Searchlight Songs

No. 7.



COMPOSED BY

VIOLA T. RICHARDSON,

SINGING EVANGELIST

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRICE, 25 CENTS

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SEARCHLIGHT SONGS

No. 7

COMPOSED BY



VIOLA T. RICHARDSON,

The Singing Evangelist

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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STEAMSHIP TITANIC

See the grand Titanic steaming at the dock,
The people crowded on her, death was watching the flock.
He carries his mowing scythe, he's taken a thousand lives,
Death laid his icy hands on them.

CHORUS.

Death laid his icy hands on them,
Death laid his icy hands on them.
Save me, save me, she is going down,
Death laid his icy hands on them.

Be ye also ready, we don't know the time,
The steamship was speeding, death was on the line.
Sinners died screaming, we're on the wheel of time,
Death laid his icy hands on them.

Their heaven was on that vessel, they never feared God.
They said that boat would never sink she was made too broad;
The icebergs came on floating down to show the power of God,
Death laid his icy hands on them.

When the boiler bursted they were tortured on the spot,
Oh, Lord, have mercy, this water is awful hot;
It cooked them to the bone, they prayed for death to come,
Death laid his icy hands on them.

God is high over all we had better fear him,
He walks about the sea his eyes are on sin,
Death lurks in every flower he is known all around;
Death laid his icy hands on them.

Some had the keys of heaven the Lord will answer prayer,
He sent the guarding angel to stand upon the air,
He brought some safe to land I'm a witness for that man,
Death laid his icy hands on them.

The screams of the dying will never be forgot,
If some reach a hundred they will never forget the spot;
We've got to hear the call, death's coming for us all,
Death laid his icy hands on them.

Oh, ministers of the Gospel preach holiness unto God,
And live accordingly then sinners will follow God;
Don't stop to pick any flowers but turn the light on sin,
Death laid his icy hands on them.

When she leaned towards her side hope was entirely gone,
The screams of the dying will never be forgot;
The captain threw up both hands and walked towards the stern,
We've done our very best we'll leave God with the Rest,

After the vessel went under you couldn't hear a sound,
The hearse ship draped in mourning the sea their burying ground;
Farewell, no more to see them till Gabriel's trumpet shall sound.
Death laid his icy hands on them.

Composed by VIOLA T. RICHARDSON,

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RAM

SPORTING LIFE

Sporting life will kill you, its too hard on your frame,
It's moving you to the graveyard, your champion just the same;
Your soul belongs to Satan unless you turn to God
And let him save your soul from sin and spread the news abroad.

CHORUS.

Look not upon the wine when it's red,
Look not upon the wine when its red;
When it moves itself aright it biteth like a serpent,
Look not upon the wine when it's red.

And when you are paid on Saturday night, liquor is the first on your mind,
It makes you church members swear and fight and God is left behind.
You better go to praying, a prodigal son left home,
And if you want to live the life you'll let that drink alone.

You fill the young girls up with wine, then when you try to wed
There are but few that you can trust, they are so easy led;
It makes them bold and loud to speak, so that young men are ashamed,
Although they drink the wine with you, they wouldn't own your name.

That morning when you left home bidding your father good-by,
Mother stood in the cottage door with tears in her eyes;
She watched the train pull out, then mother she broke down,
I'm afraid my child will stray in that beautiful town.

But when she reached the town the first thing took her eye,
Mother's prayers were forgot, father didn't get a line,
She got wrapped up in style and began to go astray,
Although she didn't leave the church, but that's the hardest way.

One day her money all gave out, her friends began to fail,
Mary and John never come any more she couldn't buy any ale.
Consumption it had seized her from drinking so much rum,
I'll never dance or play any cards, I wish I had never begun.

Let me plead with you, my friends, as one who loves your soul,
Sin has got the best of you, it's got your religion ice cold;
You better turn and live the life and fill some empty pew,
And ask my Lord to fix you right, and bring you shouting through.

Your mother was a light down in the old home church,
Day and night she prayed to God to strip her for the race;
Oh, now she shot the gulf, died in the holy faith,
She left her footprints on the sand that can never be erased.

