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Tell It Again
Mary Slade, 1876.
Rigdon McIntosh.

Into the tent where a gypsy boy lay,
Dying alone at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried; said he:
"Nobody ever has told it to me!"

Refrain

Tell it again! Tell it again!
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er.
Till none can say of the children of men,
"Nobody ever has told me before."

"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?
Nobody ever the story has told!"

Refrain

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

Refrain

Smiling he said, as his last sigh he spent,
"I am so glad that for me He was sent!"
Whispered, while low sunk the sun in the west,
"Lord, I believe, tell it now to the rest!"

Refrain

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