

How Precious Is the Book Divine

John Fawcett, 1782.

Fred Pullin.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n;
Bright as a lamp its pages shine
To guide our souls to Heav'n.
Its light descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Savior's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

Refrain

Oh precious book of light and life
Thou source of truth and love,
In Thee we view God's matchless grace,
And all His goodness prove,
Oh precious book whose light e'er shines
With bright and cheering ray,
To guide our souls until the dawn
Of the eternal day.

It shows to man his wand'ring ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.
O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

Refrain

It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Refrain