

My Precious Bible

Helen E. Brown, 1868

William Howard Doane

1. My Bi - ble, pre - cious trea - sure! Worth more than gems or gold; Be
 2. For God's ex - ceed - ing glo - ry, His ver - y life is love; All
 3. I read and weep and won - der, How God, a ho - ly God, Could
 4. O, mar - ve - lous re - la - tion! O, ten - der, pi - ty - ing love! Of

it my choic - est trea - sure Thy cov - ers to un - fold. Thy fair il - lum - ined
 through His sac - red sto - ry Its splen - dor is in - wove. It glows in man's cre -
 still the law's wild thun - der, With mer - cy, gen - tle word. How raise the pale trans -
 saints the ad - mi - ra - tion, The song of host a - bove. Be this my wond - rous

pag - es With God's own glo - ry shine; Down through the long, long ag - es, It
 - a - tion, And O! more rad - iant still, In His com - plete sal - va - tion, From
 - gres - sor, Bow low with pain and fear, And make him heav'n's pos - ses - sor, With
 sto - ry, My dai - ly, fresh de - light, And in this flood of glo - ry, My

Refrain

gleams in ev - 'ry line.
 sin and mor - tal ill. My pre - cious Bi - ble! 'tis a book di - vine, Where heav - enly truth and
 Christ, the Son, an heir.
 soul be ev - er bright.

mer - cy shine, And wis - dom speaks in ev - 'ry line, Speaks to me, speaks to me, Speaks good news to me.