My Mother’s Bible

Milan Bertrand Williams, 1893

Charles Davis Tillman

1. There’s a dear and precious Book, Though it’s worn and faded now. Which re-
calls those happy days of long ago, When I stood at mother’s knee, With her
hand up on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
hand up - on my brow. And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
book, On thy dear old tear stained leaves I love to look; Thou art sweet - er day by day,

2. As she read the stories o’er Of those mighty men of old, Of - f
Joseph and of Daniel and their trials, Of Satan and his many wick - ed wiles. Blessèd Book, pre - cious
walk the nar - row way, Tha - t leads at last to that bright home a - bove.
dried my flow - ing tears With her kiss - es, as she said it was for me.

3. Then she read of Jesus’ love, As He blessed the children dear, How He
suffered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His heavy load of care, Then she
came - a king at last, Of Satan and his ma - ny wick - ed wiles. Blessèd Book, pre - cious
mo - ther taught me then, And - e - ver in my heart His Words a - bide.

4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their memory lingers still And the
their mem - ory lingers still And the
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will, As my
walk the nar - row way, Tha - t leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

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