

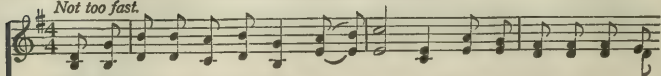
428 The Sweetest Story Ever Told.

J. P. S.

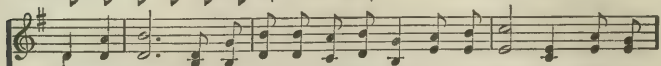
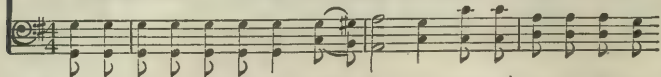
COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

J. P. Scholfield.

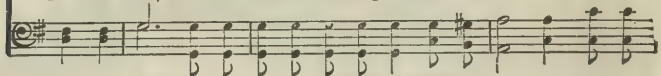
Not too fast.



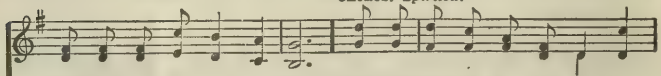
1. When a child, I used to hear my moth - er Sing a song that nev - er
2. I have yield - ed to this Christ, my Sav - ior, And the half has nev - er
3. I am walk - ing ev - 'ry day with my Sav - ior, And each day new treas - ures



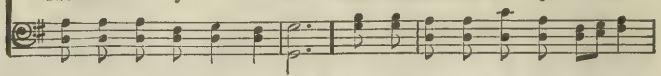
has grown old; 'Twas the first time I had heard of the Sav - ior, 'Tis the
yet been told; For each day He is to me grow - ing dear - er, 'Tis the
I be - hold; How we thro' His love and grace find God's fa - vor, Is the



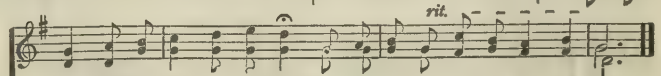
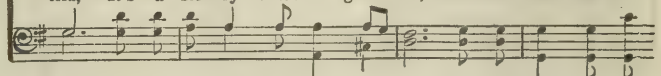
CHORUS. *Spirited.*



sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told. That's the sweet - est sto - ry ev - er



told, It's a sto - ry that ne'er grows old; How His won - der - ful



love bro't Him down from a - bove, 'Tis the sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told.

