O Book Of Books

1. O book of books, O precious word, With promises so broad!
2. When in the morning-time of life, Thou art a perfect guide,
3. But oh, a mine of wealth thou art, When life has lost its bloom,
4. O book of books, so dear, so dear, Thy worth can ne'er be told,

O message from our blessed Lord, A treasury of God!
A constant help amid the strife, Whatever may betide.
Oh, how thy truths can cheer the heart, When near the silent tomb.
That doth the weary pilgrim cheer, And to the end uphold.

Chorus

O book of books, O word divine,
O book of books, O word divine,
No other book to us is half so dear,
A lamp thou art, To sweetly
O Book Of Books

shine, To sweet-ly shine,
Up-on our path-way as we jour-ney here.