

Tell Me The Old, Old Story

Trinity #625, C; Guitar #426, Bb

C Cdim C D7
Tell me the old, old story of unseen things above,
Tell me the story softly, with earnest tones and grave;
Tell me the same old story, when you have cause to fear

Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love;
Remember, I'm the sinner whom Jesus came to save;
That this world's empty glory is costing me too dear;

Tell me the story simply, as to a little child,
Tell me the story always, if you would really be,
Yes, and when that world'

For I am weak and weary, and helpless and defiled.
In any time of trouble, a comforter to me.

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

Tell me the old, old story of Jesus and His love!