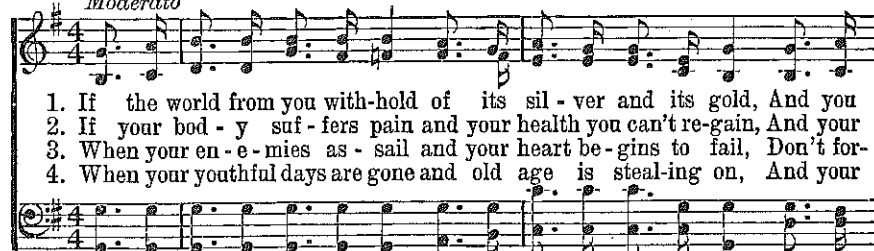


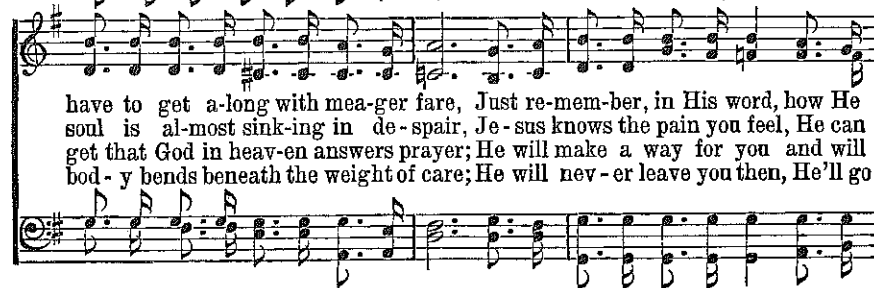
# Leave It There

C. ALBERT TINDLEY  
*Moderato*

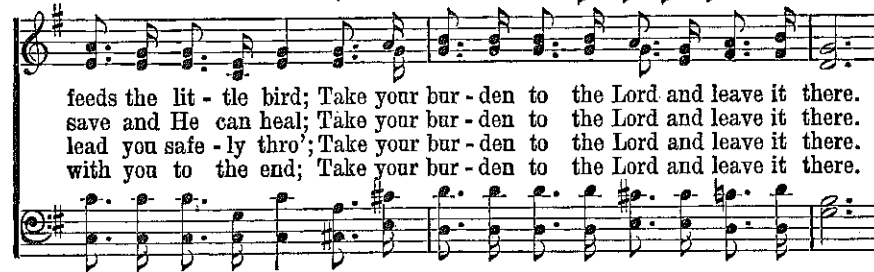
Arr. by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, JR.



1. If the world from you with-hold of its sil-ver and its gold, And you  
2. If your bod-y suf-fers pain and your health you can't re-gain, And your  
3. When your en-e-mies as-sail and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-  
4. When your youthful days are gone and old age is steal-ing on, And your



have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He  
soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can  
get that God in heav-en answers prayer; He will make a way for you and will  
bod-y bends beneath the weight of care; He will nev-er leave you then, He'll go

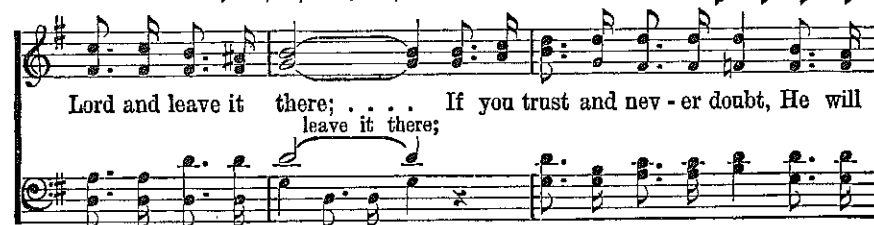


feeds the lit-tle bird; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.  
save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.  
lead you safe-ly thro'; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.  
with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

CHORUS



Leave it there, . . . leave it there, . . . Take your bur-den to the  
Leave it there, leave it there,



Lord and leave it there; . . . If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will  
leave it there;

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# Leave It There

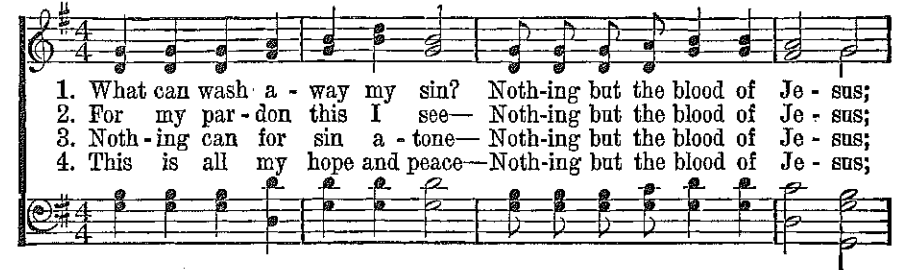


sure-ly bring you out; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there. . . .  
leave it there.

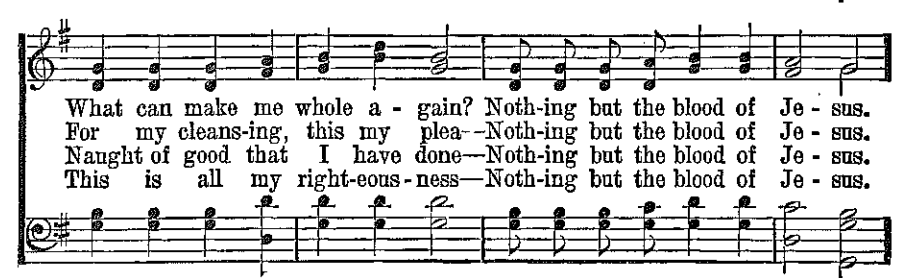
# Nothing But the Blood

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY

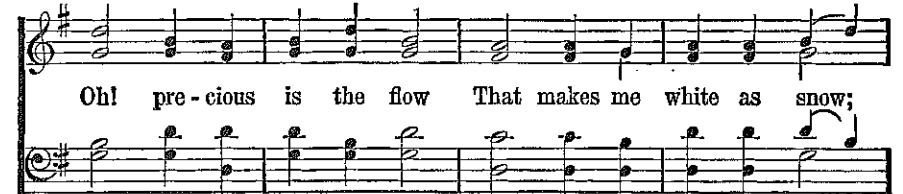


1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;  
2. For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;  
3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;  
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;

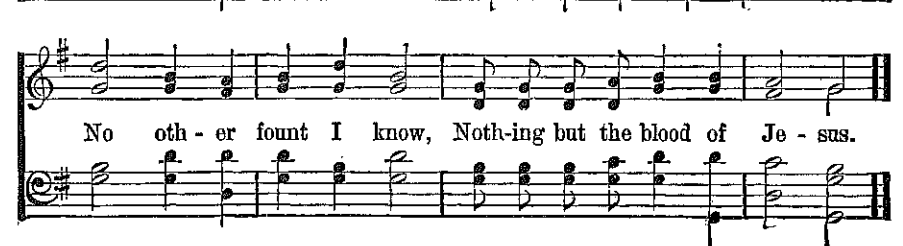


What can make me whole a-gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.  
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.  
Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.  
This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.

## REFRAIN



Oh! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth-er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.