

Bartimeus must be brought,
 And some one said, "He calleth thee
 Arise, do not delay,"
 And he cast away his garment,
 And hurried right away,
 JESUS said "What wilt thou
 That I do unto thee?"
 The blind man said unto the LORD,
 "I am blind, I want to see."
 And JESUS made his sorrow cease,
 And filled him with delight,
 He bade him go away in peace,
 Bartimeus got his sight.
 My JESUS still is passing by,
 He still is good and kind,
 If like Bartimeus you will cry,
 Then Jesus you will find.
 You've a chance tonight to get your sight,
 You may get another never,
 JESUS may pass and then, alas,
 You will be lost forever.

ON MY WAY TO GLORY.

To the church triumphant I belong,
 Jesus only is my song,
 I'll praise Him with my heart and tongue,
 On my way to glory.

John three sixteen is my creed,
 To Luke three sixteen I take heed,
 On the blessed word I feed,
 On my way to glory.

I read the "word" through no man's specks,
 Isms now my soul can't vex,
 I'm not troubled now by sects,
 On my way to glory.

The world now thinks I'm very old,
 Since I joined the church of God,
 But, smiling on the way I plod,
 On my way to glory.

The blood I know has made me whole,
 The comforter is in my soul,
 He keeps me in good control,
 On my way to glory.

In my Saviour's strength and might,
 With sword and shield and armour bright,
 Every day I have to fight,
 On my way to glory.

Some times the foe so strong I meet,
 Left alone I should retreat,
 I just trust, GOD keeps me sweet,
 On my way to glory.