

I Love to Tell the Story

1. I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a -
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; more won - der - ful it
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'tis pleas - ant to re -
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it

bove, of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his
 seems than all the gold - en fan - cies of all our gold - en
 peat what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly
 best seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it like the

love. I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know 'tis
 dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, it did so much for
 sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er
 rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new

true; it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else can do.
 me; and that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
 heard the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly Word.
 song, 'twill be the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

Refrain

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'twill be my theme in glo - ry,

to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.

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Fill My Cup, Lord

1. Like the worm-an at the well I was seek - ing for
 2. There are mil-lions in this world who are crav - ing the
 3. So, my neigh-bor, if the things this world gave you leave

things that could not sat - is - fy; and then I heard my Sav - ior
 pleas - ure earth - ly things af - ford; but none can match the won - drous
 hun - gers that won't pass a - way, my bless - ed Lord will come and

speaking: "Draw from my well that nev - er shall run dry."
 that I find in Je - sus Christ my Lord.
 save you, if you kneel to him and hum - bly pray.

Refrain

Fill my cup, Lord, I lift it up, Lord! Come and

quench this thirst-ing of my soul; bread of heav-en, feed me 'til I

want no more — fill my cup, fill it up and make me whole!

Nothing but the Blood

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of
 2. For my par - don this I see: noth-ing but the blood of
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone: noth-ing but the blood of
 4. This is all my hope and peace: noth-ing but the blood of

Je - sus. What can make me whole a - gain?
 Je - sus. For my cleans - ing this my plea:
 Je - sus. Naught of good that I have done:
 Je - sus. This is all my righ - teous - ness:

Refrain

Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus. O pre - cious
 noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

is the flow that makes me bright as snow; no oth - er

fount I know; noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

WORDS: Robert Lowry, 1876
 MUSIC: Robert Lowry, 1876

PLAINFIELD
 78.78 with Refrain

PARDON

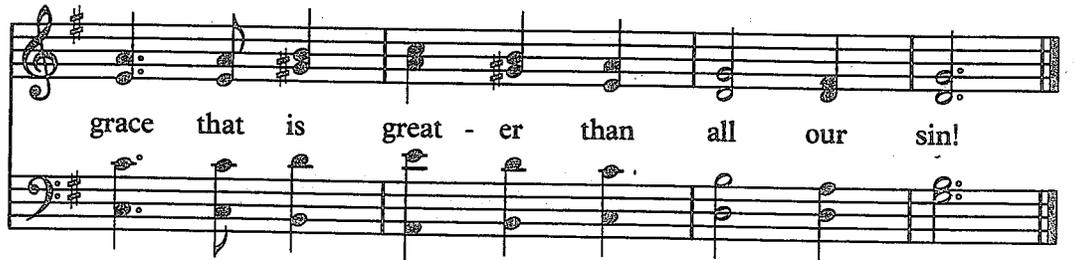
Refrain



Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that will par - don and



cleanse with - in; grace, grace, God's grace,



grace that is great - er than all our sin!