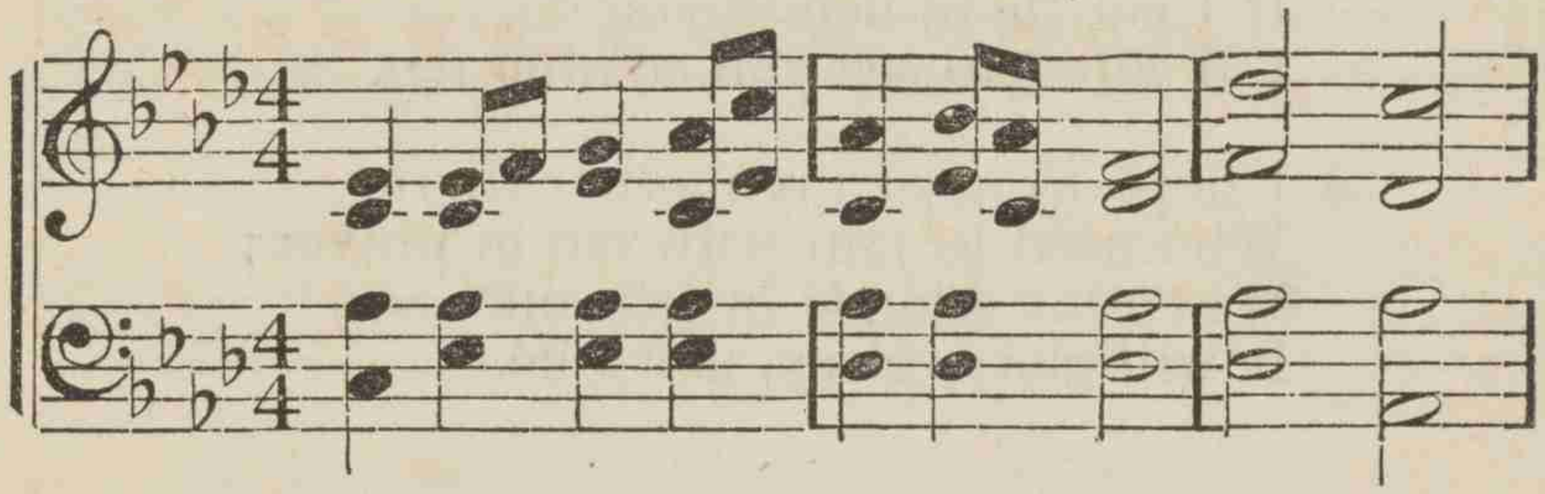
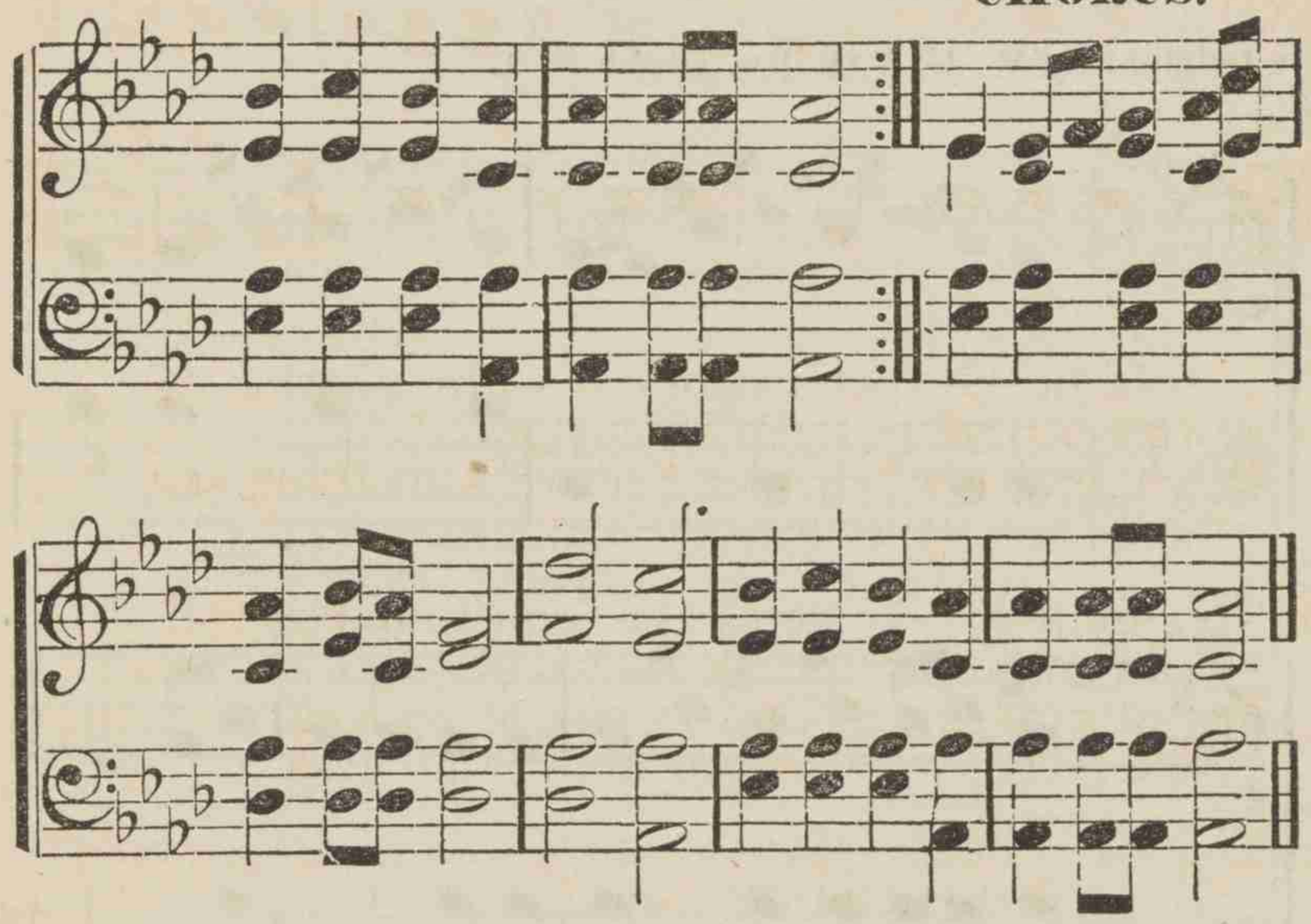
2 The tempest may howl, the loud thunders roll
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from mine eyes.

3 The cause of my Master compelled me from home
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the Gospel endeavoring to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

4 And when at a distance and far, far from home
No kindred relation was nigh,
I fell in affliction and sunk to the tomb,
My soul swept to mansions on high.

5 Go tell my companions and children most dear
To weep not for me, though I 'm gone;
The same Hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,
Has kindly assisted me home.

130. The Church of God.

H. W. TATE. Acts. 20: 28. L. M.

CHORUS.

1 I REALLY thought I 'd fly away,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
My dungeon shook, my chains fell off,
My ransomed soul, it soared aloft.

CHORUS.

The Church of God, it sounds so sweet,
The Church, the Church of God, it sounds so sweet.

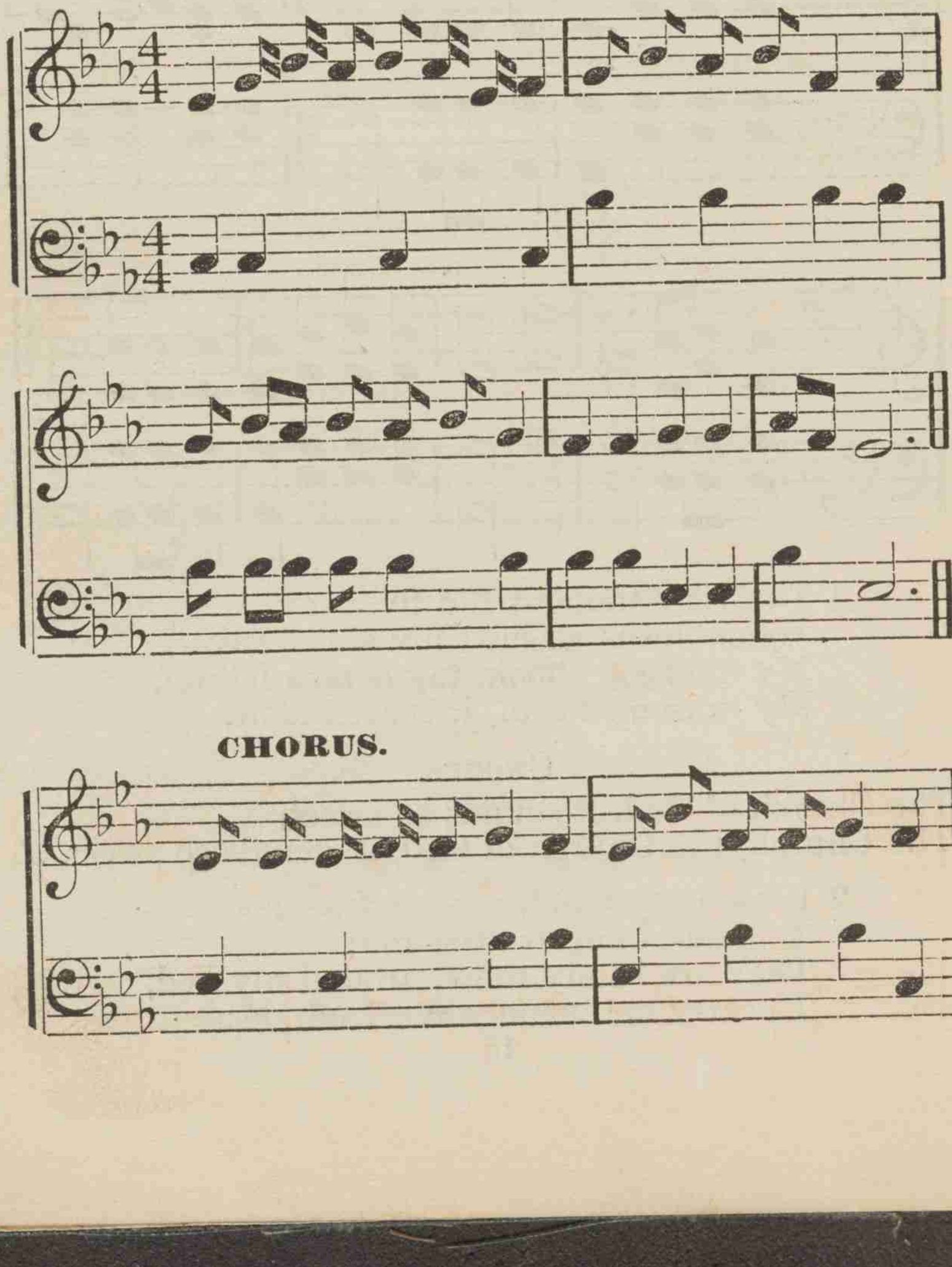
2 Look away yonder, what I see!—
A band of angels after me;
They are in my room, around my bed,
To carry me home when I am dead.

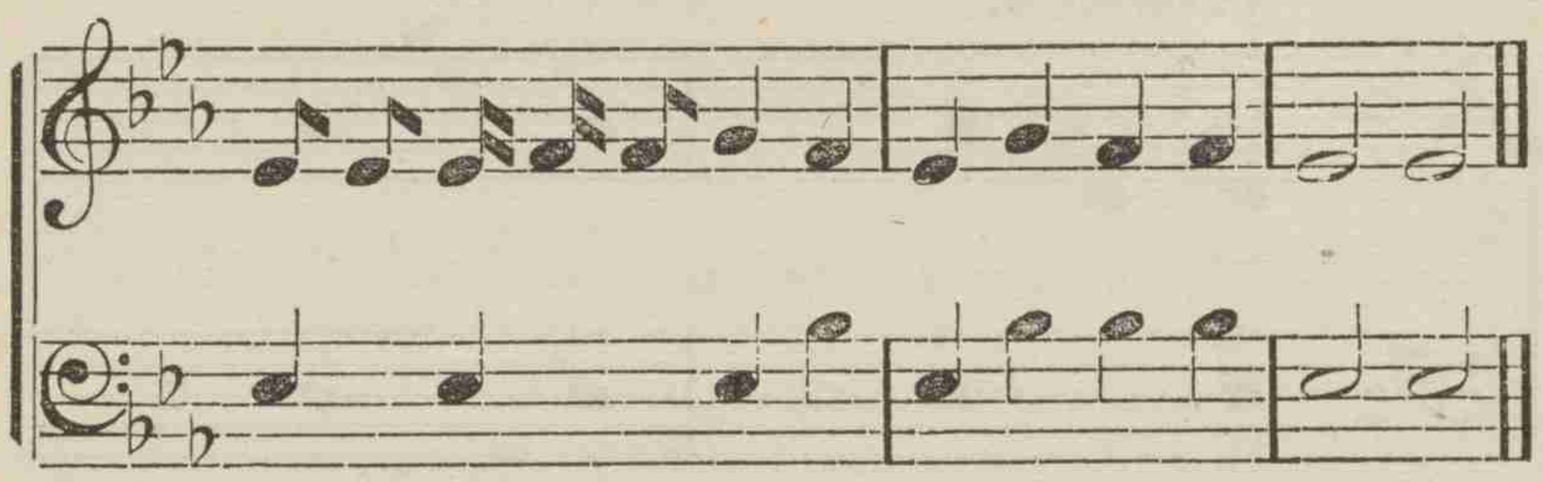
3 If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I 'm coming too;
If I get there before you do,
I'll shout to see you coming too.

4 I hope to meet my mother there,
Who used to join with me in prayer;
When my friends in heaven I see,
It will glory, glory, glory be.

131. No One Like Jesus.

Original by W. H. VAUGHN. John 3: 2.



CHORUS.

1 The wretched thief upon the cross,
Suffering, bleeding, crying,
Until Jesus by his grace
Saved his soul from dying.

Chorus.

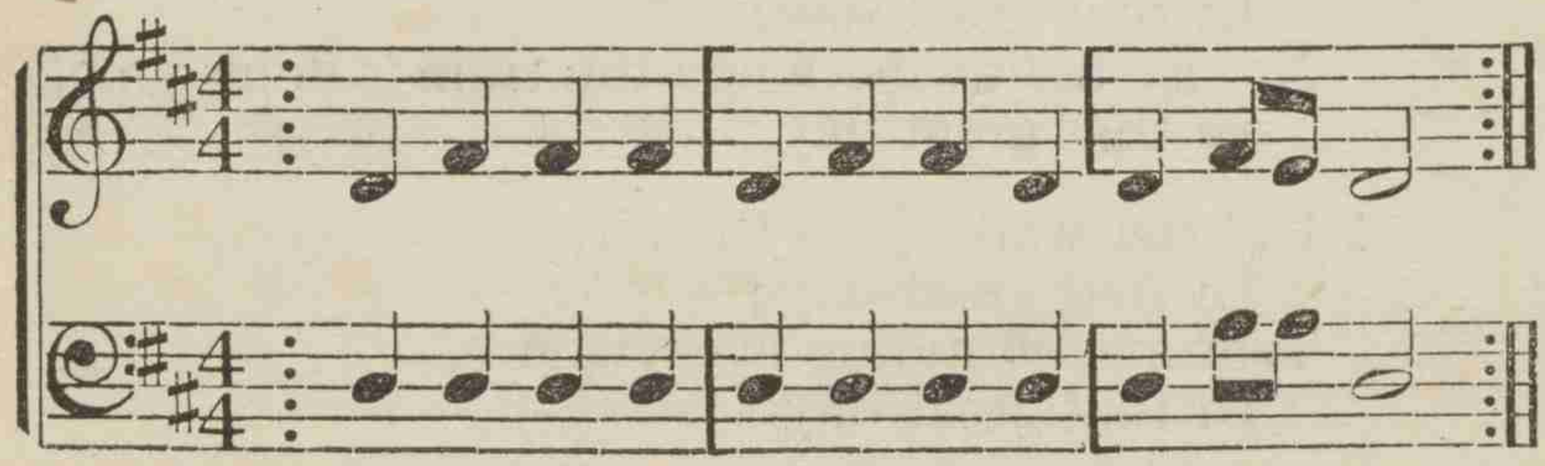
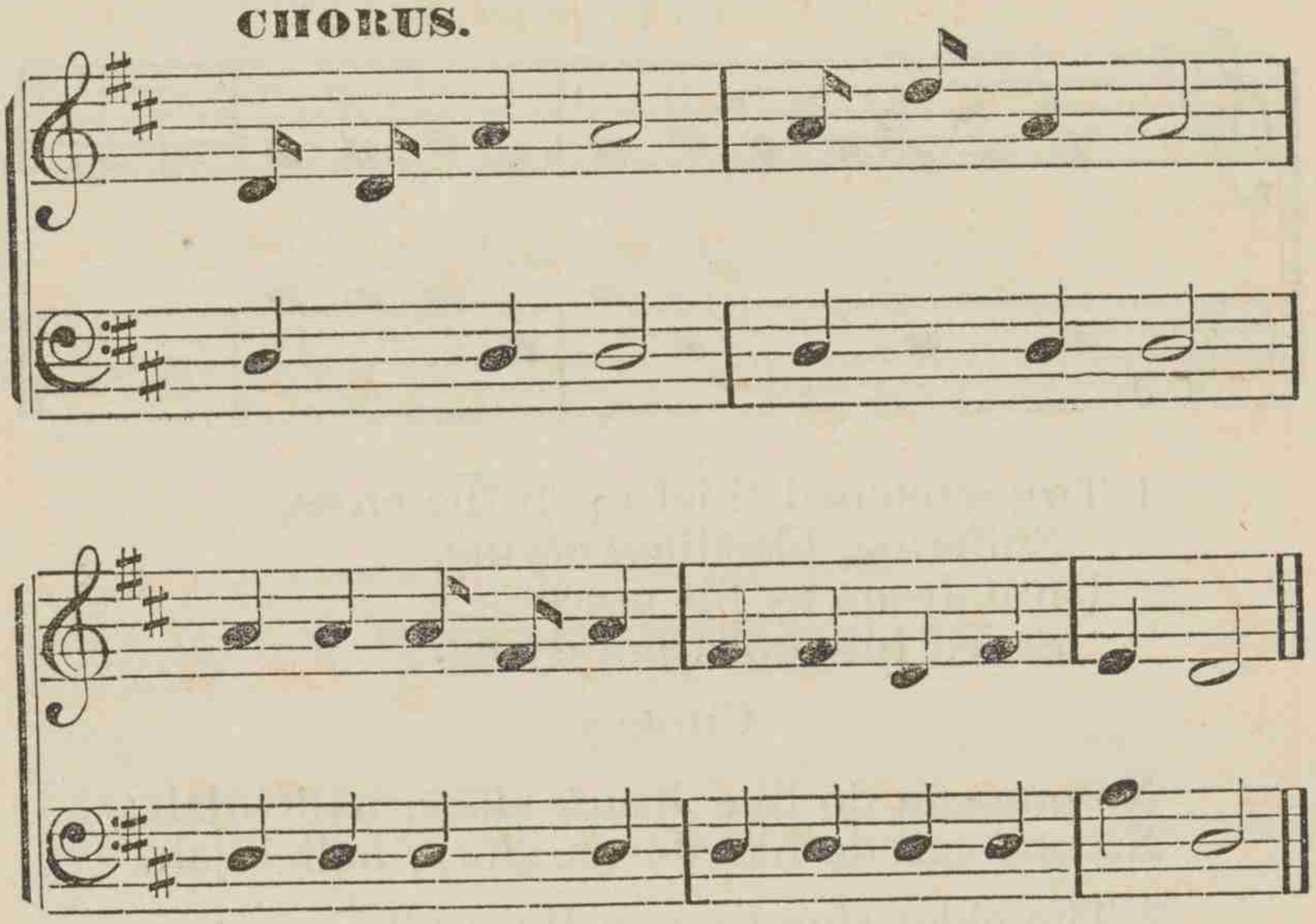
No one can do like Jesus, glory, hallelujah;
No one can do like Jesus, glory, hallelujah.

2 The elder standing on the wall,
Holding up the banner;
Whene'er a sinner gets a fall
It grieves the heart of many.

3 Brethren, you must do your best,
Work among the sinners,
Call them from the wilderness,
To tell the love of Jesus.

4 Tell the world of sinners around,
Come and try these waters;
Come and try, and taste and see,
Be Zion's sons and daughters.

132. *That Great Day.*

J. H Parker. Rev. 6: 17.



1 Jesus done just as he said,
In that great day;
He healed the sick and raised the dead,
In that great day.

Chorus.