Composed by VIOLA T. RICHARDSON,

LEANING ON THE LORD

My soul shouted glory when I come out of the Wilderness,
Come out of the Wilderness, come out of the Wilderness.
My soul shouted glory when I come out of the Wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.

CHORUS.

I'm leaning on the Lord, I'm leaning on the Lord;
I'm leaning on the Lord who died on Calvary.

I mourned awful hard when I come out of the Wilderness,
Come out of the Wilderness, come out of the Wilderness.
I mourned awful hard when I come out of the Wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.

I saw the light when I come out of the Wilderness,
Come out of the Wilderness, come out of the Wilderness.
I saw the light when I come out of the Wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.

My chains fell off when I come out of the Wilderness,
Come out of the Wilderness, come out of the Wilderness;
My chains fell off when I come out of the Wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.

I died to sin when I come out of the Wilderness,
Come out of the Wilderness, come out of the Wilderness;
I died to sin when I come out of the Wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.

I loved everybody when I come out of the Wilderness,
Come out of the Wilderness, come out of the Wilderness;
I loved everybody when I come out of the Wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.

He told me to run when I come out of the Wilderness,
Come out of the Wilderness, come out of the Wilderness;
He told me to run when I come out of the Wilderness,
Leaning on the Lord.
Addition by VIOLA T. RICHARDSON, Singing Evangelist.

HE TOUCHED MY TONGUE WITH A LIVE COAL

I have got my sword, I have got it in my hand.
He touched my tongue with a live coal,
And with this sword I'll reach heaven-land.
He touched my tongue with a live coal.

CHORUS.

Oh, he touched my tongue; yes, he touched my tongue;
Oh, he touched my tongue, he touched my tongue, with a live coal.

I want to do right while I stay on this earth;
He touched my tongue with a live coal.
If I don't I will never see God's face.
He touched my tongue with a live coal.

It was on the day of Pentecost
He touched my tongue with a live coal.
They all were filled with the Holy Ghost.
He touched my tongue with a live coal.

We all have to come over in Canaan Land,
He touched my tongue with a live coal.
It is true the earth will never stand,
He touched my tongue with a live coal.

Without any money, without any price,
He touched my tongue with a live coal.
I can trust Jesus with my life.
He touched my tongue with a live coal.

We invite you over in Canaan Land,
He touched my tongue with a live coal.
Oh, the fruit over here is grand,
He touched my tongue with a live coal.

This Gospel will suit every one in the house,
He touched my tongue with a live coal.
It will hold some down and let some shout,
He touched my tongue with a live coal.

Jesus burns up sin of every kind,
He touched my tongue with a live coal,
And moves the Christians inside of the line,
He touched my tongue with a live coal.

Composed by VIOLA T. RICHARDSON,

THE POWER CHANGED ME

I am not the same person that I used to be,
The Power changed me, the Power changed me.
I got on the altar and he sanctified me,
I know he has made a change.

CHORUS.

I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God,
The Power changed me, the Power changed me,
That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice,
I'm sure it will make a change.

My, no harm sins began to canker on me,
The Power changed me, the Power changed me,
I talked right with God till he set my soul free,
I know he has made a change.

I died mighty hard but I died outright,
The Power changed me, the Power changed me,
When he picked my stone of stumbling up I crossed Jordan right,
I'm glad he has made a change.

I'm living in my Canaan of perfect love on earth,
The power changed me, the Power changed me.
I can fight the enemy through God's grave,
I'm sure he has made a change.

I never was so humble in all my life before,
The Power changed me, the Power changed me.
I'm praying every day for God to keep me pure,
I know prayer will keep me changed.

I walk like a Christian wherever I go,
The power changed me, the Power changed me.
Jesus washed my heart as white as snow,
I'm changed, I'm changed, I'm changed.

Composed by VIOLA T. RICHARDSON,

HIS FEET'S LIKE POLISHED BRASS.

We've had a tedious journey, a tiresome one its true,
But see how many dangers the Lord has brought usthrough

Chorus.

His feet like polished brass,
His eyes as flames of fire,
His hair as white as any lamb's wool,
His voice as the sound of waters.

John was in the spirit on the Lord's day,
He heard the voice of a trumpet telling him to turn that way.

