

My Grandfather's Bible  
Philip Bliss(1838-1876)  
Arthur Sullivan, 1875.

The Sabbath daysweet day of rest  
Was drawing to a close;  
The summer breeze went murmuring 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.

"Old friend," I said, "if thou couldst tell,  
What would thy memories 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.

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 hast been our dwelling place,  
In generations all.

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,  
For ever with the Lord.'

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?'

"Hold fast the faith," the old Book said;  
"Thy father's God adore;  
And on the "Rock of Ages" rest  
The 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.  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all."