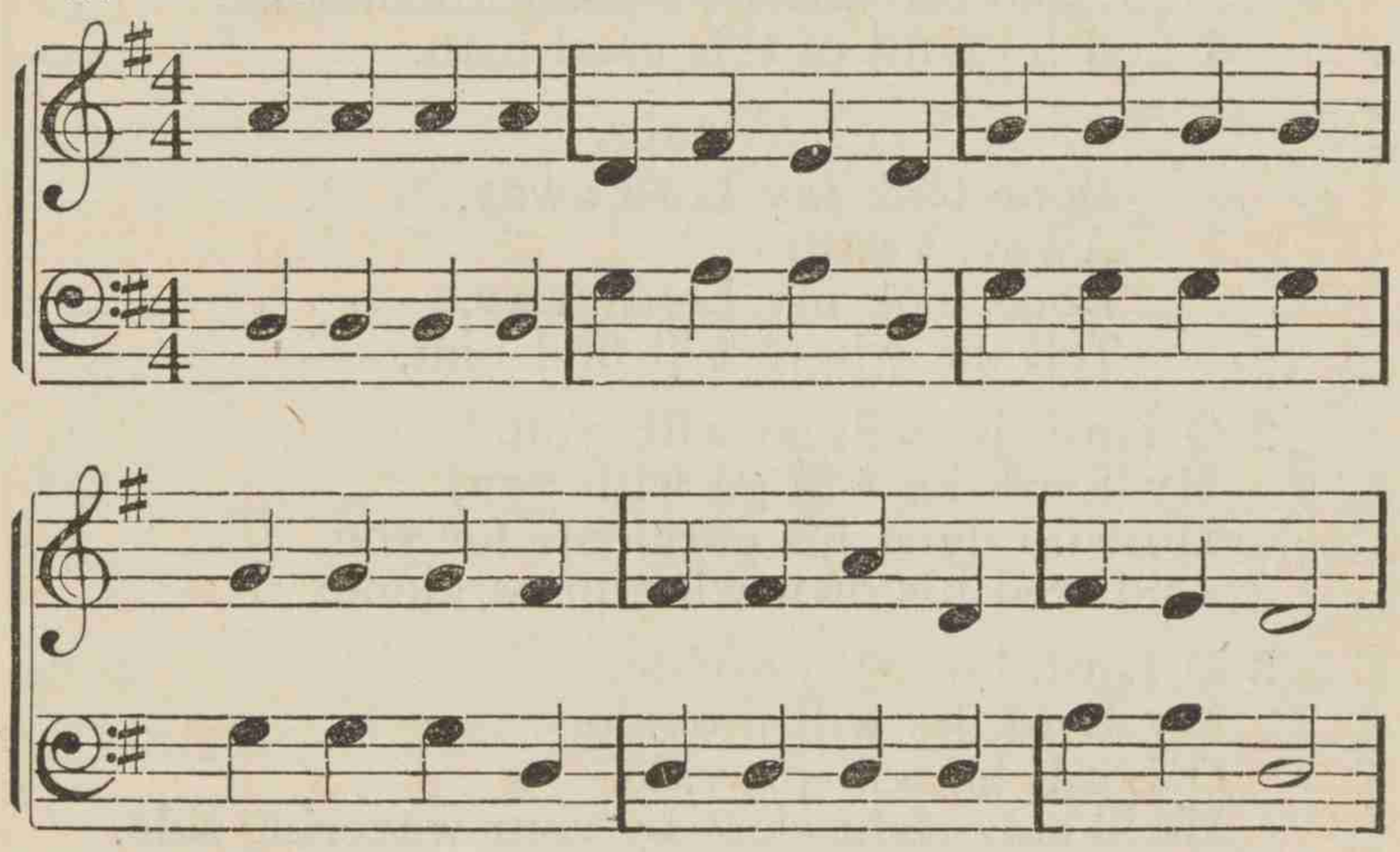
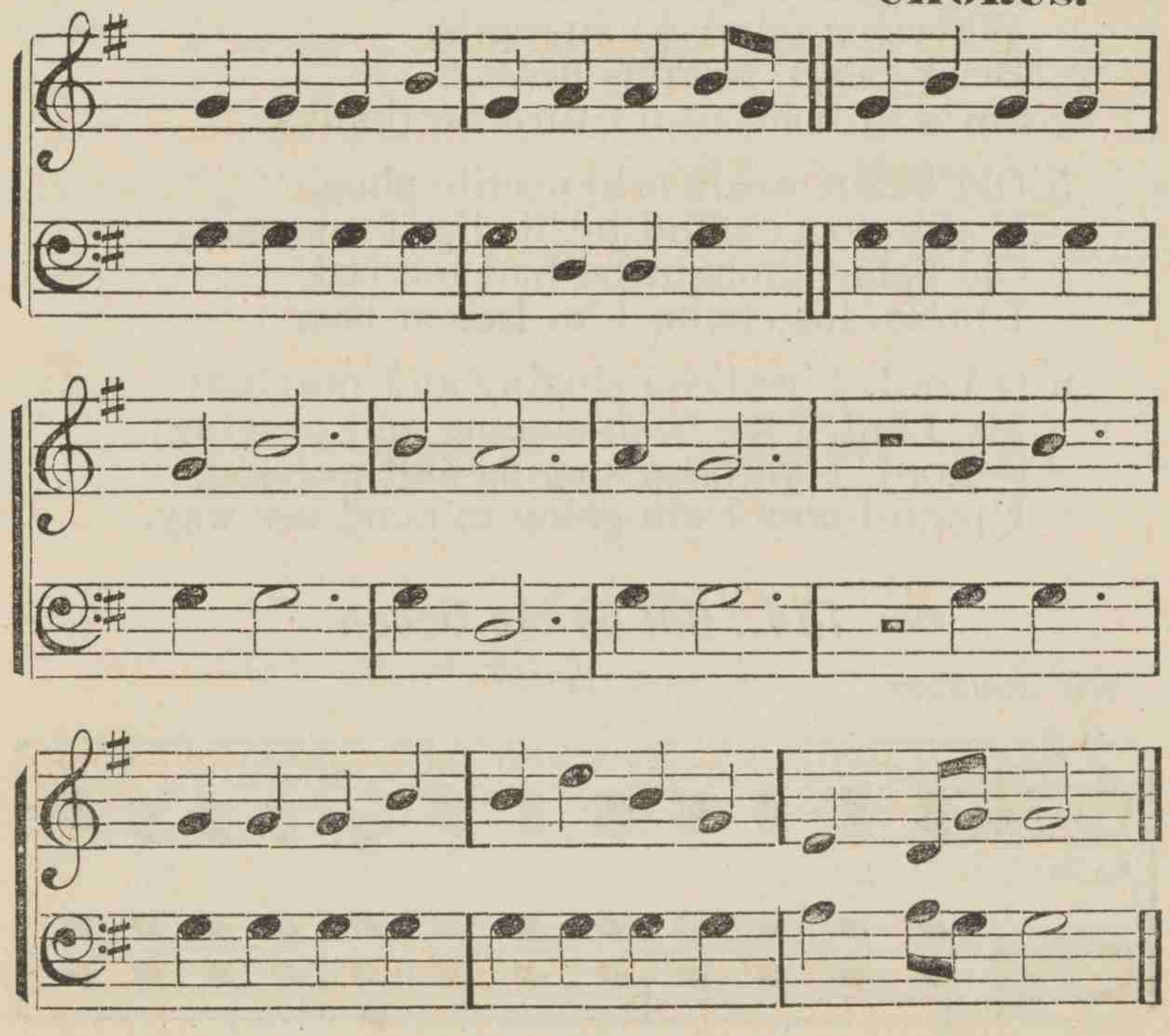
That great day, that great day!
O who 's going to walk with God
In that great day?

2 Won't that be an awful time,
In that great day;
When the sun refuse to shine,
In that great day?

3 No use waiting for the blowing of the horn,
In that great day;
No use hollowing when the train 's done gone,
In that great day.

4 Gabriel walking in the air,
In that great day;
Trumpet sounding everywhere,
In that great day.

133. Took the Lord Away.

W. H. VAUGHN. Luke 23: 33.

CHORUS.

1 They took my Lord to Pilate's bar,
But they could not condemn him there;
He called for water to wash his hands,
I find no fault of this good man.

Chorus.

Done took my Lord away,
Away, away;
Done took my Lord away,
Tell me where I 'll find him.

2 O Lord, he will go with you,
My Lord, he will go with you,
He who dyed his garments for you
And trod his own wine press alone.

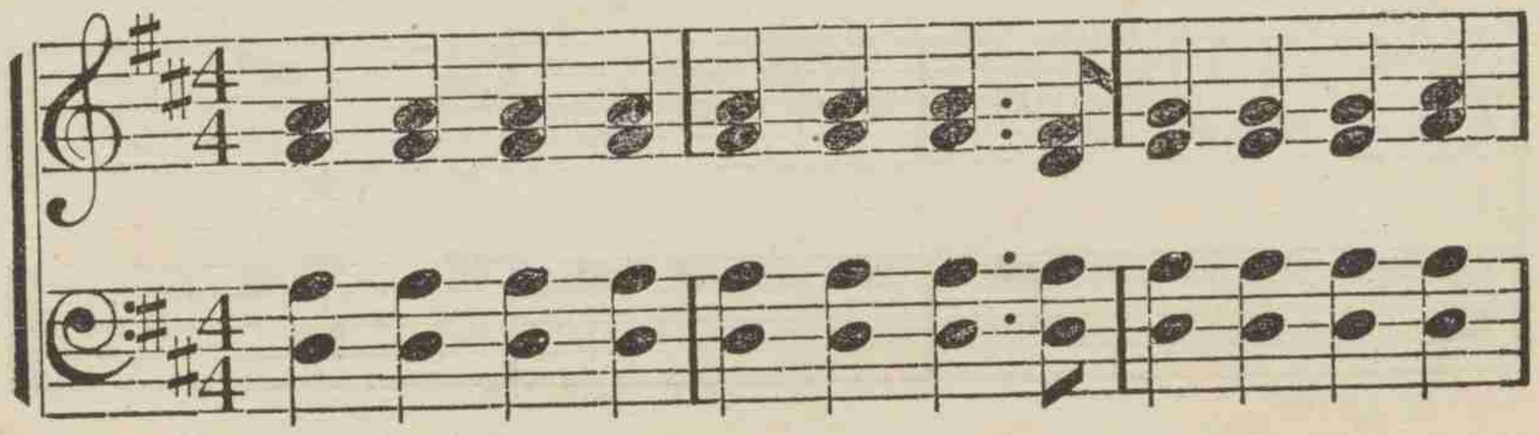
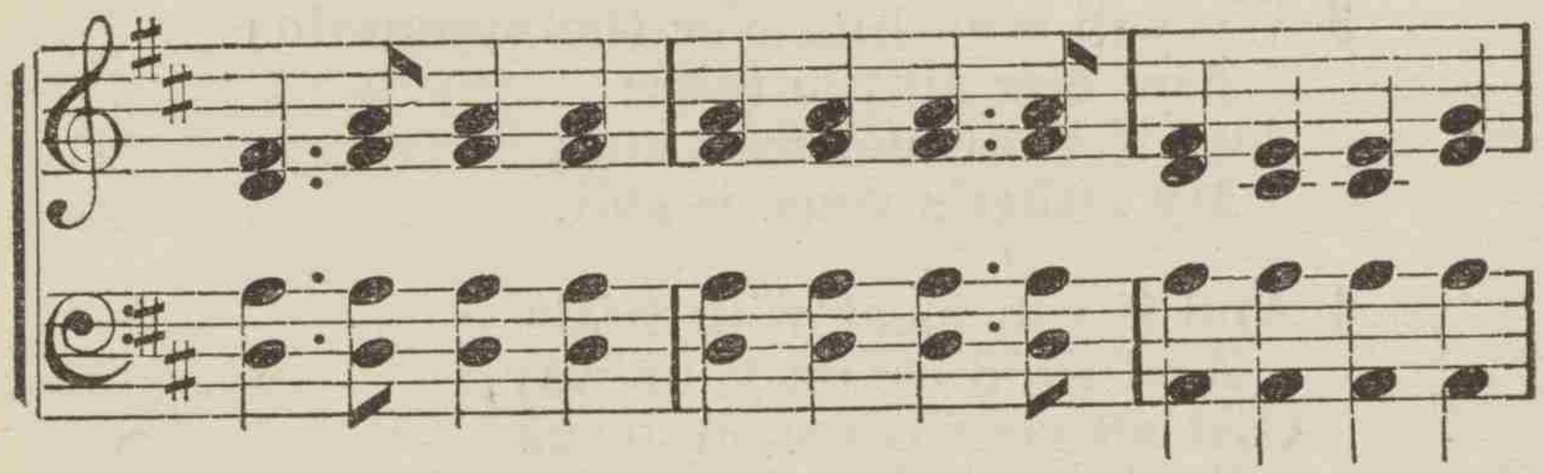
3 O Lord, he will provide,
My Lord, he will provide,
O Lord, he will provide,
He 'll stay right close by your wavering side.

4 Rolling stone gathers no moss,
Wavering mind no strength;
Black heart, curious heart,
Sin 's so bold, do n't turn no thanks.

5 Old Satan wears a hypocrite shoe,
If you do n't mind he 'll slip it on you;
Old Satan thought he had me fast,
I broke his chain, I 'm free at last.

6 O Lord, I 've been singing and praying;
My Lord, I 've been singing and praying;
O Lord, I 've been singing and praying,
Upward now I am going to bend my way.

134. Out on the Ocean.

Wm. Johnson. Job. 14: 10.

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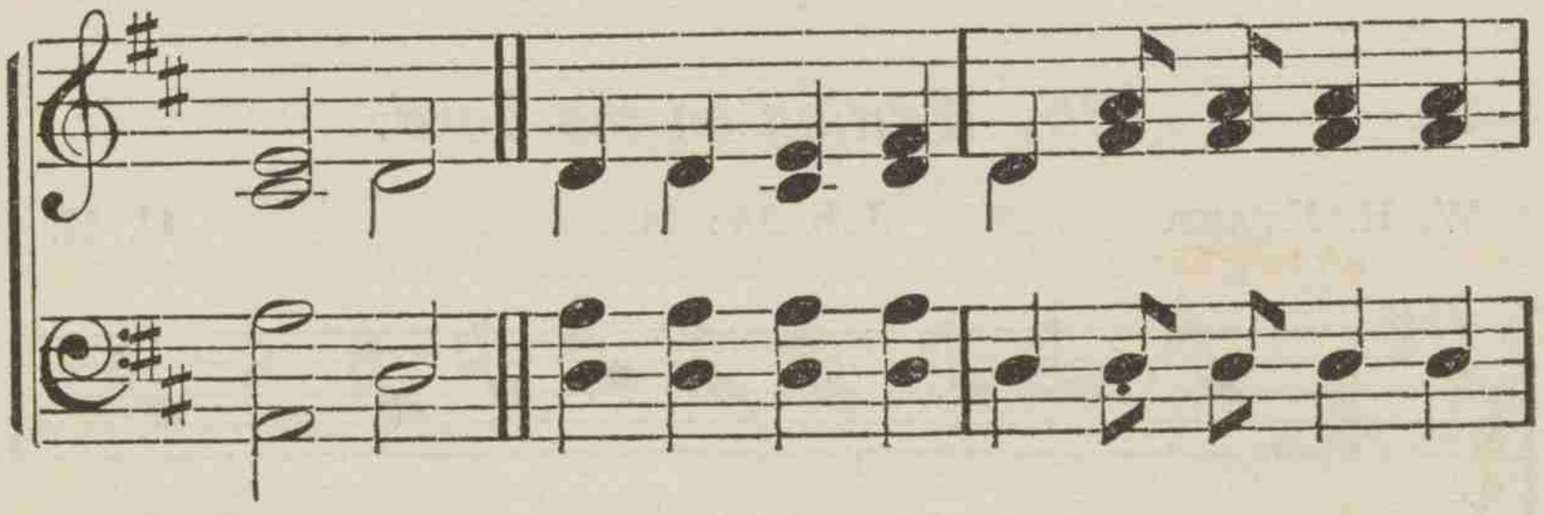
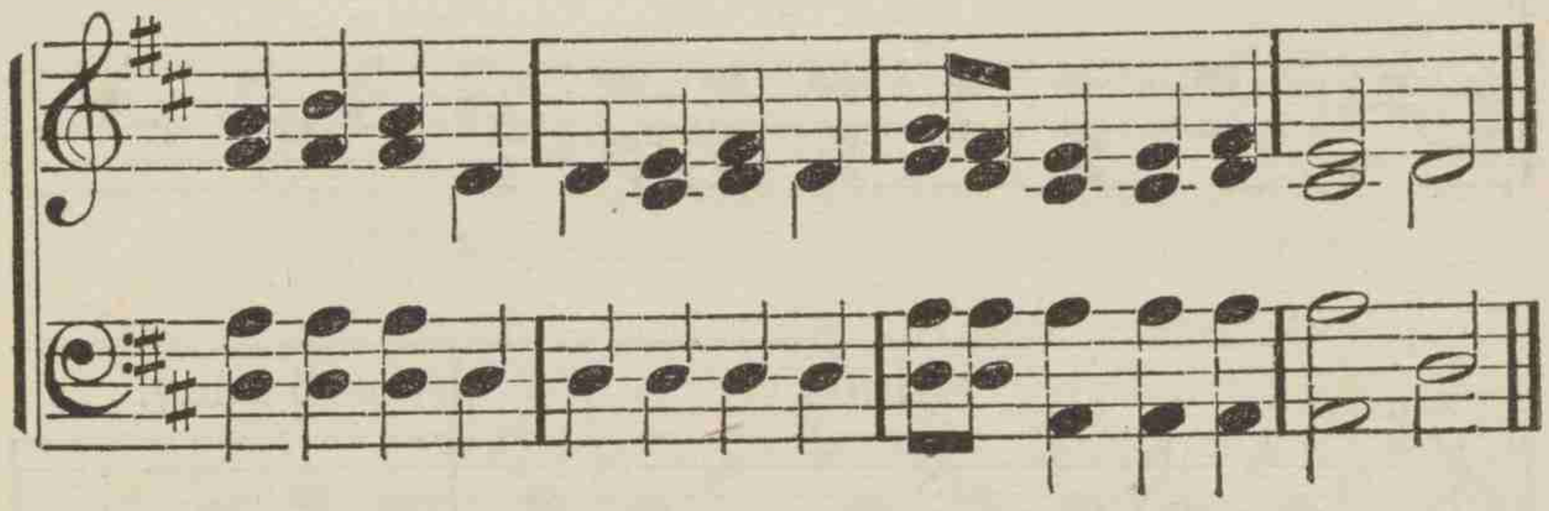

1 O! WHERE is Father Spencer,
I wonder where he 's gone;
The Church is all in mourning
And he can not be found.

CHORUS.

Out on the ocean,
In the year of jubilee;
Out on the ocean,
What will become of me?

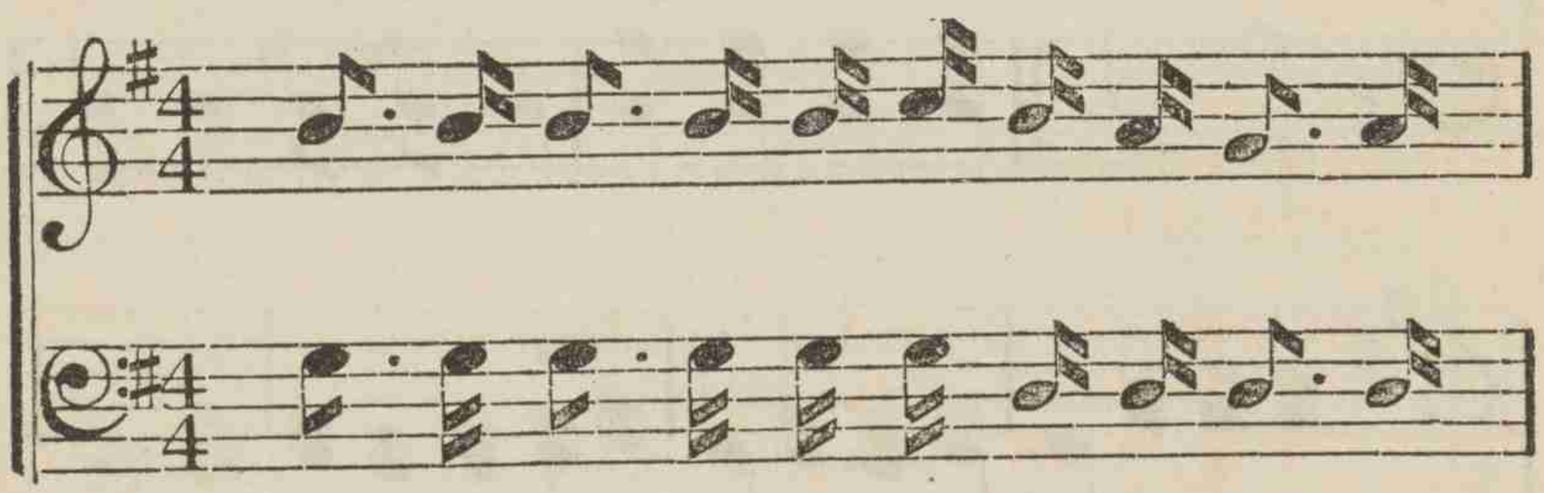
2 Death hath robbed the Church and people,
And robbed my mother, too;
Hath stole away my father,
And laid him in the tomb.

