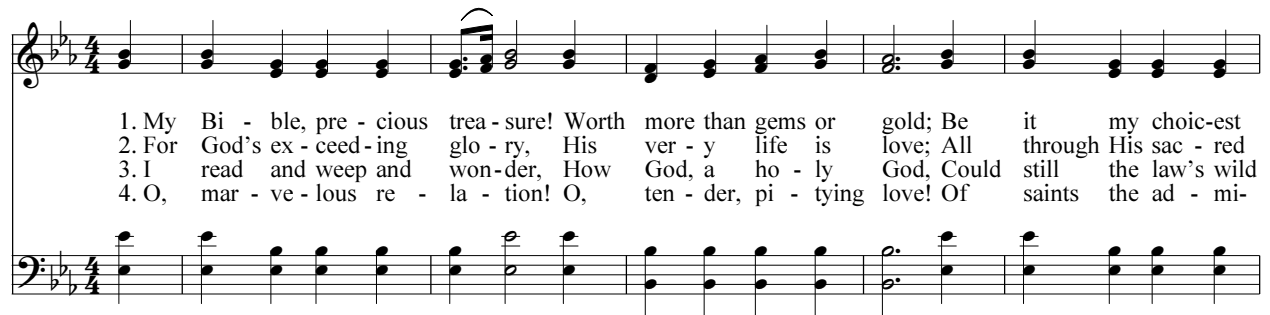


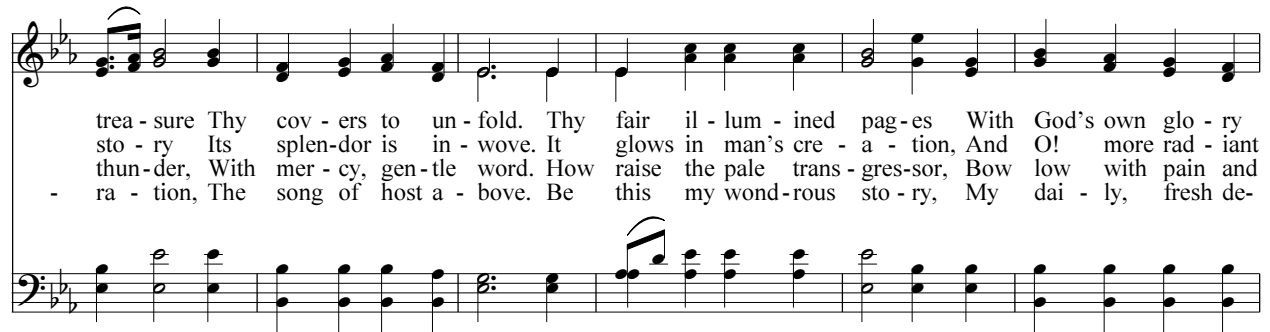
My Precious Bible

Helen E. Brown, 1868

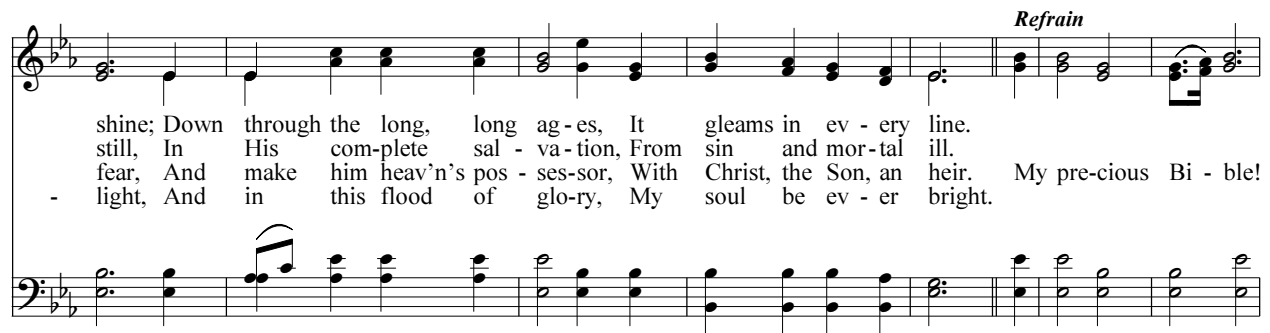
William Howard Doane



1. My Bi - ble, pre - cious trea - sure! Worth more than gems or gold; Be it my choic - est
2. For God's ex - ceed - ing glo - ry, His ver - y life is love; All through His sac - red
3. I read and weep and won - der, How God, a ho - ly God, Could still the law's wild
4. O, mar - ve - lous re - la - tion! O, ten - der, pi - tying love! Of saints the ad - mi -

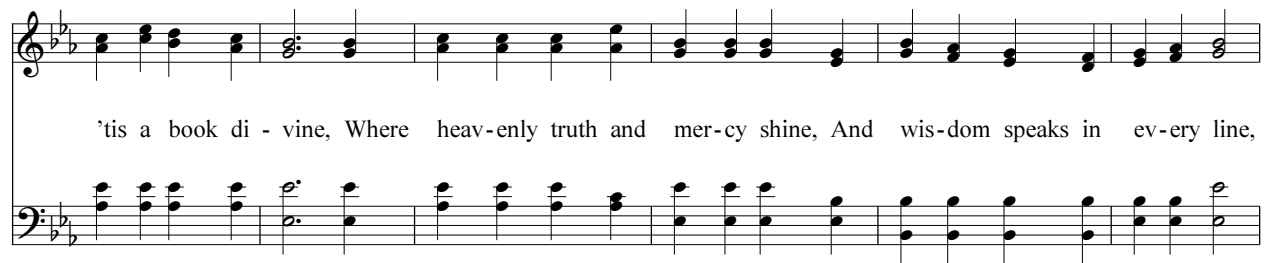


tre - a - sure Thy cov - ers to un - fold. Thy fair il - lum - ined pag - es With God's own glo - ry
sto - ry Its splen - dor is in - volve. It glows in man's cre - a - tion, And O! more rad - iant
thun - der, With mer - cy, gen - tle word. How raise the pale trans - gres - sor, Bow low with pain and
- ra - tion, The song of host a - bove. Be this my wond - rous sto - ry, My dai - ly, fresh de -



Refrain

shine; Down through the long, long ag - es, It gleams in ev - ery line.
still, In His com - plete sal - va - tion, From sin and mor - tal ill.
fear, And make him heav'n's pos - ses - sor, With Christ, the Son, an heir. My pre - cious Bi - ble!
- light, And in this flood of glo - ry, My soul be ev - er bright.



'tis a book di - vine, Where heav - enly truth and mer - cy shine, And wis - dom speaks in ev - ery line,



Speaks to me, speaks to me, Speaks good news to me.