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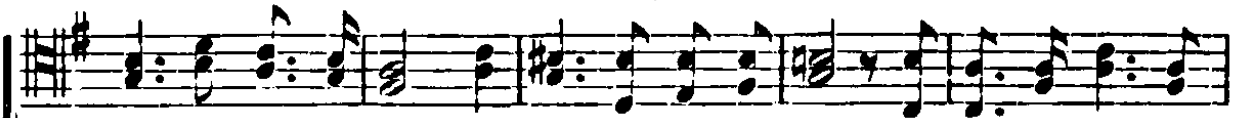
Returning Faith.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

W. H. H. HOOVER. Cho. arr.

(Melody in 2d Tenor.)

1. My childhood faith had been forgot, The voice of conscience stilled, The joy of
 2. I listened with a troub-led heart, And mem'ry came to chide, That I had
 3. I called to mind the blessed time Of childhood free from care, When I be-



life had fled a-way, My heart with doubt was filled; And then I heard a
 let the good depart, And sin with me a-bide; How sweet the tones that
 lieved my mother's God, And knelt with her in pray'r; The old-time truth came



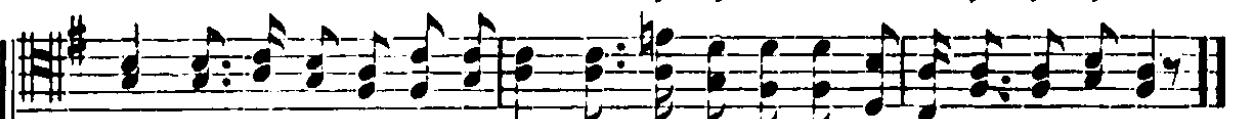
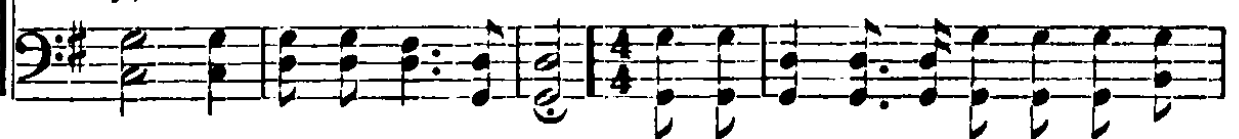
gentle voice That all my be-ing stirred, For borne up-on the evening
 rose and fell With accents soft and low, In that dear song I knew so
 back to stay, To make my spir-it free; I trod with joy the old-time



CHORUS.



breeze, An old-time song was heard:
 well, In days of long a-go: 'Tis the old-time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the
 way, For faith returned to me!



old-time religion, 'Tis the old-time religion, And it's good enough for me.