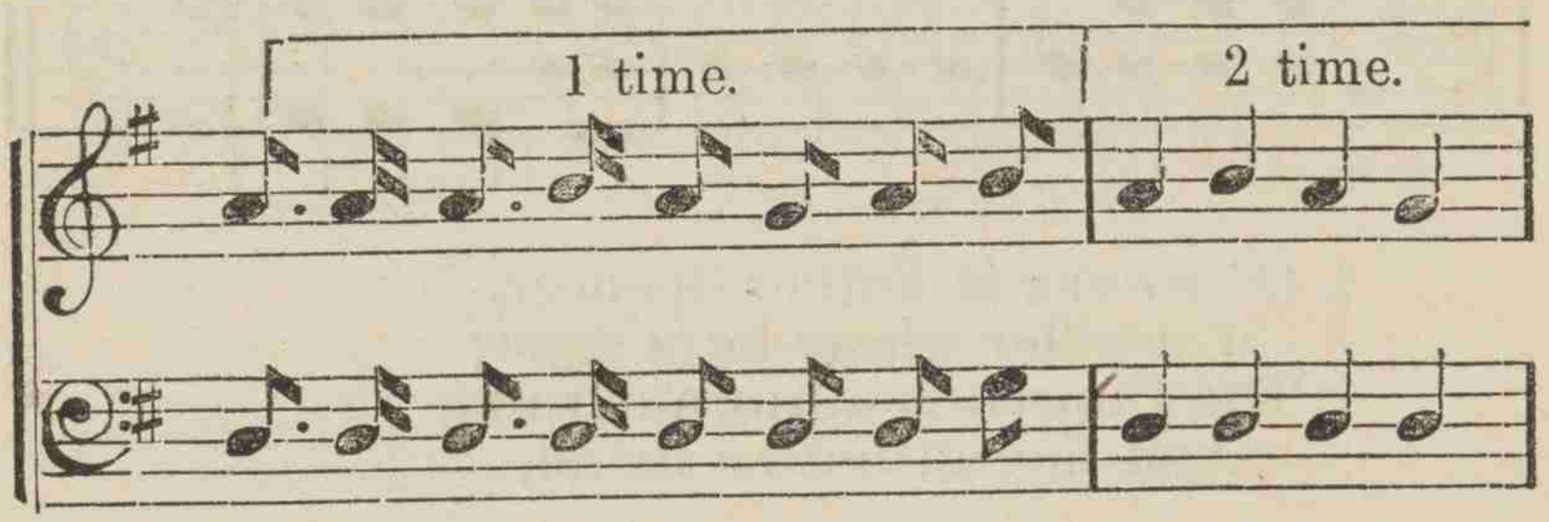
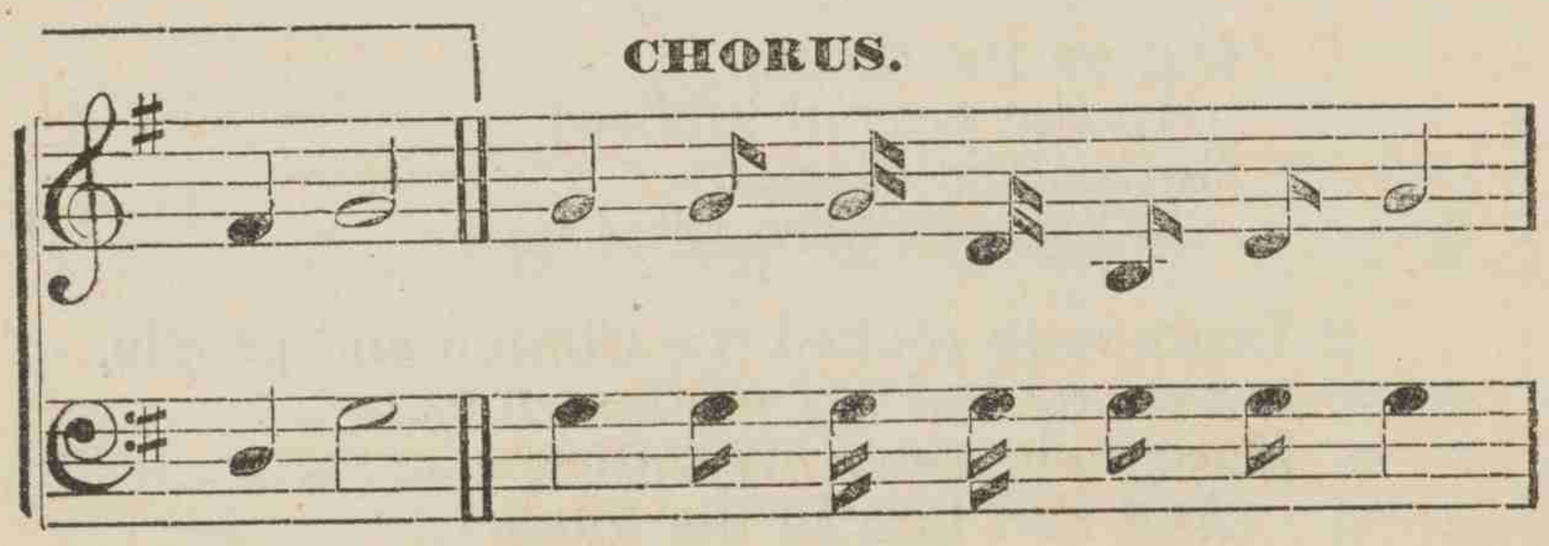
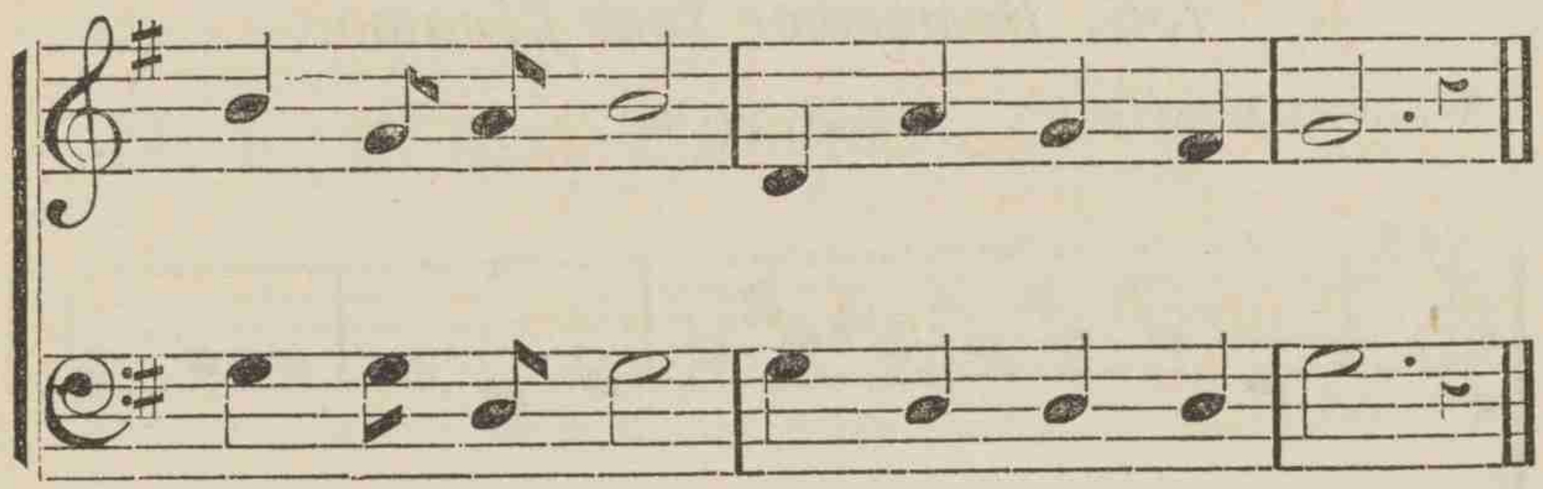
3 We will seek him o'er the mountains
And o'er all the hills;
And if I can not find him,
My father's voice is still.

4 And if you meet with trials
And troubles on your way,
Cast all your cares on Jesus
And do n't forget to pray.

135. Waiting on the Lord.

W. H. EVANS. Job. 14: 14. C. M.





1 Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.

Chorus.

We are waiting on the Lord, waiting on the Lord,
Waiting on the Lord. *Repeat.*

2 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam,
But Judah's lion guards the way
And guides the stranger home.

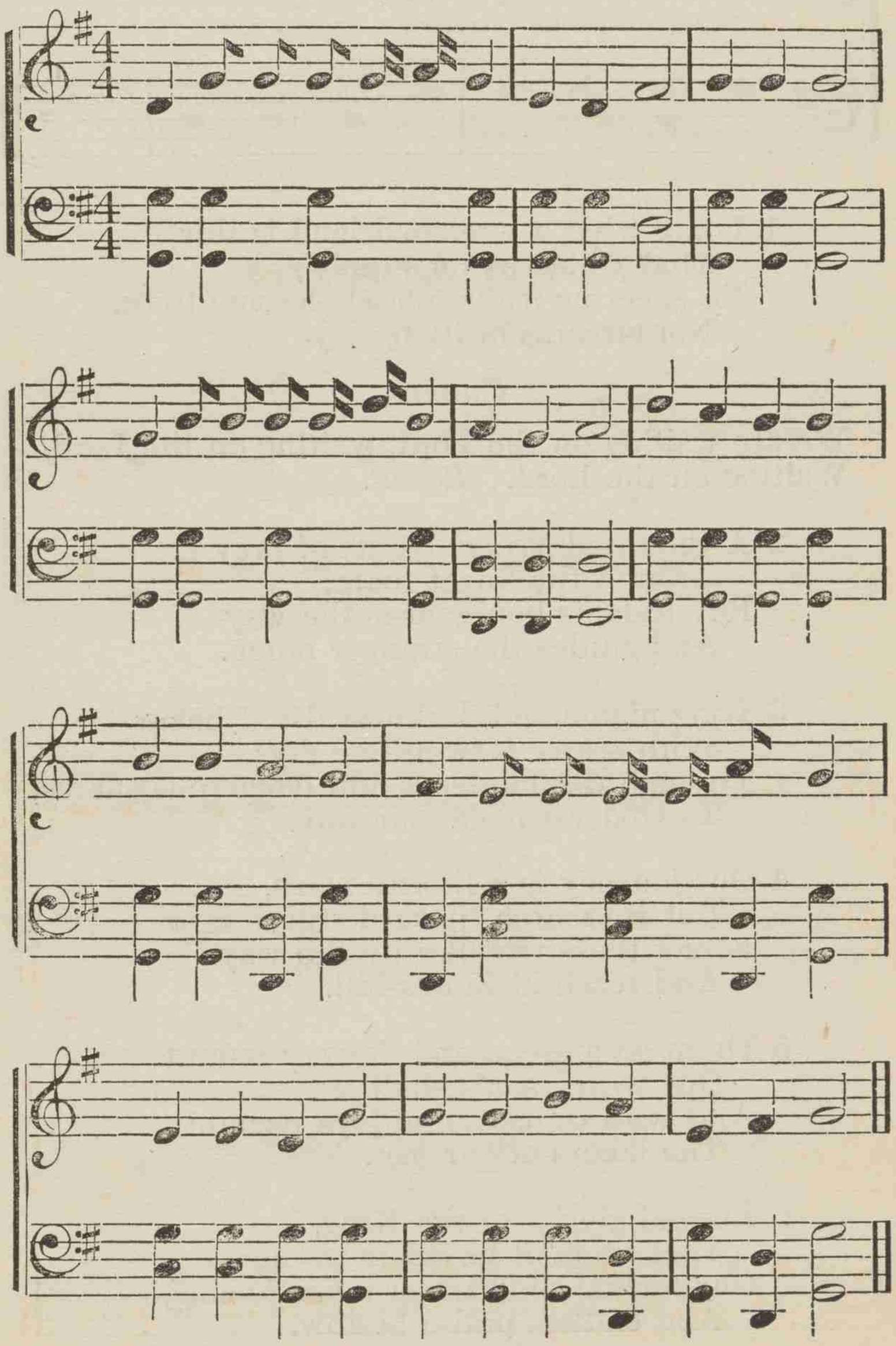
3 Long nights and darkness dwell below
With scarce a twinkling ray;
Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares,
To God we make our way.

4 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles by the way
And reach at Zion's hill.

5 There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

6 Eternal glories of the King,
That brought us safely through,
Our tongue shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise bestow.

136. Remember Your Creator.

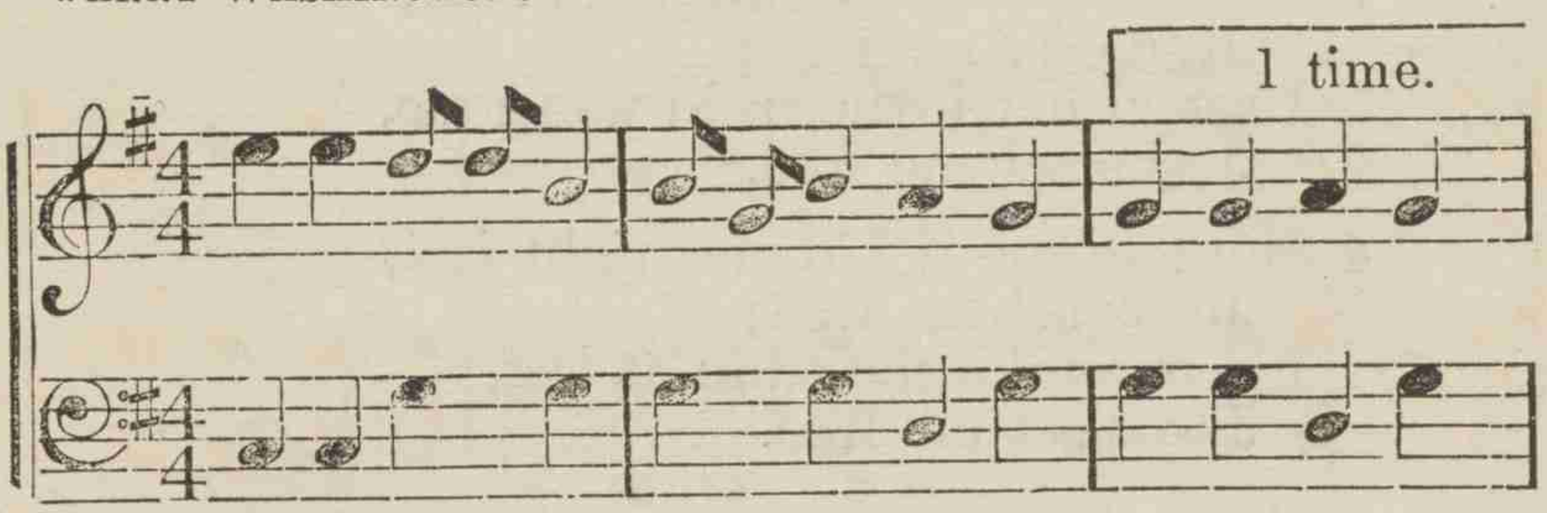
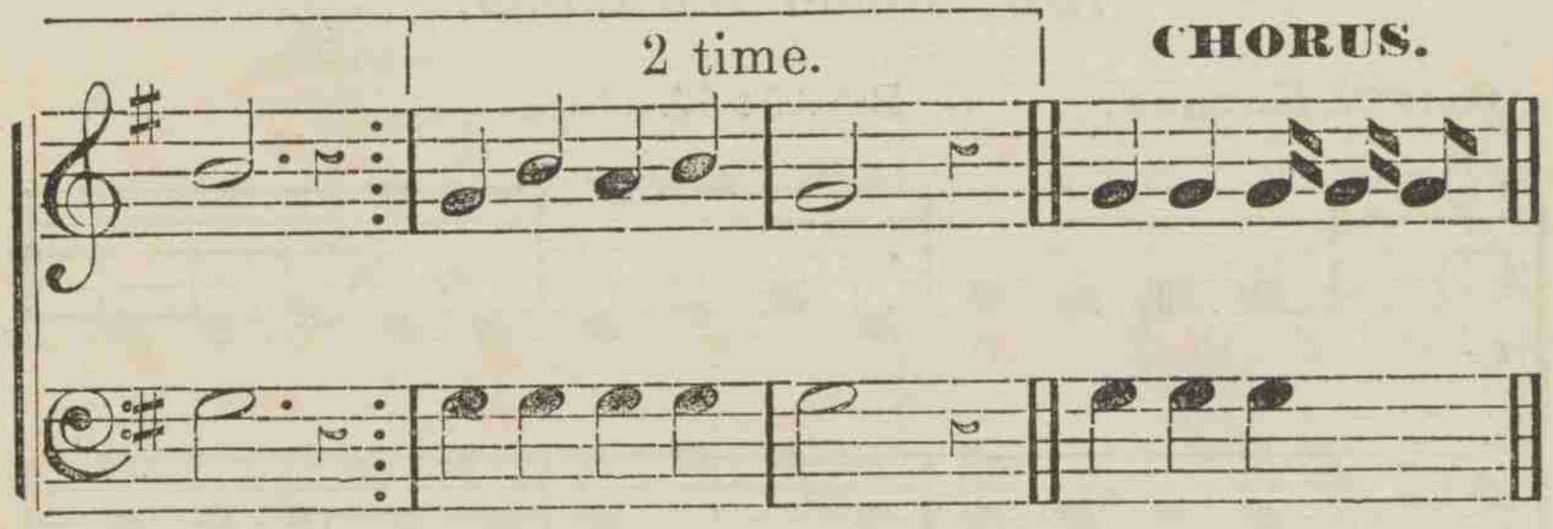
WALKER ROBINSON Eccl. 12: 1.

1 Remember your Creator while you 're young, while you 're young;
Remember your Creator while you 're young,
Do you think it would be better, to wait a little later,
O remember you 're Creator while you 're young.

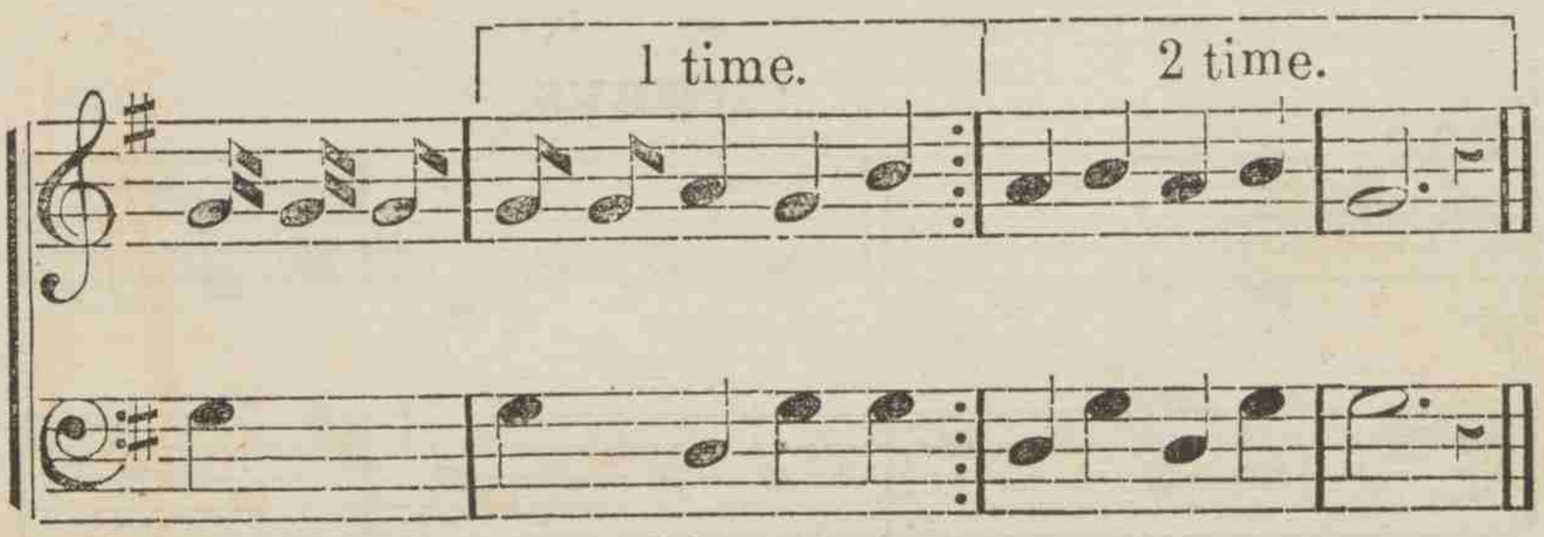
2 O remember, you may die while you 're young.

3 O remember, Jesus loves you while you 're young.

4 You must walk the path of duty while you 're young.

137. Jesus, Set me Free.

JERRY WASHINGTON. Ps. 51: 12.





1 'WAY over yonder, in the harvest field,
Jesus set me free;
Angels working at the chariot wheels,
Jesus set me free.

CHORUS.

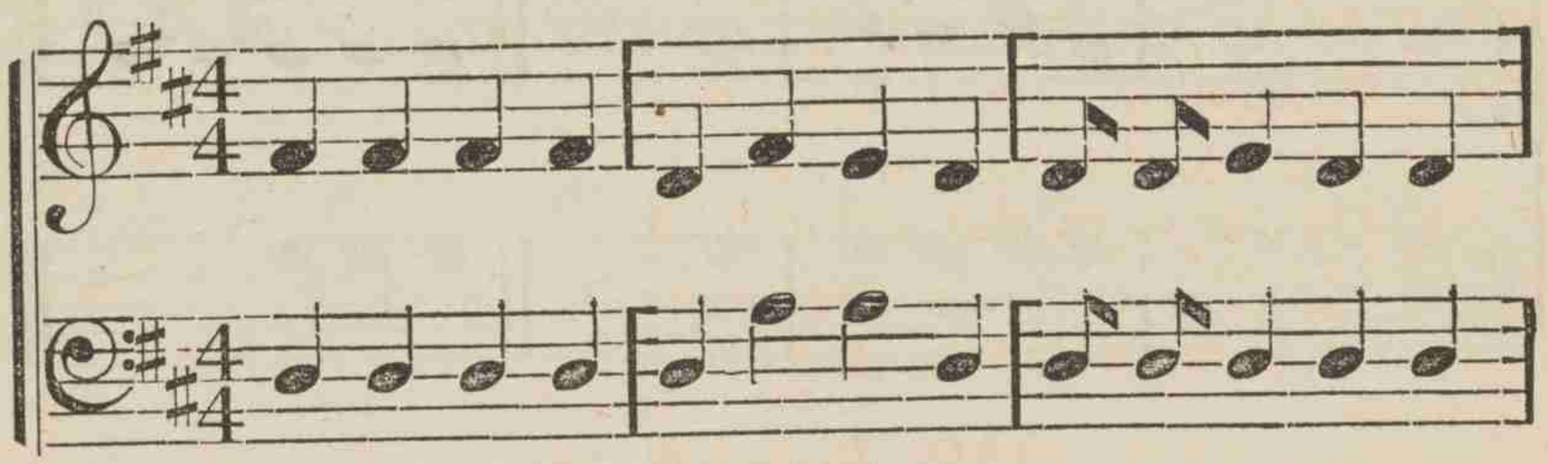
I know the time, I know the place,
King Jesus set me free. *Repeat.*

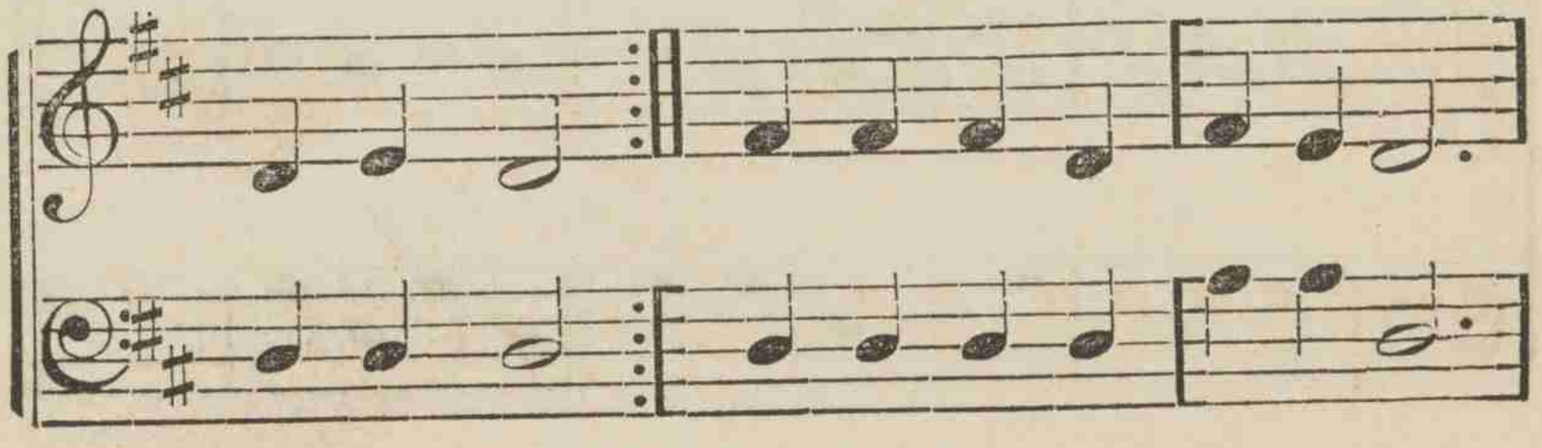
2 Chariot down by the Jordan side,
Jesus set me free;
In that chariot I am going to ride,
Jesus set me free.

