

# The Story That Never Grows Old

John Henry Yates, 1898

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♩ = 87

1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that ev - er is  
 2. It came to my heart when, all fet - tered by sin, I sat in the pri - son of  
 3. It comes to my soul when the tempt - er is nigh With snares for my way - wear - y  
 4. When sor - row is mine, and on pil - lows of stone My ach - ing head seeks for re -  
 5. When down in the "val - ley and sha - dow of death," I en - ter the gloom of the

new, The mes - sage that saints of all ag - es have told, The mes - sage so ten - der and  
 doubt; Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in, And led me tri - umph - ant - ly  
 feet; It tells of the Rock that is high - er than I, And leads to its bliss - ful re -  
 - pose, This sto - ry brings com - fort and peace from the throne, My de - sert blooms forth like the  
 grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath, Of Christ and His pow - er to

*Refrain*

true.  
 out.  
 - treat. The sto - ry that ne - ver grows old, Tho' o - ver and o - ver 'tis told; The  
 rose. that ne - ver grows old, 'tis told;  
 save.

sto - ry so dear, bring - ing Hea - ven so near, Sweet sto - ry that ne - ver grows old.