I Left It All With Jesus

Words: Mrs. E. H. Willis, Arr.
Music: James McGranahan

1. Oh, I left it all with Jesus, long ago; All my sins I brought Him and my woe; When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the tree; Heard His still small whisper "Tis for thee!"

2. Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows, How to steal the bitter from life's woes; How to gild the tear of sorrow with His smile, Make the desert garden bloom a while, bloom a while, bloom a while,

3. Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day; Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may; Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor, found her rest; In the calm, sure haven of his breast, of His breast, of His breast,

4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul; Tell not half thy story, but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His hand, Life and death are waiting His command, His command, His command.
I Left It All With Jesus

Chorus

From my weary heart the burden rolled away:
Happy day! happy day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might,
All is light! all is light!
Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide
At His side! at His side!
Yet His tender, loving mercy make thee room:
Oh, come home! oh, come home!

From my weary heart the burden roll'd away:
Roll'd a-way;
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might,
on His might,
Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide,
to a-bide,
Yes, His tender loving mercy makes thee room,
makes thee room,
Oh, come home! Oh come home!