

# I Tell My Savior

1. I tell my Sav - ior all my grief, I take Him all my care;  
2. I tell my Sav - ior all my woe, Nor do I speak in vain,  
3. I tell my Sav - ior all my joy, 'Tis sweet - er when He knows,  
4. I tell my Sav - ior all my sin And plead His pow'r and might,

Noth - ing too great and naught too small, To take to Him in pray'r.  
For He a man of sor - rows was And feels for all my pain.  
For He's the source of hap - pi - ness, From whence all com - fort flows.  
To pu - ri - fy my soul and wash My sin - stained na - ture white.

He looks on me with lov - ing eyes, And nev - er wea - ries of my cries,  
I go to Him with all my grief; He giv - eth me such sweet re - lief;  
And e - ven joy is not com - plete Un - til I lay it at His feet,  
O bless His name, He en - ters in, And cleans - es me from ev - 'ry sin,

I tell Him, I tell Him, I tell Him all my grief.  
I tell Him, I tell Him, I tell Him all my woe.  
I tell Him, I tell Him, I tell Him all my joy.  
I tell Him, I tell Him, I tell Him all my sin.