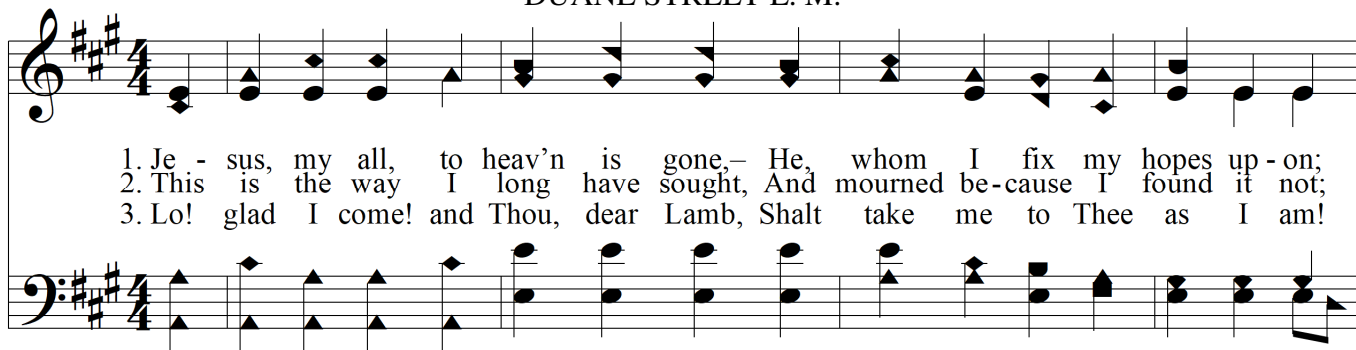
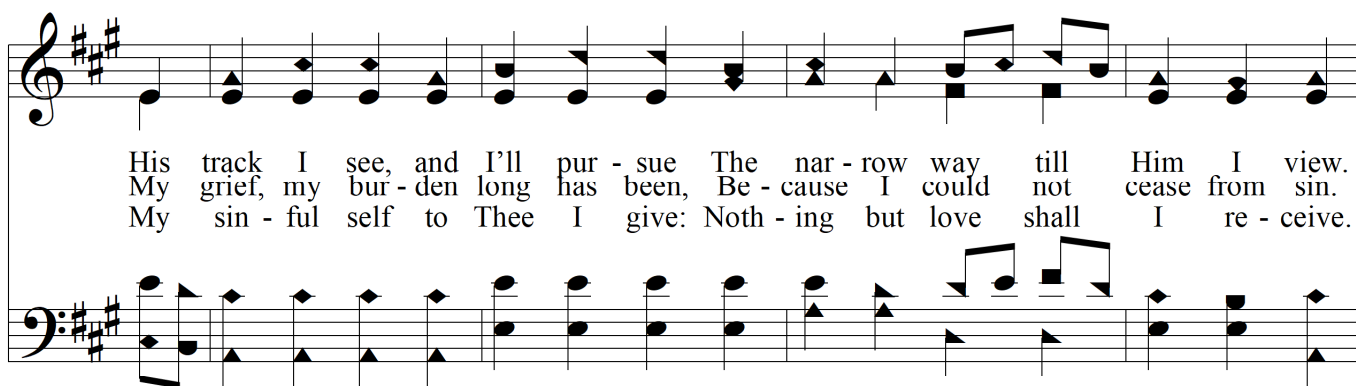


Jesus, My All, To Heaven Is Gone

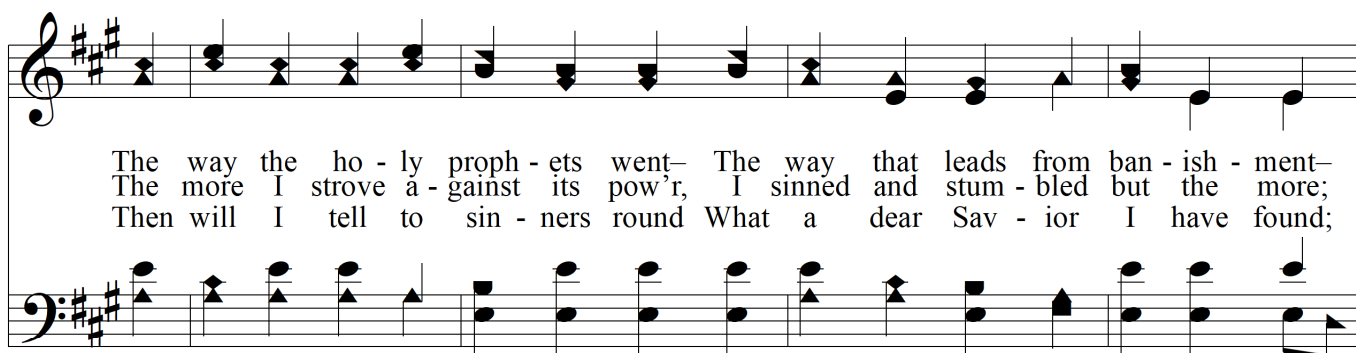
DUANE STREET L. M.



1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, - He, whom I fix my hopes up - on;
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned be-cause I found it not;
3. Lo! glad I come! and Thou, dear Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee as I am!



His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till Him I view.
My grief, my bur - den long has been, Be - cause I could not cease from sin.
My sin - ful self to Thee I give: Noth - ing but love shall I re - ceive.



The way the ho - ly proph - ets went - The way that leads from ban - ish - ment -
The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, I sinned and stum - bled but the more;
Then will I tell to sin - ners round What a dear Sav - ior I have found;



The King's high-way of ho - li - ness - I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
Till late I heard my Sav - ior say, "Come hith - er, soul, I am the way."
I'll point to Thy re - deem - ing blood, And say - Be - hold the way to God. A - men.