

My Mother Is Praying for Me (Crosby)

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1886. Music: Mrs. Friolin Sluessy, Jr.

A prayer on the wings of an angel,
Is borne to the portals of light;
I feel in my heart the assurance
That mother is praying tonight.
My spirit is wounded and broken,
My sins with contrition I see,
To Jesus I'll go and confess them,
While mother is praying for me.

Refrain

My mother is praying for me,
My mother is praying for me,
To Jesus I'll go, who will pardon, I know,
While mother is praying for me.

I know I am weak and unworthy,
No merit of mine would I bring;
The cross of my Lord is before me,
And there, tho' I perish, I'll cling.
Oh, yes I will go to my Savior,
His child from this moment I'll be,
My faith shall look up and receive Him,
While mother is praying for me.

Refrain

For long I have wandered unheeding,
The warnings so tender and true,
The tears she has wept o'er my childhood,
That fell on my cheeks like the dew.
And now while she kneels in her closet,
When no one but Jesus can see,
I'll ask for His loving forgiveness,
While mother is praying for me.

Refrain