

# Read to Me the Blessèd Bible

Mary Irene McLean, 1894

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*♩* = 107

1. Read to me the bless-èd Bi - ble, On its sac - red pag - es shine  
 2. 'Tis a fount of liv - ing wa - ter, Where the soul its thirst may slake,  
 3. Read to me the bless-èd Bi - ble, Read it care - ful - ly and slow,  
 4. It is com - fort for the trou - bled, To the lone - ly 'tis a guest,  
 5. When you read a - bout the Ci - ty, Whose fair day ne'er ends with night,

Grace and truth and ten - der mer - cy, And a Sav - ior's love di - vine.  
 Bread of life it free - ly of - fers, Un - to all who will par - take.  
 'Tis a ref - uge and a shel - ter, From the storm - y winds that blow.  
 For the pen - i - tent, 'tis par - don, To the wear - y it is rest.  
 Death is not the king of ter - rors, But a mes - sen - ger of light.

*Refrain*

Read the Bi - ble, Now the lamp of life burns low,  
 Read to me the words of Je - sus, Read to me the words of Je - sus,

These will cheer me, When the ag - èd feet move slow.  
 These will cheer me in the val - ley, These will cheer me in the val - ley,