I Would Not Be Denied

Words and Music by Charles P. Jones, ca. 1900

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Unto the Lord I cried
2. As Jacob in the days of old, I wrestled with the Lord;
3. Old Satan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my prayer.

Till Jesus came and made me whole, I would not be denied.
And instant with a courage bold, I stood upon His Word.
But praise the Lord the work is done, And Christ the Lord is here.

I would not be denied, I would not be denied

Till Jesus came and made me whole, I would not be denied.