

WORSHIP LEADER: For this is what love for God is: to keep His commands.
Now His commands are not a burden, because whatever has
been born of God conquers the world.

WORSHIPERS: This is the victory that has conquered the world: our faith. And who is the one
who conquers the world but the one who believes that Jesus is the Son of God?

WL: In all these things we are more than victorious through Him who loved us.

WORSHIPERS: Today you are about to engage in battle with your enemies. Do not be
faint-hearted. Do not be afraid, alarmed, or terrified because of them.
For the LORD your God is the One who goes with you to fight for you against
your enemies to give you victory.

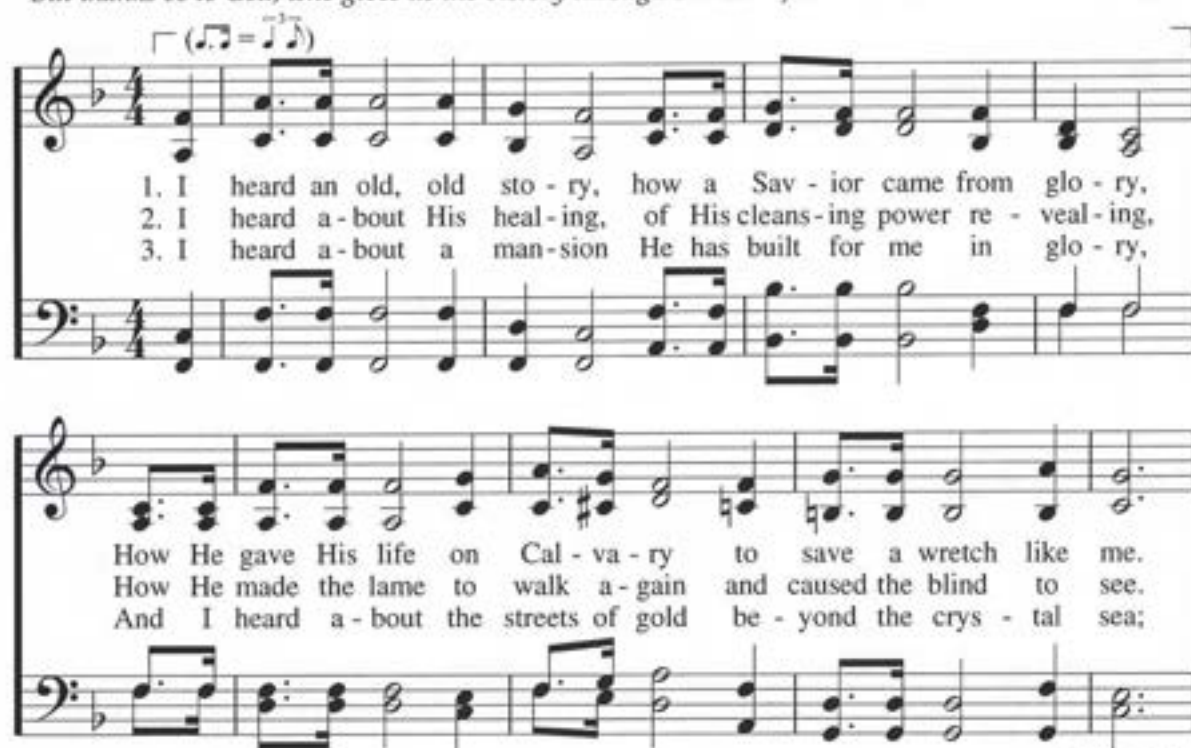
WL: What then are we to say about these things? If God is for us, who is against us?
He did not even spare His own Son, but offered Him up for us all;
how will He not also with Him grant us everything?

ALL: Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

(Deuteronomy 20:3, 4; Romans 8:37; 1 Corinthians 15:57; 1 John 5:3-5)

499 Victory in Jesus

But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! 1 Corinthians 15:57

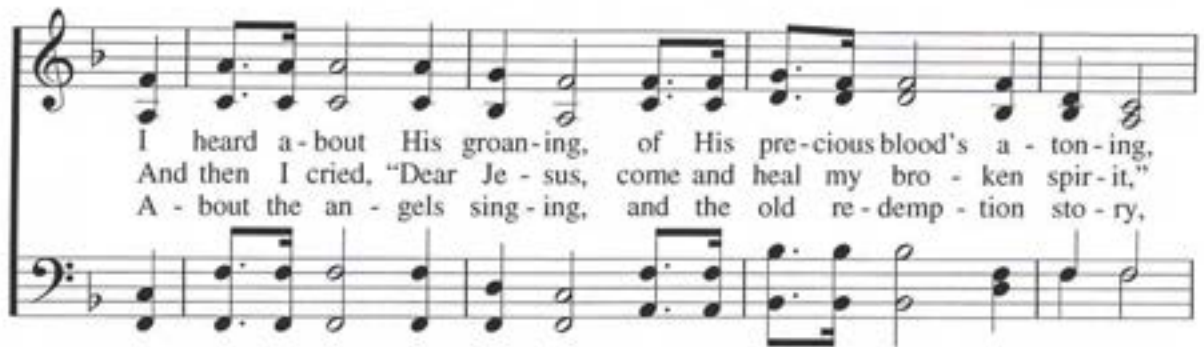


1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, how a Sav - ior came from glo - ry,
2. I heard a - bout His heal - ing, of His cleans - ing power re - veal - ing,
3. I heard a - bout a man - sion He has built for me in glo - ry,
How He gave His life on Cal - va - ry to save a wretch like me.
How He made the lame to walk a - gain and caused the blind to see.
And I heard a - bout the streets of gold be - yond the crys - tal sea;

