

To God Be the Glory

1. To God be the glo-ry, great things he hath done! So loved he the
 2. O per - fect re-demp-tion, the pur-chase of blood, to ev-ery be-
 3. Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done, and great our re-

world that he gave us his Son, who yield - ed his life an a -
 liev - er the prom-ise of God; the vil - est of - fend - er who
 joic-ing thru Je - sus the Son; but pur - er, and high-er, and

tone-ment for sin, and o-pened the life-gate that all may go in.
 tru-ly be-lieves, that mo-ment from Je-sus a par-don re - ceives.
 great-er will be our won-der, our trans-port, when Je-sus we see.

Refrain

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the earth hear his voice! Praise the

Lord, praise the Lord, let the peo-ple re - joice! O come to the Fa-ther thru

Je - sus the Son, and give him the glo-ry, great things he hath done!

Fill My Cup, Lord

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F7 B \flat F7

Fill my cup, Lord, I lift it up, Lord. Come and

Cm F7 B \flat F7 B \flat B \flat 7

quench this thirst-ing of my soul. Bread of heav-en, feed me till I

E \flat B \flat Cm7 F7 B \flat

want no more; fill my cup, fill it up and make me whole.

WORDS: Richard Blanchard, 1959 (Jn. 4:5-15; 6:35)

MUSIC: Richard Blanchard, 1959; arr. by Eugene Clark, 1971

FILL MY CUP

Irr.

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Victory in Jesus

1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, how a Sav - ior came
 2. I heard a - bout his heal - ing, of his cleans - ing power
 3. I heard a - bout a man - sion he has built for me

from glo - ry, how he gave his life on Cal - va - ry
 re - veal - ing, how he made the lame to walk a - gain
 in glo - ry, and I heard a - bout the streets of gold

to save a wretch like me; I heard a - bout his
 and caused the blind to see; and then I cried, "Dear
 be - yond the crys - tal sea; a - bout the an - gels

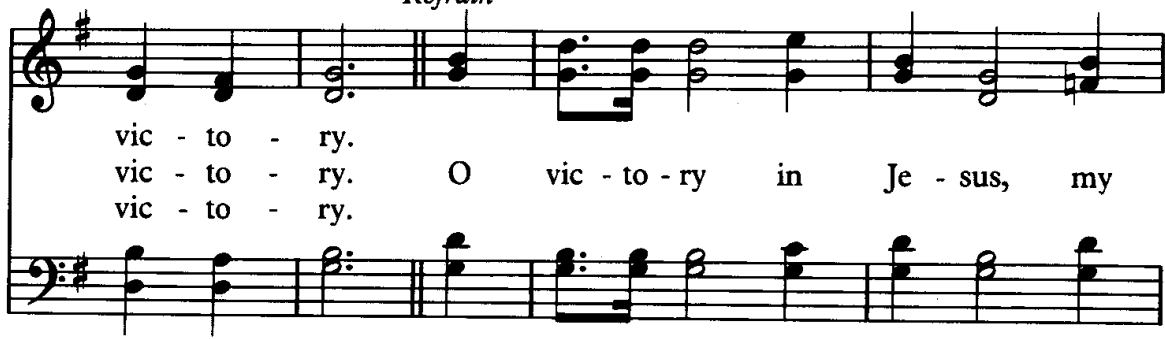
groan - ing, of his pre - cious blood's a - ton - ing,
 Je - sus, come and heal my bro - ken spir - it,"
 sing - ing and the old re - demp - tion sto - ry,

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

WORDS: Eugene M. Bartlett, 1939
 MUSIC: Eugene M. Bartlett, 1939

HARTFORD
 Irr. with Refrain

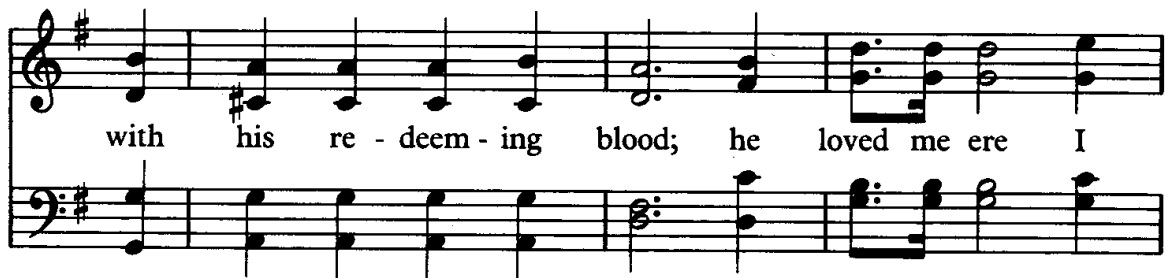
Refrain



vic - to - ry.
vic - to - ry. O vic - to - ry in Je - sus, my
vic - to - ry.



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.