Go Tell It To Jesus

1. Go bury thy sorrow, The world has its share: Go bury it deep—ly, Go hide it with care;
2. Go tell it to Jesus, He know-eth thy grief; Go think of it calm—ly, When Je—sus, He'll send thee relief;
3. Hearts grow-ing a—wea—ry With heavier woe Now droop 'mid the dark—ness— Go com—fort them, go; Go gath—er the sun—shine He cur—tain'd by night, Go tell it to Je—sus, And all will be right.

Words: M. A. Bachelor, alt.
Music: Harry S. Lower