

My Grandfather's Bible  
A Centennial Song  
by Philip Paul Bliss

According to the Memoir, Bliss usually prefaced singing this song by a few remarks about his father, and by saying, very devoutly, "I thank God for a godly ancestry."

1.  
The Sabbath day - sweet day of rest -  
Was drawing to a close;  
The summer breeze went murm'ring by,  
To lull me to repose:  
I took my father's Bible down,  
His father's gift to him -  
A treasure rare, beyond compare,  
Though soiled the page and dim.
2.  
"Old friend," said I, "if thou couldst tell,  
What would thy mem'ries be?"  
And from the Book there seemed to come  
This evening reverie:  
"Good will to men, Peace be to thee!  
My mission aye hath been  
To tell the love of Him who died  
To save a world from sin.
3.  
"A hundred years ago I sailed  
With those who sail no more,  
Through perils dread; by land and sea,  
I reached New England's shore;  
There, on a soul-worn, faithful band  
This soothing psalm did fall:  
Lord, thou has been our dwelling place,  
In generations all.
4.  
"Year after year, in temples rude,  
Upon the desk I lay,  
To teach of Him, the Great High Priest  
The life, the truth, the way.  
And multitudes who listened there  
To God's life-giving word  
Are resting from their labors now,  
Forever with the Lord.
5.  
"Anon a lowly home I found,  
But love and peace were there...  
The children with the father read  
And knelt with him in prayer;  
And through the valley, as one passed,  
I heard her sweetly sing,  
O Grave, where is thy victory,  
O Death, where is thy sting?
6.  
"Hold fast thy faith," the old Book said;  
"Thy father's God adore...  
And on the Rock of Ages rest  
Thy soul forever more."  
"Amen," said I, "by grace I will,  
Till at His feet we fall,

**And join the everlasting song  
And crown Him Lord of all."**