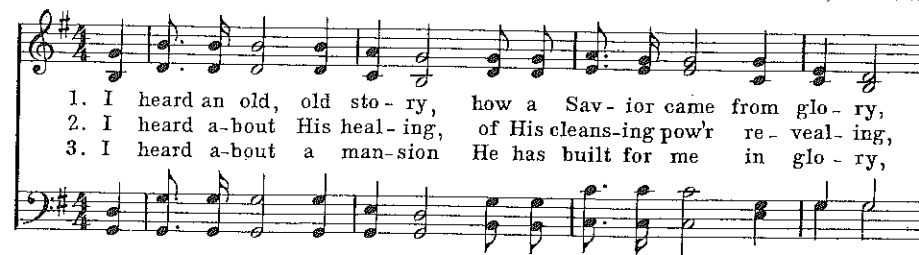


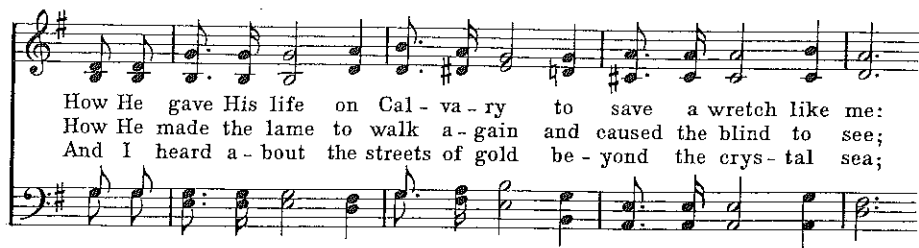
Victory in Jesus

EUGENE M. BARTLETT, 1885-1941

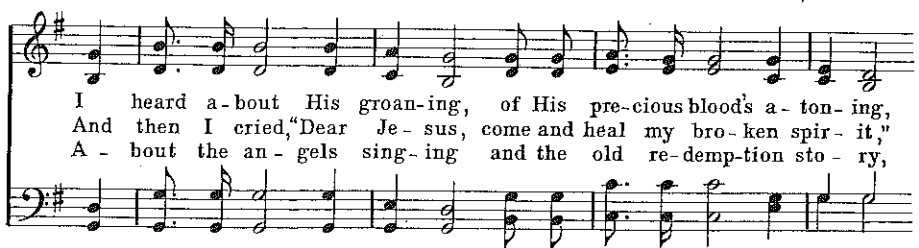
EUGENE M. BARTLETT, 1885-1941



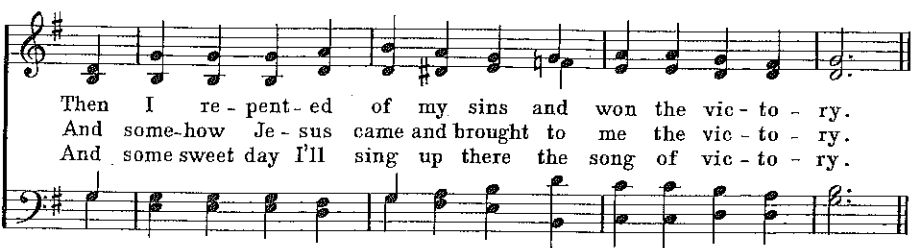
1. I heard an old, old sto-ry, how a Sav-ior came from glo-ry,
 2. I heard a-bout His heal-ing, of His cleans-ing pow'r re-veal-ing,
 3. I heard a-bout a man-sion He has built for me in glo-ry,



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;

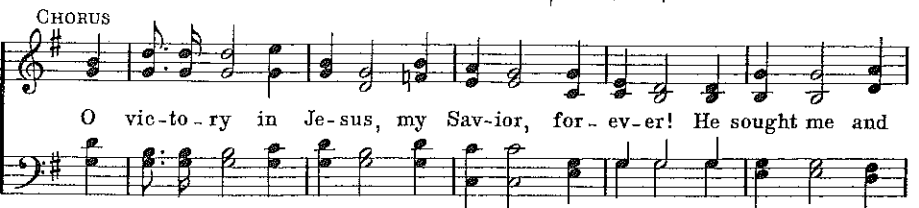


I heard a-bout His groan-ing, of His pre-cious blood's a-ton-ing,
 And then I cried, "Dear Je-sus, come and heal my bro-ken spir-it,"
 A-bout the an-gels sing-ing and the old re-demp-tion sto-ry,



Then I re-pent-ed of my sins and won the vic-to-ry.
 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.

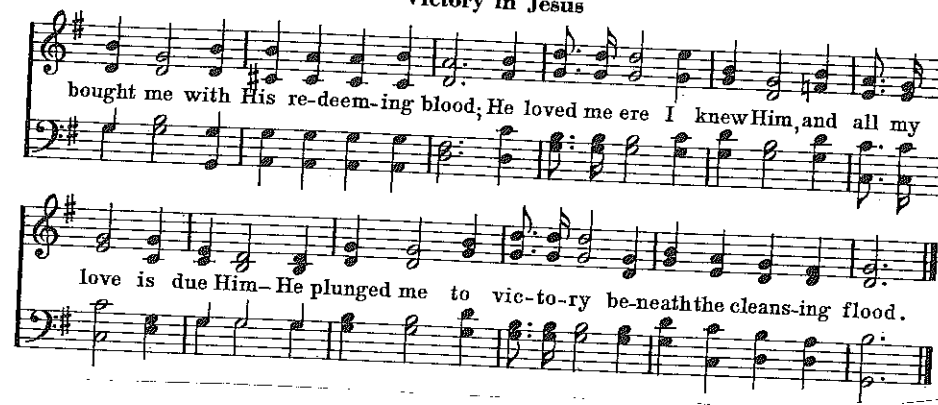
CHORUS



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

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Victory in Jesus



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.