

Death Hath No Terrors

Charles Price Jones, 1901

♩=105

1. Death hath no ter - rors for the blood bought one, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! The
 2. Our souls die dai - ly to the world and sin, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! By the
 3. We seek a ci - ty far be - yond this vale, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Where
 4. We'll then press for - ward to the heav - 'nly land, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Nor
 5. We'll rise some day just as our Sav - ior rose, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Till

Refrain

boast - ed vic - t'ry of the grave is gone, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
 Spir - it's pow - er as He dwells with - in, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Je - sus
 joys ce - les - tial nev - er, nev - er fail, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
 mind the trou - bles met on ev - 'ry hand, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
 then shall death be but a calm re - pose, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

rose from the dead, Rose tri - um - phant as He said, Snatched the
 Je - sus rose from the dead Rose tri - um - phant as He said

rit.

vic - t'ry from the grave, Rose a - gain our souls to save— O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!