

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 great 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 stayed 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 tears 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.-Chor.