

My Old Faded Book

John Edmond Thomas, 1904

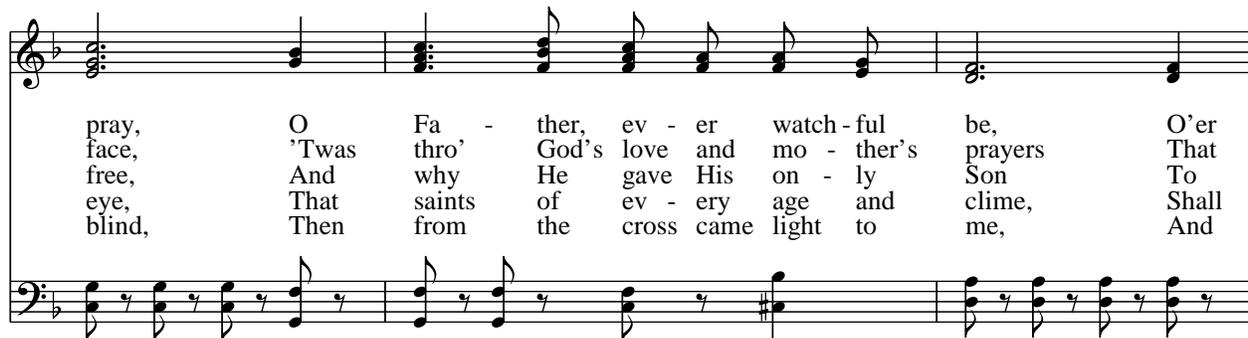
$\text{♩} = 100$

1. I have a worn and faded book, With
 2. To man - hood now I've old - er grown, My
 3. This book, it tells me I am weak, It
 4. It tells me of a ci - ty fair, With
 5. I love my worn and faded book, More

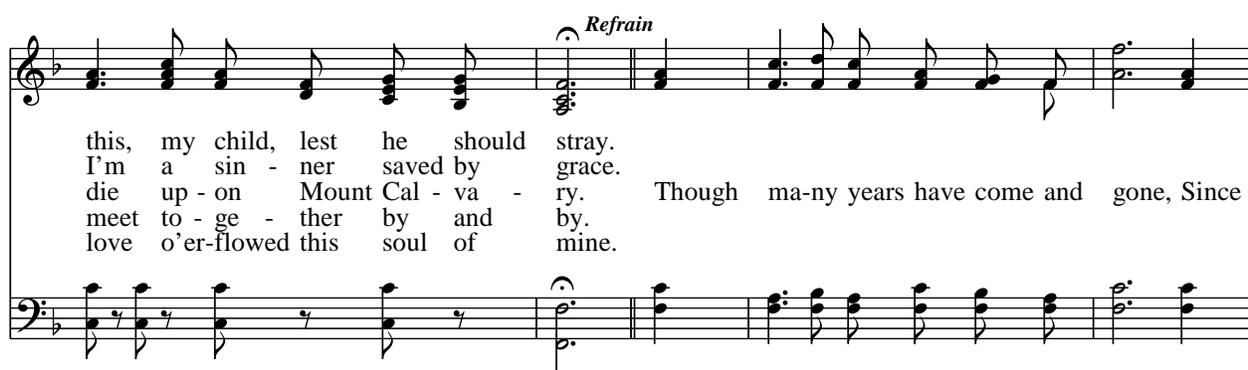
fin - ger prints on ev - ery page; The Bi - ble which my mo - ther
 child - hood days have passed a - way; I see life now as mo - ther
 tells me I am prone to sin; Then tells me of a Sav - ior
 jew - eled walls and streets of gold; Where liv - ing wa - ters, crys - tal
 pre - cious 'tis to me than gold; For now 'tis thro' it I can

took To guide her through her pil - grim - age. Its
 did, Who trust - ed Je - sus ev - ery day. Praise
 dear, Who gave His life for sin - ful men. It
 clear, Flow thro' the pal - ace of the soul. It
 look And view the Sav - ior of my soul. It

pre - cious words she read to me, And then while kneel - ing down would
 God, for Christ - ian mo - thers here, Tho' aged and wrink - led be their
 tells me of a Fa - ther's love, His won - drous grace so rich and
 says no sor - row there can come, Nor tears will ev - er dim the
 led me up to Cal - va - ry, A sin - ner poor and weak and

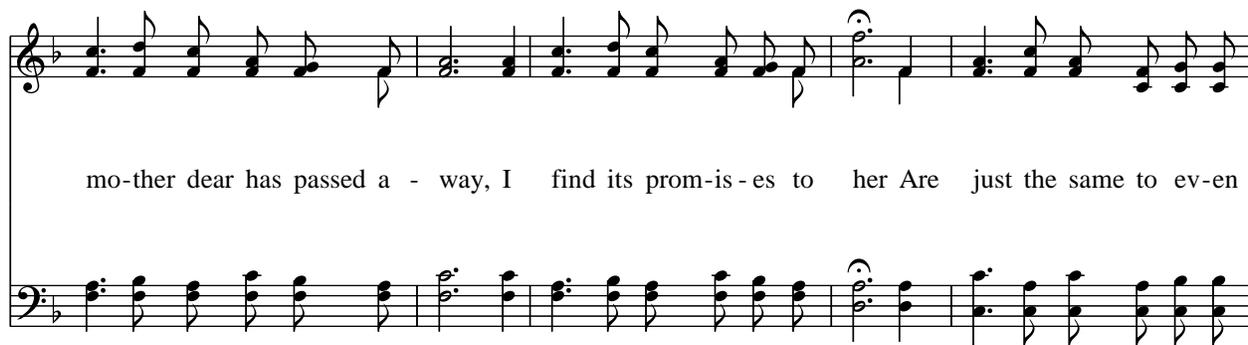


pray, O Fa - ther, ev - er watch - ful be, O'er
 face, 'Twas thro' God's love and mo - ther's prayers That
 free, And why He gave His on - ly Son To
 eye, That saints of ev - ery age and clime, Shall
 blind, Then from the cross came light to me, And

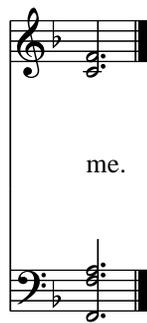


this, my child, lest he should stray.
 I'm a sin - ner saved by grace.
 die up - on Mount Cal - va - ry. Though ma - ny years have come and gone, Since
 meet to - ge - ther by and by.
 love o'er-flowed this soul of mine.

Refrain



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



me.