He heard the voice that spake to him and saw the candlesticks,
Fear not, John, I'm coming to get my business fixed.

They put John on the island and thought he would starve to death,
But oh, the Holy Spirit came down with the witness.

The God I serve delivers, he will bring you to the told,
He never lost a battle the half can never be told.

Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hears my voice,
And opens his heart unto me I'll make his soul rejoice.

Addition by Viola T. Richardson

THE OLD JERUSALEM BLADE

When I was a sinner conviction made me cry
I mourned between the porch and the altar,
Till I thought I surely would die.
Jesus stopped business in heaven and said, behold, she prays.

CHORUS.

Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed,
Since ye believed, since ye believed;
Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed,
Have you been baptized with the fire?

Jesus waited and listened till I caught faith, then he sent an angel down;
It was Gabriel or Michael or saint, clear he turned me, clear around.
Put on my gospel sandals, placed my staff in my hand,
And told me to climb the mountains to heaven, beautiful land.

I had given up my pride and malice and God had washed my heart,
I gave up all my trifling before he would take any part.
I'll never go back in Egypt for the leeks and onions
To feed the gospel so rich in Canaan it keeps me on my knees.

I had been a Christian for some time but could not reach the place,
I could see I needed the power and overcoming grace.
I fell on my knees to Jesus, he prayed his father to come,
He baptized me with fire, it put me on the run.

You will never grow into this power, you strip to run this race, race,
You tarry at Jerusalem for the sanctifying grace;
And when this power comes down on you even your Christian friends,
They'll help the people to laugh at you and say you're near your end.

There is no need of being so holy, just look at them how they shout;
They terrify my spirit, they'll drive the devil out.
My sight has gotten cloudy, my soul is covered with sin,
The door of the temple is broken off, and Satan has just walked in.

Some people never say their prayers when it's time to retire,
They would rather start a fuss and quarrel a half an hour.
They don't believe in holiness, that path is most too straight,
But you can't make it to heaven at your poor dying rate.

I was a Christian at one time but I've taken lodgers in,
I laughed and idled away my time, I went on back in sin,
I got to going to the opera house, I loved to take my wine,
I thought I must be up to date in this enlightened time.

When the invitation is given you better listen well
And throw your hands up to God while your body is well.
You can't depend on death-bed grace when you have to pray,
When death is staring you in the face he takes your mind away.

For hell is still burning for sinners that won't repent,
And Christians that won't live the life are doomed to banishment.
The scaffold, always ready, the cord of sin is strong,
The trap is on the devil's ground, the pale horse will rush you down.

When the death angel serves the warrant and my eyes are getting dim,
He'll glorify my spirit and will enter in.
I'll go from mansion to mansion, see Jesus on his throne,
He'll present me to his Father, then I'll hear the words, well done.

Composed by VIOLA T. RICHARDSON,

DROWNING IN YOUR SINS.

Sinners will you come to the anxious seat?
Drowning in your sins,
You'll get religion if you will repent,
Drowning in your sins.

Chorus.

Jesus said try me and prove me,
I'll open a window above and pour you out such blessings,
I'll drench you in perfect love.

Consumption is walking right in your tracks,
Drowning in your sins,
Death is waiting to bring you back,
Drowning in your sins.

Perfect love will cast out fear,
Drowning in your sins,
Fear has torment if your heart's not clear,
Drowning in your sins.

Some mother is crying about her son,
Drowning in your sins,
Standing on the corners and drinking this rum,
Drowning in his sins.

Some mother's has daughters that will not mind,
Drowning in their sins,
They go in company of any kind,
Drowning in their sins.

You laugh at the Christians and think it smart,
Drowning in your sins,
We pray God will touch your heart,
Drowning in your sins.

We're warching the waves, you're too far out,
Drowning in your sins,
The life guards are waiting to rescue now,
Drowning in your sins.

Composed by Viola T. Richardson

I'LL NEVER COME HERE NO MORE.

Low Christian, low, low is the way,
The way to get to heaven by faith and humble prayer.

Chorus

As soon as my feet strikes Zion,
And the lamps all lit on the shore,
I'll bid old hell a long farewell,
I'll never come here no more.

