There's a dear and precious Book



There's a dear and precious Book, Though it's worn and faded now, Which recalls those happy days of long ago, When I stood at mother's knee, With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.

Refrain

Blessèd Book, precious Book, On thy dear old tear stained leaves I love to look; Thou art sweeter day by day, as I walk the narrow way That leads at last to that bright home above. Then she read of Jesus' love, As He blessed the children dear, How He suffered, bled and died upon the tree; Of His heavy load of care, Then she dried my flowing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.

Refrain

Well, those days are past and gone, But their memory lingers still And the dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will, As my mother taught me then, And ever in my heart His Words abide.

Refrain

Milan Williams