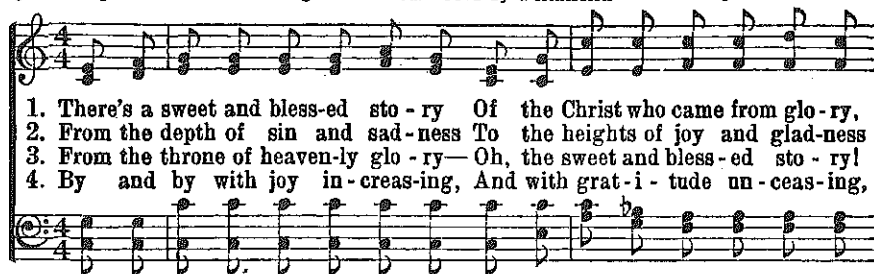


He Ransomed Me*

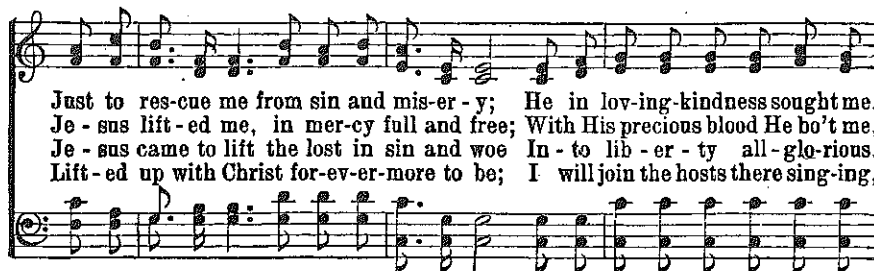
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Julia H. Johnston

J. W. Henderson

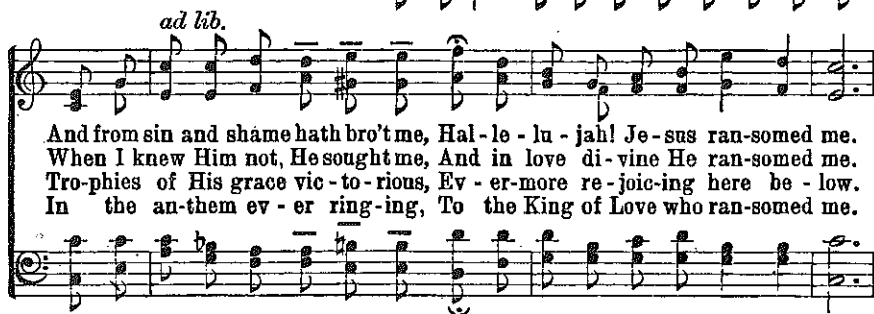


1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo - ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav-en-ly glo - ry— Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry!
4. By and by with joy in - creas-ing, And with grat-i - tude un - ceas-ing,



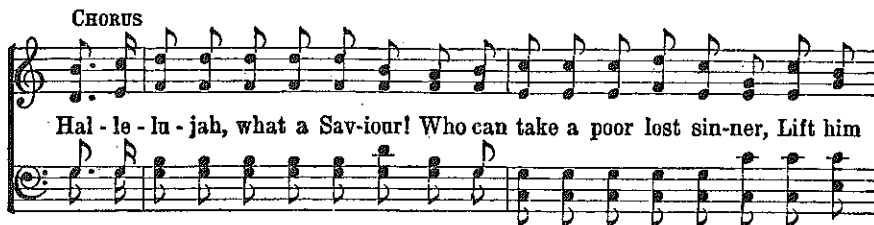
Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er - y; He in lov-ing-kindness sought me,
Je - sus lift-ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all-glo-rious,
Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be; I will join the hosts there sing-ing,

ad lib.

