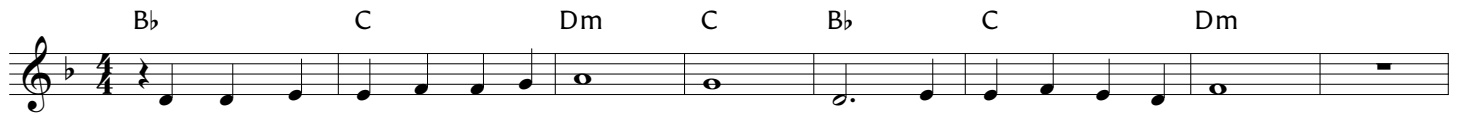
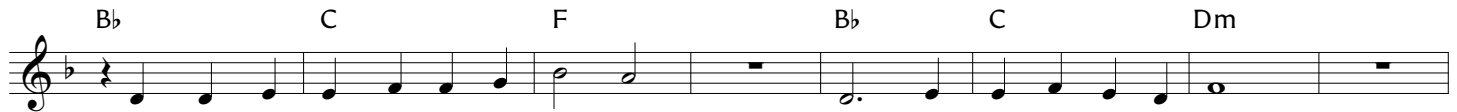


# LET US FIX OUR EYES ON JESUS

WORDS: KURTIS WETZEL :: MUSIC: JOEY SCHUMANN



This race called life is long and try - ing, Filled with sin and Sa - tan's lies.  
Too of - ten trou - bles, dis - ap - point - ments, Grief, and pain slow down our pace.  
He left the per - fect joy of heav - en, Born in pov - er - ty and shame,  
At God's right hand he sits tri - umph - ant As our liv - ing Sav - ior King;



And though sur - round - ed by so ma - ny, Still we hear the lone - ly cries.  
Our hearts in sad - ness may grow wear - y, Read - y to give up the race.  
And for an - oth - er joy be - fore him, Suf - fered hell and took our blame.  
The source of our de - light and glad - ness Lifts our wear - y souls to sing.



Yet he who fought the dev - il for us— Knows each bur - den that we bear,  
It's then that Christ says, "I am with you; I will nev - er leave your side.  
He ran the race in all per - fec - tion; Won the prize on Cal - va - ry.  
And now sur - round - ed by each wit - ness Who, in faith, the race has run,



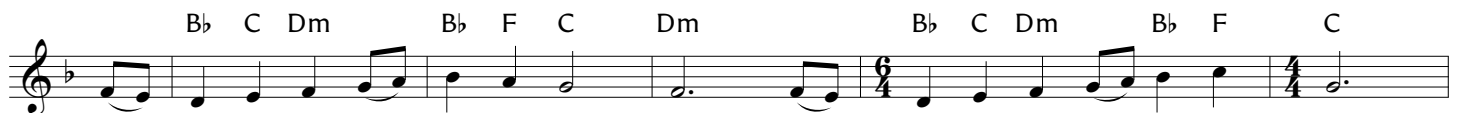
Stands as our shield in times of weak - ness, As our friend in times of prayer.  
I'm here to com - fort and re - fresh you; I'm your help, your strength, your guide."  
Now it's his joy to say, "For - giv - en! By my death I've set you free."  
We fol - low Christ to heav - en's glo - ry Where the jour - ney's just be - gun.



So let us fix our eyes on Je - sus, The one who suf - fered on the cross.



And let us run with per - se - ver - ance The race that he marked out for us.



No e - vil, sor - row, or temp - ta - tion Will ev - er make us lose the prize.



So let us run with per - se - ver - ance, And on Je - sus fix our eyes.