Holy Bible, Book Divine

DALLAS

1. Holy Bible, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine;
   Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am.
   Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to punish or reward.
   Oh, thou holy book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.

2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Savior’s love;
   Mine to comfort in distress, Suffering in this wilderness;
   Mine to show, by living faith, Man can triumph over death.

3. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner’s doom;
   Mine to comfort in distress, Suffering in this wilderness;
   Mine to show, by living faith, Man can triumph over death.

Words by John Burton
Music by from Maria Luigi Cherubini