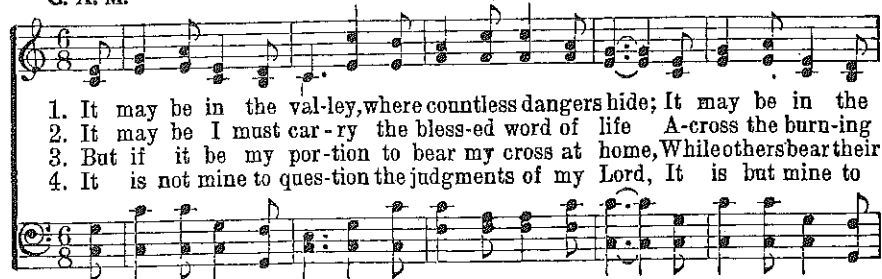


IF JESUS GOES WITH ME

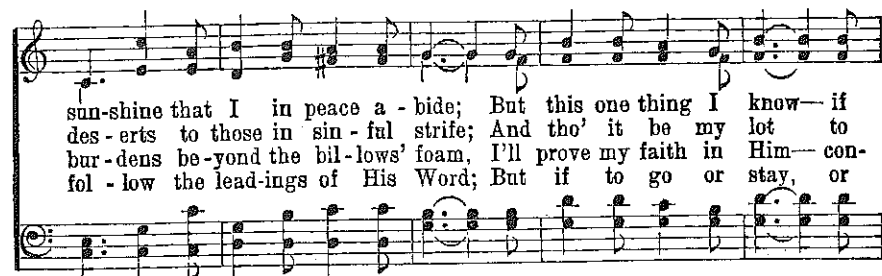
C. A. M.

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THE RODEHEAVER CO., OWNER

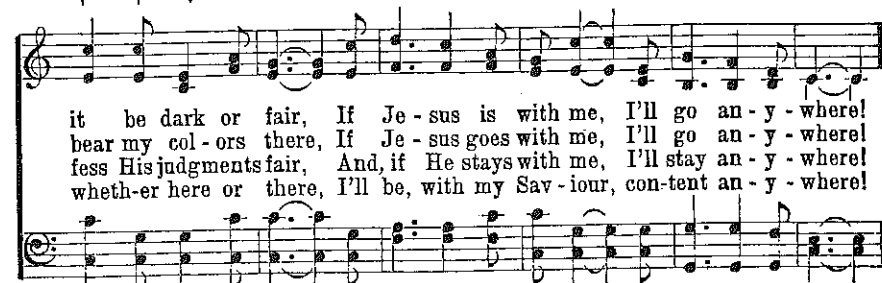
C. Austin Miles



1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to

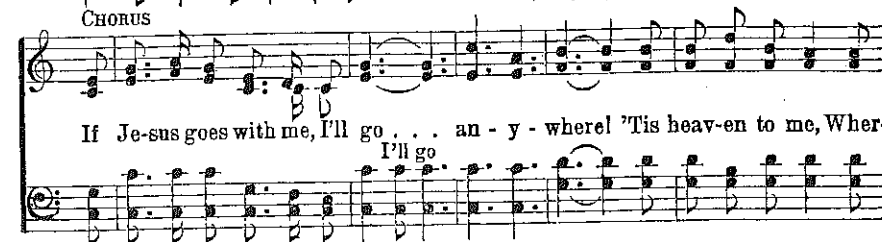


sun-shine that I in peace a-bide; But this one thing I know— if
des-erts to those in sin-fal strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-lows' foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con-
fol-low the lead-ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or

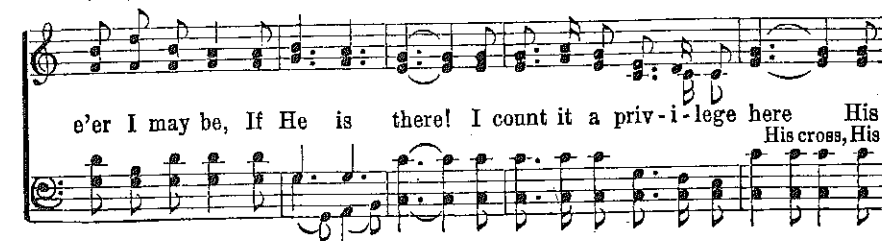


it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll stay an-y-where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-iour, con-tent an-y-where!

CHORUS



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go . . . an-y-where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Where
I'll go.



e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here His
His cross, His

IF JESUS GOES WITH ME



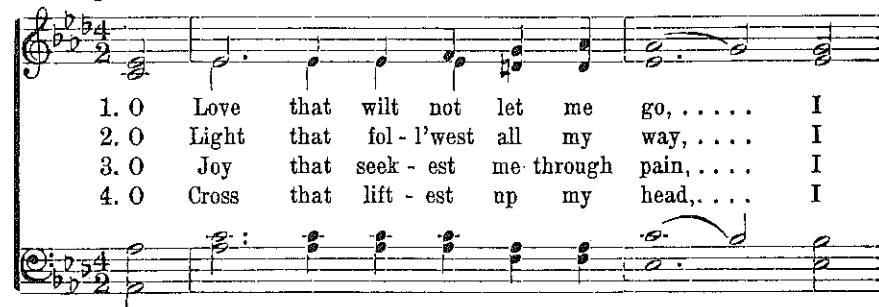
cross to bear; . . . If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where.
cross, His cross to bear;

O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO

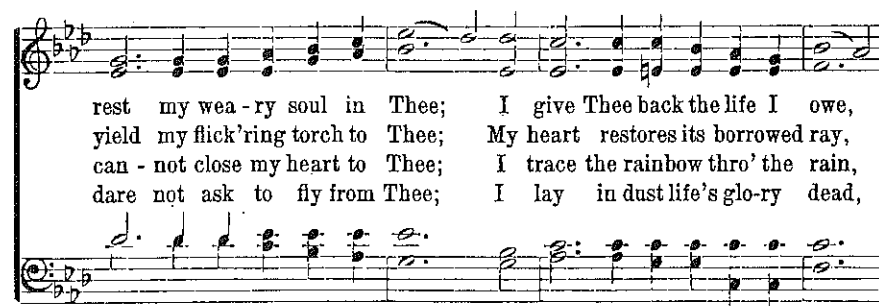
George Matheson

MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

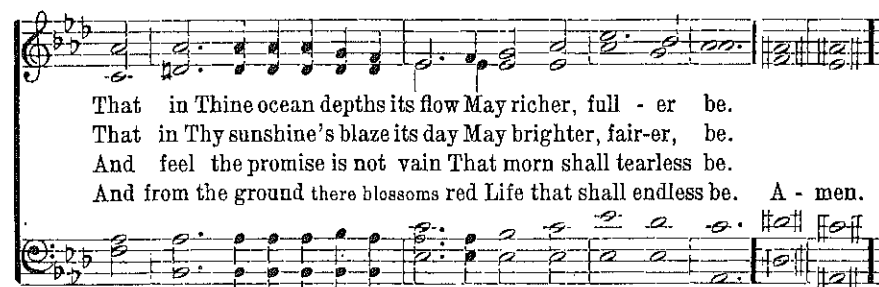
Albert L. Peace



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I
2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way, . . . I
3. O Joy that seek-est me through pain, . . . I
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, . . . I



rest my wea-ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray,
can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,
dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead,



That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full-er be.
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fair-er, be.
And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be. A-men.