

Tell It Again

Words: Mary B. C. Slade, 1876

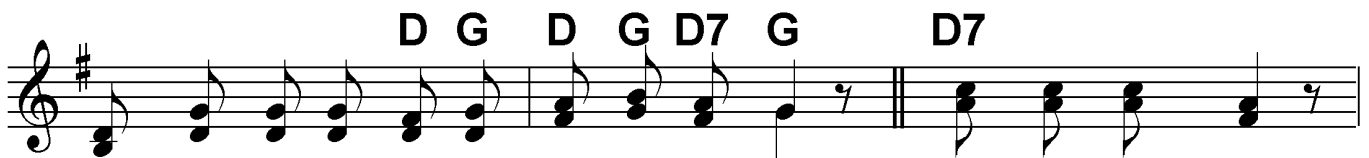
Music: Rigdon M. McIntosh



1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the
 2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
 3. Bend - ing we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the
 4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for



close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he:
 ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will He hold?
 val - ley of death: "God sent His Son!" Who - so - ev - er," said He:
 me He was sent!" Whis - pered, while low sank the sun in the west,



"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
 No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!" Tell it a - gain!
 "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
 "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"



Tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can



say of the chil - dren of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."