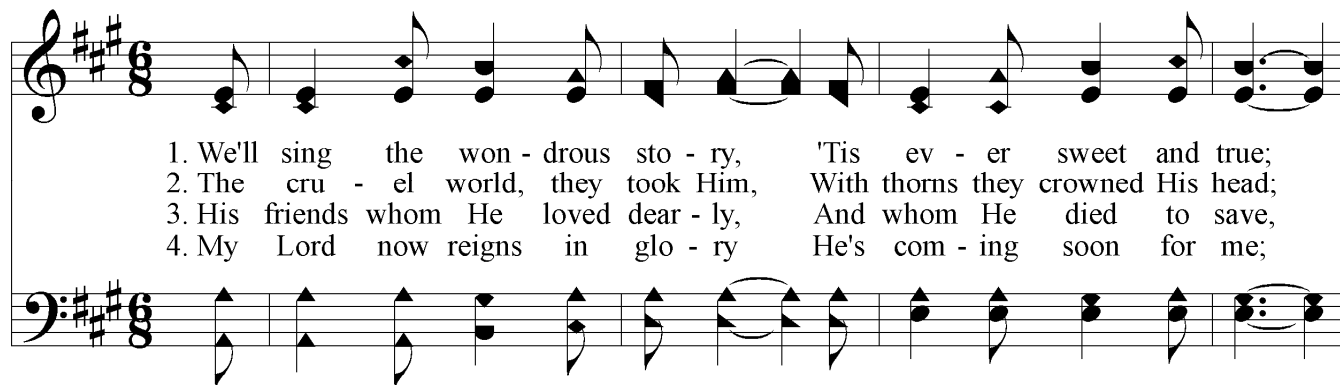
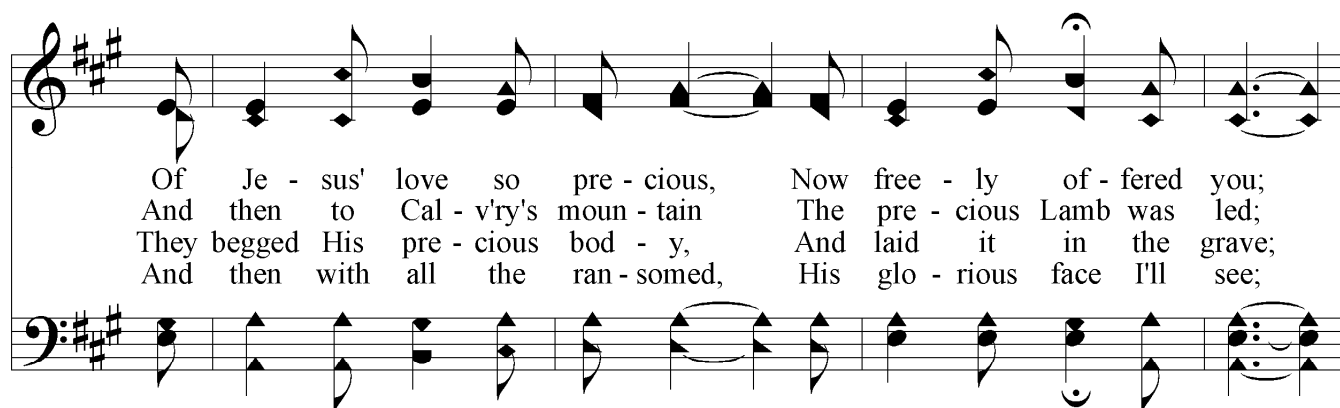


