

*Now, Don't You Like Them
Old-Time Songs? I Think It's
A Whole Lot Better Than
This Chopped Up Stuff We
Have Today Called Songs. I
Just Love That.*



WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM



259 You remember we used to sing those songs? Let's...And this other one we used to sing, long years ago, I don't know whether there's any here or not, when we used to join hands around an old stove here, and mud on the floor. You remember that? We'd sing:

We're marching to Zion,

Beautiful, beautiful Zion;

***We're marching upward to
Zion,***

That beautiful city of God.

260 You know in the Millennium what Zion's going to be? There'll be a Light on Zion, and it'll be for a shadow from the sun in the daytime and as a Light by night, for there'll be no night there. Oh, my!

The hill, fields of Zion yield

A thousand sacred sweet

***Before we reach that heavenly
Throne,***

***Before we reach that heavenly
Throne,***

Or walk the golden streets,

Or walk the golden streets.

All together now:

We're marching to Zion,

Oh, beautiful, beautiful Zion;

***We're marching upward to
Zion,***

That beautiful city of God.

261 I just love that, I just think it's so pretty. Now, don't you like them old-time songs? I think it's a whole lot better than this chopped up stuff we have today called songs. I just love that. And I used to sing an old song in church, you remember:

***Room, room, yes, there is room,
There's room at the Fountain for
thee.***

262 Oh, my! Those good, old songs, I believe the pen

was guided by the Holy Spirit,
who wrote them songs.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

Even though it be the cross

That raiseth me;

263 Yet, Charles Wesley
and them great authors who
wrote those songs like that,
them poets. It's beautiful, I just
think they're so good. And
then we used to...Remember
that:

***O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah
Land,***

***As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,***

***Where mansions Thou art
prepared for me,***

264 Remember the first
time that Angel of the Lord
appeared down on the river?
We was singing:

***On Jordan's stormy banks I
stand,***

And cast a wishful eye,

*To Canaan's fair and happy
land,*

Where my possessions lie.

*I'm bound for that promised
land,*

Who will come and go with me?

*I'm bound for that promised
land.*

265 While we were singing
that, a Voice screamed from
the skies, and here come that
great Pillar of Fire circling right
down and said, "As John the
Baptist was sent to forerun

His first coming, you have a Message that'll forerun the Second." Look where she's went. That's thirty-one years ago. Look where It's went from then, around the world in a revival fire. And now we see it cooling. The time is at hand.

62-0527 - Questions And Answers

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