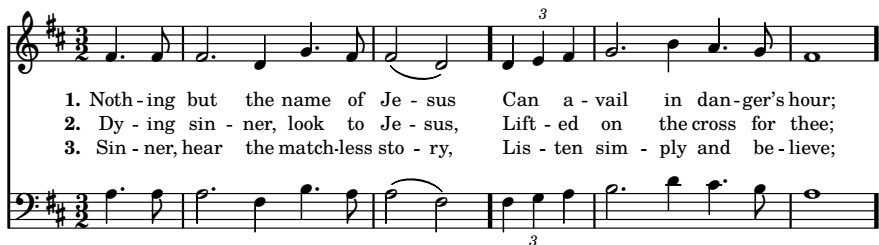
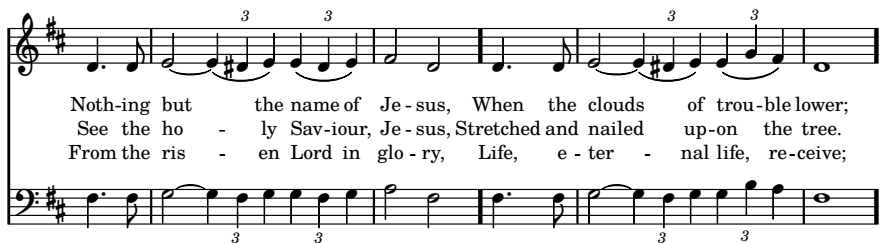


(Refuge. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.)

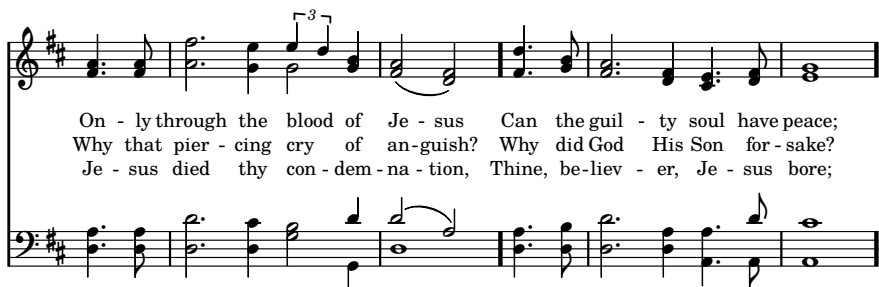
J. P. Holbrook



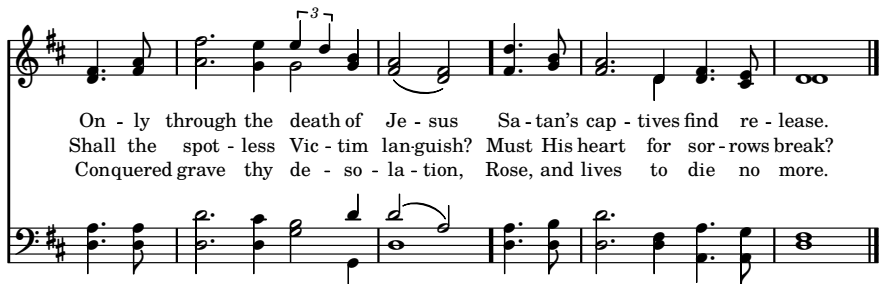
1. Noth- ing but the name of Je- sus Can a- vail in dan- ger's hour;  
 2. Dy- ing sin- ner, look to Je- sus, Lift- ed on the cross for thee;  
 3. Sin- ner, hear the match- less sto- ry, Lis- ten sim- ply and be- lieve;



Noth- ing but the name of Je- sus, When the clouds of trou- ble lower;  
 See the ho- ly Sav- iour, Je- sus, Stretched and nailed up- on the tree.  
 From the ris- en Lord in glo- ry, Life, e- ter- nal life, re- ceive;



On- ly through the blood of Je- sus Can the guil- ty soul have peace;  
 Why that pier- cing cry of an- guish? Why did God His Son for- sake?  
 Je- sus died thy con- dem- na- tion, Thine, be- liev- er, Je- sus bore;



On- ly through the death of Je- sus Sa- tan's cap- tives find re- lease.  
 Shall the spot- less Vic- tim languish? Must His heart for sor- rows break?  
 Conquered grave thy de- so- la- tion, Rose, and lives to die no more.