

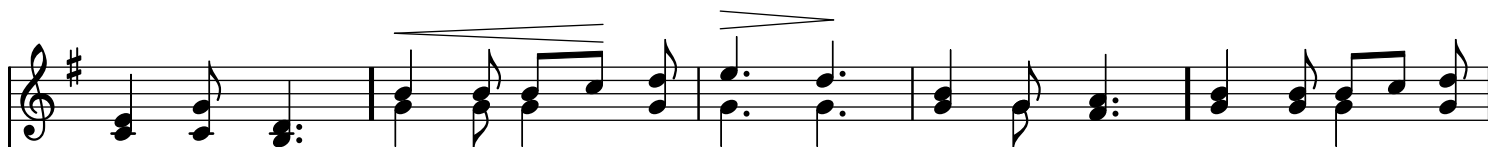
Ellen H. Willis

(P. M.)

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!