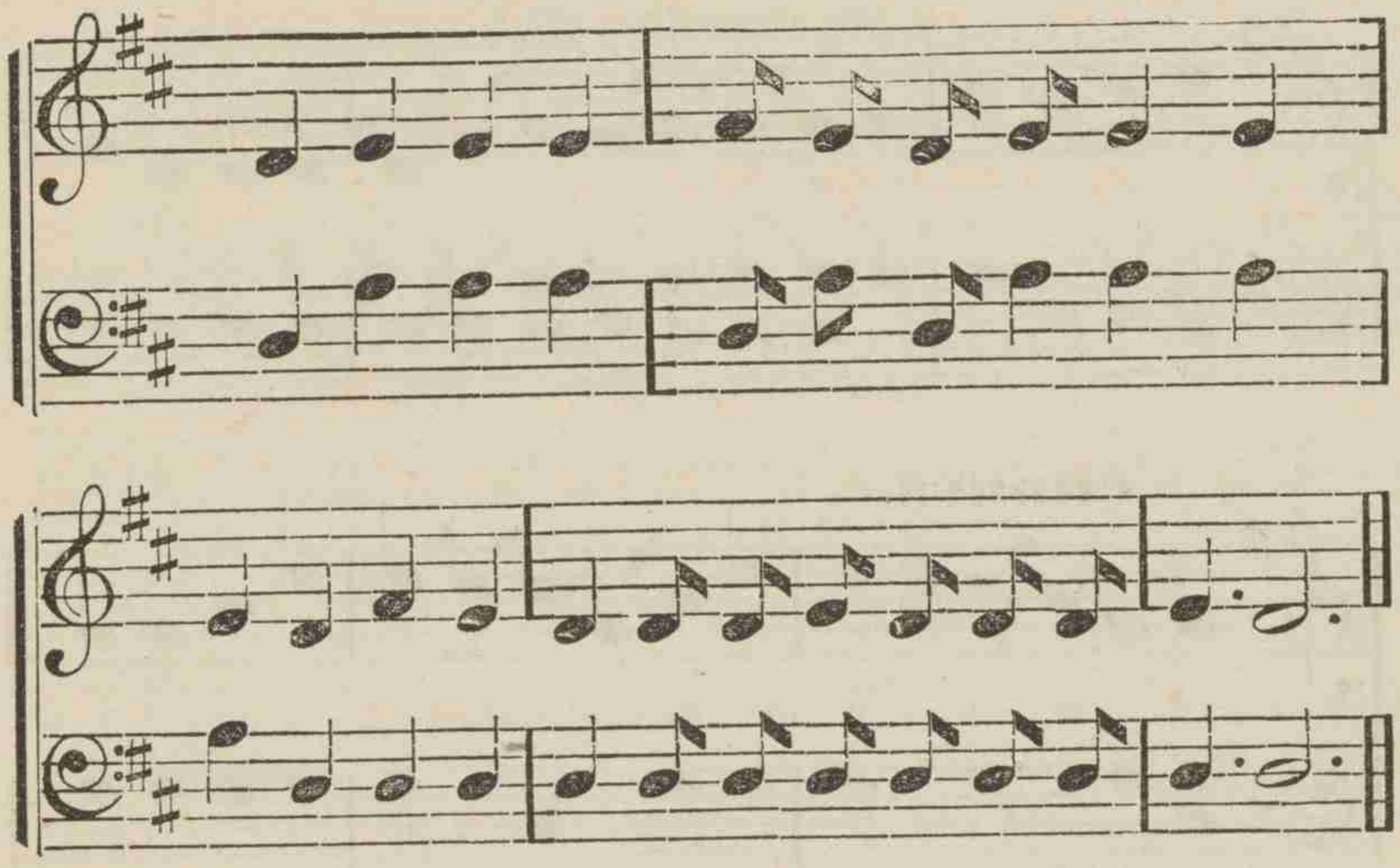
3 I saw my mother running along,
Jesus set me free;
I asked her if the train was gone,
Jesus set me free.

4 She told me if I'd run right fast,
Jesus set me free;
I'd overtake the train at last,
Jesus set me free.

138. Honor the Lamb.

PATSEY NATHAN. Rev. 5: 12.

CHORUS.





1 I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Honor the Lamb, honor the Lamb;
But bless the Lord I'm heaven bound,
Honor the Lamb, honor the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Every day weep, work, and pray,
Honor the Lamb, honor the Lamb;
Jesus says, I am the way,
Honor the Lamb, honor the Lamb.

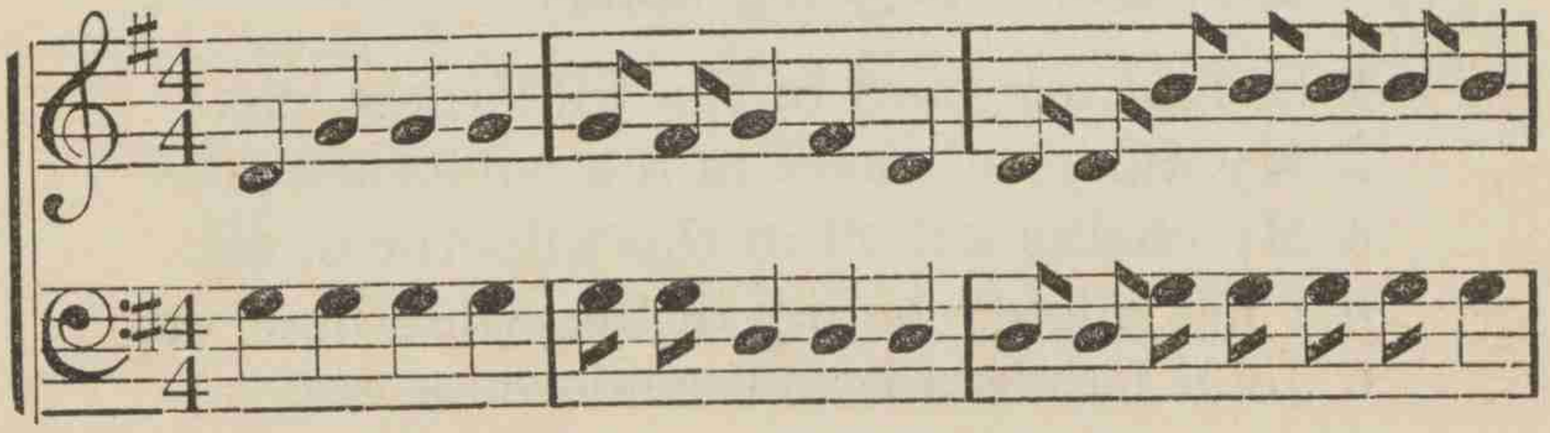
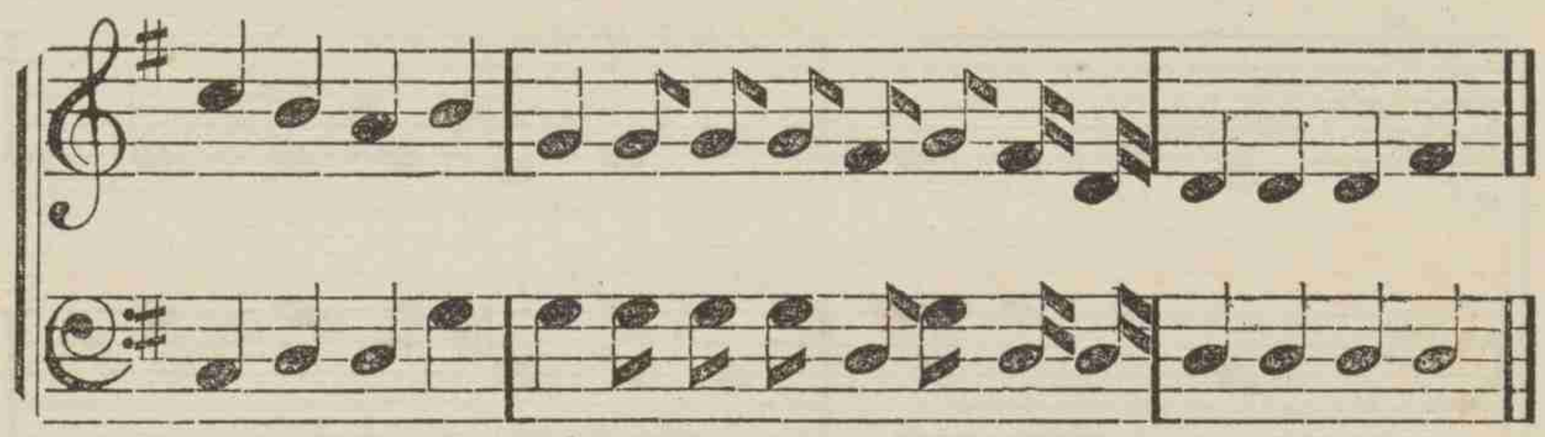
2 Mary came in the morning soon,
Seeking Jesus in the tomb.

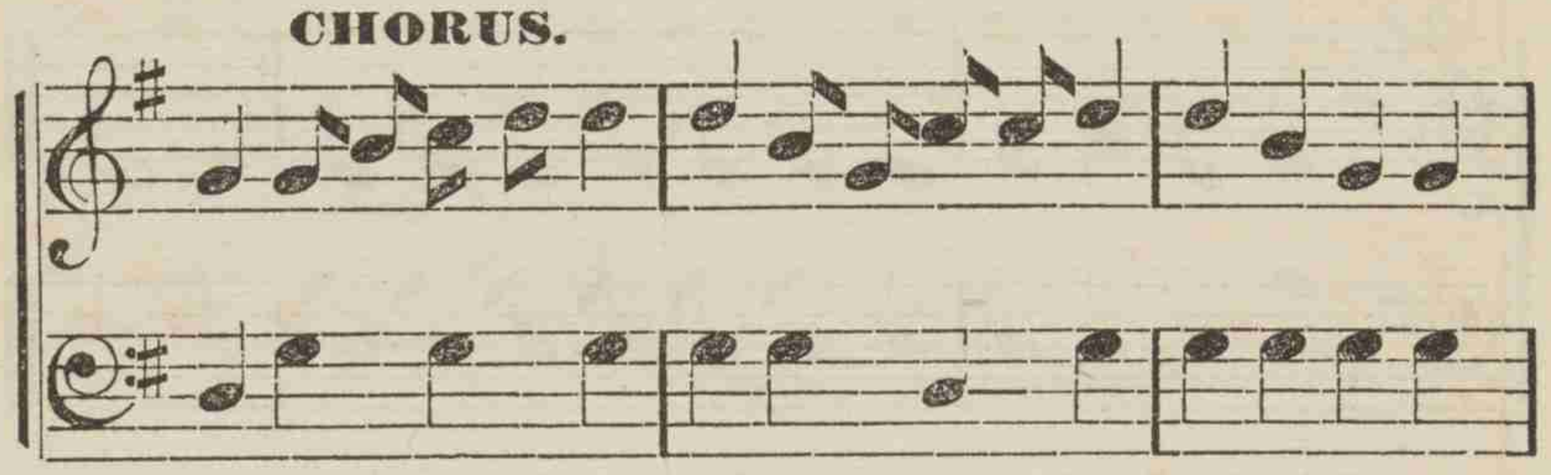
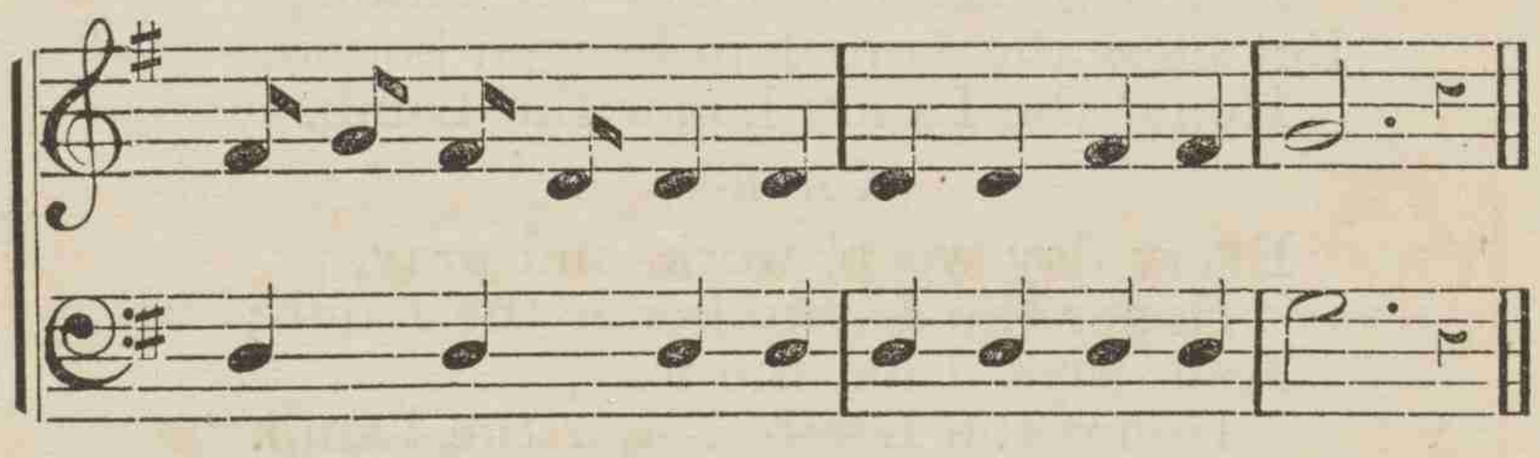
3 Paul and Silas, in their cells,
Of Jesus to the jailer tells.

4 Sinking Peter in the sea,
Holding Jesus makes the lea.

139. Going Home.

WM. WARRINGTON. Rom. 3 : 24.



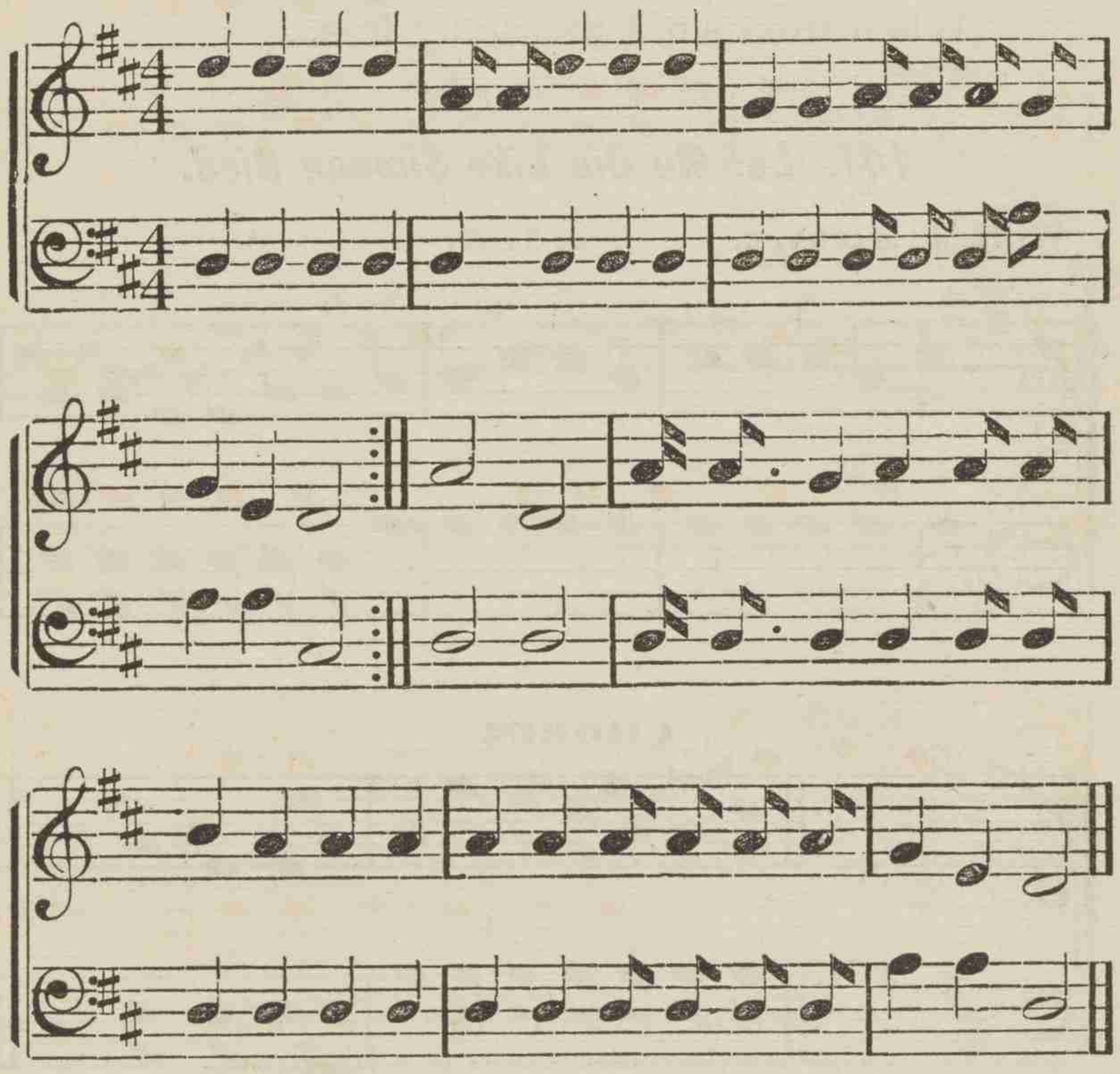
CHORUS.

1 I FOUND free grace in the wilderness,
In the wilderness, in the wilderness;
I found free grace in the wilderness,
And now I 'm a-going home.

CHORUS.

Now I 'm going home,
O! now I 'm going home;
I found free grace in the wilderness,
And now I 'm going home.

2 Sought my Lord in the wilderness, etc.
3 My dungeon shook in the wilderness, etc.
4 My chains fell off in the wilderness, etc.
5 I felt mighty happy in the wilderness, etc.
6 John baptized in the wilderness, etc.

140. Feeble Man.

J. W. PENELTON. Isa. 35 : 3.

1 I 'M going down to Jordan to pay my fare,
Lord, I 'm nothing but a feeble man;
Jesus' life-boats meet me there,
Lord, I 'm nothing but a feeble man.

CHORUS.

O Lord, what have I done, will you hear my prayer?
Good Lord, I 'm nothing but a feeble man. *Repeat.*

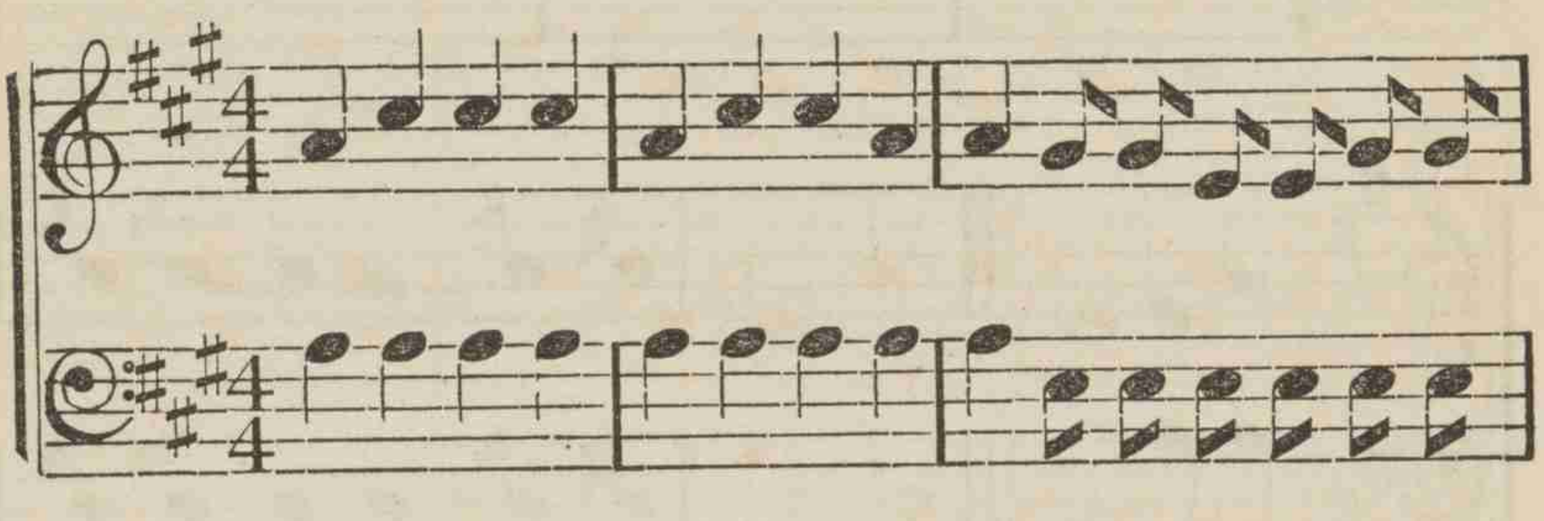
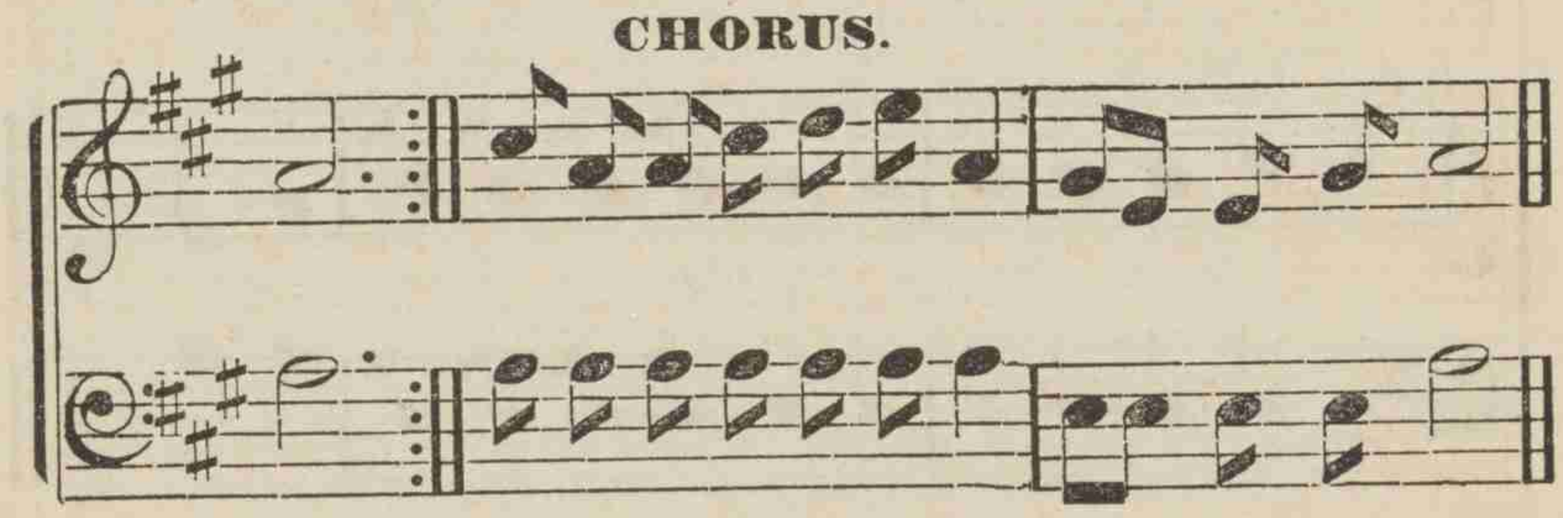
2 Jesus calls, come unto me,
Sinners, I will set you free.