Low backslider, low, low is the way,
The way to get to heaven by faith and humble prayer.

Low sinner, low, low is the way,
The way to get to heaven by faith and humble prayer.

Low mourner, low, low is the way,
The way to get to heaven by faith and humble prayer.

Low preacher, low, low is the way,
The way to get to heaven by faith and humble prayer.

Low mother, low, low is the way,
The way to get to heaven by faith and humble prayer.

Low hypocrite, low, low is the way,
The way to get to heaven by faith and humble prayer.

Low doubter, low, low is the way,
The way to get to heaven by faith and humble prayer.

Addition by Viola T. Richardson

DON'T TAKE EVERY BODY FOR YOUR FRIEND.

There are so many people who say they are your friend,
They will come to your face stand, talk and grin,
But soon as you and them depart they will drive a dagger to
your heart,
So don't take everybody for your friend.

Chorus.

Don't take every body for your friend,
Don't take every body for your friend,
Some who say they are your friends will go and
scandalize your name,
So don't take everybody for your friend.

They will invite you to their house and they will eat with you,
And by their smiles you will think they are so true,
But soon as you leave their door they will disgrace you as you
go,
So don't take every body or your friend.
There are some people I will tell you what they will do,
They will declare before the Lord they think so much of you,
Soon as your back is turned your name they will try to ruin,
So don't take every body for your friend.

So you better watch everybody for you don't know your friends
They will come to your face stand, talk and grin,
As soon as you bid them good-bye they will run from door to
door and lie,
So don't take everybody for your friend.

The peace and satisfaction is all gone from your homes,
The wife or husband so devilish they cannot get along,
Just fall on your knees and pray God will take all malice away:
Don't take everybody for your friend.

Additional by Viola T. Richardson

JESUS WRITTEN DOWN MY NAME.

Rise, Christians rise, and don't be ashamed,
Jesus Christ the lamb of God,
Written down my name one morning,
He written down my name one morning,
He written down my name.

Rise, backslider, rise and don't be ashamed,
Jesus Christ the lamb of God,
Written down my name in the heavens,
He written down my name in the heavens,
He written down my name.

Rise, sinner, rise, don't be ashamed,
Jesus Christ the lamb of God,
Written down my name with a gold pen,
He written down my name with a gold p
He written down my name.

Rise, sisters, rise, and don't be ashamed,
Jesus Christ the lamb of God,
Written down my name on the lamb's book,
He written down my name on the lamb's book,
He written down my name.

Rise, believer, rise, and don't be ashamed,
Jesus Christ the lamb of God,
Written down my name in a white stone,
He written down my name in a white stone,
He written down my name.

Rise sceptic, rise, and don't be ashamed,
Jesus Christ the lamb of God,
Written down my name, baptized me,
He written down my name, baptized me,
He written down my name.

Addition by Viola T. Richardson

LISTEN TO THE SAVIOUR.

Listen what the Saviour says I am the truth the way,
And sinner if you call on him he'll hear you
When you pray, pray, hear you when you pray.

The Bible calls you will not come, nor bow on your knees to pray,
Saying in your heart there is no God,
I'll prove it in the judgment day, day,
We'll prove it in the judgment day.

Sinner you may think it's strange because I sing so bold,
Enlisted soldier for the battle-field with glory in my soul soul, with glory in my soul.

Sinners you may walk along and waste away your time,
But God says to Michael soon go down,
He drew the dividing line, line, he drew the dividing line.

Christ calls the crippled and the lame, the leper, deaf and dumb,
Their power in the mighty man, he's God Almighty, son, son, he's God Almighty's son.

The gospel ship she's coming along, I hear her whistle,
Blow quick, get on board, draw in the plank,
We're all for Canaan shore, shore, we're all for Canaan shore.

Sinners you may scorn God's grace but yet you have to die,
And if you don't give up your sins in hell you sure will lie, lie, in hell you sure will lie.

Death is riding through the land taking the young and old,
The crape is hanging on the doors inviting you to the fold, fold, inviting you to the fold.

Addition by Viola T. Richardson

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN SEES A HARD TIME.