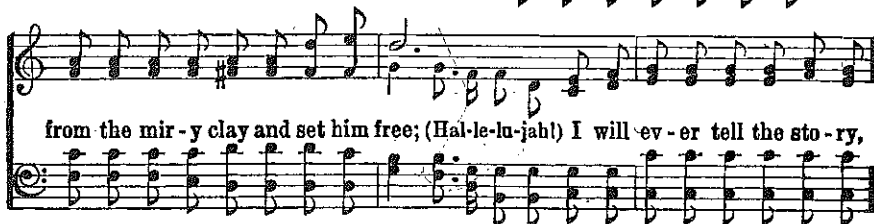


And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
Tro-phies of His grace vic-to-rious, Ev - er-more re-joic-ing here be - low.
In the an-them ev - er ring-ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.

CHORUS



Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-iour! Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift him



from the mir-y clay and set him free; (Hal-le-lu-jah!) I will ev - er tell the sto - ry,

He Ransomed Me

ad lib.

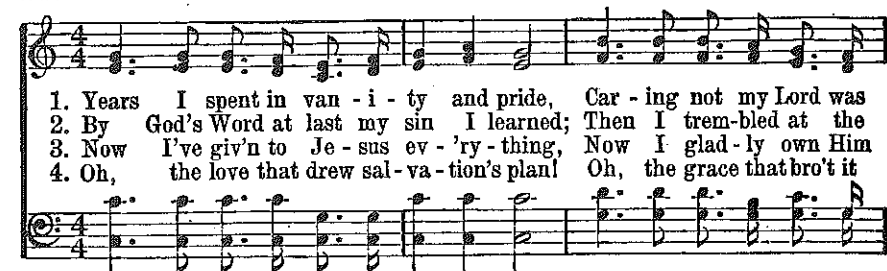


Shout-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.

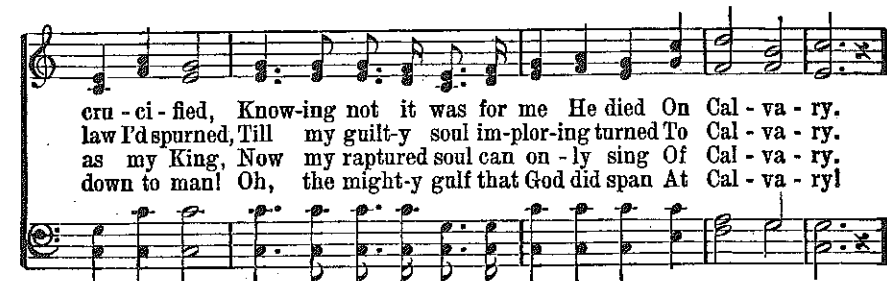
At Calvary*

Wm. R. Newell

D. B. Towner

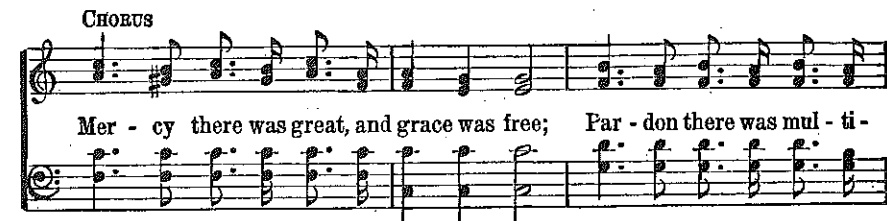


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh, the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! Oh, the grace that bro't it

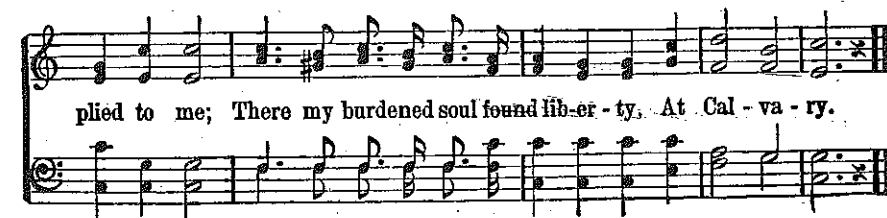


cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man! Oh, the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS



Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti -



plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty. At Cal - va - ry.