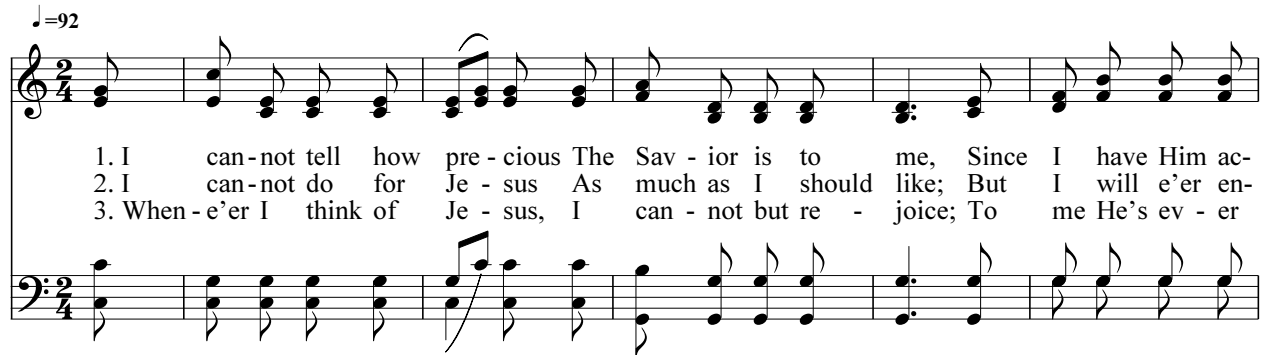


# I Cannot Tell How Precious

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

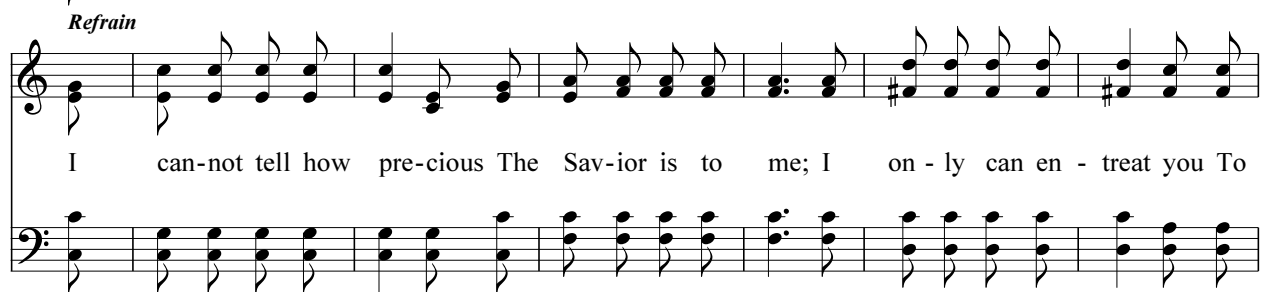


- cept-ed, And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His good-ness, E-  
- dea-vor To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Sav-ior For  
pre-cious, For Him I raise my voice: I know He has in glo-ry A

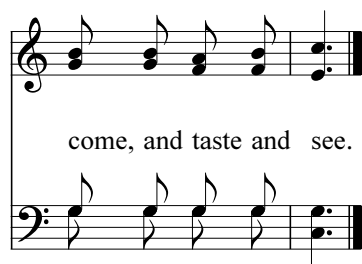


- nough to sa-tis-fy; And if you'll on-ly take Him, You'll see the rea-son why.  
sin-ners cru-ci-fied? For me, then sure-ly, Je-sus Hung on the cross and died.  
home pre-pared for me, Where I shall live for-ev-er So hap-py, and so free.

*Refrain*



I can-not tell how pre-cious The Sav-ior is to me; I on-ly can en-treat you To



come, and taste and see.