Tell It Again

Mary B. Slade, 1876

Rigdon McCoy McIntosh

1. Into the tent where a gypsy boy lay, Dying alone at the close of the day, News of salvation we carried; said he: "No-body ever has told it to me!"

2. "Did He so love me, a poor little boy? Send unto me the good tidings of joy? Need I not perish? My hand will He hold? No-body ever has told me before!"

3. "Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the valley of death: "God sent His Son! 'Who-so-ever,' said He: Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"

4. Smiling he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for now to the rest!"

Till none can say of the children of men, "No-body ever has told me before."

Refrain

Tell it again! Tell it again! Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er.

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