

# If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again

Alabama

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

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If I could hear her tender voice as then  
So happy I would be  
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Pray again