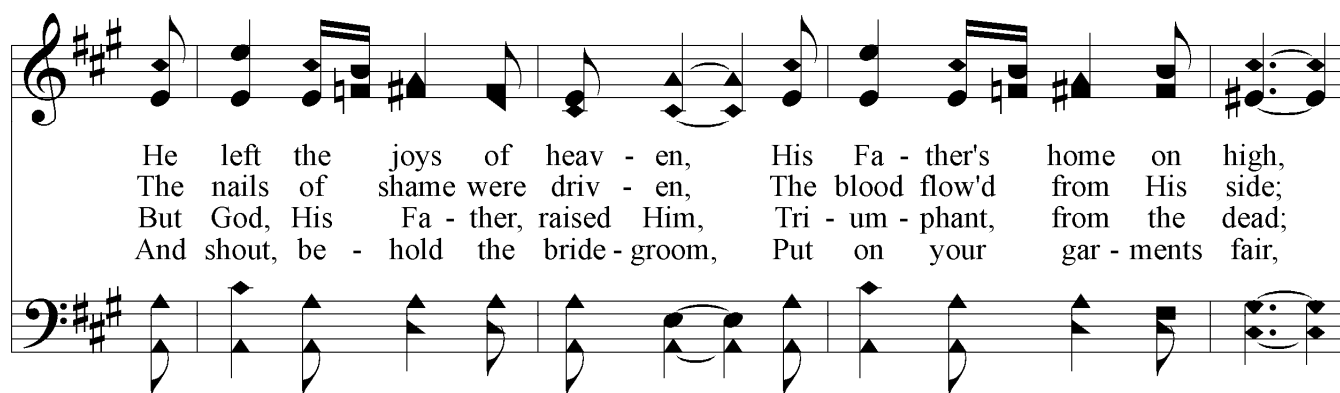
# A Story Sweet And True



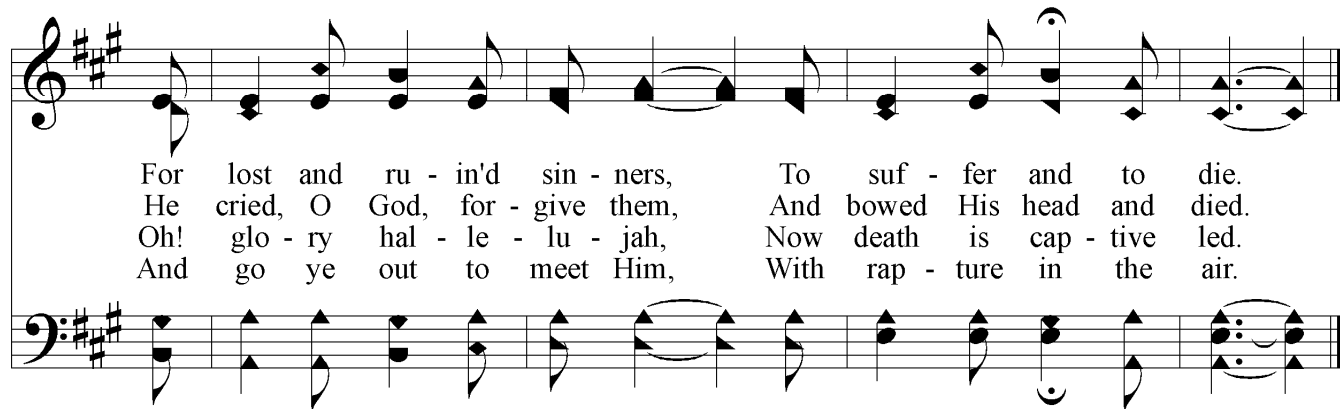
1. We'll sing the won - drous sto - ry, 'Tis ev - er sweet and true;  
2. The cru - el world, they took Him, With thorns they crowned His head;  
3. His friends whom He loved dear - ly, And whom He died to save,  
4. My Lord now reigns in glo - ry He's com - ing soon for me;



Of Je - sus' love so pre - cious, Now free - ly of - fered you;  
And then to Cal - v'ry's moun - tain The pre - cious Lamb was led;  
They begged His pre - cious bod - y, And laid it in the grave;  
And then with all the ran - somed, His glo - rious face I'll see;



He left the joys of heav - en, His Fa - ther's home on high,  
The nails of shame were driv - en, The blood flow'd from His side;  
But God, His Fa - ther, raised Him, Tri - um - phant, from the dead;  
And shout, be - hold the bride - groom, Put on your gar - ments fair,



For lost and ru - in'd sin - ners, To suf - fer and to die.  
He cried, O God, for - give them, And bowed His head and died.  
Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Now death is cap - tive led.  
And go ye out to meet Him, With rap - ture in the air.