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-
calls those hap-py days of long a-go; When I stood at Mother's knee With her
hand up-on my brow, and I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.

2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
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.

3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.

4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-ry lin-gers still, And the
leaves I love to look; Thou art sweet-er day by day,

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

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