Tell Me the Story of Jesus

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1880
Music: William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart ev'ry word;
2. Fast-ing alone in the desert, Tell of the days that are past,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh-ing in anguish and pain;

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.

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;

"Glory to God in the highest! Peace and good tidings to earth."
He was despised and afflicted, Homeless, rejected and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid a ransom for me.

Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart ev'ry word;
Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard.