

The Conqueror's Tread

Florence Potter, 1902.

R. E. McNeill.

Oh, glory to God! Hallelujah to Jesus!
I'm living in Canaan, the blood sanctifies.
I'm shouting the victory, while still pressing forward,
And onward, and upward, as time swiftly flies,
Temptations are many and trials are plenty,
But Jesus is with me, I'm never alone;
The Comforter fills me, my soul feels the glory,
I'm thrilled and enraptured and journeying home.

I've peace like a river, beyond understanding,
My soul is o'erflowing by day and by night;
I never before could believe for such victory
While pressing the battle down here in the fight.
The waters are wild and the sea rough and stormy,
The rocks often threaten my soul, tempest tossed;
The Spirit of Jesus is out on the waters,
He stilleth their fury till safely I've crossed.

Let all praise the Lord, for His goodness and mercy,
He's more to me now than the loved ones of yore;
Surprising me daily with fresh gifts from Heaven,
His kingly provision is mine more and more.
The enemy roars and attempts to destroy me,
His plans newly laid are awaiting each day.
A pilgrim, a stranger, I face His revilings,
Rejoice in the furnace and shout on my way.

I sing and I shout, and endeavor to tell it,
Rejoice when I think what He's done for my soul;
I'm glad I can witness, oh glory to Jesus!
But nothing expresses the raptures that roll.
The righteous may "smite me," I deem it "a kindness,"
Rebukes I can bear, they "will not break my head";
I've put on the "armor," and Christ fights my battles,
While I in my soul, feel the Conqueror's tread.