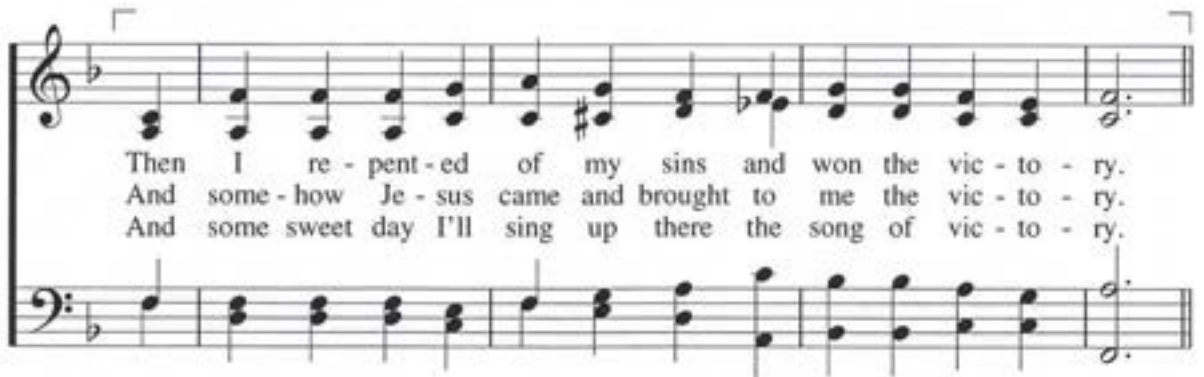
WORDS: Eugene M. Bartlett
MUSIC: Eugene M. Bartlett

HARTFORD
Irregular meter

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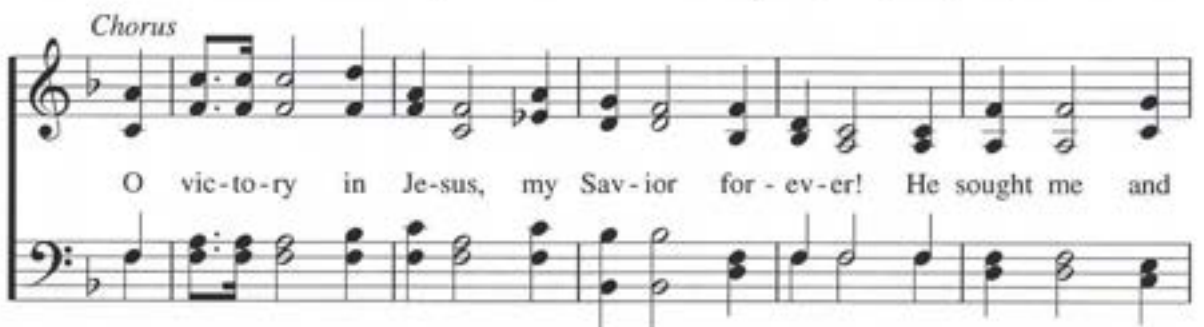


I heard a-bout His groan-ing, of His pre-cious blood's a-ton-ing,
And then I cried, "Dear Je-sus, come and heal my bro-ken spir-it,"
A-bout the an-gels sing-ing, and the old re-demp-tion sto-ry,

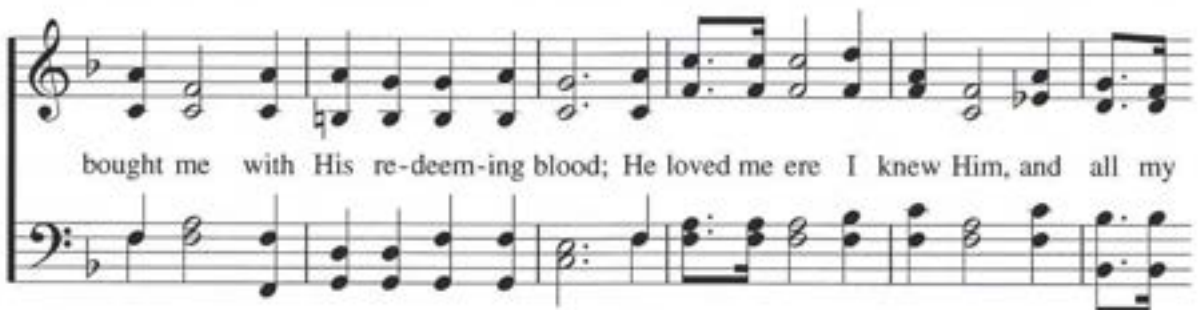


Then I re-pent-ed of my sins and won the vic-to-ry.
And some-how Je-sus came and brought to me the vic-to-ry.
And some sweet day I'll sing up there the song of vic-to-ry.


Chorus



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



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 cleans-ing flood.