1. Tell me the stories of Jesus I love to hear;
2. First let me hear how the children stood round his knee;
3. Into the city I'd follow the children's band;

things I would ask him to tell me if he were here;
and I shall fancy his blessing resting on me;
waiving a branch of the palm tree high in my hand;

scenes by the way-side, tales of the sea,
words full of kindness, deeds full of grace,
one of his heralds, yes, I would sing;

stories of Jesus, tell them to me.
all in the love-light of Jesus'
lowest hosannas, "Jesus is King!"

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