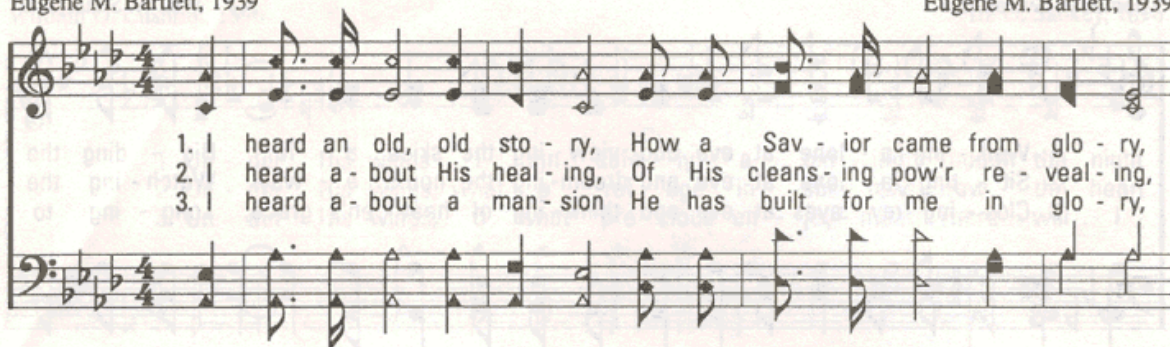


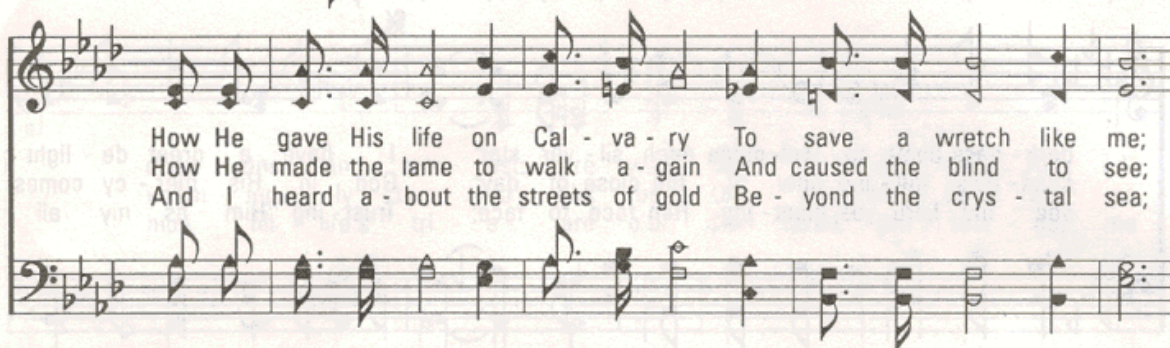
Victory in Jesus

Eugene M. Bartlett, 1939

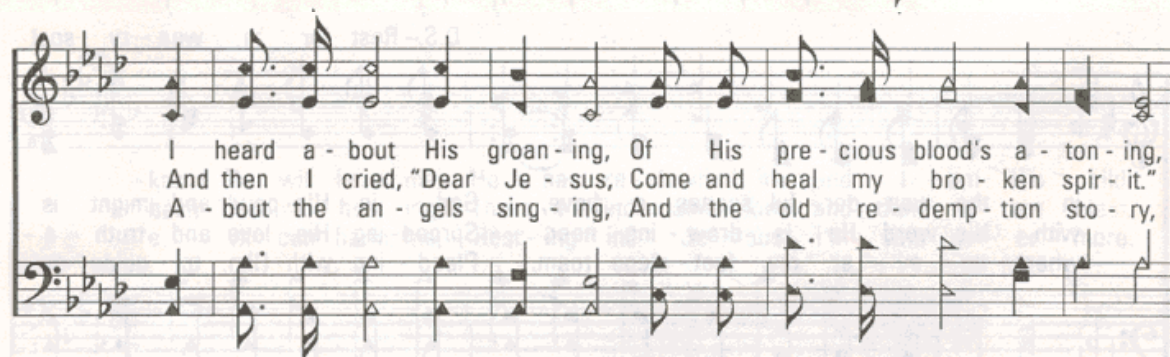
Eugene M. Bartlett, 1939



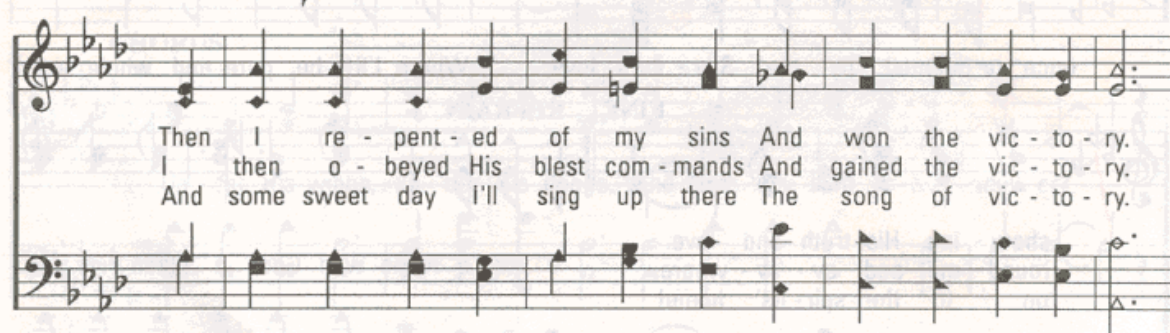
1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, How a Sav - ior came from glo - ry,
 2. I heard a - bout His heal - ing, Of His cleans - ing pow'r re - veal - ing,
 3. I heard a - bout a man - sion He has built for me in glo - ry,



How He gave His life on Cal - va - ry To save a wretch like me;
 How He made the lame to walk a - gain And caused the blind to see;
 And I heard a - bout the streets of gold Be - yond the crys - tal sea;



I heard a - bout His groan - ing, Of His pre - cious blood's a - ton - ing,
 And then I cried, "Dear Je - sus, Come and heal my bro - ken spir - it."
 A - bout the an - gels sing - ing, And the old re - demp - tion sto - ry,



Then I re - pent - ed of my sins And won the vic - to - ry.
 I then o - beyed His blest com - mands And gained the vic - to - ry.
 And some sweet day I'll sing up there The song of vic - to - ry.

CHORUS

O vic - to - ry in Je - sus, My Sav - ior, for - ev - er, He sought me and

bo't me with His re - deem - ing blood; He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my

love is due Him, He plunged me to vic - to - ry, be - neath the clean-sing flood.