

# Burning in my soul,

Church I prayed, and I cried,  
yes I moaned, I rattled the  
floor, All night long, when  
I start-ed, out to find, my  
soul a home, Till at last,  
us, by faith, I re-ceived, peace  
and grace, Then the fire, start-  
ed, burn-ing, in my soul,

No mat-ter, where I may be, —, no  
matter, where I may roam, —  
This fire, —, keep burn-ing,  
in my soul, yes it's burn-ing —  
cho, day by day, And it make, my  
soul re-joice, since the fire,  
started burn-ing, in my soul,

Now to-day, when I stray,  
from the path, way some  
time, there's a voice, calls,  
me to the prom-ise, that I  
made, that day, so I've made,  
us, up my mind, to stay in,  
this old path, where the fire,  
start-ed burn-ing, in my  
soul.



# I know I'm Satisfied

(1) I heard the voice of Je-sus  
say, Come in to me and rest,  
my yoke is ea-sy. Lay  
your head up on my breast, I'll  
al-ways trust in Je-sus in  
we, His bos-om my soul will rest,  
I gave my heart to Je-sus,  
yes I know I'm sat-is-fied,

1933 (Opp)

Oh yes (Oh yes) Oh yes - Oh yes, I know  
I'm sat-is-fied, I gave my  
heart to Je-sus, when I was  
just a child, it was Gate-  
one Me-ning - Oh Church I know  
I died, I gave my heart to  
Je-sus, yes I know I'm sat-is-  
fied,

Cho.

Roberta  
marion

Things are not al-ways please-  
-ant, - my heart is made to  
bleed some - of my friends  
for - sake me - Oh Lord have  
mer-cy please, my - kin-dred  
we, oft de-spise me - And try to  
trod me down, I'm trust-ing  
in my Je-sus, To Re-ceive a  
star-ry crown,



I must tell Je-sus

I must tell Je-sus, all of my tri-als,  
I can-not bear, these bur-dens a lone,  
in my dis-tress, he kind-ly will help  
me, he ev-er loves, and cares, for his own,

I must tell Je-sus; I must tell Je-sus,  
I cannot bear, my bur-dens a-lone, I  
must tell Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus!  
Je-sus, can help me, Je-sus a lone,

Tempted and tried, I need, a great sav-  
-ior, one who can, help my bur-dens  
to bear; I must tell Je-sus, I must  
tell Je-sus; he all my cares, and  
sor-rows, will share.

I must tell Je-sus, all of my trou-  
-les, He is a kind, Com-pas-sion-ate friend,  
if I but ask him, He will de-liv-er,  
makes, of my troubles, quiet-ly end.



O, O, Lord.

O, O, Lord, O, O, Lord,  
Lord, lift me up, and  
let me stand, by faith  
of heaven, or stable land,  
or high plane, Lord, than  
I have found, O, Lord plant  
my feet, on high ground.

Just, a few more days,  
warrow, know and then,  
Just, or few more rising,  
and setting, of the sun, Lord.  
I may be gone, up there to stay,  
O, Lord plant my feet, on  
high ground.

Only, a few more days, Lord,  
to labor and wait, dont you,  
let him ketch you, with your  
work undone, try to be ready  
when he come, O Lord, plant  
feet, on high ground.

(Ma-)