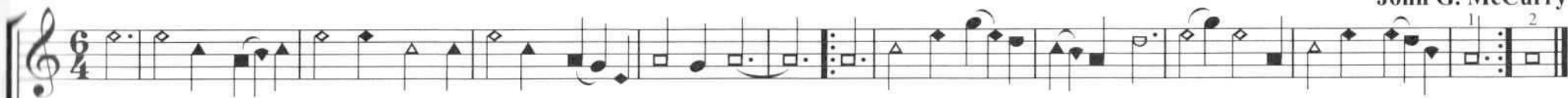
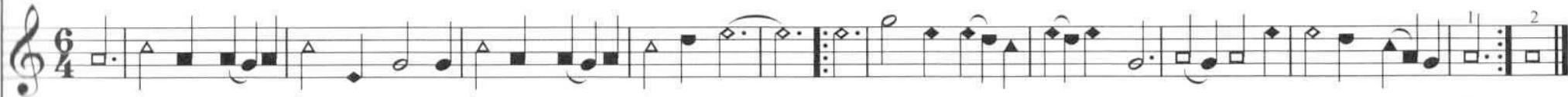
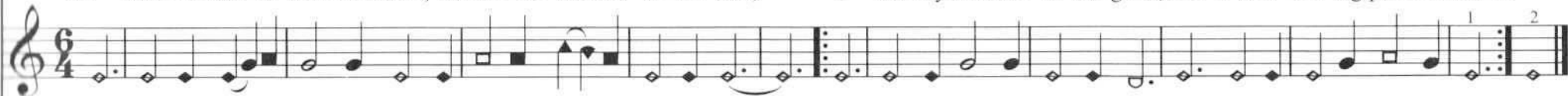


John G. McCurry



1. I love the Lord for what He's done; 'Tis thru the mer-its of His Son; I feel my sins are all for-giv'n, And I've a rest-ing place in heav'n.



2. But oh when that last con-flict's o'er, And I am chained to earth no more, With what glad ac-cents I shall rise To join the mu-sic of the skies.

