My Mother's Bible



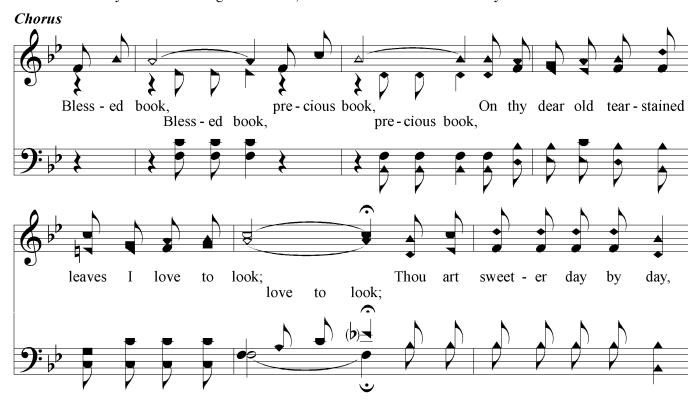
- 1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
- 2. There she read of Je sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
- 3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin-gers still, And the



days of long calls the hap - py a - go; When I stood at moth - er's knee, suf - fered, bled and died up - on the tree; dear old Book each day has been my guide; Of His heav - y load of care, And I seek to do His will,



With her hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low. Then she dried my flow - ing tear With her kiss - es as she said it was for me. As my moth - er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a - bide.



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