There's A Song On My Lips
RISEN FOR ME

1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul,
Tho' the waves of distress Deeply round me may roll;
I shall safely go home, If I cling close to Him.
I will not be afraid When the dark grave I see,
For my Savior has died And has risen for me.

2. There's a light in my sky, Since the breaking of day,
When the seal rent in twain And the stone rolled away;
He is risen for thee; There is nothing to harm.
For my Savior Himself Gained a crown by the cross.

3. There is joy in my heart All the long, weary day,
For the storm overpast And the clouds rolled away.
There's a rose for each thorn, And a gain for each loss.
For an angel spoke peace To my spirit it's a balm.

Words by Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman
Music by J. H. Fillmore