

It's Real  
Homer Cox, 1907.

O how well do I remember  
How I doubted day by day,  
For I did not know for certain  
That my sins were washed away.  
When the Spirit tried to tell me,  
I would not the truth receive;  
I endeavored to be happy  
And to make myself believe.

Refrain

But it's real, it's real!  
O I know it's real  
Praise God, the doubts are settled,  
For I know, I know it's real!

When the truth came close and searching,  
All my joys would disappear,  
For I did not have the witness  
Of the Spirit bright and clear.  
If at times the coming judgment  
Would appear before my mind,  
O it made me so uneasy,  
For God's smile I could not find.

Refrain

When the Lord sent faithful servants  
Who would dare to preach the truth,  
How my heart did so condemn me  
As the Spirit gave reproof!  
Satan said at once, "Twill ruin  
You now to confess your state;  
Keep on working and professing,  
And you'll enter Heaven's gate."

Refrain

But at last I tired of living  
Such a life of fear and doubt,  
For I wanted God to give me  
Something I would know about,  
So the truth would make me happy  
And the light would clearly shine,  
And the Spirit gave assurance  
That I'm His and He is mine.

Refrain

So I prayed to God in earnest,  
And not caring what folks said.  
I was hungry for the blessing;  
My pour soulit must be fed.  
Then at last by faith I touched Him  
And, like sparks from smitten steel,  
Just so quick salvation reached me.  
O bless God, I know it's real!

Refrain