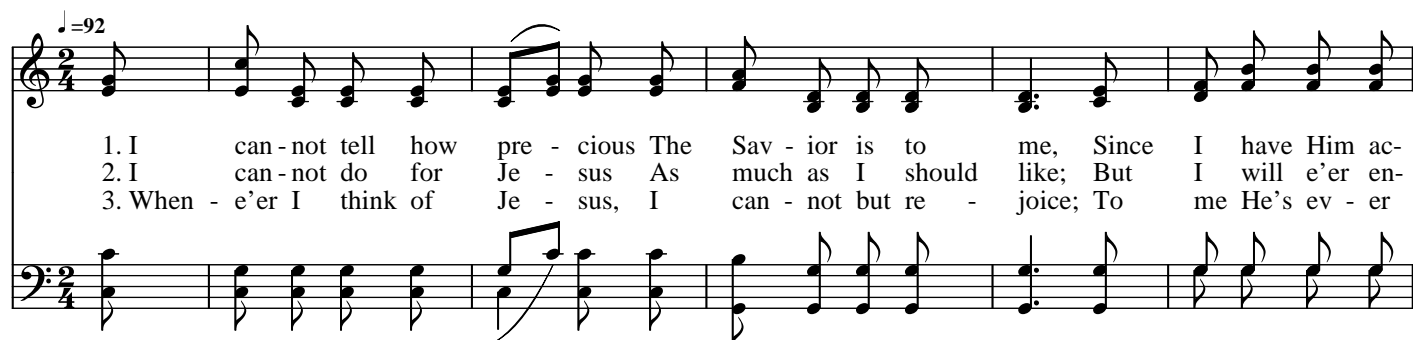


# I Cannot Tell How Precious

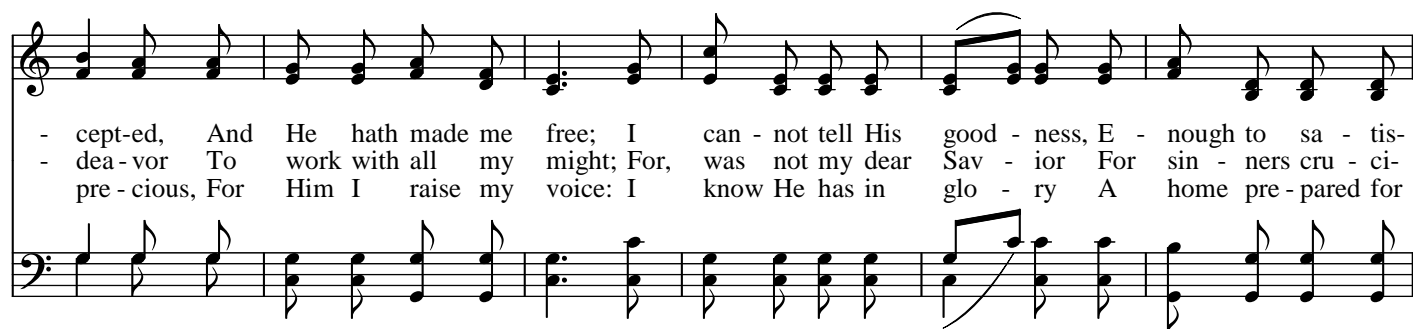
Charles Hutchinson Gabriel, 1878

James McGranahan

$\text{♩} = 92$

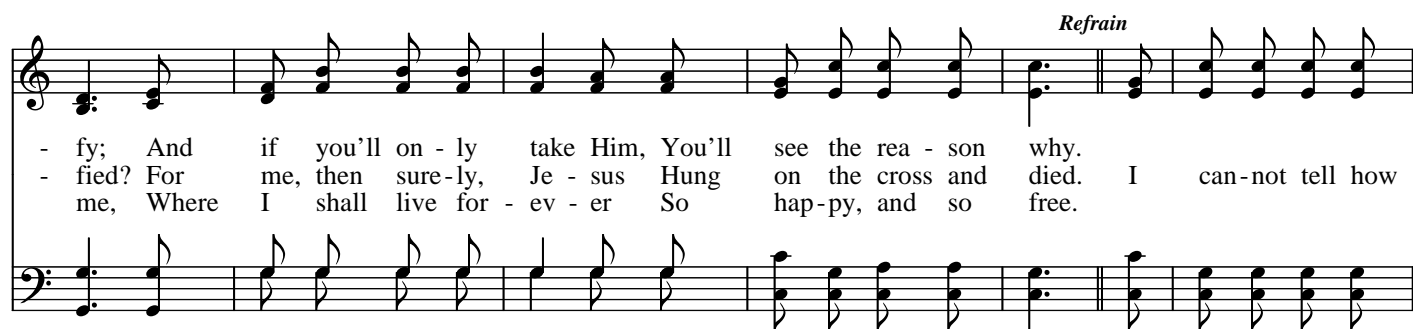


1. I can - not tell how pre - cious The Sav - ior is to me, Since I have Him ac -  
2. I can - not do for Je - sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en -  
3. When - e'er I think of Je - sus, I can - not but re - joice; To me He's ev - er



- cept-ed, And He hath made me free; I can - not tell His good - ness, E - nough to sa - tis -  
- dea - vor To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Sav - ior For sin - ners cru - ci -  
pre - cious, For Him I raise my voice: I know He has in glo - ry A home pre - pared for

*Refrain*



- fy; And if you'll on - ly take Him, You'll see the rea - son why.  
- fied? For me, then sure - ly, Je - sus Hung on the cross and died. I can - not tell how  
me, Where I shall live for - ev - er So hap - py, and so free.



pre-cious The Sav-ior is to me; I on - ly can en - treat you To come, and taste and see.