



The Old Old Story Retold

A. Catherine Hankey

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!"

