

# The Book My Mother Read

Edward Smith Ufford, 1916

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel

♩ = 105

1. Like a com - pass on the sea, like a star on a - zure deep, Is the  
2. Like a lamp in dark - est night, shin - ing on my path - way lone, Now and  
3. Like a guest from realms a - bove, sooth - ing all one's pain and pang, How it

Bi - ble un - to me, for my course it safe - ly keeps; Tells me how I strayed and  
then up - on my sight, shows a vi - sion of my home; So this book my spir - it  
thrills with Je - sus' love, like some song the an - gels sang; Tells me how my Sav - ior

fell, how in sin I lay as dead, But I live its power to tell, bless - ed  
cheers, when all o - ther hopes are fled, Balm and com - fort for my fears, is the  
came, how for me His blood was shed; I will read it o'er a - gain— Bless - ed

## Refrain

book my mo - ther read.  
book my mo - ther read. Pre - cious book! O won - drous book! Who can tell its power di - vine?  
book my mo - ther read.

Bear - ing news of grace so free, book of books, I claim it mine.