Tell Me the Old, Old Story

Arabella Katherine Hankey, 1866

Tell me the old, old story - when you have cause to fear
That this world's empty -

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 dawn ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old story - "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Tell me the story - slowly, that I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story - often, as glory is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory is to a little child, For I am weak and weary, and helpless and defiled.
I forget so soon; The early dew of morning has passed away at noon.
Dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

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 dawn ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old story - "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Tell me the old, old story - tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old story, of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the same old story - when you have cause to fear
That this world's empty -

Tell me the story - slowly, that I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story - often, as glory is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory is to a little child, For I am weak and weary, and helpless and defiled.
I forget so soon; The early dew of morning has passed away at noon.
Dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Tell me the old, old story - tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old story, of Jesus and His love.