

# My Old Faded Book

James Edmond Thomas, 1904

James Edmond Thomas

♩=100

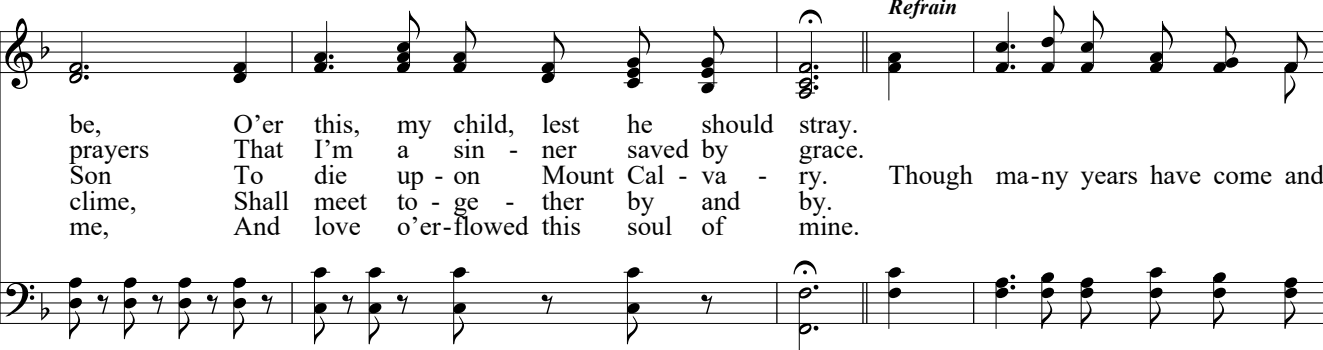
1. I have a worn and faded book, With finger prints on every  
 2. To man - hood now I've older grown, My child - hood days have passed a -  
 3. This book, it tells me I am weak, It tells me I am prone to  
 4. It tells me of a ci - ty fair, With jew - eled walls and streets of  
 5. I love my worn and faded book, More pre - cious 'tis to me than

page; The Bi - ble which my mo - ther took To guide her through her pil - grim -  
 - way; I see life now as mo - ther did, Who trust - ed Je - sus ev - ery  
 sin; Then tells me of a Sav - ior dear, Who gave His life for sin - ful  
 gold; Where liv - ing wa - ters, crys - tal clear, Flow thro' the pal - ace of the  
 gold; For now 'tis thro' it I can look And view the Sav - ior of my

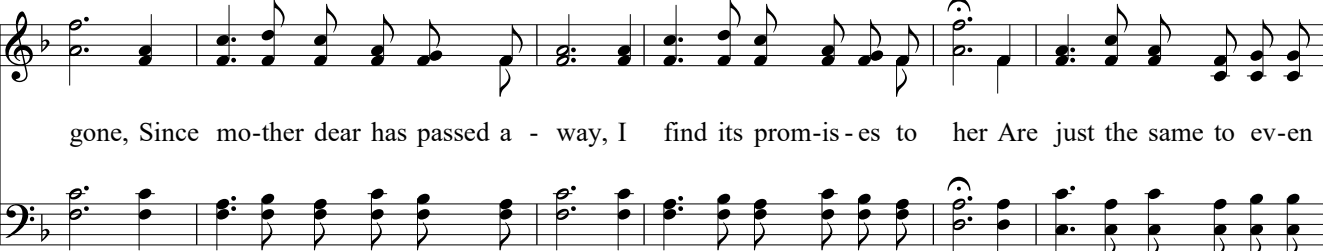
- age. Its pre - cious words she read to me, And  
 day. Praise God, for Christ - ian mo - thers here, Tho'  
 men. It tells me of a Fa - ther's love, His  
 soul. It says no sor - row there can come, Nor  
 soul. It led me up to Cal - va - ry, A

then while kneel - ing down would pray, O Fa - ther, ev - er watch - ful  
 aged and wrink - led be their face, 'Twas thro' God's love and mo - ther's  
 won - drous grace so rich and free, And why He gave His on - ly  
 tears will ev - er dim the eye, That saints of ev - ery age and  
 sin - ner poor and weak and blind, Then from the cross came light to

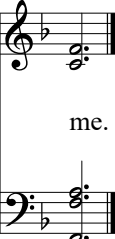
*Refrain*



be, O'er this, my child, lest he should stray.  
 prayers That I'm a sin - ner saved by grace.  
 Son To die up - on Mount Cal - va - ry. Though ma-ny years have come and  
 clime, Shall meet to - ge - ther by and by.  
 me, And love o'er-flowed this soul of mine.



gone, Since mo-ther dear has passed a - way, I find its prom-is - es to her Are just the same to ev-en



me.