

My Mother's Bible

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Charles Davis Tillman

1. There's a dear and pre-cious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re - calls those
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er Of those might-y men of old, Of He Jo-seph
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blessed the child-ren dear, How the suf-fered,
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-ry lin-gers still And dear old

hap-py days of long a-go,
and of Dan-iel and their trials;
bled and died up-on the tree;
Book each day has been my guide;

When I stood at mo-ther's knee, With her
Of His lit-tle Da-vid bold, Who be -
Of I heav-y load of care, Then she
And seek to do His will, As my

hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low. Blessed Book, precious
came a king at last, Of her Sa-tan and his man-y wick-ed wiles. Blessed Book,
dried my flow-ing tears With kiss-es, as she said it was for me.
mo-ther taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.

Book pre cious Book On thy dear old tear stained leaves I love to look; Thou art
(love to look;)

sweeter day by day, As I walk the nar row way That leads at last to that bright home a-bove.