Music In My Soul

1 Peter 1:8

G/D - SOL

1. My heart's a tune-ful harp when Christ a-bides with-in, There's mu-sic in the
2. How cheer-ing is the voice of heav'n-ly mel-o-dy! How dif-f'rent is the
3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An un-di-vid-ed
4. Don't bind the gi-ant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Nor leave him dead on
5. Then Love be-gins her life of work, and song, and prayer, With not a mo-ment

name of Je-sus; But Sa-tan al-ways strikes the chords of doubt and sin; I
world's com-plain-ing! And we may make the choice of what this life shall be, With
heart," says Je-sus; Till then the Prince of Peace can-not a-bide with-in, With
Si-ni's moun-tain; There's on-ly one sure way to ride the heart of Self,– A
lost in sigh-ing; To save a dy-ing world, is all her tho't and care, For

Chorus

love the gen-tle touch of Je-sus.
prom-ise of the life re-main-ing. O there's mu - sic,
Self there is no room for Je-sus.
bur-ial deep in Cal-v'ry's foun-tain. O there's mu-sic in my soul,
love is more than self de-ny-ing.

sweet-est mu - sic, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-sus; O there's
sweet-est mu-sic in my soul, O there's

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mu - sic, heav'n - ly mu - sic, With Je - sus in my soul.
mu - sic ev - ry day, heav'n - ly mu - sic all the way,