

I Cannot Tell How Precious

Charles H. Gabriel

James McGranahan

Arr by A. M., Jr.

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1. I can-not tell how pre-cious The Sav-iour is to me, Since I have been ac-
2. I can-not do for Je-sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en-
3. When - e'er I think of Je-sus, I can-not but re-joice; To me He's ev-er

cept-ed, And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His good-ness, E-
deav-or To work with all my might; For was not my dear Sav-iour For
pre-cious, For Him I raise my voice; I know He has in glo-ry A

nough to sat-is-sy; And if you'll on-ly take Him, You'll see the rea-son why.
sin-ners cru-ci-fied? For me, then, sure-ly, Je-sus Hung on the cross and died.
home pre-par'd for me, Where I shall live for-ev-er So hap-py and so free.

I can-not tell how pre-cious The Sav-iour is to me,

I on-ly can en-treat you To come and taste and see.