

Ellen H. Willis

Miss H. M. Warner



1. I left it all with Je - sus long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows How to steal the bit - ter
3. I leave it all with Je - sus day by day; Faith can firm - ly trust Him,
4. Oh, leave it *all* with Je - sus, droop - ing soul! Tell not *half* thy sto - ry,



and my woe. When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard His small, still  
from life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop with His smile, Make the des - ert  
come what may. Hope has dropped her an - chor, found her rest In the calm, sure  
but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hang - ing on His hand, Life and death are



whis - per, "Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den rolled a - way -  
gar - den bloom a - while; When my weak - ness lean - eth on His might,  
ha - ven of His breast; Love es - teems it heav - en to a - bide  
wait - ing His com - mand; Yet His ten - der bos - om makes *thee* room -



hap - py day! From my heart the bur - den rolled a - way - hap - py day!  
all seems light; When my weak - ness lean - eth on His might, all seems light.  
at His side; Love es - teems it heav - en to a - bide at His side.  
oh, come home! Yet His ten - der bos - om makes *thee* room - oh, come home!

