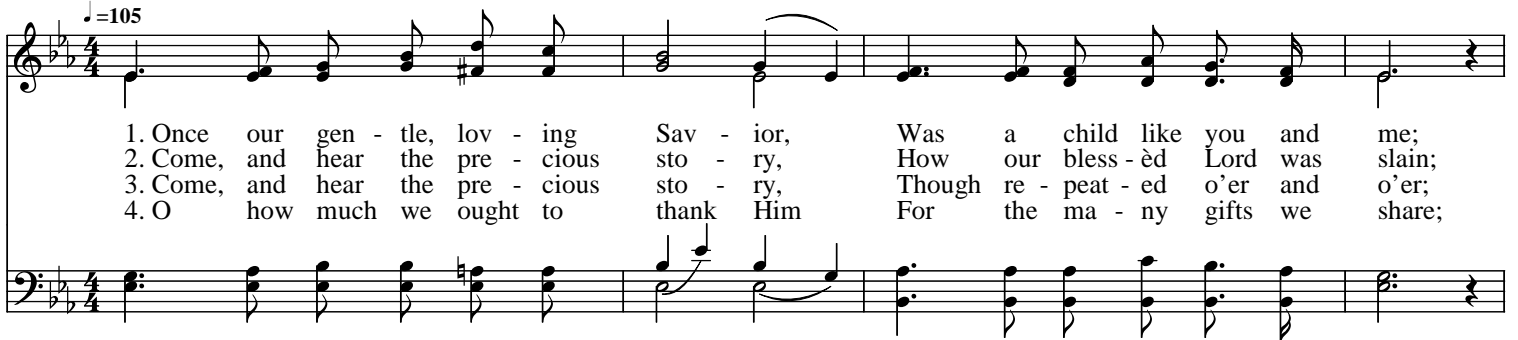


# The Precious Story

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1901

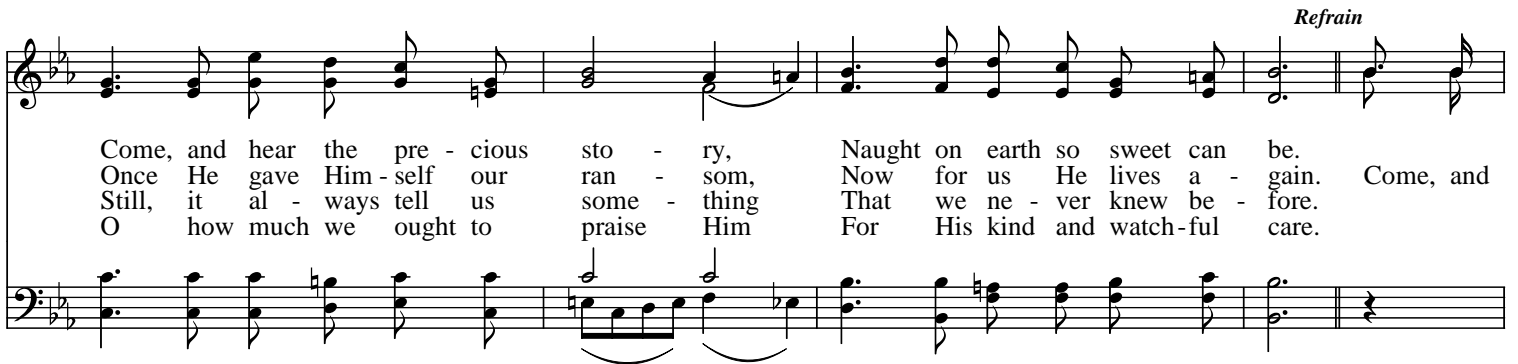
Hart Pease Danks

$\text{♩} = 105$

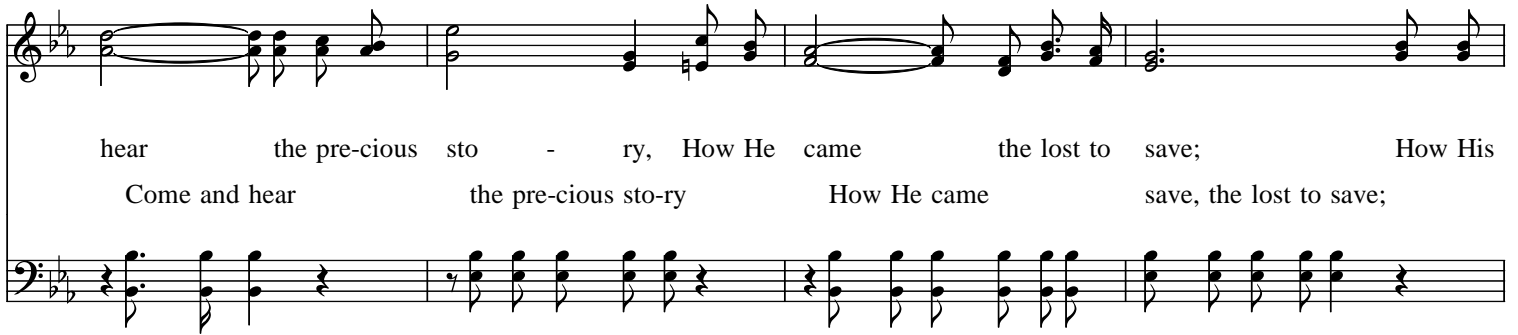


1. Once our gen - tle, lov - ing Sav - ior, Was a child like you and me;  
2. Come, and hear the pre - cious sto - ry, How our bless - èd Lord was slain;  
3. Come, and hear the pre - cious sto - ry, Though re - peat - ed o'er and o'er;  
4. O how much we ought to thank Him For the ma - ny gifts we share;

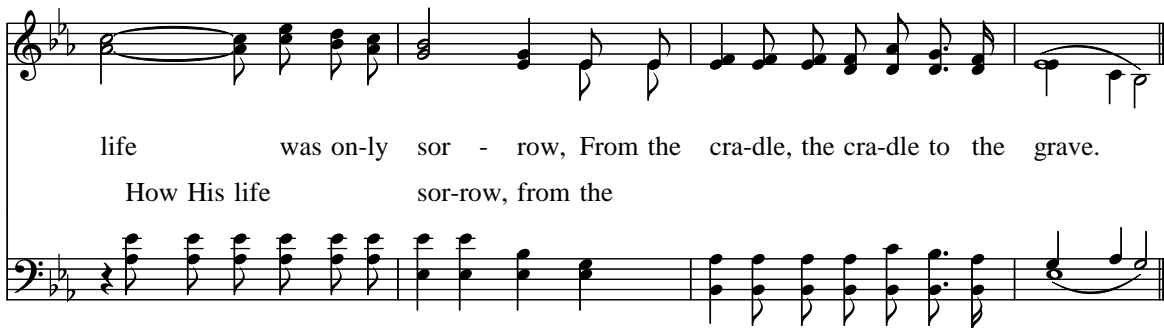
*Refrain*



Come, and hear the pre - cious sto - ry, Naught on earth so sweet can be.  
Once He gave Him - self our ran - som, Now for us He lives a - gain. Come, and  
Still, it al - ways tell us some - thing That we ne - ver knew be - fore.  
O how much we ought to praise Him For His kind and watch - ful care.



hear the pre - cious sto - ry, How He came the lost to save; How His  
Come and hear the pre - cious sto - ry How He came save, the lost to save;



life was on - ly sor - row, From the cra - dle, the cra - dle to the grave.  
How His life sor - row, from the