

They Tell Me the Story of Jesus Is Old

Daniel Whittle, 1900.

May Moody.

They tell me the story of Jesus is old,
And they ask that we preach something new;
They say that the Babe, and the Man of the cross,
For the wise of this world will not do.

Refrain

It can never grow old, it can never grow old,
Though a million times over the story is told;
While sin lives unvanquished, and death rules the world,
The story of Jesus can never grow old.

Yet the story is old, as the sunlight is old,
Though it's new every morn all the same;
As it floods all the world with its gladness and light,
Kindling faraway stars by its flame.

Refrain

For what can we tell to the weary of heart,
If we preach not salvation from sin?
And how can we comfort the souls that depart,
If we tell not how Christ rose again?

Refrain

So with sorrow we turn from the wise of this world,
To the wanderers far from the fold;
With hearts for the message they'll join in our song,
That the story can never grow old.

Refrain