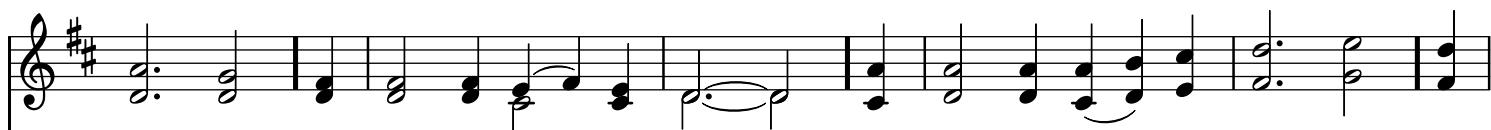


1. I love to sing of Je - sus, The sto - ry all so true; To me most sweet and  
 2. The babe in Beth - le - hem's man - ger, The low - ly One on earth; Re - ject - ed and a  
 3. 'Twas there my Sav - iour suf - fer - ed, And tast - ed death for me; Yes, there the work He  
 4. And now the Lord is ris - en, His trav - ail ev - er o'er; Seat - ed in high - est



pre - cious, The old but ev - er new. He came from bright - est glo - ry, From  
 stran - ger, Few cared to know His worth. My soul would now re - call Him, In  
 fin - ished, That sets me ev - er free. My sins all laid up - on Him, The  
 heav - en, A - live to die no more. And soon He's com - ing for me, To



ra - diant courts on high; How matchless is the sto - ry Of Him who came to die!  
 all His per - fect love; Which on - ly Calvary's Vic - tim Its wondrous depths could prove.  
 wrath and judg - ment borne; The power of Sa - tan bro - ken, In Je - sus' death of scorn.  
 take me home a - bove; Where still I'll sing the sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



I love to sing of Jesus, The story all so true; To me most sweet and precious, The old but ev - er new.

