

# The Voice Of Angel Mother - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE VOICE OF ANGEL MOTHER.

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Words and Music by S. Schiff.

I was sitting alone at midnight, listening to a heavenly sound,  
I sat there like in dreamland, and one who is spellbound;  
I heard the harp-strings ringing, and a voice so sweet and clear;  
And while there I was sitting, I felt her presence near.  
That air was so familiar, and although not very long,  
I heard it when a baby, it was my cradle song;  
And then the voice was fading, and in the distant ring,  
I heard once more the lovely song my mother used to sing.

What is to me the wealth, my jewels And my gold?  
I'd give them all away, for those happy days of old;  
When nestled to her bosom, I looked in her face so bright,  
She'd take me to my cradle, kiss me a fond good-night.  
And sitting by the fireside, she'd sing that song I hear,  
As I sit alone at midnight, thinking of my mother dear;  
I can hear the sweetest music, in the distant ring,  
It is the angel voice of mother, and the song she used to sing.

Chorus.

Go to sleep my baby, close your aching eyes,  
Mother watches near thee, with angels from the skies.