Motherless children sees a hard time when mother is dead,
Motherless children sees a hard time when mother is dead,
They don't have no where to go only walk from door to door,
Motherless children have a hard time when mother is dead.

Father can't do like mother did when mother is dead,
Father can't do like mother did when mother is dead,
Father will do the best he can but he just don't understand,
Motherless children sees a hard time when mother is dead.

Jesus has said I'll be your mother when mother is dead,
Jesus has said I'll be your mother when mother is dead,
Jesus said if you do right you can walk with me in white,
Motherless children sees a hard time when mother is dead.

Friends won't treat you like your mother when mother is dead,
Friends won't treat you like your mother when mother is dead
They will say what they will do but they turn their back on you
Motherless children sees a hard time when mother is dead.

Jesus has promised to lead you along when mother is dead,
Jesus has promised to lead you along when mother is dead,
Though this world may toss you about like a ship out on the sea,
Jesus has promised to lead you along when mother is dead.

Sometimes they cry for bread to eat when mother is dead,
Sometimes the shoes is off their feet when mother is dead,
They can't work when they are small they have to beg for help that's all,
Motherless children sees a hard time when mother is dead.

Jesus is all the mother we need when mother is dead,
Jesus is all the mother we need when mother is dead,
He will help us while we live, give us a home in heaven he said,
Jesus is all the mother we need when mother is dead.

Addition by Viola T. Richardson

WE HAVE COME A SINNER HUNTING

I'll lose my life for Jesus, don't you get weary,
I'll lose my life for Jesus, don't you get weary,
I'll lose my life for Jesus, don't you get weary,
Great camp meeting in the promised land.

Chorus.

Clap your hands, children, don't you get weary,
Clap your hands, children, don't you get weary,
Clap your hands, children, don't you get weary,
Great camp meeting in the promise land.

We have come a sinner hunting, don't you get weary,
We have come a sinner hunting, don't you get weary,
We have come a sinner hunting, don't you get weary,
Great camp meeting in the promise land.

A dying day is coming, don't you get weary,
A dying day is coming, don't you get weary,
A dying day is coming, don't you get weary,
Great camp meeting in the promised land.

He sanctified me holy, don't you get weary,
He sanctified me holy, don't you get weary,
He sanctified me holy, don't you get weary,
Great camp meeting in the promise land.

And baptized me with the fire, don't you get weary,
And baptized me with the fire, don't you get weary,
And baptized me with the fire, don't you get weary,
Great camp meeting in the promise land.

I believe I'll get in the kingdom don't you get weary,
I believe I'll get in the kingdom, don't you get weary,
I believe I'll get in the kingdom, don't you get weary,
Great camp meeting in the promise land.

Addition by Viola T. Richardson

LET HER ALONE.

Unto us a child is born and a son was given,
Let her alone, then let her alone;
Laid in a manger the babe came from heaven,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

Chorus.

Let her alone, she has wrought a good work on me,
Let her alone, she carried the first message,
Let her alone, she binds the broken-hearted,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

Upon the first day of the week very early in the morning,
Let her alone, then let her alone;
She came to the sepulchre looking for Jesus,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

She was first to the sepulchre and last at the tomb,
Let her alone, then let her alone;
Go tell my disciples I'll meet them in Galilee,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

When Jesus was risen on the first day of the week,
Let her alone, then let her alone;
He appeared first to the woman he had healed complete,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

She broke the box of ointment upon Jesus feet,
Let her alone, then let her alone,
Her tears flowed freely, her hair wiped his feet,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

I've poured out my spirit upon the hand-maid
Let her alone, then let her alone;
I promised to send it in the last days,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

Miriam taken the timbrel said sing ye to the Lord,
Let her alone, then let her alone;
The horse and his rider is overthrown,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

She was clothed with the sun, the moon was under her feet
Let her alone, then let her alone;
A crown of twelve stars upon her head,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

The women in the war played an active part,
Let her alone, then let her alone,
She stood at high attention and healed the broken hearts,
Let her alone, Jesus said let her alone.

Composed by Viola T. Richardson

COME TO THE WATERS.

See the fountain opened wide,
That from pollution breezes flowing
From the wounded side of our Emmanuel Jesus.

Chorus.

