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
close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he:

2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
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:

3. Bend - ing we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the
me He was sent!" Whis - pered, while low sank the sun in the west,

4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
"No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"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

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."