3 He called his brethren on the sea,
Leave your nets and follow me.

4 On a cloud to heaven rode,
Now he dwells in light with God.

5 By and by he 'll come for me,
When from sin I 'm wholly free.

141. Let Me Die Like Simeon Died.

W. H. J. MACDADE. Luke 2 : 29.

CHORUS.

1 I 'M born of God, indeed I am,
O let me die like Simeon died;
Sinner, deny it if you can,
Just let me die like Simeon died.

CHORUS.

Let me die, let me die,
Just let me die like Simeon died. *Repeat.*

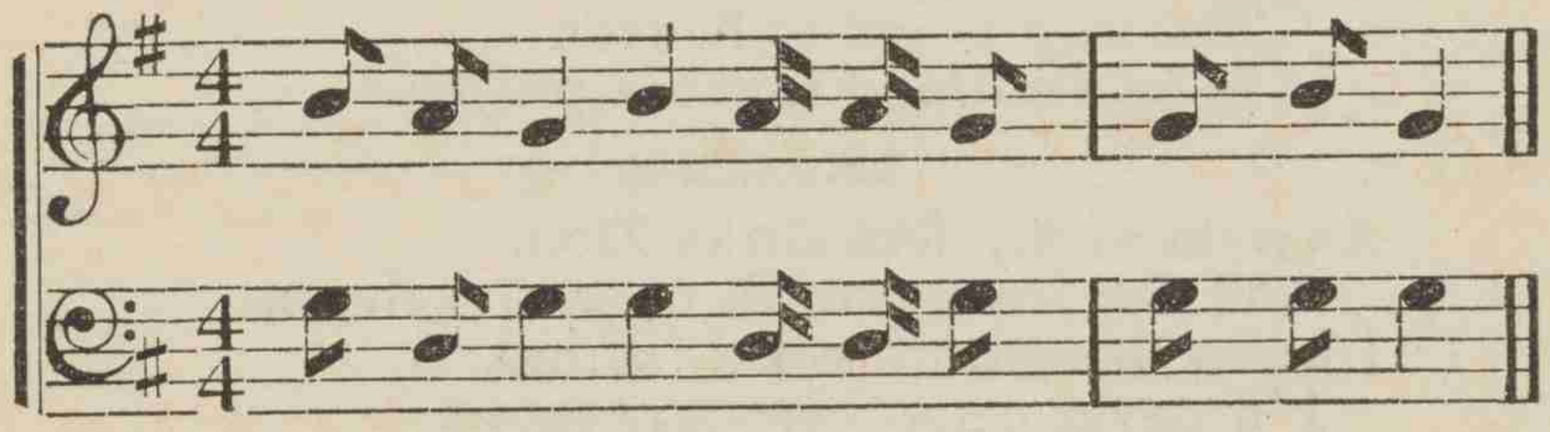
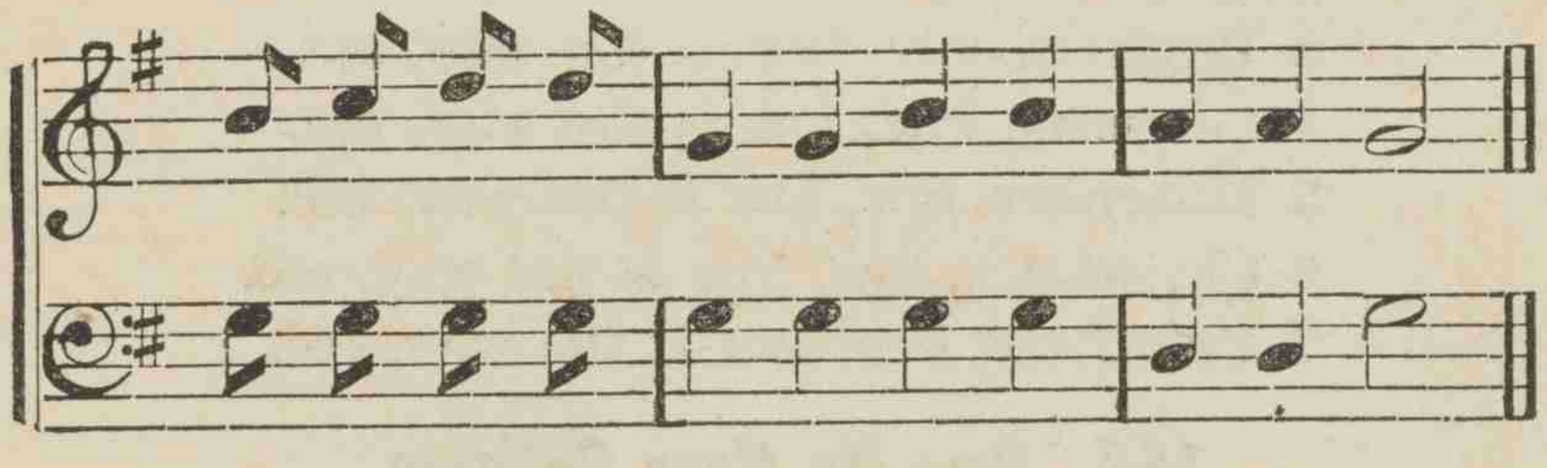
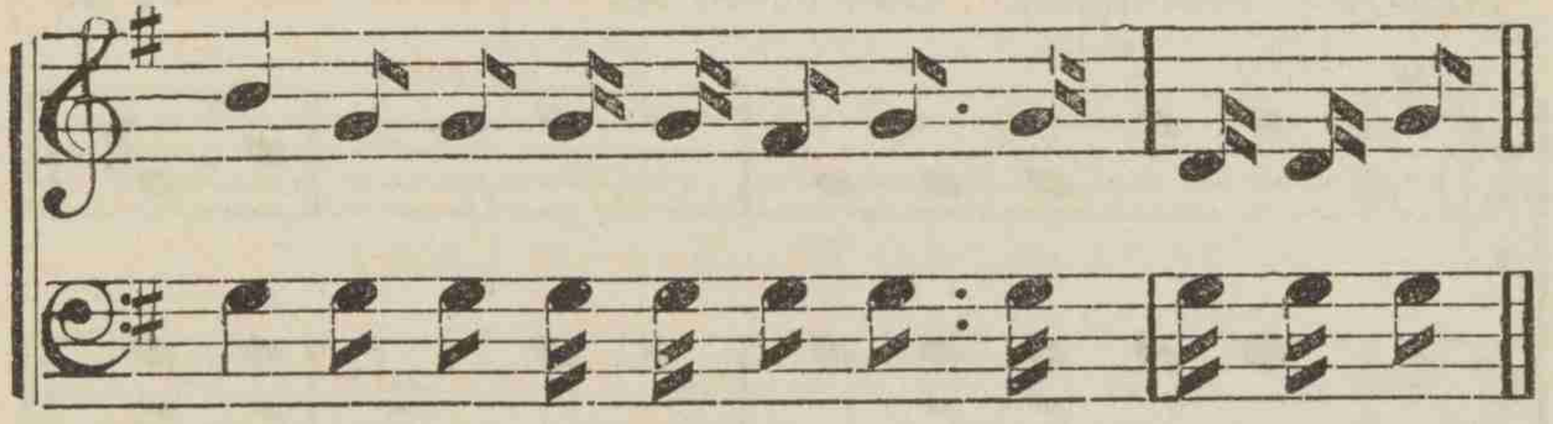
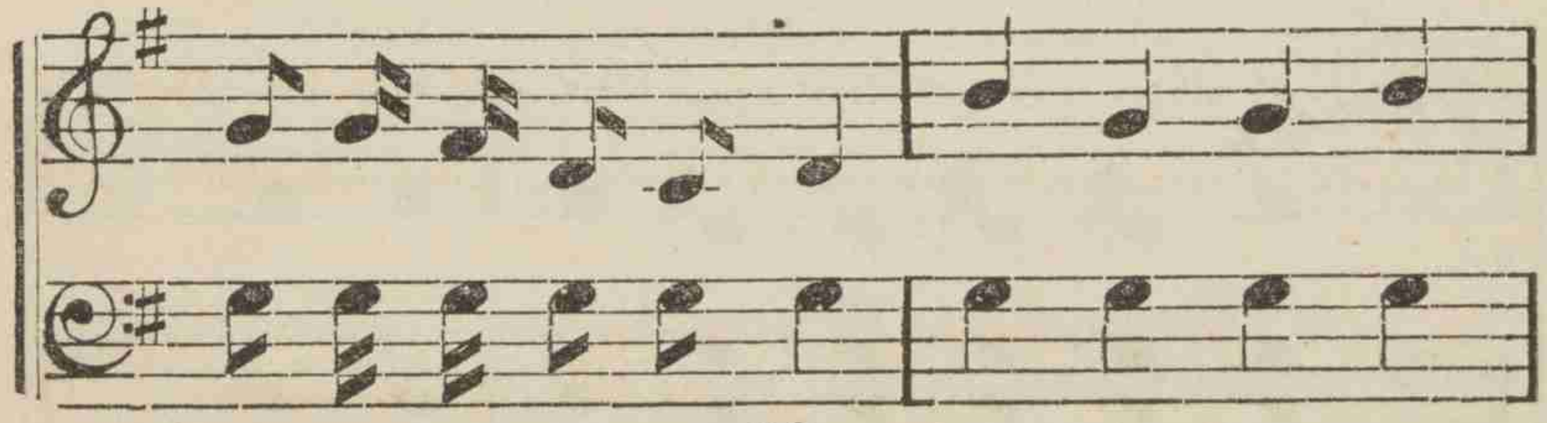
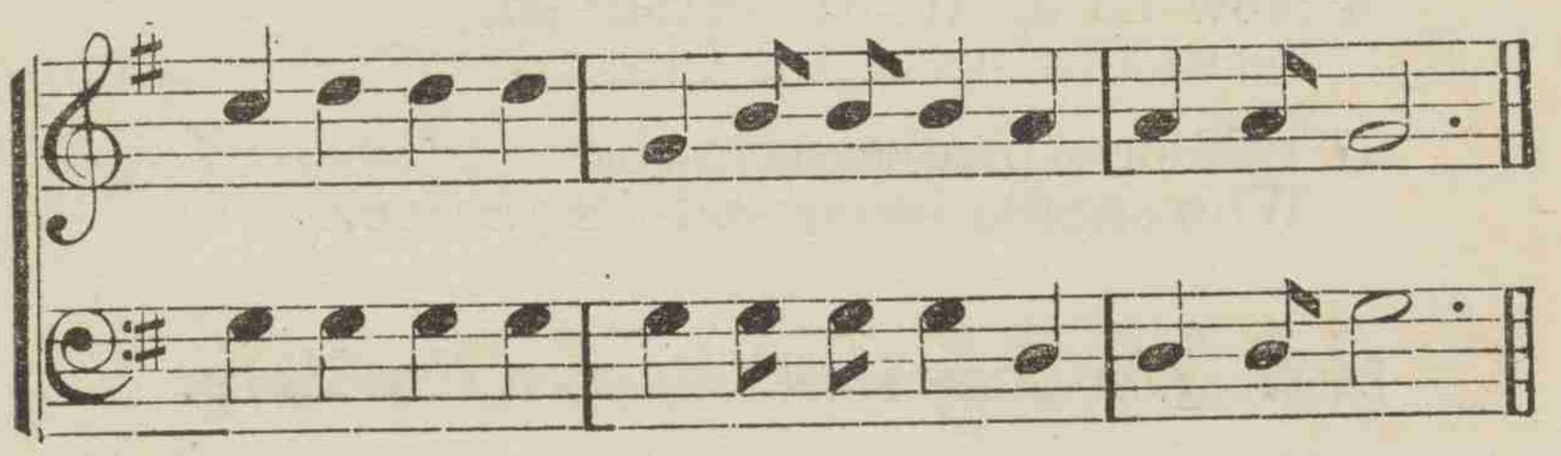
2 While shepherds to their flocks attend,
The angels brought good news to them.

3 In Jerusalem at his post,
See Simeon filled with the Holy Ghost.

4 Now Lord, let thy servant go,
Jesus Christ is born I know.

5 Widow Anna came to see
Who should bleed and die for me.

142. *The Lamps all Lit up on the Shore.*

JACOB HART. Prov. 6: 23. P. M.

CHORUS.

1 CHRISTIANS, low, low is the way;
The way to get to heaven
Is by faith and humble prayer.

CHORUS.

As soon as my feet strike Zion,
And the lamps are lit upon the shore,
I leave this sinful world behind,
I 'll never come here any more.

2 Sisters, low, low is the way, etc.

3 Brothers, low, low is the way, etc.

4 Converts, low, low is the way, etc.

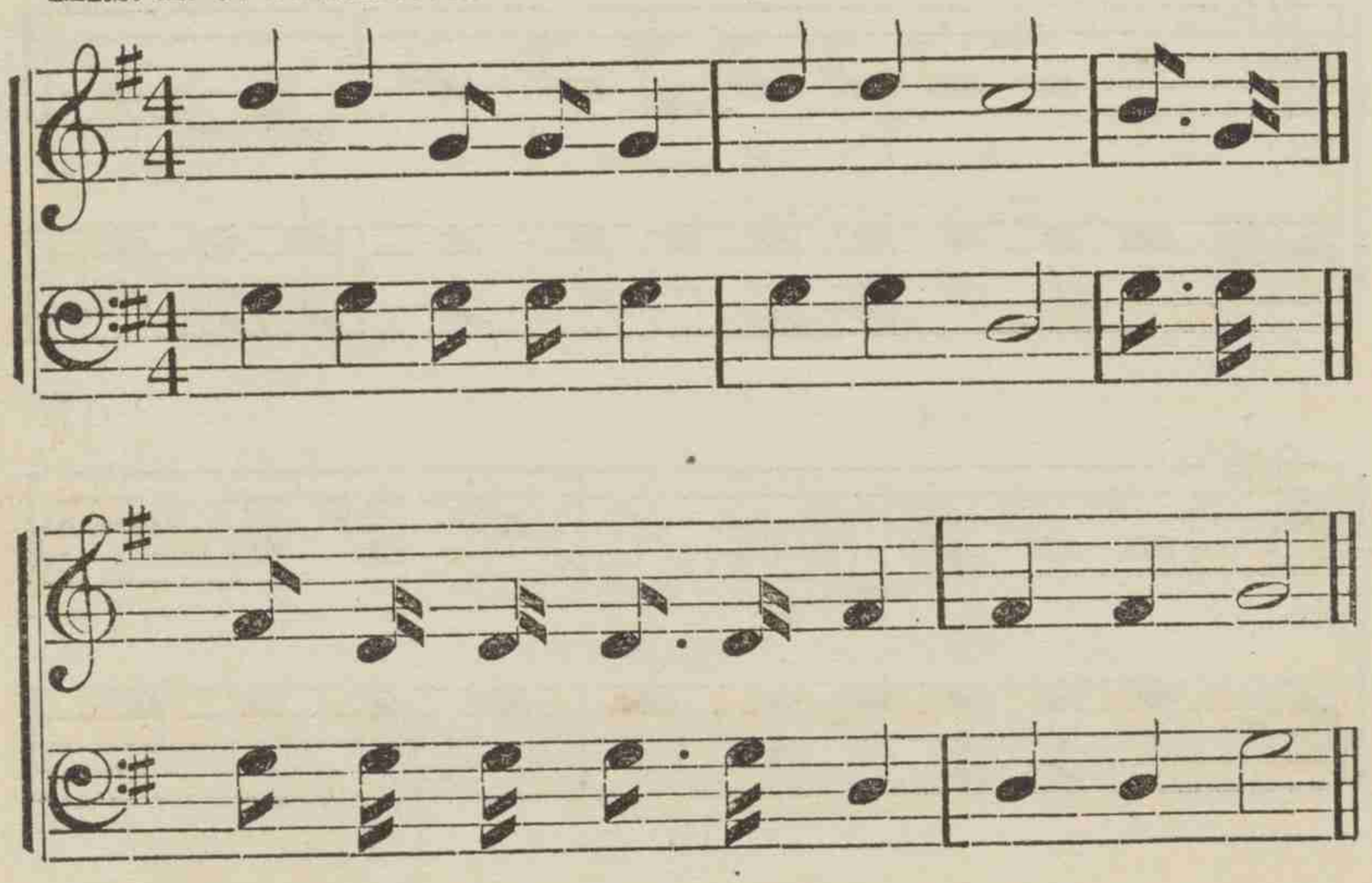
5 Mourners, low, low is the way, etc.

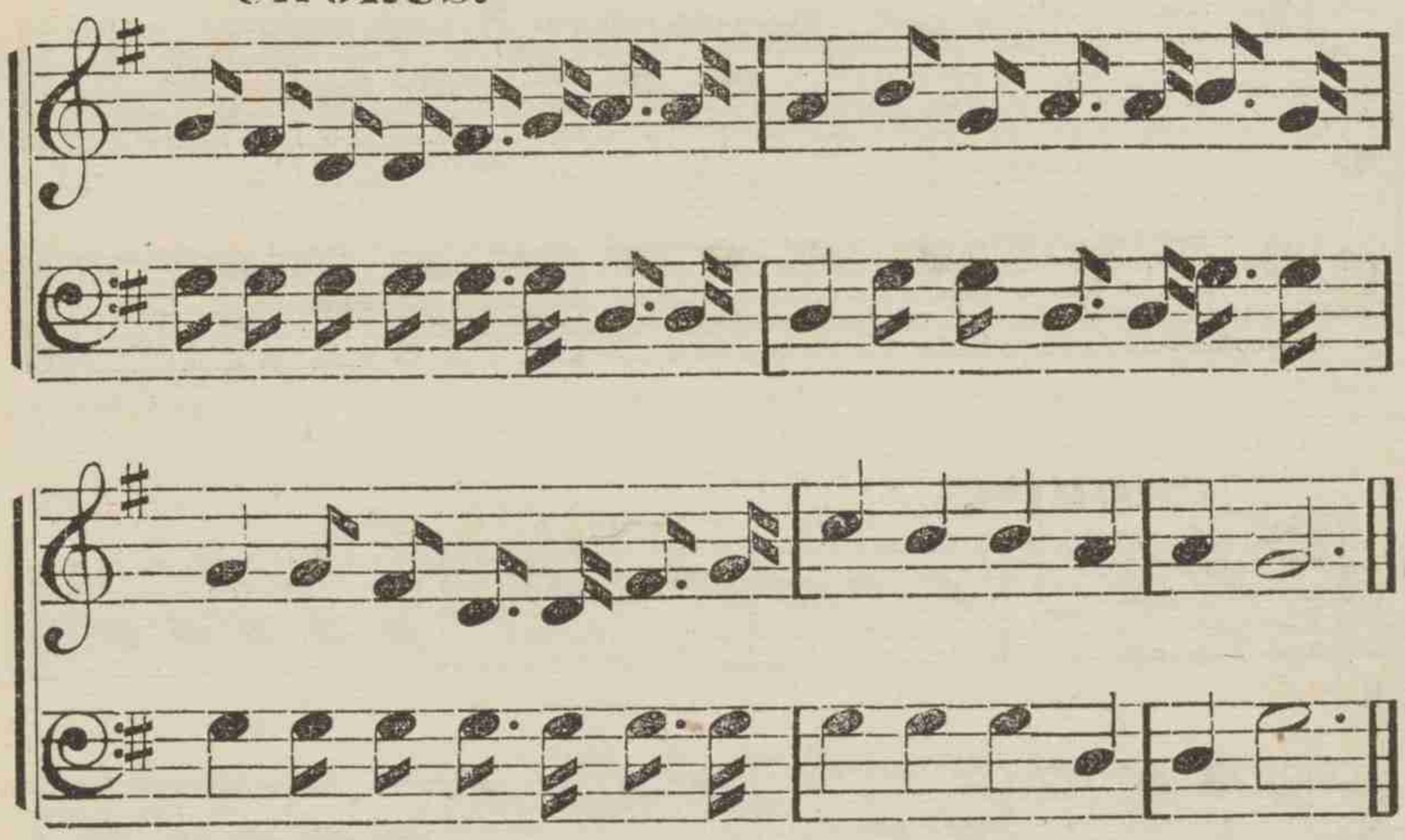
6 Classmates, low, low is the way, etc.

7 Preachers, low, low is the way, etc.

143. Give Me More Religion.

MRS. E. J. PENELTON. Gal. 1 : 13, 14. P. M.



CHORUS.

I I 've been coming up all this time,
Do n't want the chariot to leave me behind.

CHORUS.

