



# The Old Old Story Retold



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## *Part 1 – The Story Wanted*

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

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!

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

Tell me the old, old Story  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world' empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.



Yes and when that World's Glory  
Shall dawn upon my soul  
Tell me, "the old, old Story"  
"Christ Jesus Makes Thee Whole"





*Part 2 - The Story Told*



You ask me for the Story  
Of unseen things above  
Of Jesus and His Glory  
Of Jesus and His Love."

You want "the old, old Story,"  
And nothing else will do!  
Indeed I do not wonder,  
It always seems so new!

I often wish that someone  
Would tell it me, each day;  
I never should get tired  
Of what they had to say.

But I am wasting moments!  
Oh, how shall I begin?  
To tell "the old, old Story,"  
How Jesus saves from sin?

Listen and I will tell you  
God help both you and me  
And make "the old, old Story"  
His message unto thee!

Once, in a pleasant garden,  
God placed a happy pair;  
And all within was peaceful,  
And all around was fair.

But, oh, they disobeyed Him!  
The one thing He denied  
They longed for, took and tasted;  
They eat it, and - they died.



Yet, in His Love and Pity  
At once the Lord declared  
How man, though lost and ruined  
Might after all be spared!





For one of Eve's descendants  
Not sinful like the rest  
Should spoil the work of Satan  
And man be saved and blest!

He should be son of Adam,  
But Son of God as well  
And bring a full salvation  
From sin, and death and hell.

Hundreds of years were over;  
Adam and Eve had died  
The following generation  
And many more beside

At last, some shepherds watching  
Beside their flocks, at night.  
Were startled in the darkness  
By strange and heavenly light.

One of the holy Angels  
Had come from Heaven above  
To tell the true, true Story  
Of Jesus and His Love.

He came to bring "glad tidings;"  
"You need not, must not, fear;  
For Christ, your new born Saviour  
Lies in the village near!"

And many other Angels  
Took up the Story then;  
"To God on High be Glory"  
Goodwill and peace to men.

And was it true – that Story?  
They went at once to see  
And found Him in a manger  
And knew that it was He.

He whom the Father promised  
So many ages past  
Had come to save poor sinners  
Yes, He had come at last!





He was "content to do it,"  
To seek and save the lost  
Although He knew beforehand  
Knew all that it would cost.

He lived a life most holy  
His every thought was Love  
And every action showed it  
To man and God above

His path in life was lowly;  
He was a "Working Man:"  
Who knows the poor man's trials?  
So well as Jesus can!

His last three years were lovely  
He could no more be hid  
And time and strength would fail me  
To tell the good He did.

He gave away no money  
For He had none to give  
But He had power of healing  
And made dead people live.

He did kind things so kindly  
It seemed His heart's delight  
To make poor people happy  
From morning until night.

He always seemed at leisure  
For every one who came  
However tired or busy  
They found Him "just the same."

He heard each tale of sorrow  
With an attentive ear  
And took away each burden  
Of suffering, sin or fear.



He was "a Man of Sorrows"  
And when He gave relief  
He gave it like a Brother  
"Acquainted with" the "grief".



Such was "the Man Christ Jesus!"  
The Friend of sinful man  
But hush, the tale grows sadder  
I'll tell it – if I can.



This gentle, holy Jesus  
Without a spot or stain  
By wicked hands was taken  
And crucified and slain.

Look, look – if you can bear it  
Look at your dying Lord!  
Stand near the cross and watch Him;  
"Behold the Lamb of God."

His hands and feet are pierced,  
He cannot hide His face;  
And cruel men "stand staring"  
In crowds, around the place.

They laugh at Him and mock Him  
They tell Him to "come down"  
And leave that Cross of suffering  
And change it for a Crown.

Why did He bear their mockings?  
Was He the "Mighty God?"  
And could He have destroyed them  
With one almighty word?

Yes, Jesus could have done it  
But let me tell you why  
He would not use His power  
But chose to stay and die.

He had become our "Surety"  
And what we could not pay  
He paid instead for us  
On that one dreadful day.

For our sins He suffered  
For our sins He died  
And "not for ours only"  
But for all the world's beside!





And now the work is "finished"  
The sinner's debt is paid  
Because on "Christ the Righteous"  
The sin of all was laid

O wonderful Redemption  
God's remedy for sin!  
The door of Heaven is open  
And you may enter in.

For God released our "surety"  
To show the work was done  
And Jesus' resurrection  
Declared the victory won.

And now He has ascended  
And sits upon the Throne  
To be a Prince and Saviour  
And claim us for His own

But when He left His people  
He promised them to send  
"The Comforter" to teach them  
And guide them to the end.

And that same Holy Spirit  
Is with us to this day  
And ready now to teach us  
The "New and Living Way."

This is "the old, old Story"  
Say, do you take it in  
This wonderful Redemption  
God's remedy for sin?

Do you at heart believe it?  
Do you believe it's true?  
And meant for every sinner  
And therefore meant for you?

Then take this "Great Salvation"  
For Jesus loves to give  
Believe! And you receive it!  
Believe! And you shall live!





And if this simple message  
Has now brought peace to you  
Make known "the old, old, Story"  
For others need it, too.



Let everybody see it  
That Christ has made you free  
And if it sets them longing  
Say, Jesus died for thee!

Soon, soon, our eyes shall see Him  
And, in our Home above  
We'll sing "the old, old Story,  
Of Jesus and His Love!"

