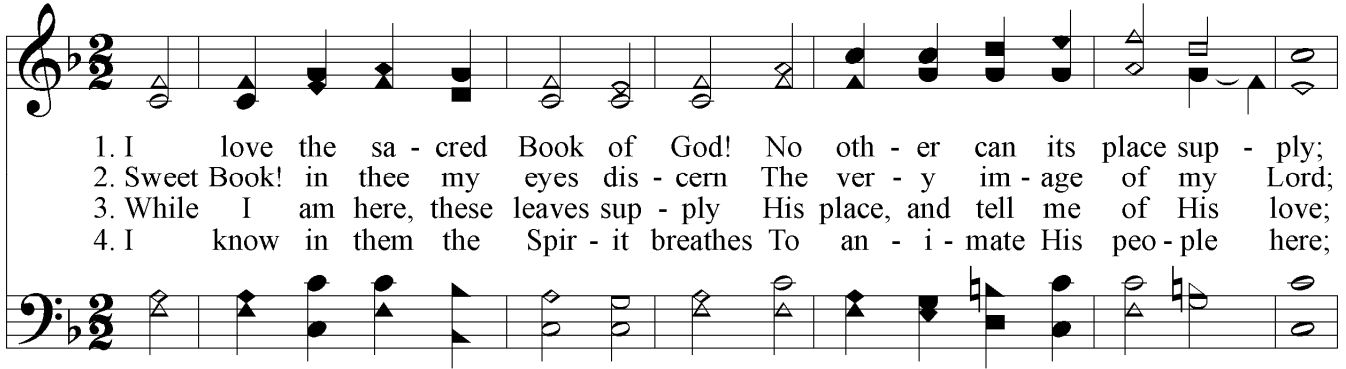
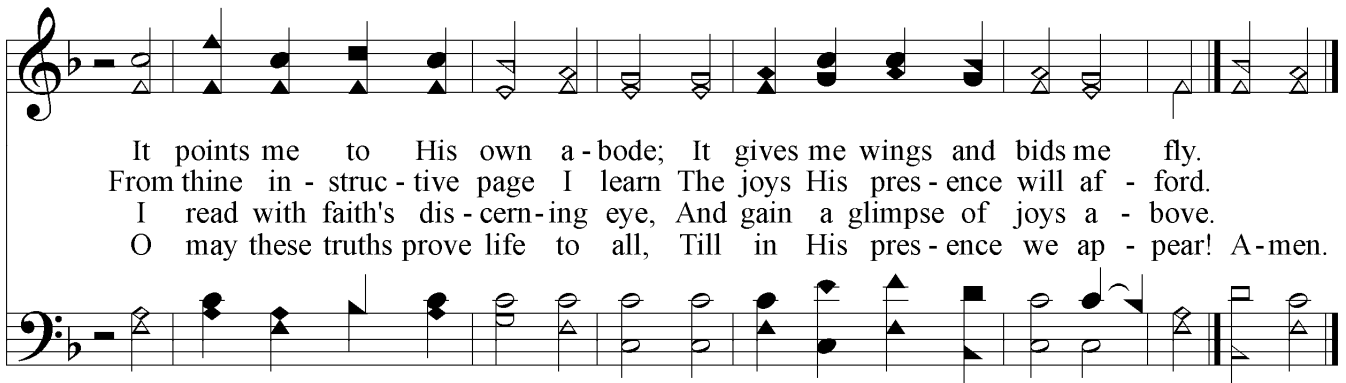


Uxbridge L. M.



1. I love the sa - cred Book of God! No oth - er can its place sup - ply;
2. Sweet Book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The ver - y im - age of my Lord;
3. While I am here, these leaves sup - ply His place, and tell me of His love;
4. I know in them the Spir - it breathes To an - i - mate His peo - ple here;



It points me to His own a - bode; It gives me wings and bids me fly.
From thine in - struc - tive page I learn The joys His pres - ence will af - ford.
I read with faith's dis - cern - ing eye, And gain a glimpse of joys a - bove.
O may these truths prove life to all, Till in His pres - ence we ap - pear! A - men.