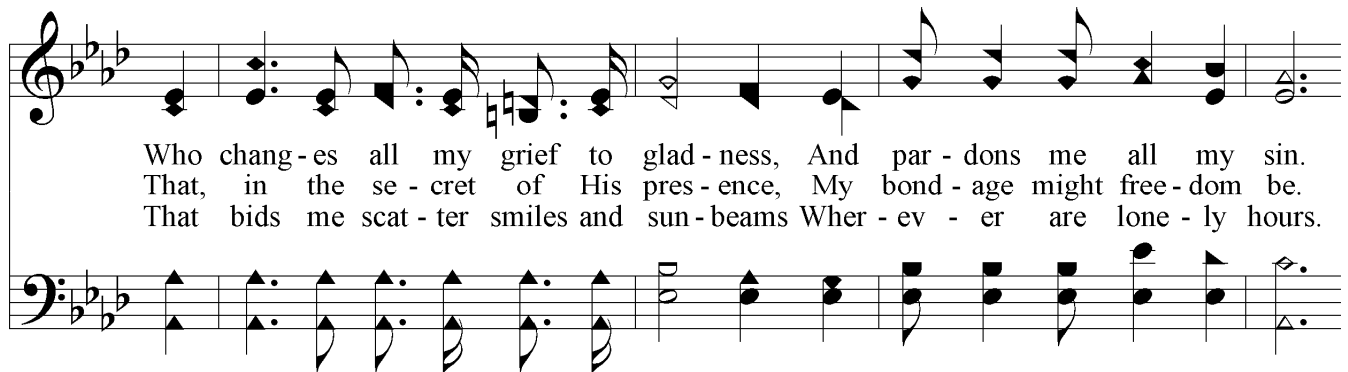


Beauty For Ashes

(First Prize Song)



1. I sing the love of God, my Fa - ther, Whose Spir - it a - bides with - in;
2. I sing the love of Christ, my Sav - ior, Who suf - fered up - on the tree;
3. I sing the beau - ty of the Gos - pel That scat - ters, not thorns, but flow'rs;



Who chang - es all my grief to glad - ness, And par - dons me all my sin.
That, in the se - cret of His pres - ence, My bond - age might free - dom be.
That bids me scat - ter smiles and sun - beams Wher - ev - er are lone - ly hours.



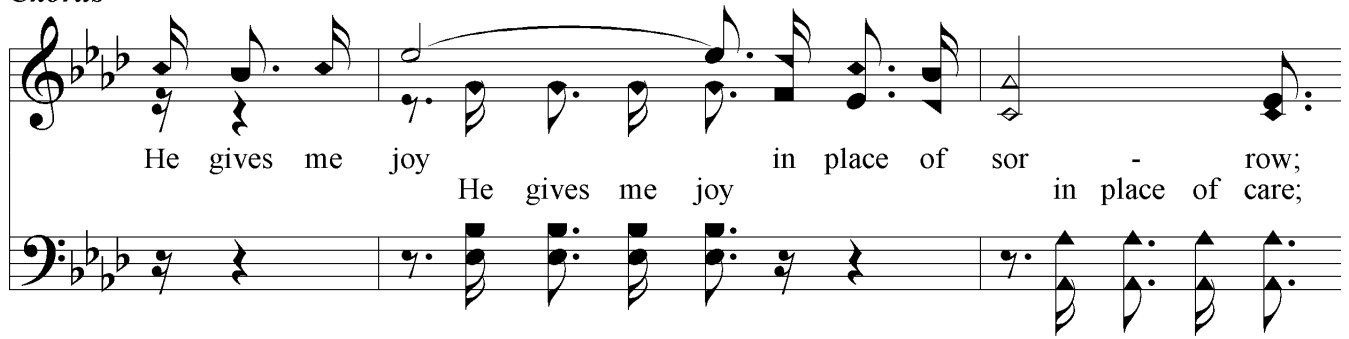
Tho' clouds may low - er, dark and drear - y, Yet He has prom - ised to be near;
He comes "to bind the bro - ken - heart - ed," He comes the faint - ing soul to cheer;
The "gar - ment of His praise" it of - fers For "heav - i - ness of spir - it," drear;



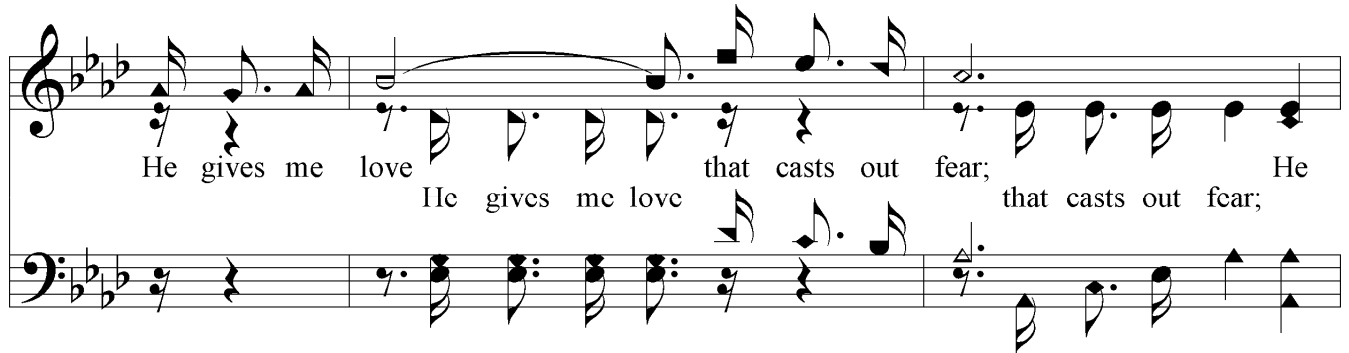
He gives me sun - shine for my shad - ow, And "beau - ty for ash - es," here.
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourn - ing, And "beau - ty for ash - es," here.
It gives me sun - shine for my shad - ow, And "beau - ty for ash - es," here.

Beauty For Ashes

Chorus



He gives me joy He gives me joy in place of sor - row;
in place of care;



He gives me love He gives me love that casts out fear; He
that casts out fear;



gives me sun - shine for my shad - ow, And "beau - ty for ash - es" here.