That Old, Old Story Is True

D. B. Watkins, 1886

Edward Othello Excell

1. There’s a wonderful story I’ve heard long ago, ‘Tis called “The sweet story of old”; I came to the earth to dwell, To make them secure, That thought it was strange that so often they’d tell that

2. They told me of a Being so lovely and pure, That triumphant o'er death and hell; He’s preparing a place in that city of gold, Where loved ones for ever may dwell. Where our kin were we'll meet, and we'll never more part, And this

3. He arose and ascended to Heaven, we’re told, Tri- peace and good will to men; There’s no story to me that is so sweet, As I hear it again and again. - He invites you to come— He will freely receive, And this

4. Oh, that wonderful story I love to repeat, Of ev'ry I go, That same death and old story was told; And I’ve invitation to come. - He will freely receive, And this
All who believe," - That old, old story - is true.

That old, old story - is true; But I've found out the reason they loved it so well, That old, old story - is true.

That old, old story - is true; But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old story - is true.

That old, old story - is true; "There's a mansion in glory for all who believe," That old, old story - is true.

That old, old story - is true; But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old story - is true.

That old, old story - is true.