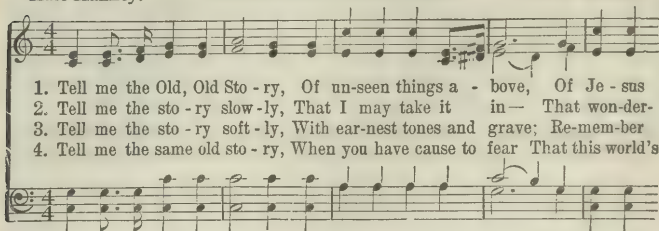


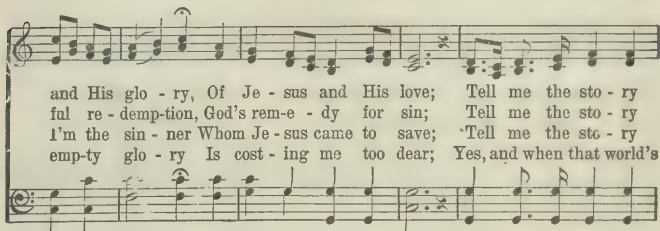
Kate Hankey.

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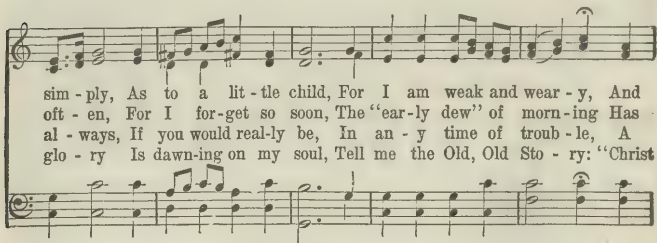
W. H. Doane.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won - der -
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

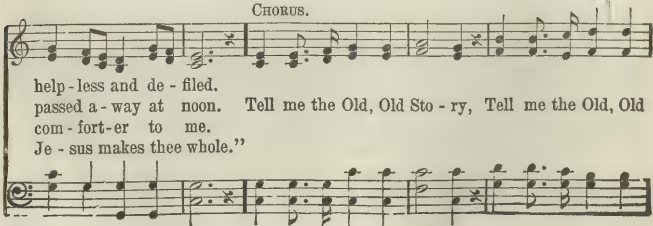


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
 ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
 I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
 emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's



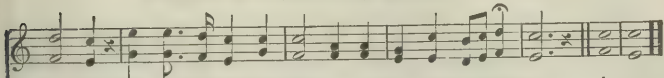
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
 glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed.
 passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
 com - fort - er to me.
 Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