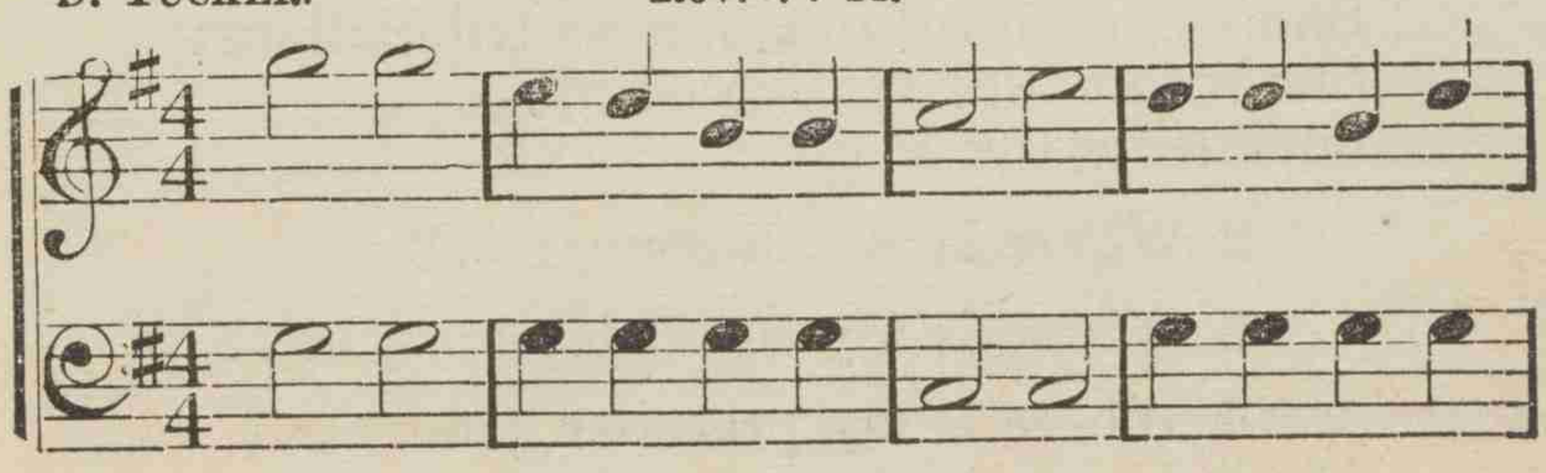
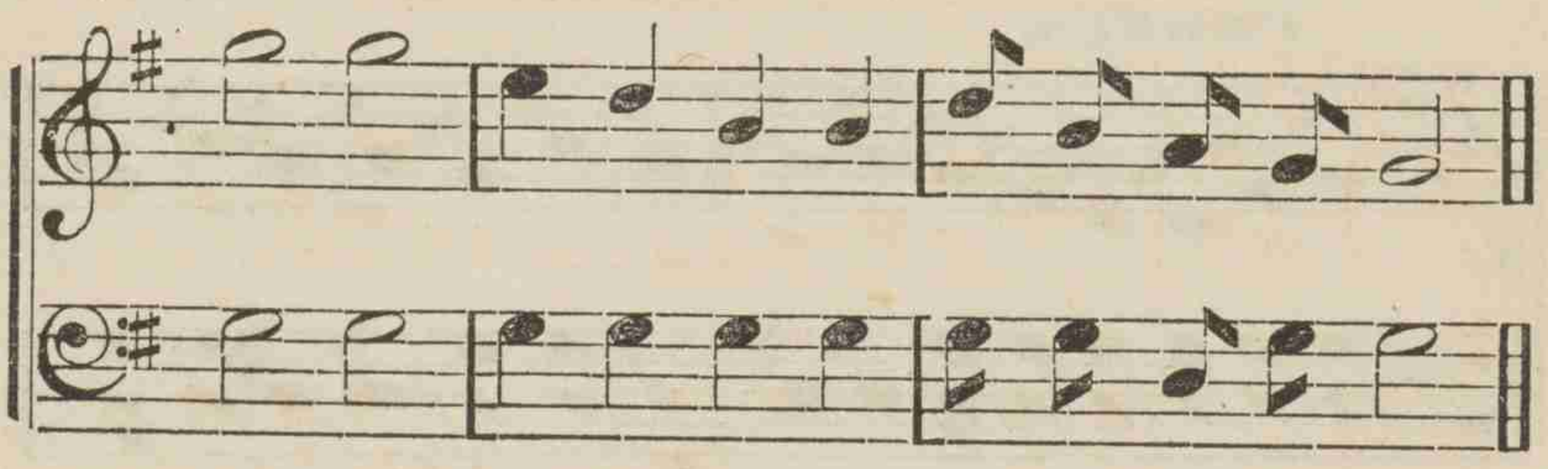
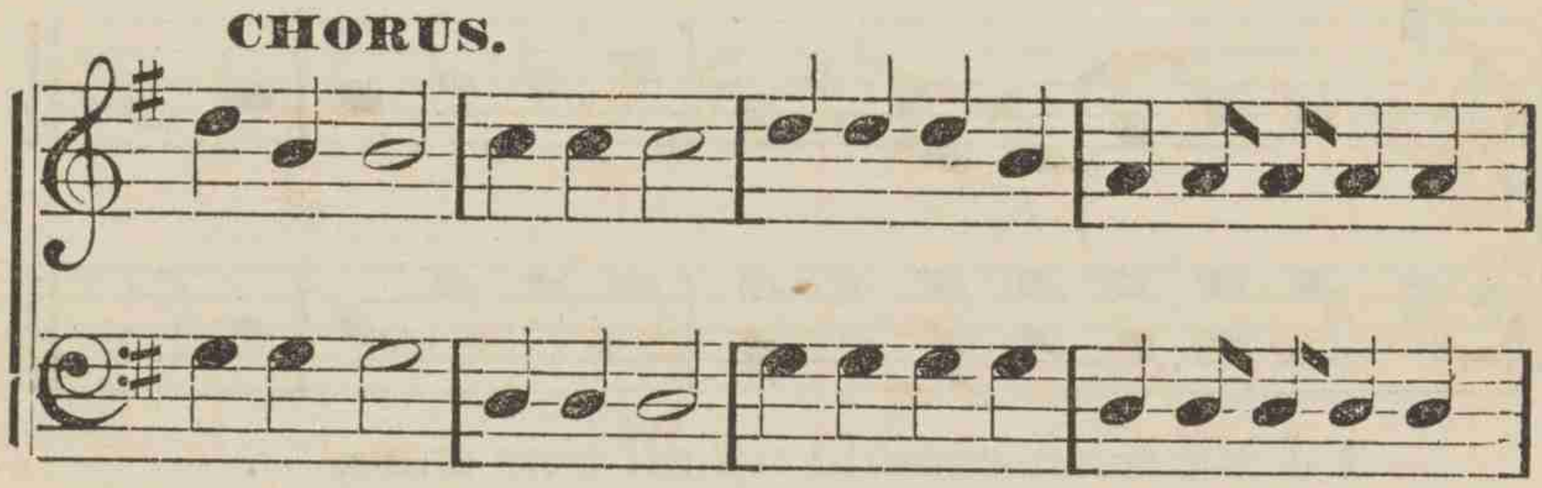
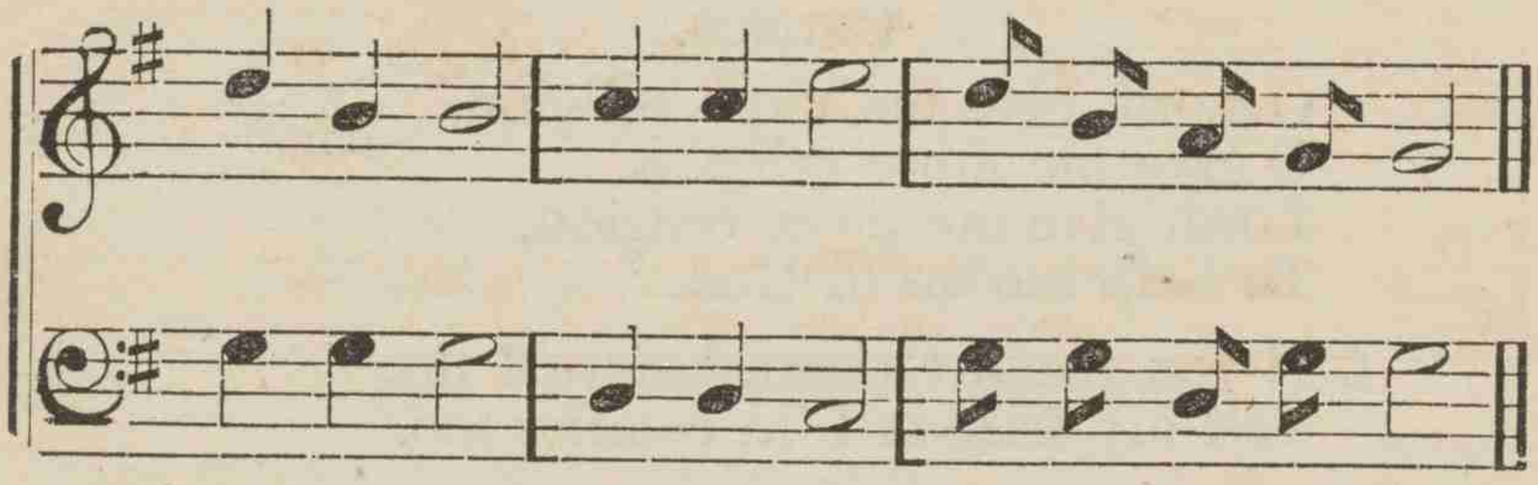
O Lord, give me more religion,
O give me more religion,
Lord, give me more religion,
To help me on to God.

2 If you reach Canaan before I do,
Tell my friends I 'm coming too.

3 I 'm sailing on through wind and tide,
In the chariot I soon shall ride.

4 Some say I 'll not make it so,
I 'll land my soul on heaven's shore.

144. Gone up Through Great Tribulations.

D. TUCKER. Rev. 7 : 14.

CHORUS.

1 WHERE is my mother gone,
Where is my mother gone,
Where is my mother gone,
Servant of the Lord?

CHORUS.

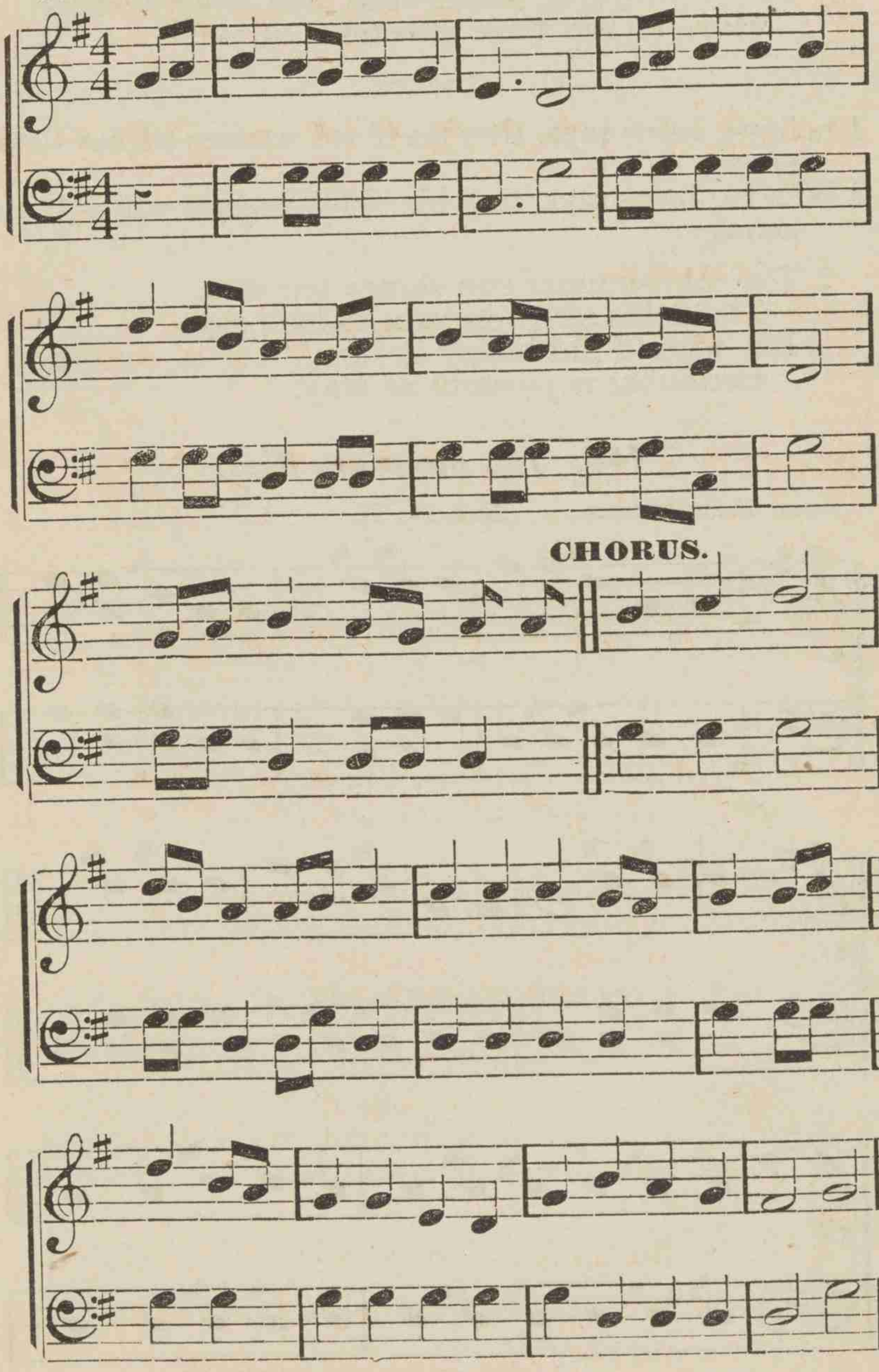
She's gone up, she's gone up,
She's gone up through great tribulations;
She's gone up, she's gone up,
Servant of the Lord.

2 Where is Elijah gone, etc.?

3 Where is my comrades gone, etc.?

4 Where is my preacher gone, etc.?

145. Washed in' Jesus Blood.

W. H. Woods. Eph. 1 : 7.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hour,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet buds, and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me.

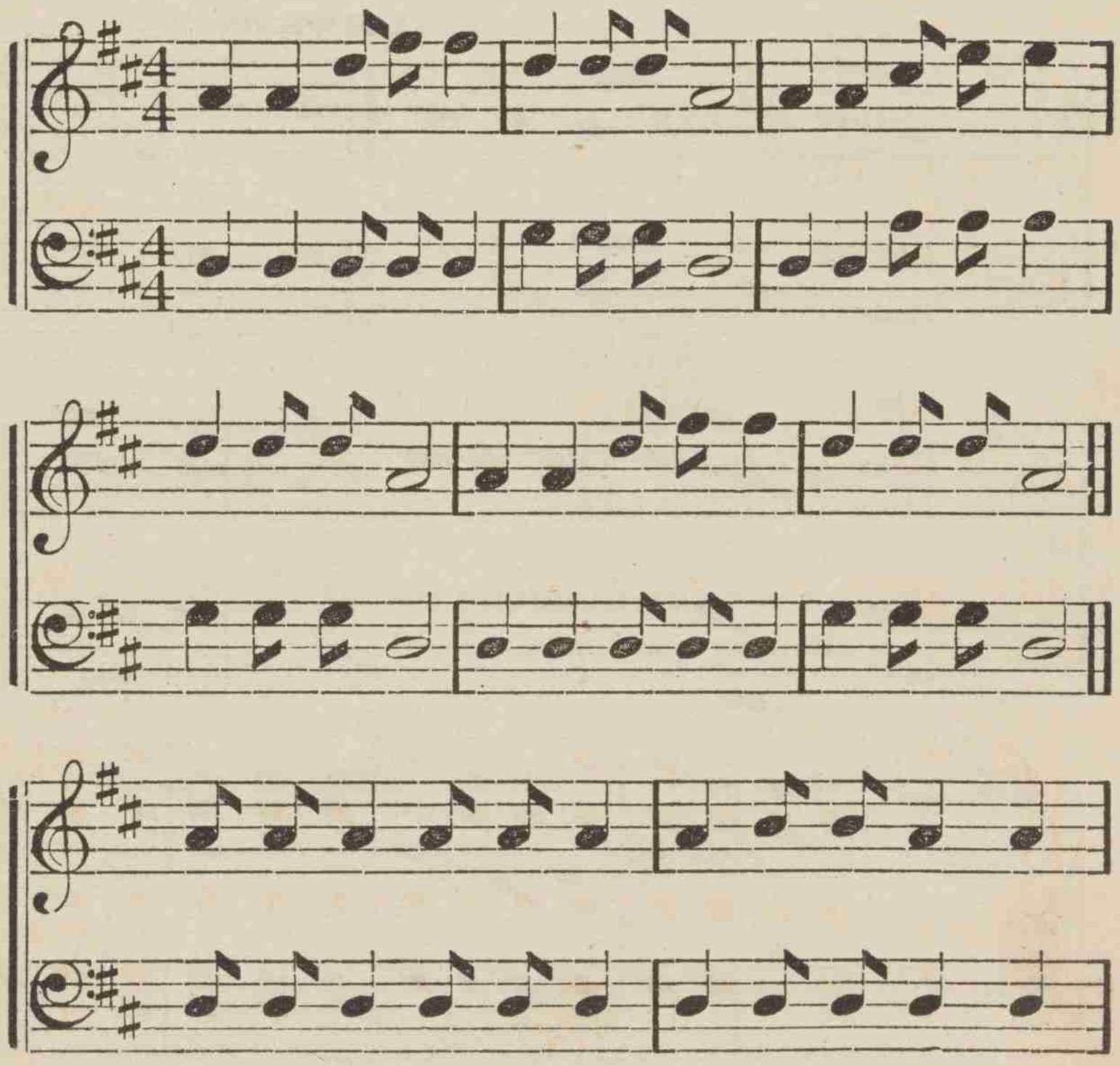
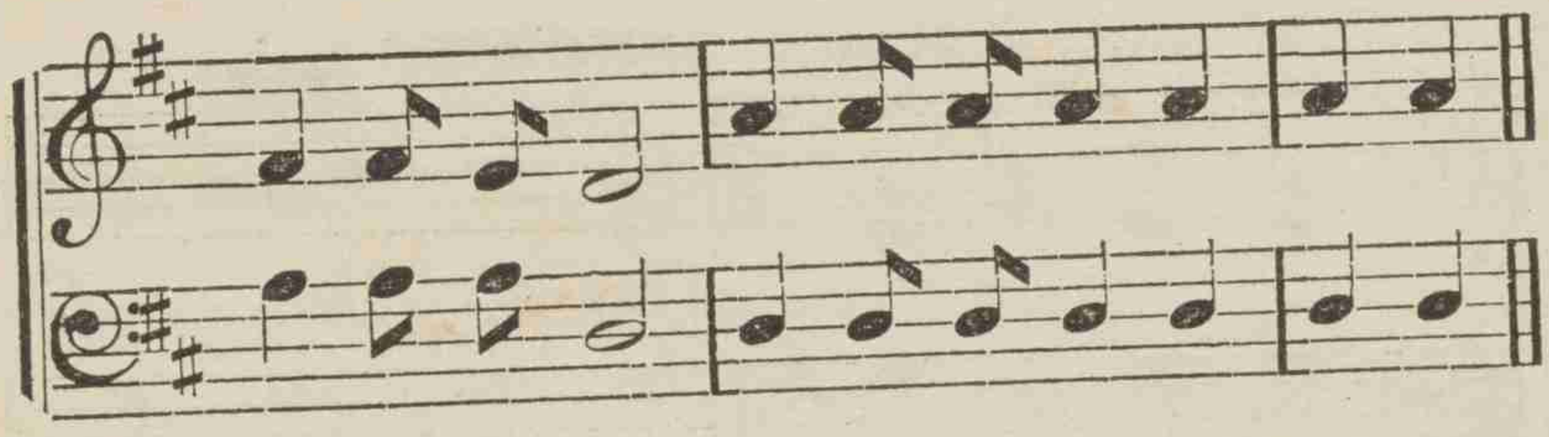
CHORUS.

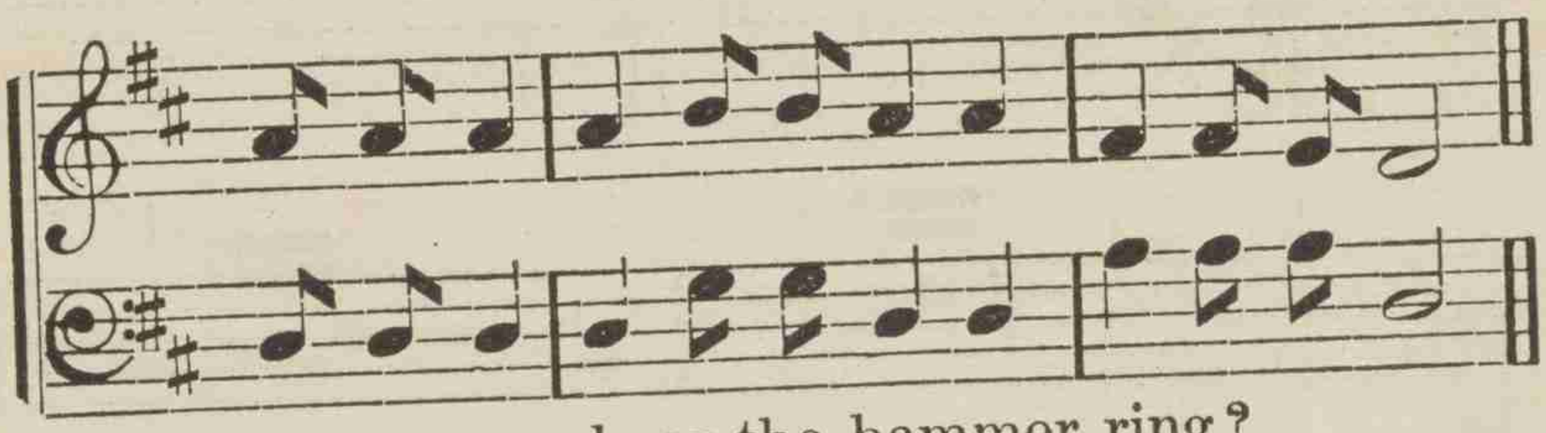
I believe, Jesus says, that his blood washes whiter than snow;
I believe, Jesus says, that his blood washes whiter than snow.

2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in him,
December is pleasent as May.

146. The Hammers Ring.

CHAS. MACPHETERS. Heb. 13: 12.





1 Did you ever hear the hammer ring?
Did you ever hear the hammer ring?
Did you ever hear the hammer ring,
When they nailed poor Jesus down?
Children, they nailed poor Jesus down;
Yes, bless the Lord, they nailed poor Jesus down;
Children, they nailed poor Jesus down.