Oh,
[redacted] every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters freely drink,
And quench your thirst with
Zion sons and daughters.

Dying sinners come and try these waters,
Will relieve you without money,
Come and buy for Christ will freely give you.

He who drinks shall never die,
These waters fail him never,
Sinners come and now apply and drink and live
(forever

Weeping Mary full of grief came begging for these
waters,
Jesus gave her full relief
With Zion's sons and daughters.

See the women at the well conversing with the
Saviour,
Soon she found that he could tell the whole of
her behavior.

When she asked and she obtained a drink,
Her heart was flaming thus the gift divine,
She gained and ran to town proclaiming.

The thief had only time to think and tell his
doleful story,
Jesus gave him leave to drink,
He drank and fled to glory.

Sung by Viola T. Richardson

The Train May Be Here To-night.

A poor young man in drunkness
Cared not for the gospel life,
Till suddenly the whistle blew
From that little black train in sight.

Chorus

There's a little train coming,
Get all your business right,
And set your house in order,
For the train may be here to-night.

You may go to the ball-room, lady,
All filled with earthly pride,
But death's black train is coming,
Prepare and take a ride.

A little engine and tender,
And a little baggage car joined,
To take your earthly sorrows,
Going to stop at the judgment bar.

God spoke to Hezekiah,
A message from on high,
Saying set your house in order,
For thou must surely die.

He turned to the wall weeping,
He seen that King in tears,
He had his business fixed up right,
God spared him fifteen years.

God declared that every liar,
And them that carries news to block the
Christian's pathway,
He told Moses to pull off his shoes.

My soul now feels so happy,
I know I've been borned of God,
When he set my house in order,
I carried the news abroad.

God cares for all his children,
He carries the lambs in his arms,
Touch not my annointed,
And do my prophet's no harm.

You go to the moving pictures
Every time the doors is spread,
Stop and get your house in order,
And feast on the heavenly bread.

Addition by Viola T. Richardson

ISAIAH SPOKE.

Isaiah spoke of the coming Messiah,
Before he left the world on high,
Matthew's gospel loudly cries,
Jesus is born and he surely must die.

I've been redeemed, redeemed and washed in the blood of the lamb, [*Chorus*]
I've been redeemed, redeemed and washed in the blood of the lamb.

The lamb was eating his last Passover,
When Judas rested on his shoulder,
He spoke one word that seemed to fight,
One of you shall betray me to-night.

Matthew cried out Lord is it I ?
Mark cried out Lord is it I ?
Luke cried out Lord is it I ?
John cried out Lord is it I ?
He told John to wait and see,
It's he that dippeth in the dish with me.

They bound my Lord with a purple cord,
And led him away to the judgment hall,
We caught the fellow he heard them say,
And they whipped him until the break of day.

Pilate's wife had a dream that's an honest man,
For I've seen, bring me water,
I'll wash my hands for I won't be guilty
Of the innocent man.

In the place of skull he shouldered his cross,
Used according to the Jewish laws,
They led him away to Calvary's hill,
The cruel Jews was whipping him still.

Judas he went to the high priest,
The man was wanted at this feast,
And when we meet him you'll know by this,
I'll walk up to him and give him a kiss.

The High Priest followed old Judas straight,
And met him at Gethsemane gate,
We seek Jesus of Nazareth,
Christ told them that I am he.

They raised him up on the Roman cross,
Jerusalem was six furlongs off,
They nailed his hands and riveted his feet,
The hammer was heard in Jerusalem street
His soul went up on a pillow of clouds:
God he moved and the heavens bowed,
Jehovah's sword was at his side,
On the empty car he began to ride.

Sung by Viola T. Richardson

IT'S JESUS CALMS THE STORM.

Since storms has almost blew me down,
My Saviour holds me fast,
He is my rod and staff in life,
And shield me from the blast.

Chorus

It's Jesus calms the storm,
It's Jesus calms the storm,
We cannot fear when he is near,
For Jesus calms the storm.

The lightning plays a nimble game,
The thunder of trials roar,
God hides my fainting, trembling soul,
And keeps me holy his.

Midst grief and trouble in my heart,
It makes me run to God,
He lifts my every burden up,
And sweeps away my sighs.

