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| D | D | A7 | D |

I heard an old, old sto- ry, how a Sav- ior cam from glo- ry,
How he gave His life on Cal- va- ry to save a wretch like me.
I heard a- bout His groan- ing, of His pre- cious blood's a- ton- ing,
Then I re- pent- ed of my sin and won the vic- to- ry.

D G D
O vic- to- ry in Je- sus, my Sav- ior for- e -ver!

D A7
He sought me and bought me with His re- deem- ing blood;

D G D
He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my love is due Him.

D A7 D
He plunged me to vic- to- ry be- neath the cleans- ing flood.

I heard a- bout His heal- ing, of His cleans- ing pow'r re- veal- ing,
How He made the lame to walk a- gain and caused the blind to see.
And then I cried, "Dear Je- sus, come and heal my bro- ken spi- rit,"
And some- how Je- sus came and brought to me the vic- to- ry.

I heard a- bout a man- sion He has built for me in glo- ry,
And I heard a- bout the streets of gold be- yond the crys- tal sea;
A- bout the an- gels sing- ing, and the old re- demp- tion sto- ry,
And some sweet day I'll sing up there the song of vic- to- ry.

[CHORUS]

499

Victory in Jesus

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

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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;

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.

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

HARTFORD
 Irregular meter

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