

# My Mother's Bible

Milan Bertrand Williams, 1893

Charles Davis Tillman

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1. There's a dear and pre - cious Book, Though it's worn and fad - ed now, Which re -  
2. As she read the sto - ries o'er Of those migh - ty men of old, O - f  
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blessed the child - ren dear, How He  
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem - ory ling - ers still And the



- calls those hap - py days of long a - go, When I stood at mo - ther's knee, With her  
Jo - seph and of Dan - iel and their trials, O - f li - ttle Da - vid bold, Who be -  
As I  
suf - fered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His hea - vy load of care, Then she  
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will, As my



hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.  
- came a king at last, O - f Sa - tan and his ma - ny wick - ed wiles.  
walk the nar - row way, Tha - t leads at last to that bright home a - bove. Bless - ed  
dried my flow - ing tears With her kiss - es, as she said it was for me.  
mo - ther taught me then, A - nd e - ver in my heart His Words a - bide.



Book, pre - cious Book, On thy dear old tear stained leaves I love to look; Thou art



sweet - er day by day,