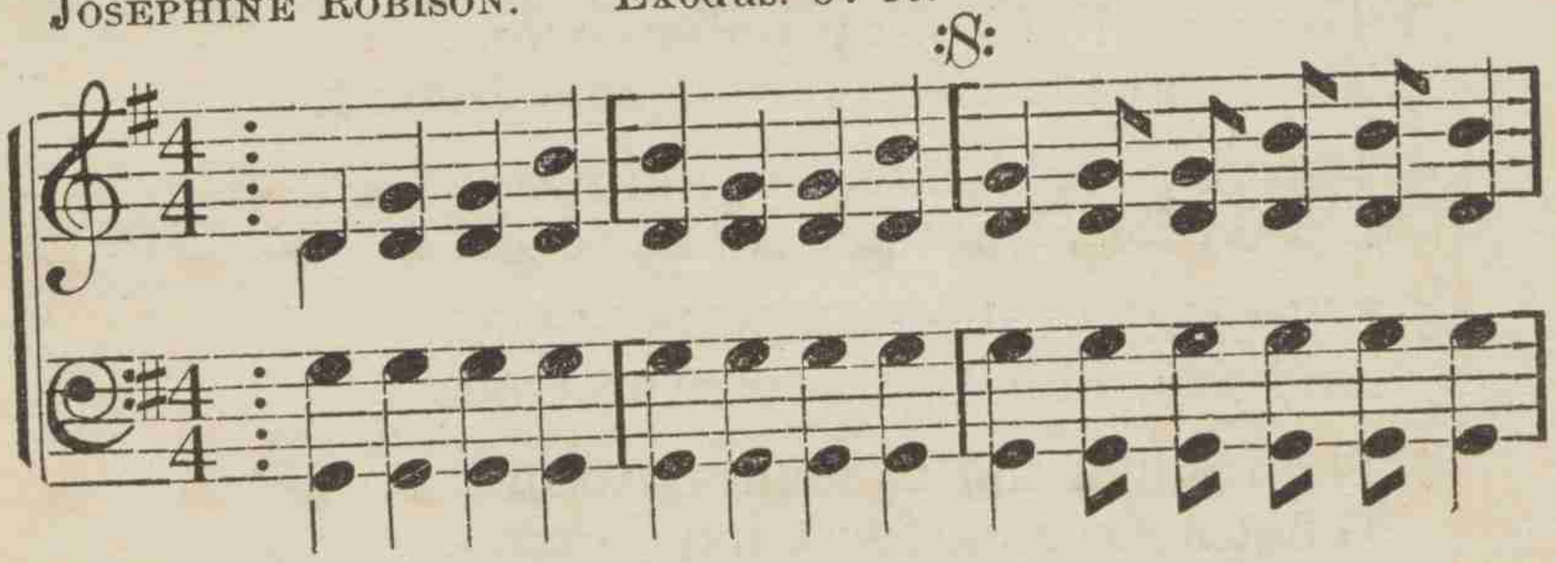
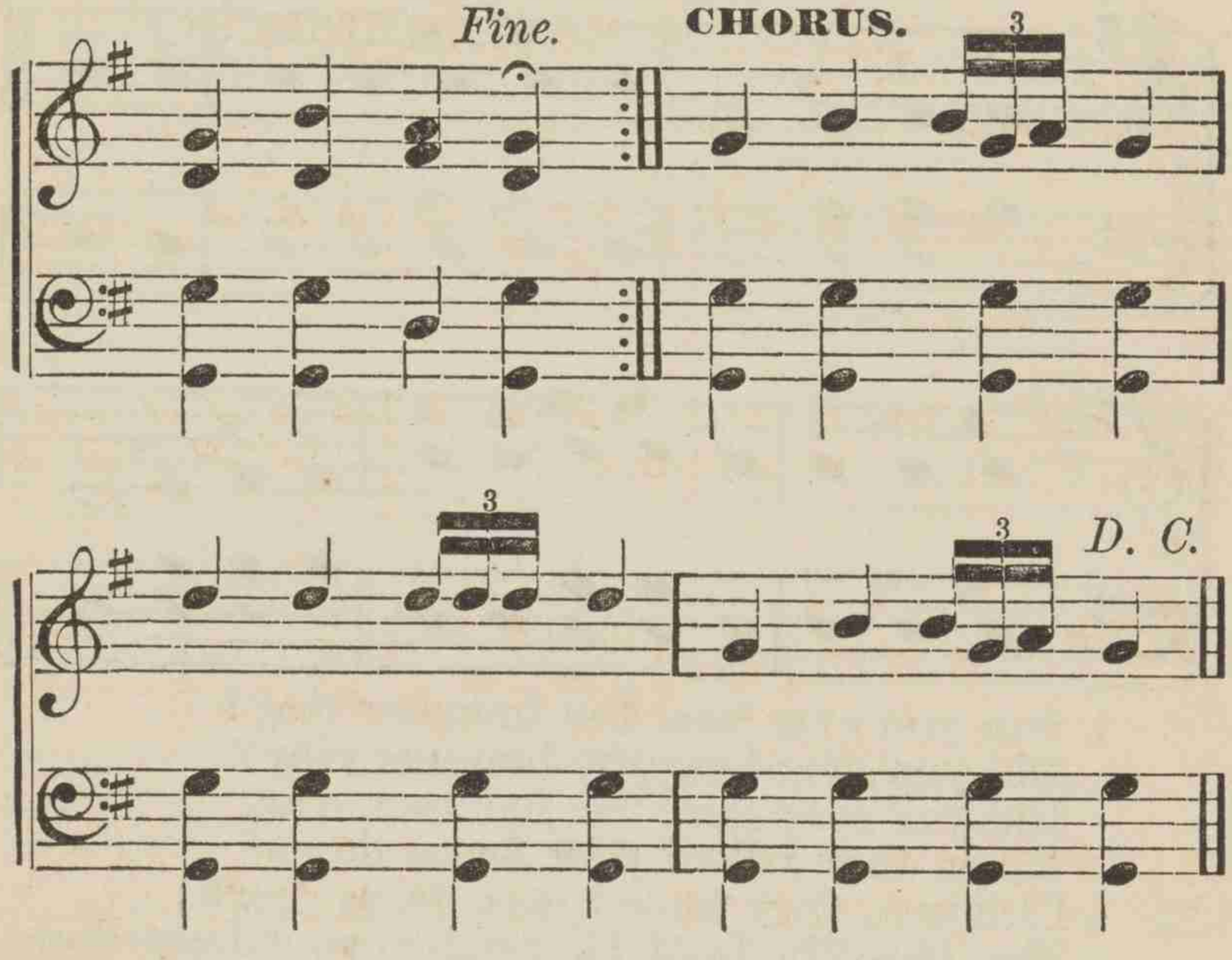
2 They nailed him to the rugged cross, etc.
They said, he should n't rise any more, etc.

3 Did you ever hear of such a man? etc.
Why he gave up his son for to die, etc.

4 He died for you and he died for me, etc.
He died for the whole round world, etc.

5 He rose on the third appointed day, etc.
He conquered death and hell.

147. *Done Took the Children Out of Pharaoh's Hand.*

JOSEPHINE ROBISON. Exodus. 3: 10.



1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
Done took the children out of Pharoah's hands;
He, whom I fix my hopes upon,
Done took the children out of Pharoah's hands.

CHORUS.

O Lord, suffering Lamb;
O Lord, suffering Lamb;
O Lord, suffering Lamb,
Done took the children out of Pharoah's hands.

2 His track I see and I 'll pursue,
The narrow way till him I view.

3 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment.

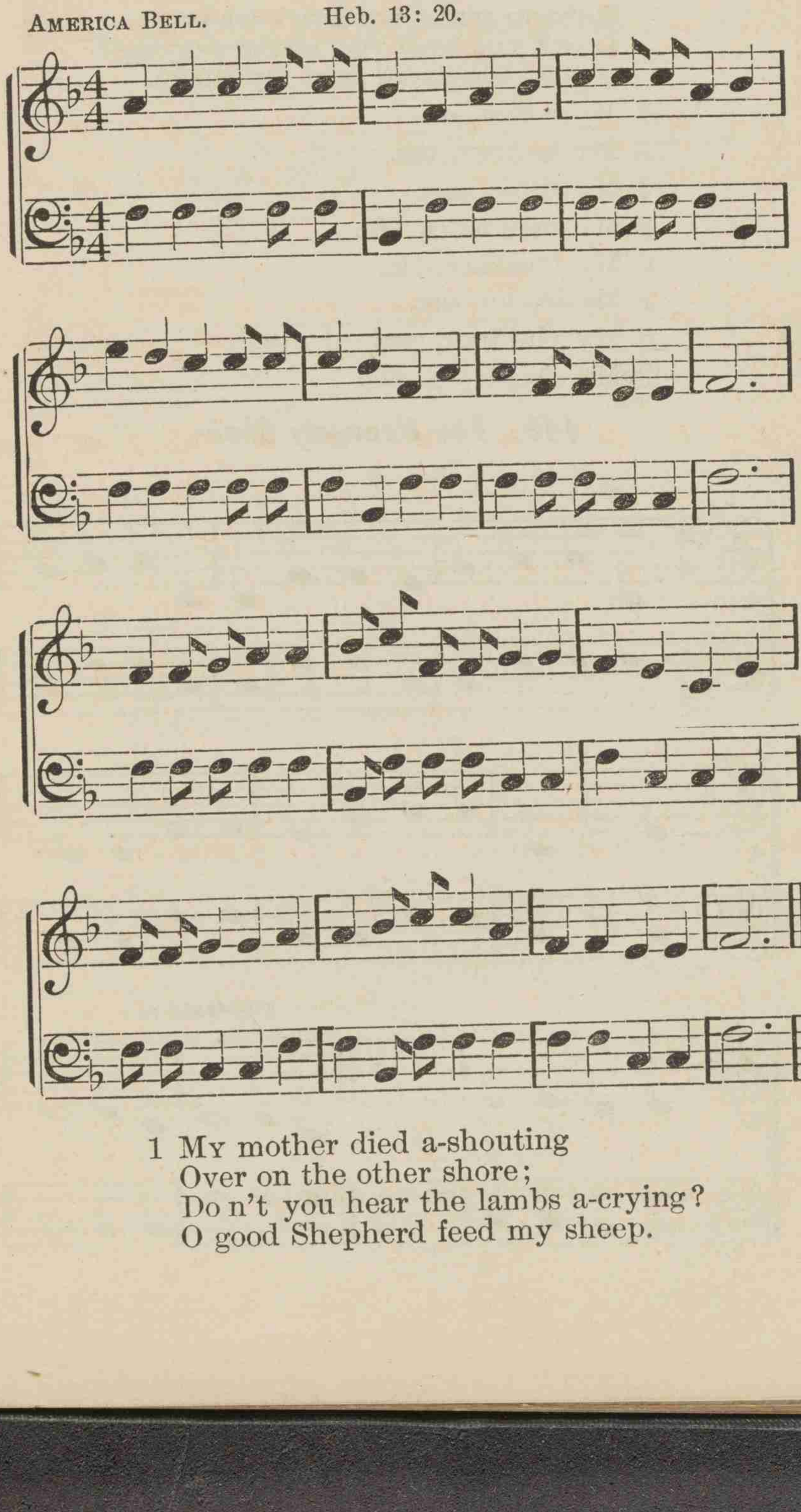
4 The King's highway of holiness,
I 'll go for all its paths are peace.

5 I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, behold the way to God.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found.

148. Shouting on the Other Shore.

AMERICA BELL. Heb. 13: 20.



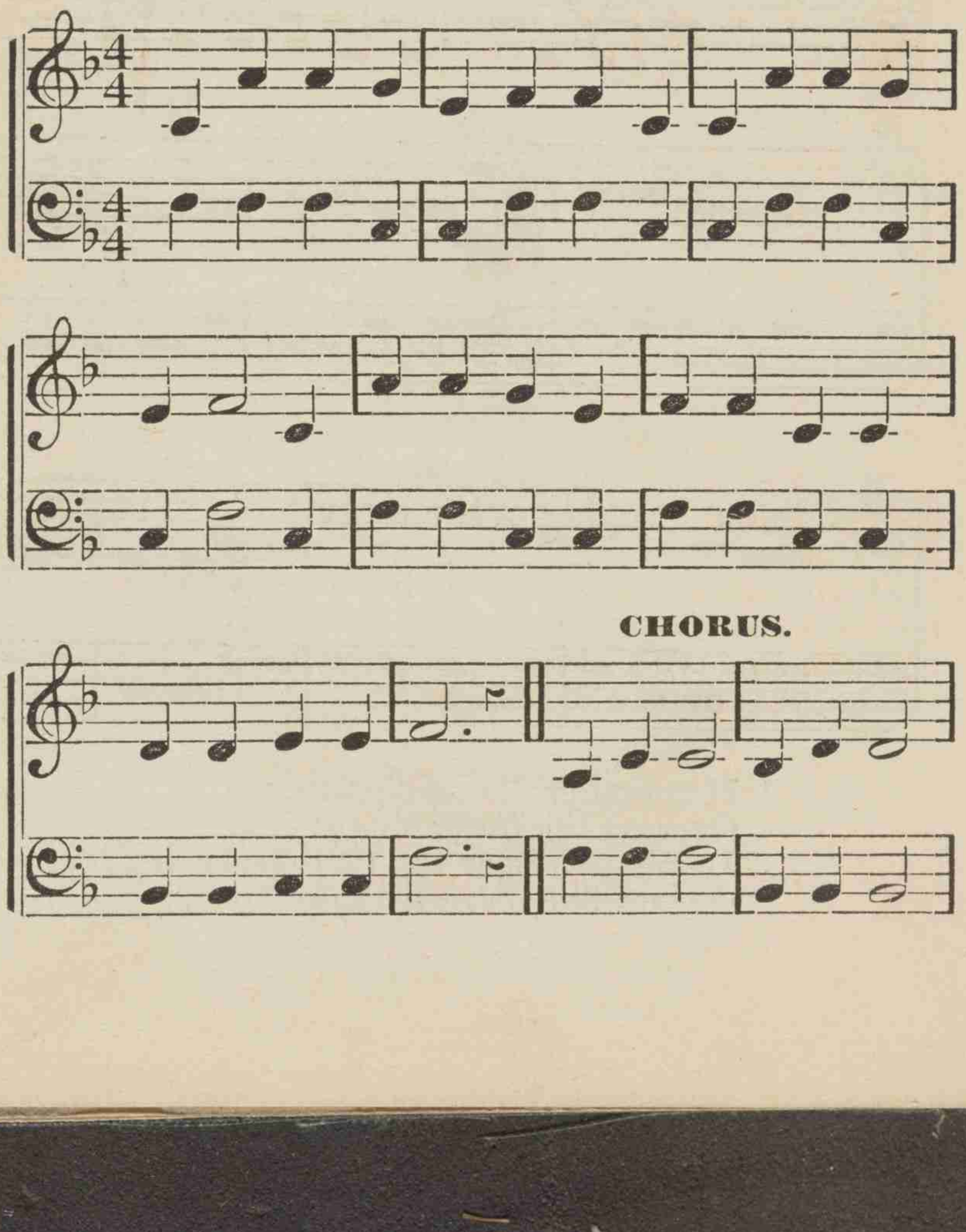
1 My mother died a-shouting
Over on the other shore;
Do n't you hear the lambs a-crying?
O good Shepherd feed my sheep.

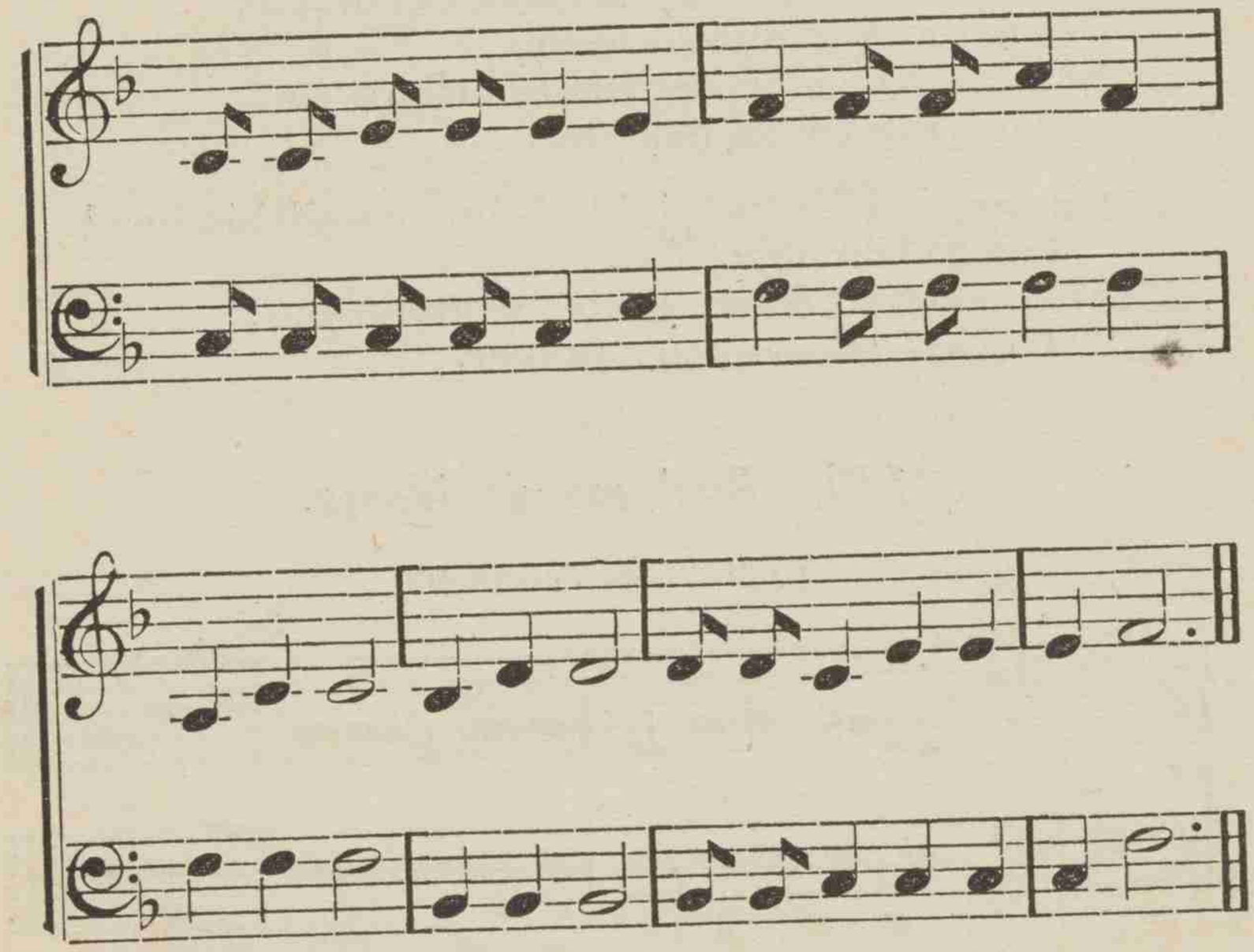
CHORUS.

Some for Paul, some for Silas,
Some to make my heart rejoice;
Don't you hear the lambs a-crying?
O good Shepherd feed my sheep.

2 My father, etc.
3 My brother, etc.
4 My sister, etc.
5 My classmates, etc.
6 My preacher, etc.
7 My leader, etc.
8 My children, etc.
9 My neighbors, etc.

149. The Heavenly Choir.

Rev. 14: 2.

CHORUS.



1 When John was by an angel led
To the bright world on high,
He saw the joys await the dead
When up to heaven they fly.

Chorus.

Yes, my Lord, yes, my Lord,
I 'm going to join the heavenly choir;
Yes, my Lord, yes, my Lord,
I 'm a soldier of the cross.

2 He saw them 'round their Father's throne,
Gazing upon his face,
Singing with harps of sweetest tone
The praises of his grace.

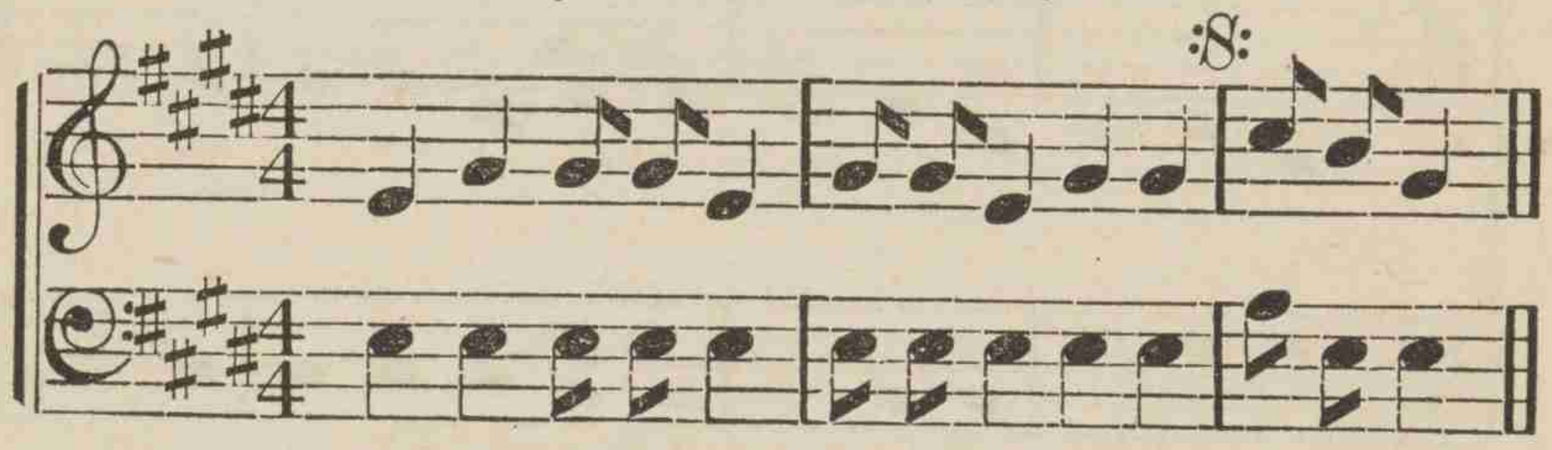
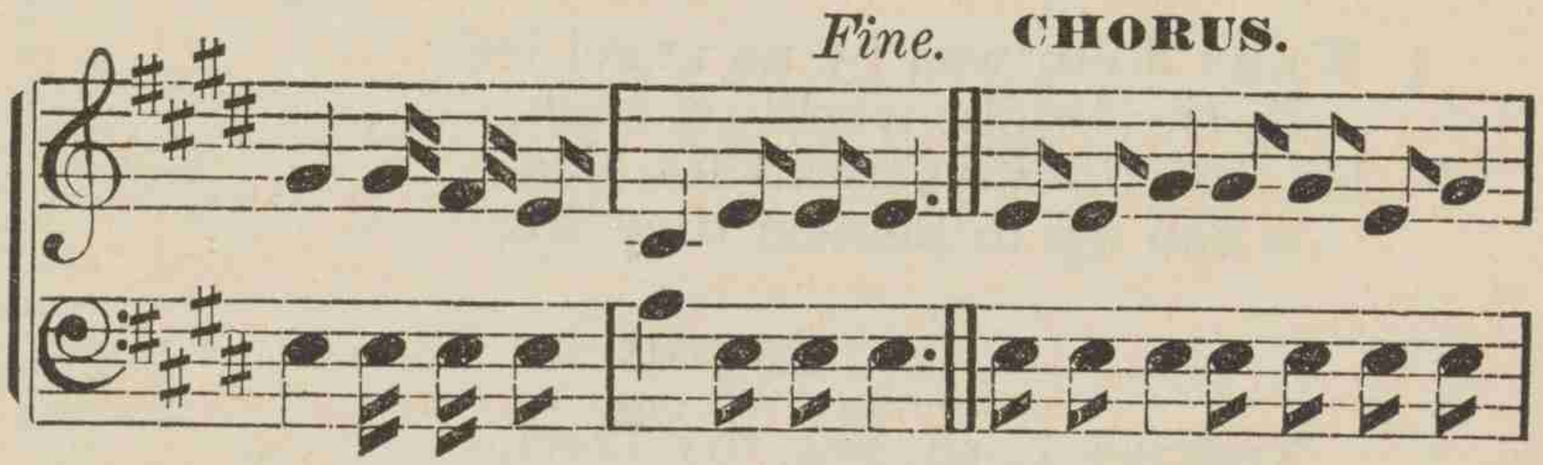
3 He saw the city where they dwelt,
Where praises can 't be told,
Her gates are richly set with pearl,
Her streets are paved with gold.

