

475 (181) The Story That Never Grows Old.

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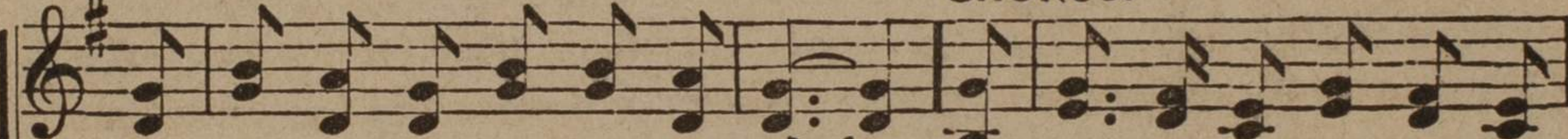
1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my
4. When sor-row is mine, and on pil - lows of stone My ach-ing head
5. When down in the "valley and shad-ow of Death," I en - ter the



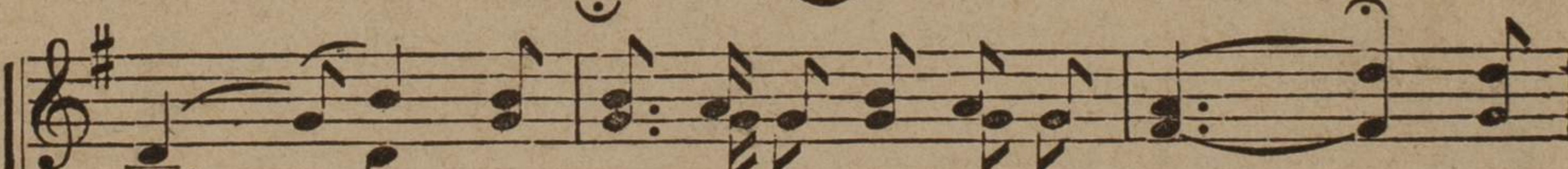
ev - er is new, The message that saints of all a-ges have told,
 pris-on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in
 way-wea-ry feet; It tells of the Rock that is high-er than I,
 seeks for re - pose, This story brings comfort and peace from the throne,
 gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat-est breath,



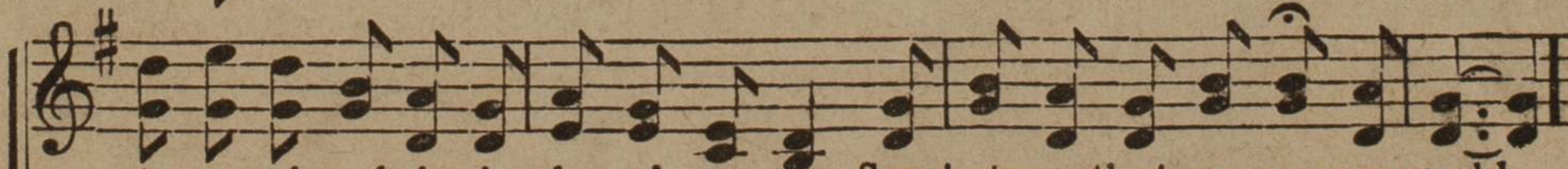
CHORUS.



The message so ten-der and true.
 And led me tri-umph-ant-ly out.
 And leads to its bliss-ful re - treat. The sto - ry that nev-er grows
 My des-ert blooms forth like the rose.
 Of Christ and His power to save. that



old, Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told: The
 nev-er grows old, 'tis told:



story so dear, bringing heav'n so near, Sweet story that never grows old.

