

F Gm F F A Gm Bb Bb D F F

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,

F Dm C F A7 E Dm F A G G9 C

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;

F Gm F F A Gm Bb Bb D Bb F F

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;

F Dm C F A7 E Dm F A Gm Bb F C C F

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* F B $\flat$  F F 7 G $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$  F D $\flat$  C

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

17 18 19 20 21

F G $\flat$  G G $\flat$  C F B $\flat$  F F 7 G $\flat$  B $\flat$

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

22 23 24 25 26 27

B $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$  F G $\flat$  F C F

love is due Him. He plunged me to vic-to-ry be-neath the cleans-ing flood.

28 29 30 31 32