

Memories of Mother

Fred Morris, 1910.

Robert Harkness.

My mother's hand is on my brow,  
Her gentle voice is pleading now;  
Across the years so marred by sin  
What memories of love steal in!

Refrain

O mother, when I think of thee,  
'Tis but a step to Calvary;  
Thy gentle hand upon my brow  
Is leading me to Jesus now.

Once more I see that look of pain,  
The anguish in those eyes again;  
My heart is sad, for well I know  
My sin has caused this bitter woe.

Refrain

While others scorned me in their pride  
She gently drew me to her side;  
When all the world has turned away,  
My mother stood by me that day.

Refrain

The memories of bygone years,  
My mother's love, my mother's tears,  
The tho't of all her constant care  
Doth bring the answer to her prayer.

Refrain

I'm coming home, by sin beset,  
For Jesus loves me even yet;  
My mother's love brings home to me  
The greater love of Calvary.

Refrain