

My Mother's Bible

GEORGE P. MORRIS

HENRY RUSSELL

With great feeling and expression

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid - den start! . . . With
2. Ah, well do I re - mem - ber those Whose names these rec - ords bear! . . . Who
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth - ers, sis - ters dear! . . . How
4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew! Thy con - stan - cy I've tried! . . . When



fal - t'ring lip and throb - bing brow, I press it to my heart. For
 round the hearth - stone used to close, Af - ter the eve - ning prayer; And
 calm was my poor moth - er's look, Who leaned God's word to hear! Her
 all were false I found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and guide. The



ma - ny gen - er - a - tions passed Here is our fam - 'ly tree! . . . My
 speak of what this vol - ume said, In tones my heart would thrill: . . . Though
 an - gel face! I see it yet! What throng - ing mem - 'ries come! . . . A -
 mines of earth no treas - ures give, From me this book could buy; . . . For,



rallentando

moth - er's hands this bi - ble clasped, She dy - ing gave it me. . . .
 they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still. . . .
 gain that lit - tle group is met With - in the halls of home! . . .
 teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die. . . .

Nearer, My God, to Thee

S. F. ADAMS

L. MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send - est me
 4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone, — Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.