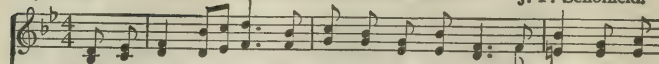
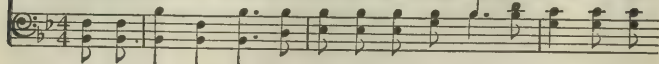


J. P. S.

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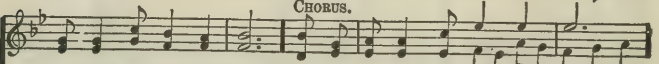
J. P. Scholfield.

- 
1. When my debt to God was rest-ing on my soul, And I trod the
 2. My ac-count was great, I knew I could not pay, I bowed 'neath the
 3. Grat-i-tude to Him has tuned my heart to praise, I'm grate-ful for
 4. When I stand a-lone and face the set-ting sun, And dark-ness ob-

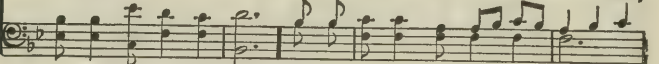


down-ward road, I looked up to Him who died to make men whole, And He
 heav-y load; Je-sus paid my debt, I love Him more each day, For He
 gifts be-stowed; And my song will flow thro' all the com-ing days, For He
 scures the road, He will guide me home and say to me, "Well done," For He

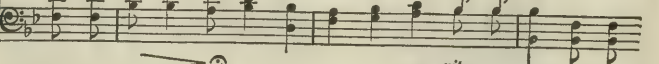
CHORUS.



can-celled the debt I owed. Je-sus can-celled the debt I owed,
 I owed,



Je-sus lift-ed the might-y load; . . . Grace di-vine touched my
 might-y load;



soul and made me whole, When He can-celled the debt I owed. A-MEN. *rit.*

