



This Blessed Old Book

It's a well of pure water when I'm thirsty and dry,
Bread when I'm hungry and worn.
When the battle is raging, it's my faithful sword,
My shelter in life's troubled storm.

It's a light to my pathway and a lamp to my feet
When the world gets so dark you can't see,
And I've not made a change in one word that it says,
But it sure made a change in me.

This blessed old book that I hold in my hand,
It's true from beginning to end,
It's the solid foundation where I firmly stand,
Sin kept me from it, now it keeps me from sin.

When I think what it cost just to hold in my hand
It reminds me that I owe a great debt,
To all of the martyrs who'd gone to the stake,
And quote it with their dying breath.

Now its critics are many and believers are few,
But one thing I've found to be true,
If you find when you read it that there's something wrong,
There's something wrong with you.

. . . . Gary Duty