

One day when heaven was filled with His praises

Gospel — The Savior

987

(Guitar)

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when sin was as black as could be,
Je-sus came forth to be born of a vir - gin— Dwelt a-mong men, my ex - am-ple is He!
Chorus
(C) Liv-ing, He loved me; dy-ing, He saved me; Buried, He car - ried my sins far a - way;
Rising, He just - i - fied free-ly for - ev - er: One day He's com - ing— O glo - ri - ous day!

2. One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain,
One day they nailed Him to die on the tree;
Suffering anguish, despised and rejected;
Bearing our sins, my Redeemer is He.
3. One day they left Him alone in the garden,
One day He rested, from suffering free;
Angels came down o'er His tomb to keep vigil;
Hope of the hopeless, my Savior is He.
4. One day the grave could conceal Him no longer,
One day the stone rolled away from the door;
Then He arose, over death He had conquered;
Now is ascended, my Lord evermore.
5. One day the trumpet will sound for His coming,
One day the skies with His glory will shine;
Wonderful day, my beloved ones bringing;
Glorious Savior, this Jesus is mine!