

Old Jim's Christmas Hymn - song lyrics

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OLD JIM'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

Old Jim was a character, well known about the town,
From singing in the village church he'd gained a treat renown;
To hear him sing each Sunday morn, to church the good folks came,
But soon he drifted downward to a drunkard's life of shame.
Though years, had passed since poor old Jim from church had strayed away.
he told the parson he would sing that coming Christmas Day;
When Christmas came within that church there sat in every seat
A saddened heart when Jim arose and sang so soft and sweet:

Chorus.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, each eye with tear? was dim;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, that was old Jim's Christmas hymn.

Christmas days will come and go, and so will Christmas hymns,
But never will there be a song to equal that of Jim's;
The song of "Rock of Ages" all thro' life had been his choice,
For when a child 'twas taught him by his dear old mother's voice.
Within those same old sacred walls, in Christian songs of praise.
His voice had oft been heard before, since early childhood days,
But sweeter far than ever it was now to that great throng,
When gathered there on Christmas morn, to hear Jim sing his song: -Cho.