

Christ, the Victor

Justin Rossow

- 1 When the devil came to tempt Him In the lonely wilderness,
Christ, my Champion rose to battle Though yet clothed in humbleness.
 See!—His flesh is tired and hungry.
 See!—Here stands the Father’s Son.
Christ, the Victor! Christ, the Victor! Christ for me the vict’ry won!
- 2 Satan fights with deadly weapons—flaming darts, deceitful sword.
But my Jesus can’t be shaken—see Him wield God’s Holy Word!
 See!—The Tempter tries to question
 What it means to be God’s Son.
Christ, the Victor! Christ, the Victor! Christ for me the vict’ry won!
- 3 Far and wide the battle rages—Temple’s peak and mountain’s height.
And the hope of all creation Hangs in balance in the fight.
 Hear the crafty taunts of Satan!
 Hear the shout of vict’ry won:
“Go, Deceiver! Get behind Me! Still obedient is the Son!”
- 4 Mighty Champion! Glorious Savior! Valiant Victor! Conquering Lord!
In my place you waged the battle, Now forever by adored!
 Hear the praises of Your people!
 We proclaim what you have done:
“Christ, the Victor! Christ, the Victor! Christ for me the vict’ry won!”

TUNE: EBENEZER

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