

490 Jesus Lives! The Victory's Won



1 Je - sus lives! The vic - t'ry's won! Death no long - er can ap -
2 Je - sus lives! To Him the throne High a - bove all things is
3 Je - sus lives! For me He died, Hence will I, to Je - sus
4 Je - sus lives! I know full well Noth - ing me from Him shall



pall me; Je - sus lives! Death's reign is done!
giv - en. I shall go where He is gone,
liv - ing, Pure in heart and act a - bide,
sev - er. Nei - ther death nor pow'rs of hell



From the grave will Christ re - call me. Bright - er
Live and reign with Him in heav - en. God is
Praise to Him and glo - ry giv - ing. All I
Part me now from Christ for - ev - er. God will



scenes will then com - mence; This shall be my con - fi - dence.
faith - ful; doubt - ings, hence! This shall be my con - fi - dence.
need God will dis - pense; This shall be my con - fi - dence.
be my sure de - fense; This shall be my con - fi - dence.

5 Jesus lives! And now is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath
When I pass its gloomy portal.
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense:
Jesus is my confidence!

430 My Song Is Love Unknown



1 My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to
 2 He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
 3 Some - times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es
 4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and
 5 They rise and needs will have My dear Lord made a -



me, Love to the love - less shown That they might love - ly
 stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would
 sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their
 spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their
 way; A mur - der - er they save, The Prince of Life they



be. Oh, who am I That for my sake
 know. But, oh, my friend, My friend in - deed,
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,
 sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these
 slay. Yet cheer - ful He To suf - f'ring goes



My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
 Who at my need His life did spend!
 And for His death They thirst and cry.
 Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst Him rise.
 That He His foes From thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have;
 In death no friendly tomb
 But what a stranger gave.
 What may I say?
 Heav'n was His home
 But mine the tomb
 Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
 No story so divine!
 Never was love, dear King,
 Never was grief like Thine.
 This is my friend,
 In whose sweet praise
 I all my days
 Could gladly spend!

686 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



1 Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to
2 Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy
3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con -
4 Oh, that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy



sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing,
help I've come; And I hope, by Thy good plea - sure,
strained to be; Let that grace now like a fet - ter
love - ly face; Clothed then in the blood - washed lin - en,



Call for songs of loud - est praise. While the hope of end - less
Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a
Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee: Prone to wan - der, Lord, I
How I'll sing Thy won - drous grace! Come, my Lord, no long - er



glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love, Teach me
strang - er, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God; He, to
feel it; Prone to leave the God I love. Here's my
tar - ry; Take my ran - som'd soul a - way; Send Thine



ev - er to a - dore Thee; May I still Thy good - ness prove.
res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
an - gels soon to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.