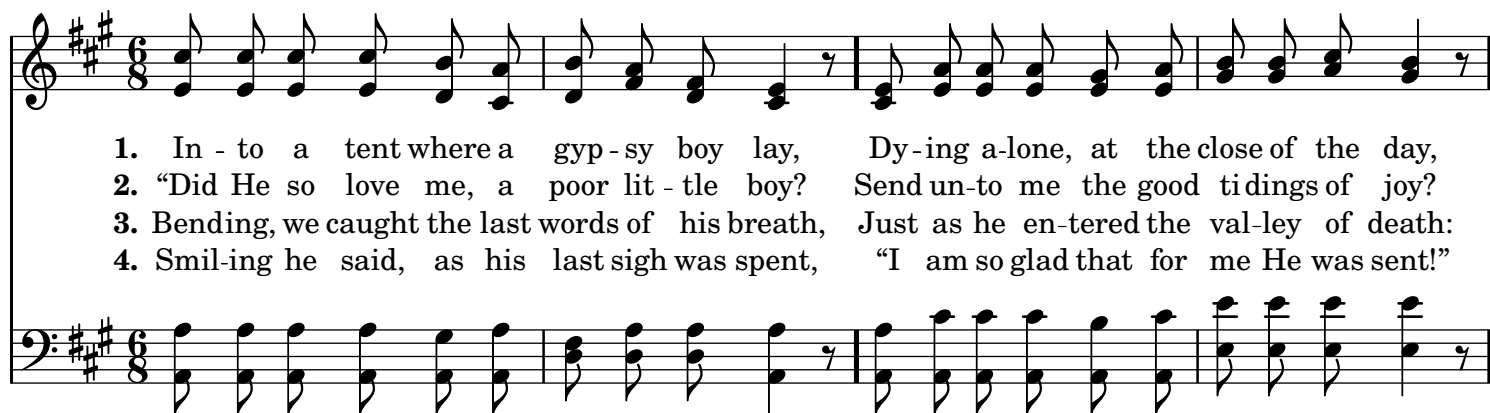



Mary B. C. Slade

Rigdon M. McIntosh

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gypsy tent; bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."



1. In - to a tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the close of the day,
 2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tidings of joy?
 3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the val - ley of death:
 4. Smil - ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for me He was sent!"



News of sal - va - tion we car - ried. Said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has
 Need I not per - ish? My hand will He hold? No - bod - y ev - er the
 "God sent His Son— who - so - ev - er!" said he; "Then I am sure that He
 Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west, "Lord, I be - lieve; tell it



REFRAIN
 told it to me!"
 sto - ry has told!" Tell it again! Tell it again! Salvation's story re - peat o'er and o'er
 sent Him for me!"
 now to the rest."



Till none can say of the children of men, "Nobod - y ev - er has told me before!"