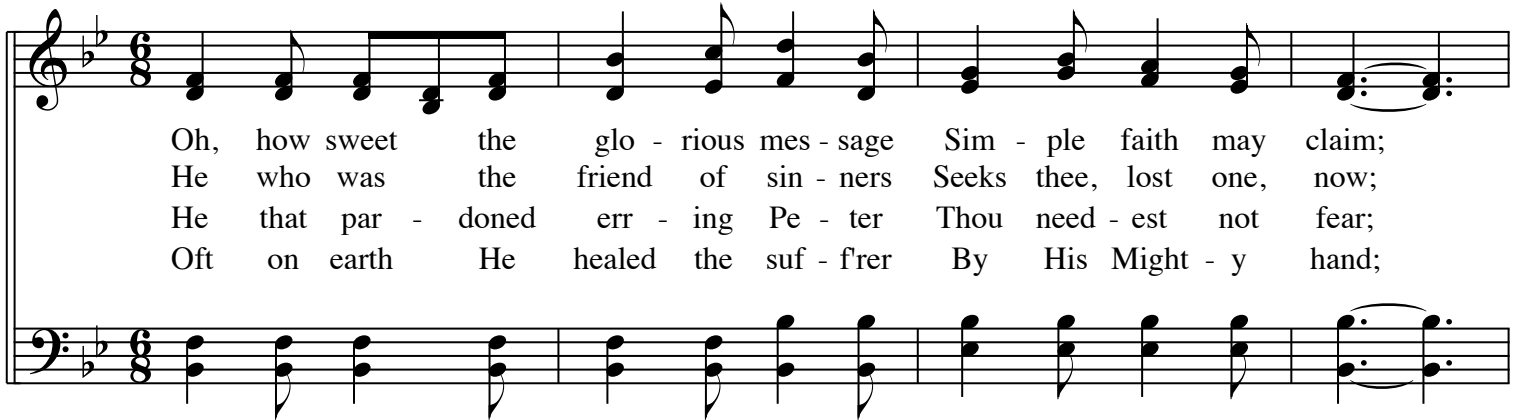


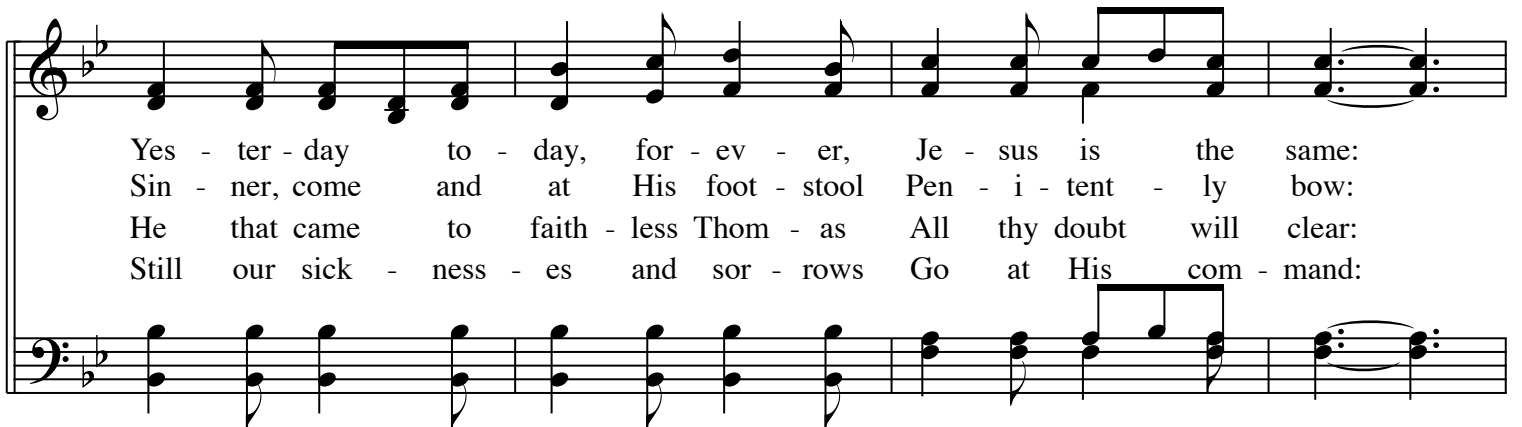
Yesterday, Today, Forever

A.B. Simpson, 1890

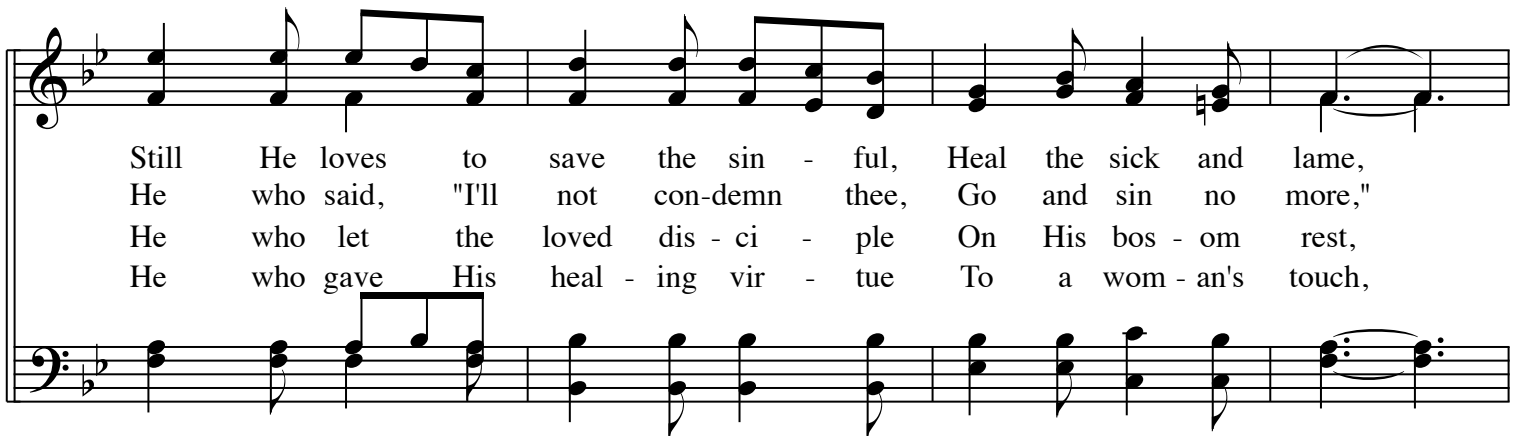
J.H. Burke



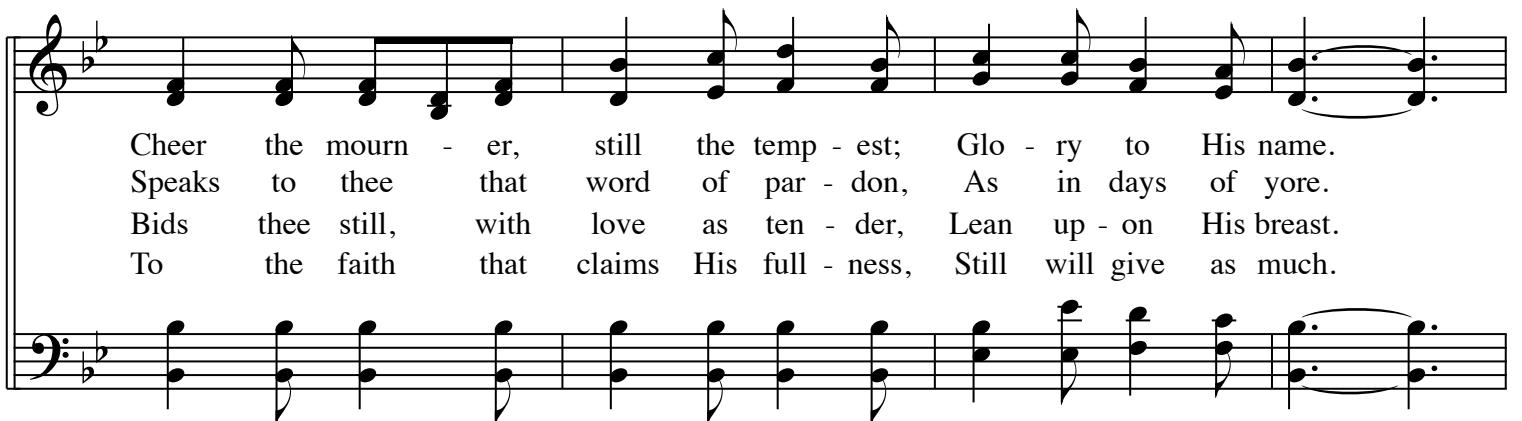
Oh, how sweet the glo - rious mes - sage Sim - ple faith may claim;
He who was the friend of sin - ners Seeks thee, lost one, now;
He that par - doned err - ing Pe - ter Thou need - est not fear;
Oft on earth He healed the suf - frer By His Might - y hand;



Yes - ter - day to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same:
Sin - ner, come and at His foot - stool Pen - i - tent - ly bow:
He that came to faith - less Thom - as All thy doubt will clear:
Still our sick - ness - es and sor - rows Go at His com - mand:



Still He loves to save the sin - ful, Heal the sick and lame,
He who said, "I'll not con - demn thee, Go and sin no more,"
He who let the loved dis - ci - ple On His bos - om rest,
He who gave His heal - ing vir - tue To a wom - an's touch,



Cheer the mourn - er, still the temp - est; Glo - ry to His name.
Speaks to thee that word of par - don, As in days of yore.
Bids thee still, with love as ten - der, Lean up - on His breast.
To the faith that claims His full - ness, Still will give as much.

Yes - ter-day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same;

All may change but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name!

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name,

All may change, but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name!