

# Roll On, O Billow of Fire

Philip Paul Bliss, 1871

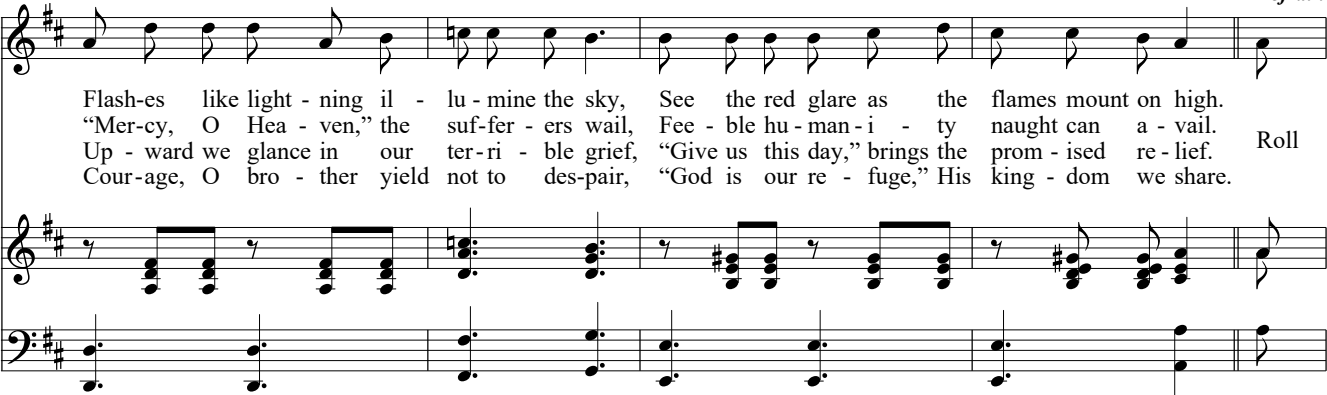
Philip Paul Bliss

$\text{♩} = 85$

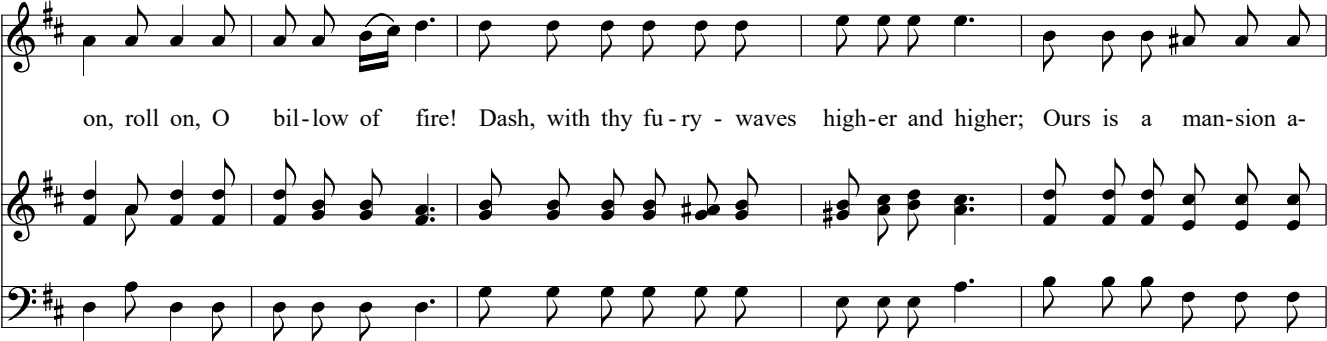


1. Hark! the a - larm, the clang of the bells! Sig - nal of dan - ger, it ris - es and swells;  
2. Oh, like a fiend in its tow - er - ing wrath, On, and de - struc - tion a - lone points the path;  
3. Thou - sands are homeless, and quick to their cry, Hea - ven - born char - i - ty yields a sup - ply;  
4. Trea - sures have vanished, and rich - es have flown, Hopes for the earth - life and blast - ed and gone;

*Refrain*



Flash - es like light - ning il - lu - mine the sky, See the red glare as the flames mount on high.  
"Mer - cy, O Hea - ven," the suf - fer - ers wail, Fee - ble hu - man - i - ty naught can a - vail. Roll  
Up - ward we glance in our ter - ri - ble grief, "Give us this day," brings the prom - ised re - lief.  
Cour - age, O bro - ther yield not to des - pair, "God is our re - fuge," His king - dom we share.



on, roll on, O bil - low of fire! Dash, with thy fu - ry - waves high - er and higher; Ours is a man - sion a -

*rit.*



- bid - ing and sure; Ours is a king - dom e - ter - nal, se - cure.

*rit.*

*rit.*