

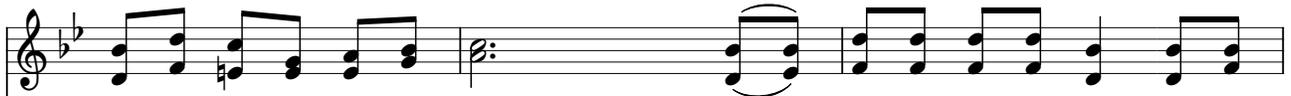
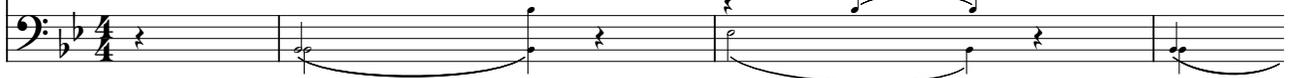
My Mother's Bible

M. B. Williams

Charles Davis Tillman



1. There's a dear and pre-cious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re - calls those
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er Of those might - y men of old, Of He Jo - seph
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blessed the child-ren dear, How the suf-fered,
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem - ry lin - gers still And dear old



hap - py days of long a - go,
and of Dan - iel and their trials;
bled and died up - on the tree;
Book each day has been my guide;

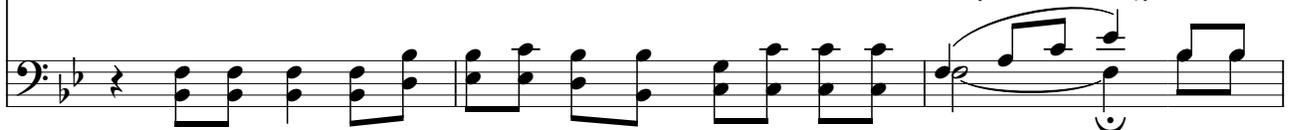
When I stood at mo - ther's knee, With her
Of His lit - tle Da - vid bold, Who be -
Of I heav - y load of care, Then she
And seek to do His will, As my



hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low. Blessed Book, pre-cious
- came a king at last, Of her Sa - tan and his man - y wick - ed wiles. Blessed Book,
dried my flow - ing tears With kiss - es, as she said it was for me.
mo - ther taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a - bide.



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



sweeter day by day, As I walk the nar row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

