

Alabama

"If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again"

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How sweet and happy seem those days of which I
dream
When memory recalls them now and then
And with what rapture sweet my weary heart would
beat
If I could hear my mother pray again

If I could hear my mother pray again
If I could hear her tender voice as then
So happy I would be
Would mean so much to me
If I could hear my mother pray again

She used to pray that I on Jesus would rely
And always walked the shining gospel way
So trusting still his love
I seek that home above
Where I shall meet my mother some glad day

Within the old home place her patient smiling face
Was always spreading comfort hope and cheer
And when she used to sing to her eternal king
It was the songs the angels loved to hear

Her work on earth is done the life crown has been won
And she will be at rest with Him above
And some glad morning she I know will welcome me
To that eternal home of peace and love

If I could hear my mother pray again
If I could hear her tender voice as then
So happy I would be
Would mean so much to me
If I could hear my mother pray again

If I could hear my mother pray again

Pray again

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