Then when at last the end shall come,
My Saviour takes my hand,
And leads me through the valley safe,
And guides me to that land.

Composed by Viola T. Richardson

THE SUN HAS AROSE.

The sun has arose with healing in his wing,
And gave me grace enough to swim,
He heals my diseases and lifts my bowed down head,
And brought me alive from the dead.

Chorus

I'll sing, I'll sing redeeming love,
He paid my pardon with the price of blood,
I'll sing, I'll sing redeeming love,
And all the blood-bought children
Can join in the chorus.

He caused me to see when I was blind,
And taught me how to pray, I felt my way to him,
Conviction's ferry is where I left my sins,
A through ticket for glory to board the gospel train.

Since that time the devil has turned me loose,
He has tried all he could to get me in the soup,
Thou man of God there's death in the pot,
Call on the Saviour, he'll heat old satan hot.

Sing on host the victory song,
March in the ranks it won't be long,
Hold up your colors, never let them trail,
God is for us when everything else fails.

Satan loose walking up and down,
Neck-tie and collar and cuffs all ironed,
Even so Lord Jesus take us to our rest,
We will be satisfied to wake up with the blest.

Composed by Viola T. Richardson

THE GOSPEL FAN.

Jesus let down the golden chariot, I wasglad to take a seat,
The tears of joy was flowing, the devil was whipped complete,
They try to keep me muzzled, I have to smack my hands,
I am so close to the power house I can feel the gospel fan.

Chorus

Is your religion right, is your religion right?
Can you walk on the edge of truth with a spotless, pure,
clean life.

If any has professed this holiness and it has not changed you
a bit,
Go down and ask for pardon and wait for another dip,
For satan has surely fooled you, you'r not on holy ground,
When you get the gospel stamp on you, you put the devil
down.

Don't look at this world's people, get right with God yourself,
You'll never see no difference till you clean your own heart up,
You'll have no more excuses for not living right,
You'll own your faults to Jehovah God and pray the devil out.

I came up in the harness, my gospel horse is strong,
The devil has used his kicking strap trying to keep me down,
But I've got the old time power, I'll never take it back,
I'll walk up straight to heaven's gate, I'll never switch off the
track.

When satan leaves your system you will not doubt God's word
You'll try to get this holiness, you'll want the truth to spread,
The captain is dear Jesus he leads us right along,
We can call on him at any time he's never tired nor gone.

Comosed by Viola T. Richardson

HE TURNED THE POWER ON.

My life is full of blessings, my heart is filled with songs,
And while I sing for Jesus he keeps me right along.

He turned the power on, he sanctifies my song,
And while I sing for Jesus he keeps me right along. [*Chorus*]

I'll sing when I'm in sorrow, I'll sing when I feel glad,
I'll sing when satan tries me, I'll sing till he gets mad.

I'll work on for my father to throw light on the wrong,
And if I truly love him he'll lead me right along.

I'll sing while I can whisper and travel through the towns,
And when the Lord shall call me I'll sing I'm heaven bound.

And when I get to heaven, I'll see his smiling face,
And sing through all eternity and sing redeeming grace.

Composed by Viola T. Richardson

SORROW AND CRYING SHALL FLEE.

What's in your heart and mind, why don't you come to God ?
He'll cleanse your soul from sin and wash you in his blood.

Chorus

Sorrow and crying shall flee, shall flee away,
Sorrow and crying shall flee, shall flee away.

God knows our every thought we must be true to him,
He is a jealous God and we must worship him,

Lord send an arrow dipped in wormwood and in gall,
And hit the fatal spot and let the sinner fall.

The Lord will save you now if you would call on him,
He waits to hear you say that you are tired of sin.

I love to think of God, he's all the world to me,
He cleansed me in his blood, I feel so clear and free.

Composed by Viola T. Richardson

DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

Sadly we sing and with tremulous breath,
As we stand by the mystical stream
In the valley and by the dark river of death,
And yet it's no more than a dream.

Chorus

Only a dream, only a dream,
Ot glory beyond the dark stream,
How peaceful the slumber,
How happy the waking,
For death is only a dream.

