Tell me the old, old story
Gospel — General

1075

(C) Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;

Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
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Tell me the old, old story,

Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2. Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God’s remedy for sin;
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The “early dew” of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3. Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I’m the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4. Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world’s empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
And when the Lord’s bright glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
“Christ Jesus makes thee whole.”