

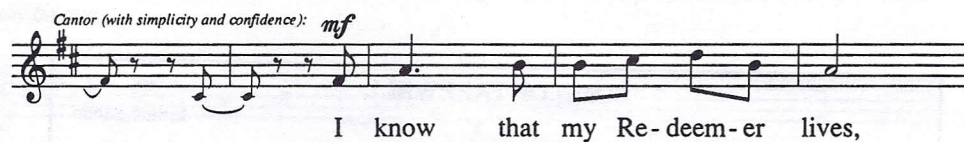
# I Know That My Redeemer Lives

*Gently*

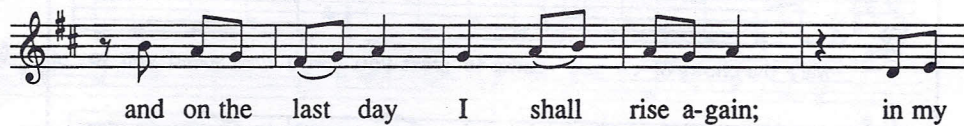


*rall.*

*Cantor (with simplicity and confidence): mf*

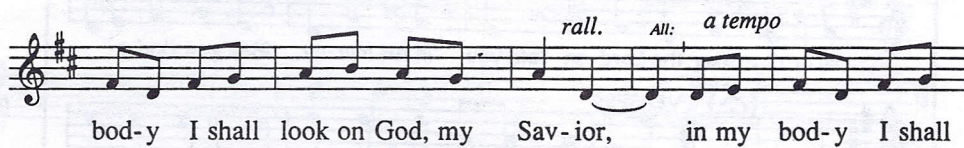


I know that my Re-deem-er lives,



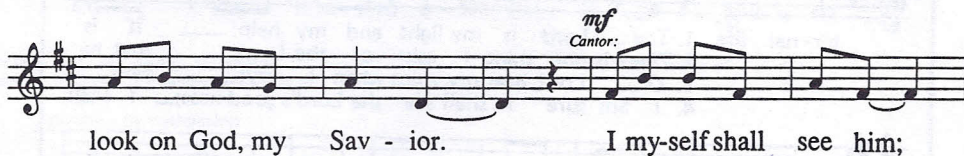
and on the last day I shall rise a-gain; in my

*rall. All: a tempo*



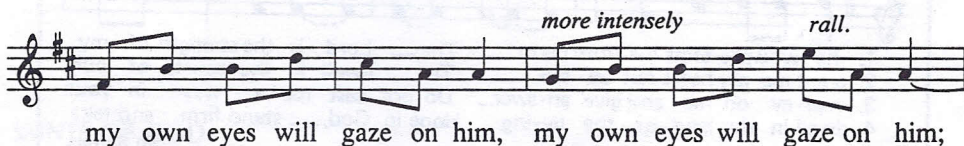
bod-y I shall look on God, my Sav-ior, in my bod-y I shall

*mf Cantor:*



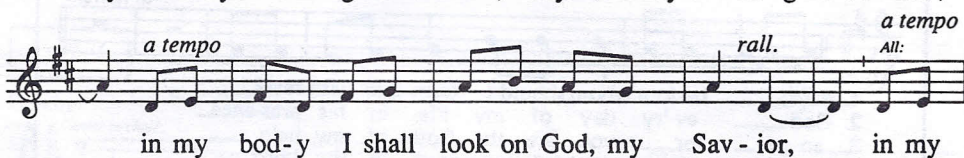
look on God, my Sav-ior. I my-self shall see him;

*more intensely rall.*



my own eyes will gaze on him, my own eyes will gaze on him;

*a tempo rall. All:*



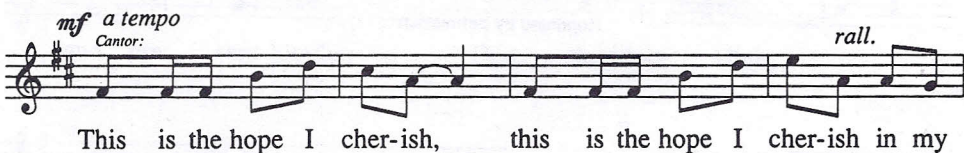
in my bod-y I shall look on God, my Sav-ior, in my

*rall.*



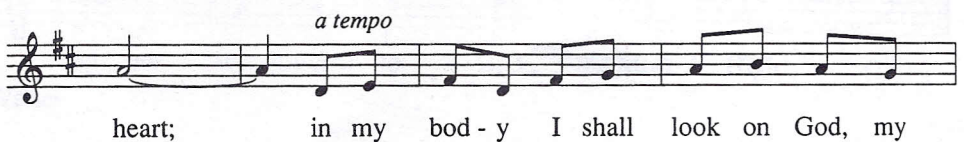
bod-y I shall look on God, my Sav-ior.

*mf a tempo Cantor: rall.*



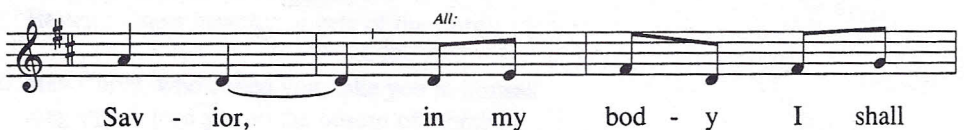
This is the hope I cher-ish, this is the hope I cher-ish in my

*a tempo*



heart; in my bod-y I shall look on God, my

*All:*



Sav-ior, in my bod-y I shall

*molto rit.*



look on God, my Sav-ior.

Text: Rite of Funerals, © 1970, ICEL

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