

Victory in Jesus

Eugene M. Bartlett, 1885 - 1941

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1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, how a Sav-iour came from glo - ry,
 2. I heard a - bout His heal - ing, of His cleansing 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.
 And some - how Je - sus came and bro't to me the vic - to - ry.
 And some sweet day I'll sing up there the song of vic - to - ry.



REFRAIN



Oh, vic - to - ry in Je - sus, my Sav-iour, for - ev - er! He sought me and





bought 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 cleansing flood.

