

# Tell It Again

Slade/McIntosh (1876)

Dulcimer Arrangement by Garey McAnally

In - to the tent wherea gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day.

1 D 0 0 2 1 0 3 0 0 4 1 1

A 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0

D 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 2 1

News of sa- va- tion we car - ried; said he: "No - bo- dy ev- er has told it to me!"

5 D 0 0 6 1 0 7 0 0 8 1 2

A 3 3 3 0 1 0 0 2 0 0

D 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 0 0 1 2 1 0

Refrain

Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o' er

9 D 0 1 10 0 2 11 0 0 12 1 0 0

A 1 0 3 0 0 0 2 0 3 1

D 3 3 3 1 2 2 0 0 0 1 2 3 4 3

Till none can say of the chil - dren of men. "No - bo- dy ev- er has told it to me!"

13 D 0 0 14 1 0 15 0 0 16 1 2

A 3 3 3 0 1 0 0 2 0 0

D 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 0 0 1 2 1 0

2. Did He so love me, a poor little boy? Send unto me the good tidings of joy?  
Need I not perish? My hand will He hold? Nobody ever the story has told!

3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered alley of death:  
God sent His Son! Whosoever, said He: Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!

4. Smiling he said, as his last sigh he spent, I am so glad that for me He was sent!  
Whispered, while low sunk the sun in the west, Lord, I believe, tell it now to the rest!