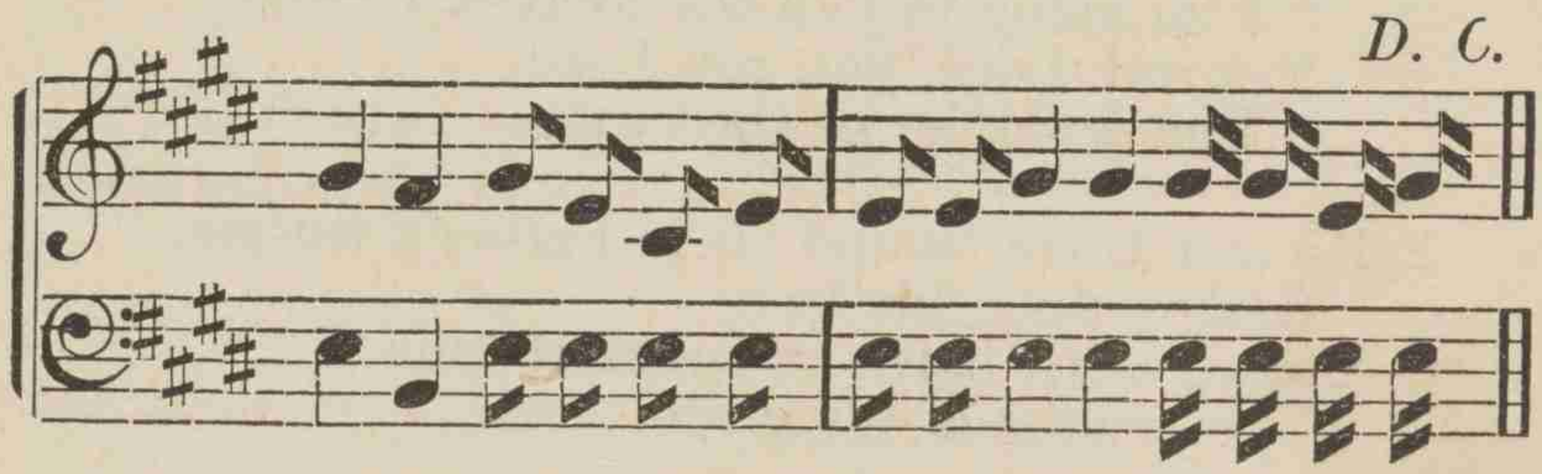
4 He saw them clothed in robes of white,
Such as the angels wear;
Shining like stars, amazing bright,
And like the angels fair.

5 Charmed with the sight, John bowed his head
Before the angel fair,
Who says to John, Do n't worship me;
To God address thy prayer.

150. Gim' me de Wings.

By Rev. Wm. Johnson.





A is for Adam,
No knowledge to win,
By Eve and the serpent
Was tempted to sin.

*Chorus.
And O, good Lord, gim' me de wings;
O Lord, gim' me de wings;
And O, good Lord, gim' me de wings;
Git up in de Chariot and trabel along.

B is for the Book,
To us the guide was given,
Written by the wise men,
The Word come from heaven.
Chorus—And O, good Lord, etc.

C is for Christ,
Nailed to the tree;
Sinner repent,
Forever might be.
Chorus—And O, good Lord, etc.

D is for dove, with the olive leaf green;
Returning to the ark in peace she was seen.
Chorus—And O, good Lord, etc.

F is for Felix, whom Paul sent away,
And desired to return at some future day.
Chorus—And O, good Lord, etc.

G is for Goliah, who fell on the plain;
By the sling of David this giant was slain.
Chorus—And O, good Lord, etc.

L is for Lydia, God opened her heart;
What he had bestowed 'twas her joy to impart.
Chorus—And O, good Lord, etc.

M is for Mary, who fed on Christ's word;
Martha, her sister, belov'd by the Lord.
Chorus—And O, good Lord, etc.

N is for Noah, with God for his guide,
Safely he sailed o'er the billowy tide.
Chorus—And O, good Lord, etc.

O is for Obadiah, the prophets to save,
Twice fifty concealed and fed in a cave.
Chorus—And O, good Lord, etc.

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*Original dialect has been retained in the chorus, but changed elsewhere. Sing at pleasure without notes.

P is for Peter who walked on the wave,
Sinking he cried, Lord I perish, O save.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

Q is for the queen from distant lands came,
Allured by the sound of King Solomon's fame.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

R is for Ruth, goes forth 'mid the sheaves,
Gleaning the ears the husbandman leaves.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

S is for Stephen, Christ's martyr, who cried
To God for his murderers, then calmly died.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

T is for Timothy, taught in his youth
To love and to study the Scriptures of truth.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

U is for Uzziah, in rashness and pride
Profaning God's altar, a leper he died.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

V is the vine, a green branch may I be,
Bearing fruit to the glory of Jesus, the tree.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

W is the widow, her two mites she gave,
And trusted to God to sustain her and save.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

X is the cross that our dear Savior bore.
O, think of his sorrows and grieve him no more.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

Y is the youth, who killed by a fall,
By a miracle wrought was recovered by Paul.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

Z is for Zoar, where Lot prayed to be.
It reminds me of Christ, a refuge for me.

CHORUS—And O, good Lord, etc.

151. Death Stole My Mother Away.

By J. H. Parker.

1 There is a time when I must die,
When death shall shake this frame;
And stand before my God on high,
When death shall shake this frame.

Chorus.

O, death stole my mother away; O, death,
Death 's going to lay his cold icy hands on me.

2 As I go down the stream of time,
When death shall shake this frame;
I'll leave this sinful world behind,
When death shall shake this frame.

Chorus—O, death stole, etc.

3 There 's no repentance in the grave,
When death shall shake this frame;
Nor pardon offered to the dead,
When death shall shake this frame.

Chorus—O, death stole, etc.

4 Hell is ready to receive,
When death shall shake this frame;
That dying man who won't believe,
When death shall shake this frame.

Chorus—O, death stole, etc.

5 O, bless the Lord, I am born to die,
When death shall shake this frame;
To stand before my God on high,
When death shall shake this frame.

Chorus—O, death stole, etc.

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152. Southern Home.

By E. W. S. Hammond.

1 I wandered very far away,
From the place where I was born,
And my poor heart has been so sad,
Dejected and forlorn;

No master kind to treat me well,
To cheer me when in pain;
I want to see the cotton fields,
And the dear old home again.

CHORUS.

O! the good old days have passed and gone,
I sigh for them in vain;
I want to see the cotton fields,
And the dear old home again.

2 I'm left all sad and lonely now,
When my days are very few;
My wife and children both are gone,
I don't know what to do;
And master, too, he may be dead,
His hair was turning gray;
O! take me to that dear old home,
Before I pass away.

CHORUS—O! the good old days, etc.

3 When I was free, I left that land,
Where the days were bright and fair,
Where missis spoke to me so kind,
Where I was loved with care,—
I left that home, no friend to find,
My heart was filled with pain;
O! take me to that good old home,
To see it once again.

CHORUS—O! the good old days, etc.

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153. Christian Warfare.

By E. W. S. HAMMOND.

1 WHEN Christ, the Lord, was here below,
Down by the river;
About the work he came to do,
Down by the river side.

CHORUS.

We will end this war,
Down by the river;
We will end this war,
Down by the river side.

2 Pilate says, "I wash my hands,
I find no fault in this good man."
CHORUS—We will end this war, etc.

3 They led him away to Pilate's bar,
But they could not condemn him there.
CHORUS—We will end this war, etc.

4 O, Mary wept and Martha cried,
When Christ, the Lord, was crucified.
CHORUS—We will end this war, etc.

5 Fishing Peter led the way,
Was nothing caught till the break of day.
CHORUS—We will end this war, etc.

6 Yes, when we camp in the middle of the air,
I hope to meet my brethren there.
CHORUS—We will end this war, etc.

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154. *Do You Think I'll Make a Soldier?*

1 Do you think I'll make a soldier, soldier?
Do you think I'll make a soldier, soldier?
Do you think I'll make a soldier, soldier?
In the year of jubilee.

CHORUS.

Rise and shine and give God the glory, glory;
Rise and shine and give God the glory, glory;
Rise and shine and give God the glory, glory,
In the year of jubilee.

2 Think I saw the mighty army, army.
CHORUS—Rise and shine, etc.

3 We are climbing Jacob's ladder, ladder.
CHORUS—Rise and shine, etc.

4 See the mighty Savior coming, coming.
CHORUS—Rise and shine, etc.

5 We are listed in the army, army.
CHORUS—Rise and shine, etc.

6 Fighting for our Master Jesus, Jesus.
CHORUS—Rise and shine, etc.

7 In the battle he will lead us, lead us.
CHORUS—Rise and shine, etc.

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155. Ring Dem Charming Bells.

By E. W. S. HAMMOND.

1 COME along, my brother, come along,
For de time is drawing near,
For de angels say dere 's nuffin to do
But to ring dem charming bells.

CHORUS.

O, to ring dem charming bells,
O, to ring dem charming bells;
For de angels say dere 's nuffin to do
But to ring dem charming bells.

2 Come along, sister Mary, come along,
For de time is drawing near,
For de angels say dere's nuffin to do
But to ring dem charming bells.

CHORUS.

3 Noon run down to de settin of de sun,
And de stars refused to shine,
An' a sinner man run to de end of de day,
An' he wished he had pray'd before.

CHORUS.

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156. Will You Go, Sinners, Go?

1 WILL you go, sinners, go,
To the highlands of heaven,
Where the storms never blow,
And the long Summer 's given;
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting,
And the leaves of the bowers,
In the breezes are flitting?

2 Where the rivers of joy
O'er the bright plains are flowing,
And our bliss ne'er shall cloy,
To that land we are going—
O, say, will you go,
And the world leave behind you?
Since its pleasures you know,
Have but dazzled to blind you.

3 Will you go to that land,
Where your friends wait to greet you?
There a beautiful band
Join with us to entreat you.
They are waiting above,
Waiting happy to hail you,
In those regions of love,
Where no ills can assail you;—

4 Where the saints robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin or dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for to-day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

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157. Consecration Hymn.

By A. Kemp.

1 My body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to thee,
A consecrated off'ring,
Thine evermore to be.

Chorus.

My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire,
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Jesus, mighty Savior,
I trust in thy great name,
I look for thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

Chorus—My all, etc.

3 O, let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble off'ring,
And cleanse and make me whole.

CHORUS—My all, etc.

4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by thy precious blood;
Now seal me by thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.

CHORUS—My all, etc.

TESTIMONIALS.

Bishop I. W. Wiley.

DEAR BROTHER TAYLOR,—Your book is all right; these songs ought to be saved, and they ought to be sung.

Dr. R. S. Rust, Cor. Secretary Freedmen's Aid Society, M. E. Church.

It is grand, I like it. Go on, Taylor. Let us sing, shout, and fight our way to glory.

Dr. Jacob Krehbiel, Ass't Editor of the Christian Apologist.

It is just the thing—the gold saved without the dross.

President J. Braden, of Central Tennessee College.

NASHVILLE, TENN., *June* 26, 1882.

REV. DR. TAYLOR: *Dear Brother*,—I have looked at the specimen pages of your proposed song and hymn book, for preserving the old melodies and songs of the colored people, especially those which had their origin when slavery existed. These songs are historic of the spiritual life of the slaves, their faith, their patience, and their hope of a coming deliverance, not only from sin and its consequences, but from the chains of that other slavery which bound the body and degraded the soul. Your effort to save them, as I understand it, is important to the future historian. Any history of slave life, and any full presentation of the moulding influences of slave character, would be very incomplete without a full presentation of their songs, and

music to which these songs were often so happily wedded. I wish you success in saving from oblivion the songs, often crude in their poetic formation; but they are diamonds in the rough.

Prof. S. W. Williams, Ass't. Book Editor, Methodist Book Concern.

It was a happy thought in Dr. Taylor to gather together the favorite rhymes and melodies of the colored people, used in the days of their slavery on plantations and in cabins. The memory of their slave life is not likely soon to perish; for, as the ancient Hebrews perpetuated the plaintive songs of their captivity, so the freedmen of the South, by this volume, will keep in mind their longings for freedom and their spiritual joys dominating over their oppressed and afflicted condition. It is a valuable contribution to the history of the colored race in America.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, Editor Christian Advocate.

NEW YORK, *August* 18, 1882.

DEAR BROTHER—Great interest is felt in these melodies. I have heard them all over the South since my boyhood. I should think that the book would sell by thousands, and that it would do good.

Prof. W. N. Stewart, Principal Col'd School, East Carondelet, Ill.

M. W. TAYLOR, D. D.,—Having carefully examined your "Standard Plantation Melodies" and songs, I take great pleasure in saying, while they remind us of the dark age through which we have already passed, they point to that higher and nobler sphere of intellectual intelligence which is crowning the heads of so many of our youths. Believing that these gems, which emanated from our forefathers, will be imbibed by the young

of our race, I bid you persevere in the well-begun work, and the ultimate result will be you shall have reared to your memory a monument broader than the pyramids of Egypt, and whose towering summit will reach the blue vault of heaven.

J. J. Holland, B. D., Pulaski, Tenn.

DEAR DR. TAYLOR,—Your book of "Plantation Melodies" meets my hearty approval; the chasteness of its diction, the variety of its selections, and the sweetness of the tunes should make it a pleasant visitor to every family, Sabbath-school, and Church in the land.

Rev. C. R. Green, P. C. A. M. E. Church, Ironton, Ohio.

I have heard and indorse Dr. Taylor's views concerning the preservation of the sacred melodies of the colored people. His book contains many of them, both of those they originated and those which they appropriated. It can not fail in the accomplishment of great good. It should be in every family and Church.

Rev. Joseph Courtney, P. C. Scott M. E. Church.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., *July* 14, 1882.

Nature sends forth her God-given powers, which is convincing the world that there is a Creator. The human family, more or less, especially in America, had and now has in a great many instances, peculiar methods of expressing their reverence for God. This peculiar method was practiced more generally among the colored people in their plantation rudeness; though not able to read, yet they served God in the way they best knew how. That way was principally by singing. Singing is a birthright inherited more or less by all na-

tions; but it seems to be a natural characteristic of the colored people. It is a sentimental expression of the spiritual warmth and vigor of the soul, an outflowing of beneficent praise to God. I am firmly convinced, after a careful examination of a few specimen forms of the song-book, "Plantation Melodies," by Rev. M. W. Taylor, D. D., that it is a book of living songs. Its complete arrangement with notes and Scripture refences, so as to meet the demands of the age, is admirable. I am of the opinion that, to a great extent, it does but voice the vocal sentiments of our mothers and fathers, who have since ceased to be and have gone to their reward. And yet we may say that they still live in these melodies, which ought to be sung by their children.

From Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, P. E. Indiana District, Lexington Conference.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *August* 16, 1882.

I am sorry I can not speak intelligently with regard to your proposed "Plantation Melodies," but my knowledge of your ability in such matters justifies me in expressing the opinion that you will supply a very urgent want in this kind of literature. I should be glad to record my testimony more fully as to the merits of your little songster, but I fear it will be in press before even this reaches you.

From Rev. Daniel Jones, P. E. Lexington District, Lexington Conference.

PARIS, KY., *August* 16, 1882.

REV. DR. TAYLOR: *Dear Sir,*—I have carefully examined the specimen pages of your song-book entitled "Plantation Melodies," and I most heartily commend it as brimful of the plaintive, quaint melody and song spirit for which our race is so truly celebrated.

The book very happily supplies a need long felt. Its original lines fairly bristle with sparkling gems, as they reveal the pathos and depth of genuine feeling that pervades the inner life, and heart, and soul of Afric's sons and daughters. In the homes of the people and in public worship it will materially help Ethiopia not only to stretch forth her hands, but help also to swell the increasing volume of the earth's rich melody as it rises and wafts itself upward toward the great white throne.

From Rev. H. W. Tate.

STEUBENVILLE, O., *Latimer Chapel, M. E. Church.*

I have examined a specimen copy of the "Plantation Melodies and Revival Songs," and am highly pleased with the work. There should be a copy in every household, because it contains the original spiritual songs of our slave parents, which is a pure specimen of their song-worship during the dark age of American slavery.

Louisville District Conference.

JERICHO, KY., *August* 30, 1882.

On motion of Revs. W. L. Muir and J. L. Perrine it was

Resolved, That we, the Louisville District Conference, indorse "Plantation Melodies," by Dr. Taylor, and will contribute all in our power to give it, as it deserves, a good sale.

Ohio District Conference.

MAYSVILLE, KY., *July* 4, 1882.

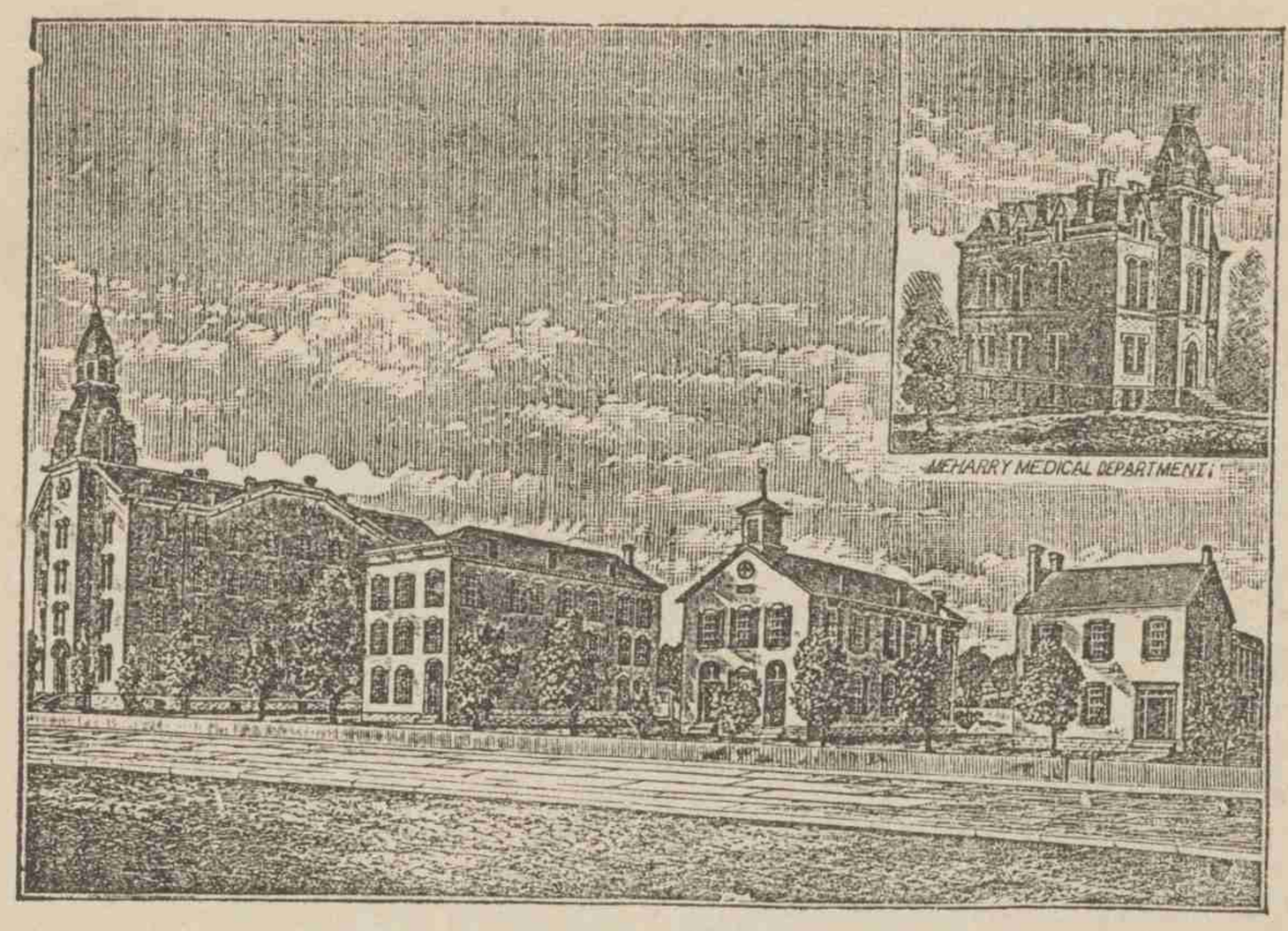
Resolved, That we have seen and heartily approve the design—plan, manner, and matter—of Dr. Taylor's new work, entitled "Standard Plantation Melodies and Revival Songs." We commend it as a useful as well

as desirable historic treasure. It should be carefully preserved and generally used because of its harmony with the feeling and sentiment of the masses of colored people.

Bowling Green District Conference.

HARTFORD, KY., *July* 22, 1882.

Resolved, That this Conference fully indorse "Plantation Melodies:" 1. Because its author is one of our own men and is entitled to our support. 2. Because he is the first colored man in this region or in the nation to undertake the publication of so costly a work as this is, alone. 3. Because the book itself merits our testimony in its favor, and we will do all in our power to give it the large circulation which it deserves among our people, and should have generally.



CENTRAL TENNESSEE COLLEGE.

THIS INSTITUTION, established in 1866, located in NASHVILLE, TENN., is under the care of the FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is open to all races. The only requirement for admission is good character. During its history it has sent out hundreds of teachers, who have taught tens of thousands of their people scattered in nearly every Southern State. Scores of Ministers have been prepared to preach intelligently the Gospel of Christ. More than thirty young men have been graduated from its Medical Department, and others are preparing in its Law School for the important duties of that profession.

THE NORMAL, ACADEMIC, PREPARATORY, SCIENTIFIC, COLLEGIATE, THEOLOGICAL, MEDICAL, LAW, and MUSICAL Departments are organized. ***Expenses***—Tuition, Board, etc., in Literary Department, $8 to $9.50 per month. Tuition in Medical and Law Schools, $30 per session. Special arrangements for Theological Students. Instrumental Music with use of Instrument, $3 per month. Vocal Music, free. Special attention is invited to the Pastor's Course in the Theological School. The aim of the instruction in all departments is to impart a Christian education, and to prepare young men and women for the practical duties of life. Further information may be obtained by addressing the President,

Rev. J. BRADEN.

NASHVILLE, TENN.