

Blessed Bible! How I Love It!

Phoebe Palmer, 1860.

Annie Harrison.

Blessed Bible! how I love it!

How it doth my spirit cheer!

What on earth like this to covet?

O, what stores of wealth are here!

Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,

Not one ray of light or bliss

Could he from earth's treasures borrow,

Till his way was cheered by this.

Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;

Precious word, I'll hide thee here;

Sure my very heart will bless thee,

For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"

Speak, poor heart, and tell thy ponderings,

Tell how far thy roving led,

When this book brought back thy wanderings,

Speaking life as from the dead.

Blessed Bible! I will hide thee

Deep, yes, deeper in my heart;

Thou through all my life wilt guide me,

And in death we will not part;

Part in death? no, never, never!

Through death's vale I'll lean on thee,

Then in worlds above forever,

Sweeter still thy truths shall be.