Tell Me The Story Of Jesus

1. Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word;
   Fast ing alone in the desert, Tell of the days that are past;
   Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Wring ing in anguish and pain;

2. Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard;
   How for our sins He was tempted, Yet was triumphant at last;
   Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liveth again.

D.S.—Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard.

Tell how the angels in chorus, Sang as they welcomed His birth;
Tell of the years of His labor, Tell of the sorrow He bore,
Love, in that story so tender, Clearer than ever I see;

“Glor y to God in the highest! Peace and good tidings on earth.”
He was despised and afflicted, Homeless, rejected and poor:
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, “Love paid the ransom for me.”

Chorus

Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word:

Words: Fanny J. Crosby
Music: John R. Sweeney