

# The Conqueror's Tread

Florence Potter, 1902

R. E. McNeill

*♩ = 90*

1. Oh, glo - ry to God! Halle - lu - jah to Je - sus! I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan, the  
 2. I've peace like a riv - er, be - yond un - der - stand - ing, My soul is o'er - flow - ing by  
 3. Let all praise the Lord, for His good - ness and mer - cy, He's more to me now than the  
 4. I sing and I shout, and en - dea - vor to tell it, Re - joice when I think what

blood sanc - ti - fies. I'm shout - ing the vic - tory, while still press - ing for - ward, And on - ward, and up - ward, as  
 day and by night; I ne - ver be - fore could be - lieve for such vic - tory While press - ing the bat - tle down  
 loved ones of yore; Sur - pris - ing me dai - ly with fresh gifts from Hea - ven, His king - ly pro - vi - sion is  
 He's done for my soul; I'm glad I can wit - ness, oh glo - ry to Je - sus! But no - thing ex - press - es

time swift - ly flies, Tempt - a - tions are ma - ny and the tri - als are plen - ty, But  
 here in the fight. The wa - ters are wild and the sea rough and storm - y, The  
 mine more and more. The en - e - my roars and at - tempts to rough de - stroy me, His  
 the rap - tures that roll, The right - eous may "smite me," I deem it "a kind - ness,"

Je - sus is with me, I'm ne - ver a - lone; The Com - fort - er fills me, my  
 rocks oft - en threat - en my soul, tem - pest tossed; The Spir - it of Je - sus is  
 plans new - ly laid are a - wait - ing each day. A pil - grim, a strang - er, I  
 Re - bukes I can bear, they "will not break my head"; I've put on the "armor," and

soul feels the glo - ry, I'm thrilled and en - rap - tured and jour - ney - ing home.  
 out on the wa - ters, He still - eth their fu - ry till safe - ly I've crossed.  
 face His re - vil - ings, Re - joice in the fur - nace and shout on my way.  
 Christ fights my bat - tles, While I in my soul, feel the Con - quer - or's tread.