

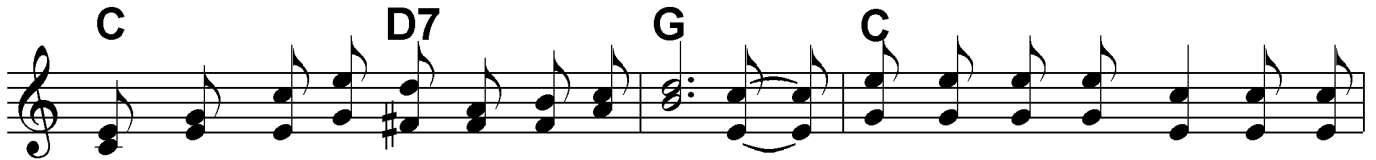
My Mother's Bible

Words: M. B. Williams, 1893

Music: Charlie D. Tillman



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



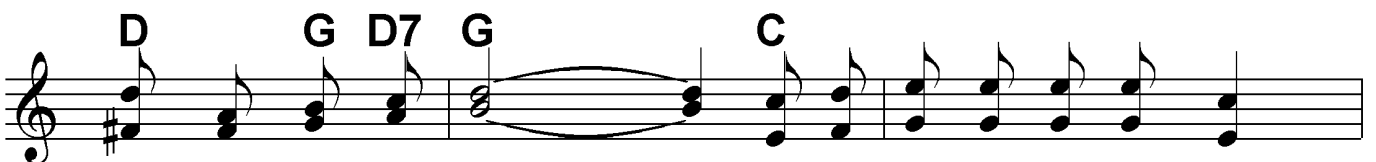
calls those hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at Mother's knee With her
Jo-seph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da-vid bold, Who be
suf-fered bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care, Then she
dear old book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will, As my



hand up-on my brow, and I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
came a king at last, Of Sa - tan with his man-y wic-ked wiles.
dried my flow-ing tears, With her kiss - es as she said it was for me.
moth-er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a - bide.



Bless-ed Book, precious Book, On thy dear old tear - stained
Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book,



leaves I love to look; Thou art sweet-er day by day,
love to look;



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