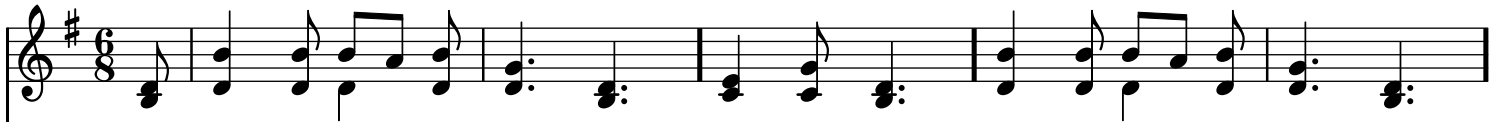


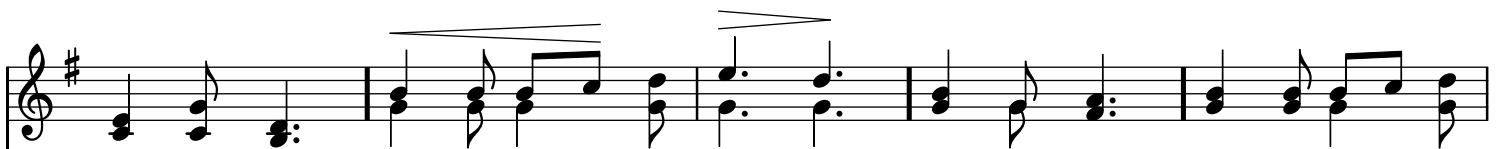
(P. M.)

Mrs. E. H. Willis

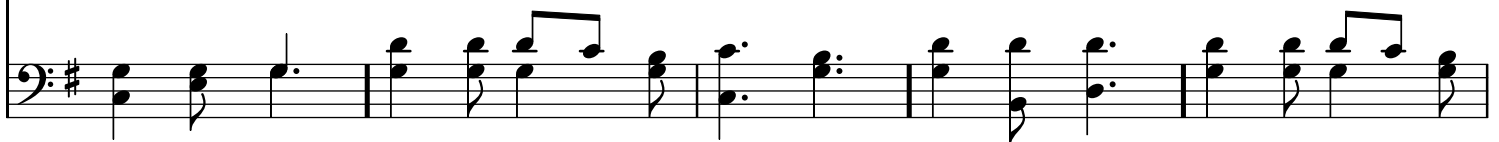
Miss H. M. Warner



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!

