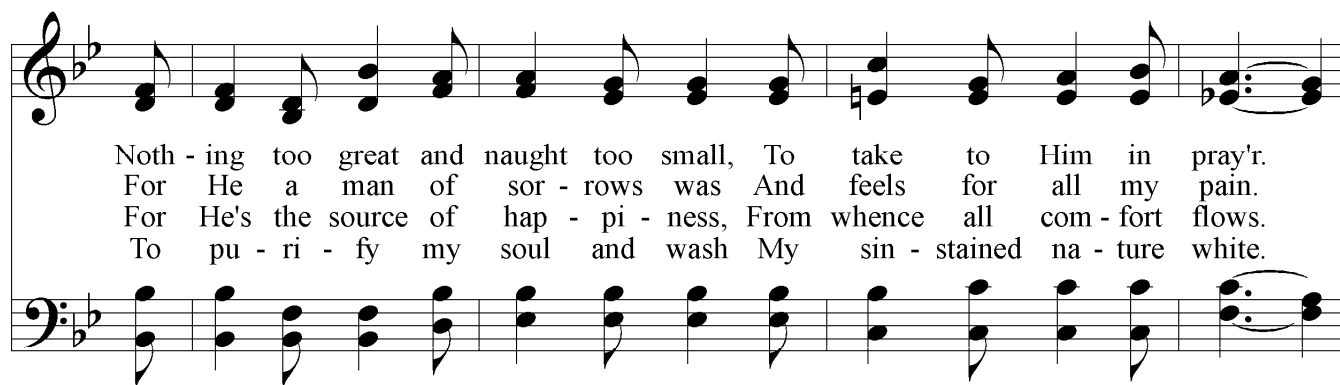


I Tell My Savior



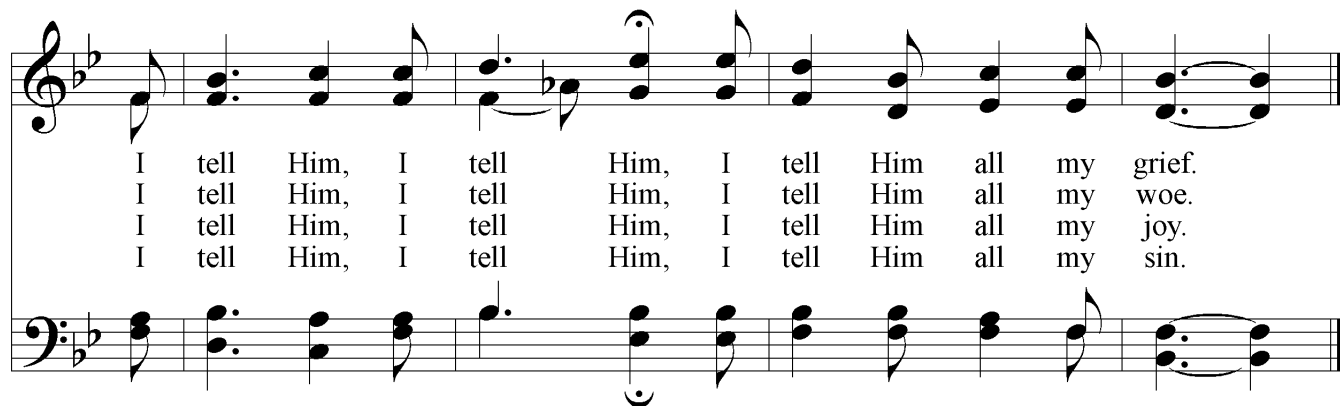
1. I tell my Sav - ior all my grief, I take Him all my care;
2. I tell my Sav - ior all my woe, Nor do I speak in vain,
3. I tell my Sav - ior all my joy, 'Tis sweet - er when He knows,
4. I tell my Sav - ior all my sin And plead His pow'r and might,



Noth - ing too great and naught too small, To take to Him in pray'r.
For He a man of sor - rows was And feels for all my pain.
For He's the source of hap - pi - ness, From whence all com - fort flows.
To pu - ri - fy my soul and wash My sin - stained na - ture white.



He looks on me with lov - ing eyes, And nev - er wea - ries of my cries,
I go to Him with all my grief; He giv - eth me such sweet re - lief;
And e - ven joy is not com - plete Un - til I lay it at His feet,
O bless His name, He en - ters in, And cleans - es me from ev - 'ry sin,



I tell Him, I tell Him, I tell Him all my grief.
I tell Him, I tell Him, I tell Him all my woe.
I tell Him, I tell Him, I tell Him all my joy.
I tell Him, I tell Him, I tell Him all my sin.