


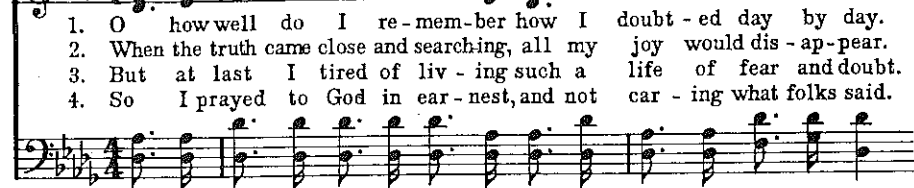

# It's Real

H.L.C.

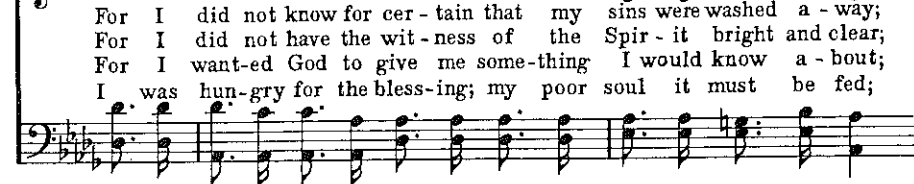

H.L. COX



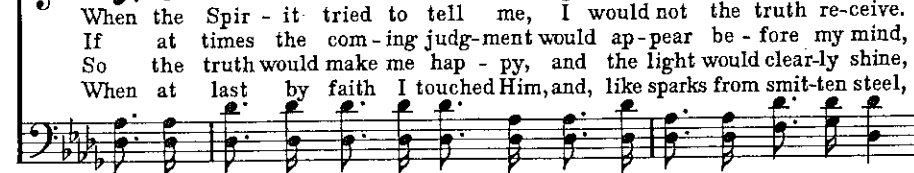

1. O how well do I re-mem-ber how I doubt-ed day by day.  
 2. When the truth came close and searching, all my joy would dis-ap-pear.  
 3. But at last I tired of liv-ing such a life of fear and doubt.  
 4. So I prayed to God in ear-nest, and not car-ing what folks said.

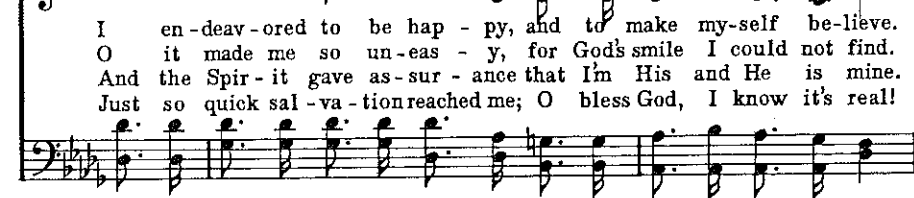
For I did not know for cer-tain that my sins were washed a-way;  
 For I did not have the wit-ness of the Spir-it bright and clear;  
 For I want-ed God to give me some-thing I would know a-bout;  
 I was hun-gry for the bless-ing; my poor soul it must be fed;

When the Spir-it tried to tell me, I would not the truth re-ceive.  
 If at times the com-ing judg-ment would ap-pear be-fore my mind,  
 So the truth would make me hap-py, and the light would clear-ly shine,  
 When at last by faith I touched Him, and, like sparks from smit-ten steel,

I en-deav-ored to be hap-py, and to make my-self be-lieve.  
 O it made me so un-eas-y, for God's smile I could not find.  
 And the Spir-it gave as-sur-ance that I'm His and He is mine.  
 Just so quick sal-va-tion reached me; O bless God, I know it's real!



CHORUS




But it's real, it's real, it's real, O I know I know it's real;

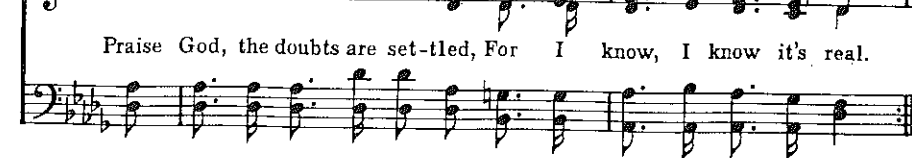


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# It's Real




Praise God, the doubts are set-tled, For I know, I know it's real.



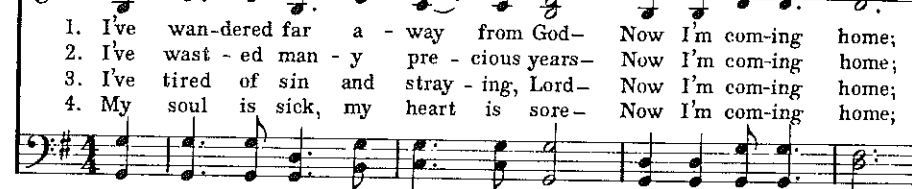

# Lord, I'm Coming Home

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

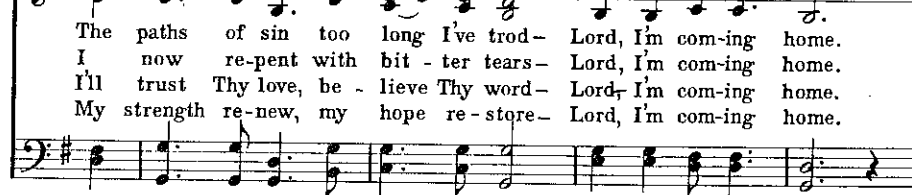
WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK



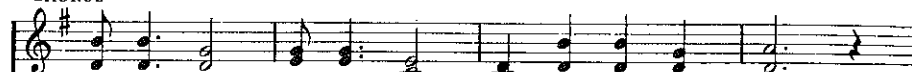
1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God- Now I'm com-ing home;  
 2. I've wast-ed man-y pre-cious years- Now I'm com-ing home;  
 3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord- Now I'm com-ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore- Now I'm com-ing home;


The paths of sin too long I've trod- Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I now re-pent with bit-ter tears- Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word- Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store- Lord, I'm com-ing home.



CHORUS



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev-er-more to roam;




O - pen now Thine arms of love- Lord, I'm com-ing home.

