

My Soul Shouts Glory

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1889

John Robson Sweney

$\text{♩} = 110$



1. My soul shouts glo - ry to the Son of God, For the work free grace has done; My
2. My soul shouts glo - ry to the Son of God, Not a cloud nor care I see; My
3. My soul shouts glo - ry to the Son of God, In His sec - ret place i dwell; His
4. My soul shouts glo - ry to the Son of God, And I know it won't be long Till

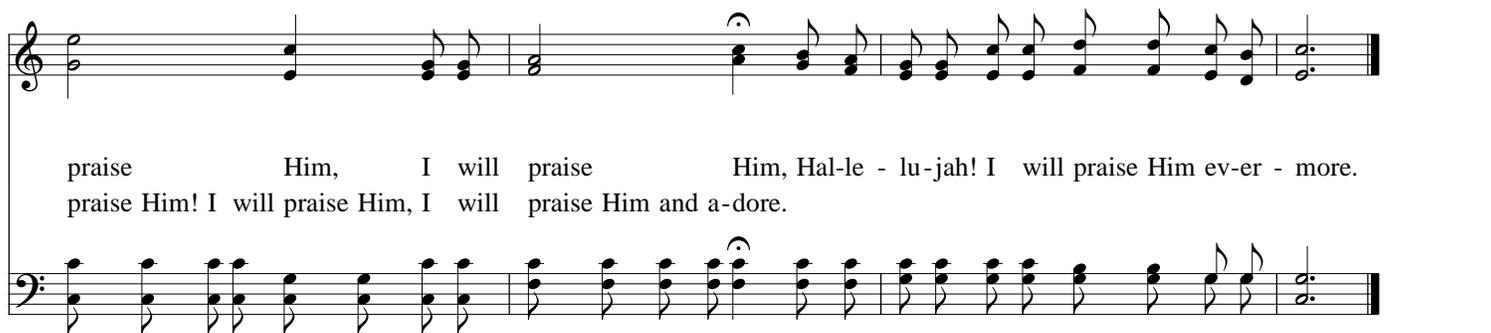
Refrain



faith looks up - ward with a stead - fast eye That is clear as the noon - day sun.
hope is cling - ing with a per - fect trust To the cross He has borne for me. Hal - le -
con - stant pre - sence o - ver - shades me there, And my joy there is none can tell. Ha - le -
o'er the ri - ver, where the saints have gone, I shall join their e - ter - nal song.



- lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Sav - ior I a - dore; I will
- lu - jah! I will praise Him! Ha - le - lu - jah! I will praise Him! Ha - le - lu - jah! I will



praise Him, I will praise Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! I will praise Him ev - er - more.
praise Him! I will praise Him, I will praise Him and a - dore.