

# New Light Shining in the Prison

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The image shows a musical score for the song "New Light Shining in the Prison". It is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. Chord symbols are placed above the staff to indicate the harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff, with line numbers 10, 18, 23, 28, 33, 39, and 45 marking the beginning of each line of text. The lyrics describe a prisoner's experience of receiving spiritual light and freedom through the love of Jesus.

D G A D G A

10 There's a new light shin-ing in the pri-son. Can you hear the foot-steps in the halls?

D G A D G A D

18 Reach out your hand, it's time to learn to stand, it's time we start tear-ing down the walls.

Bm Em Bm

1. I don't know how long I'd been chained in the pri-son. At  
2. I thought the whole thing may - be was a vis - ion, or  
23 3. "I still can't rise" I told Him, "it's this pri-son. I  
4. So now we're stand - ing here out - side your pri-son. In a

Em F# Bm

least it felt it had been ve - ry long. And I'd long since gi - ven  
may - be that I fi - nal - ly was dead, when the cell door crum - bled,  
28 have - n't used my legs in man - y years." He walked in and wrapped His  
Em Bm Em

up all hope and wish-in', 'cause the shack - les on my wrists were real - ly  
light shined in the pri-son, and the stran - ger stood there, smiled at me and  
arms a - round to hug me. And I felt the love, and could - n't stop the  
33 both of us will tell you that you don't have to be here a - ny -  
Bm Em Bm

strong. There were - n't a - ny wind - ows in the pri-son, so I  
said: "I think the time has come to leave your pri-son". I  
tears. Then I felt a surge of new life come re - turn - ing, as He  
39 more. 'Cause the stran - ger once was shack - led in a pri-son. By  
Em F# Bm Em

could - n't tell if it was night or day. But I think that it was ear - ly in the  
said my hands are chained down to the floor." But He point - ed to the shackles of my  
of - ferred me His hand to stand a - new. My legs got strong. I rose to join His  
45 His own choice, He died for you and me. You can keep the shackles and the  
Bm D A D A

morn - ing, when I heard the voi - ces sing - ing far a - way.  
pri - son, and He said, "Look down, they're not there a - ny more."  
jour - ney, then I saw His hands had holes that went right through.  
pri - son, or you can take His hand and be set free.