

# Blessed Assurance

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!  
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my sight.  
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest,

Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chased of God, Born of His Spi-rit, washed in His blood.  
An-gels des-cen-ding, bring from a-bove E-choes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.  
Wat-ching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.

REFRAIN

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long;

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long. A-men.

*Text:* Frances Jane Crosby (1820–1915), 1873

*Music:* Phoebe Palmer Knapp (1839–1908), 1873

*Tune Name:* 'Assurance'

*Source:* Hymns for the Church, 1911 (no. 449; p. 337)