Could I Tell It

Ina Mae Duley Ogdon, 1901

Peter Philip Bilhorn

1. If I could tell of Jesus as I know Him, My Redeemer who has bright-eyed all my way, If I could tell how precious is His home whose wondrous beauty ne'er was told, And tell you how He waits and longs to we could thro' the lonely garden go; If I could tell His dying pain and tongue can never tell of love divine; I onlv can entreat you to accept Him; Come and know the joy and peace for ever mine.

2. If I could only tell you how He loves you, And if we could thro' the lonely garden go, If I could tell His dying pain and tongue can never tell of love divine; I onlv can entreat you to accept Him; Come and know the joy and peace for ever mine.

3. If I could tell how sweet will be His welcome in that parson, I am sure that you would make Him yours to day. - You would seek Him, and abide within His fold. Could I save you, You would worship at His wounded feet, I know. Could I.

4. But I can never tell Him as I know Him, Human presence I am sure that you would make Him yours to day. - You would seek Him, and abide within His fold. Could I save you, You would worship at His wounded feet, I know. Could I.

Refrain

tell it, could I tell it, How the sunshine of His presence lights my way, I would tell it, I would tell it, And I'm sure that you would make Him yours to day.

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