Mother and father, sister and brother,
Have crossed the dark valley and gone
In the mansion of glory prepared for the blest,
For death is no more than a dream.

Why should we weep when the wearied ones rest
In the bosom of Jesus supreme,
Their toils are ended their sorrows are passed,
For death is no more than a dream.

Naught in the river the saints should appall
Through it frightfully dismal may seem
In the arms of their Saviour no ill can befall,
They find it no more than a dream.

Jesus will walk through the valley of death,
And lead us safe over the stream through the gate
We'll go sweeping and enter that rest,
For death is no more than a dream.

Nobody but Jesus can help us in death,
If our hearts are not pure from all sin,
We'll strangle in Jordan and be driven from God,
We'll find it more than a dream.

Addition by Viola T. Richardson

COME UP OUT OF EGYPT.

Come up out of Egypt you have stayed down there too long,
You can hardly make a prayer, your power almost gone,
Come back to your first love the candlestick will move,
Set at the feet of Jesus he'll make your whole heart love.

Chorus

Oh the tide is high, come where you can shout,
Oh the tide is high, it has washed the devil out,
Oh the tide is high, I'm glad I've entered in,
Oh it's cleansed my soul and body and carried out my sins.

If you have any habits this tide will wash them out,
It flows fresh from heaven, it makes us get about,
We have been to that fountain where the healing water moves.
We are standing under the drippings, we are drinking down
God's love.

The Bible is holy and all that comes from God,
Turn on the gospel searchlight upon their trembling souls,
Pack up Christians the Lord is coming soon,
He'll find us up and doing looking for his Son.

I had been a true Christian for a number of years,
When I heard of his holiness my eyes filled with tears,
I begged for the power, he poured it out on me,
The kingdom is within us God has set his children free.

Jesus said to Moses sanctify me at the rock,
Moses did not mind him, he called the rebels up,
Struck the rock with his rod, the water gushed out,
Jesua kissed the breath from Moses upon Mt. Nebo top.

Composed by Viola T. Richardson

MOTHER DON'T GRIEVE

Mother don't grieve when I'm gone to rest,
Mother don't grieve I'm on Jesus' breast,
Mother don't grieve when my trials is done,
Mother don't grieve for the victory won.

Father don't grieve when I'm called to die,
Father don't grieve I've gone on high,
Father don't grieve when the last word is said,
Father don't grieve at my dying bed.

Sister don't grieve my work was done,
Sister don't grieve the harvest had come,
Siater don't grieve I'm bathing in the stream,
Sister don't grieve I've been redeemed.

Brother don't grieve when the bell rings in heaven,
Brother don't grieve God called me forever,
Brother don't grieve I'll die no more,
Brother don't grieve I've entered the door.

Companion don't grieve the Lord called his own,
Companion don't grieve come up to the throne,
Companion don't grieve the gate's a-jar,
Companion don't grieve God's still at the wire.

Husband don't grieve your jewel is gone,
Husband don't grieve she's singing a song,
Husband don't grieve the train won't wait,
Husband don't grieve she's inside the gate

Friends don't grieve when the hearse goes away,
Friends don't grieve I'm made of clay,
Friends don't grieve when the dirt's thrown in,
Friends don't grieve I'm saved from sin.

Composed by Viola T. Richardson

IT MUST BE GOOD RELIGION.

Have you made up with your neighbor yet?
And how do you do;
Have you made up with your neighbor yet?
And how do you do.

Chorus

You can't stand the stormy ocean, it must be good religion,
You can't stand the stormy ocean, it must be good religion,

Have you made up with your husband yet?

And how do you do;
Have you made up with your husband yet?
And how do you do.

Have you give the devil all his goods?
And how do you do;
Have you give the devil all his goods?
And how do you do.

Have you made up with your Pastor yet?
And how do you do;
Have you made up with your Pastor yet?
And how do you do.

Have you moved from grumbling street yet?
And how do you do;
Have you moved from grumbling street yet?
And how do you do.

I have moved on Hallelujah street,
And how do you do;
I have moved on Hallelujah street,
And how do you do.

Have you tarried at Jerusalem yet?
And how do you do;
Have you tarried at Jerusalem yet?
And how do you do.

Addition by V. T. Richardson

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