

I love to tell the story.

- 1 I love to tell the story, Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story, Because I know it's true;
It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else would do.

Cho.

I love to tell the story, I will be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems than
all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story; It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

Cho.

- 3 I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story; For some have never heard
The message of salvation From God's own holy word.

Cho.

- 4 I love to tell the story; For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story That I have loved so long!

I will sing for Jesus.

- 1 I will sing for Jesus, With his blood he bought me;
And all along my pil-grim way His loving hand has
brought me.

Cho. O! help me sing for Jesus, Help me tell the story
Of him who did redeem us, The Lord of life and glory.

- 2 Can there overtake me any dark dis-aster,
While I sing for Jesus, My bless-ed, blessed Master?

Cho.

- 3 I will sing for Jesus! His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

Cho.

- 4 Still I'll sing for Jesus; O! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.

Cho.