

Mother Is Praying for Me  
Elisha Hoffman, 1887.

As the shadows of evening are closing me round,  
And I'm sitting so silently here,  
Sad and lone is my heart, for I'm thinking of home,  
And the cherished ones who linger there.  
A voice I can hear from the cottage ascend,  
To the Lord, with so tender a plea;  
'Tis the voice of my mother, its sweetness I know,  
Yes, my mother is praying for me.

Refrain

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'Tis the voice of my mother, its sweetness I know,  
Yes, my mother is praying for me.

There was once a fond place in that circle for me,  
How the thought brings a tear to my eye!  
It was next to my mother, who loved me so well,  
I was dearest, in those days gone by;  
But I knew not the worth of that kind mother's love,  
Nor how strong such affection could be;  
And alas! like a prodigal wandered away,  
While my mother was praying for me.

Refrain

That dear mother is now at the throne humbled low,  
And she weeps for her son far away;  
And she's pleading, as only a fond mother can,  
For the prodigal now gone astray;  
Her tears, as they fall, like the drops of the rain,  
Rise to God in importunate plea,  
As she bends at the altar of mercy, where oft  
We together had bended the knee.

Refrain

O Thou Father of mercies, Dispenser of grace,  
Hear the prayer I am offering now,  
And forgive my heart-wandr'ings, and pardon my sin:  
In contrition at Thy feet I bow.  
No longer from love such as Thine can I turn,  
No longer I'll wander from Thee,  
Forgive me, and answer in mercy the prayer  
That my mother is praying for me.

Refrain