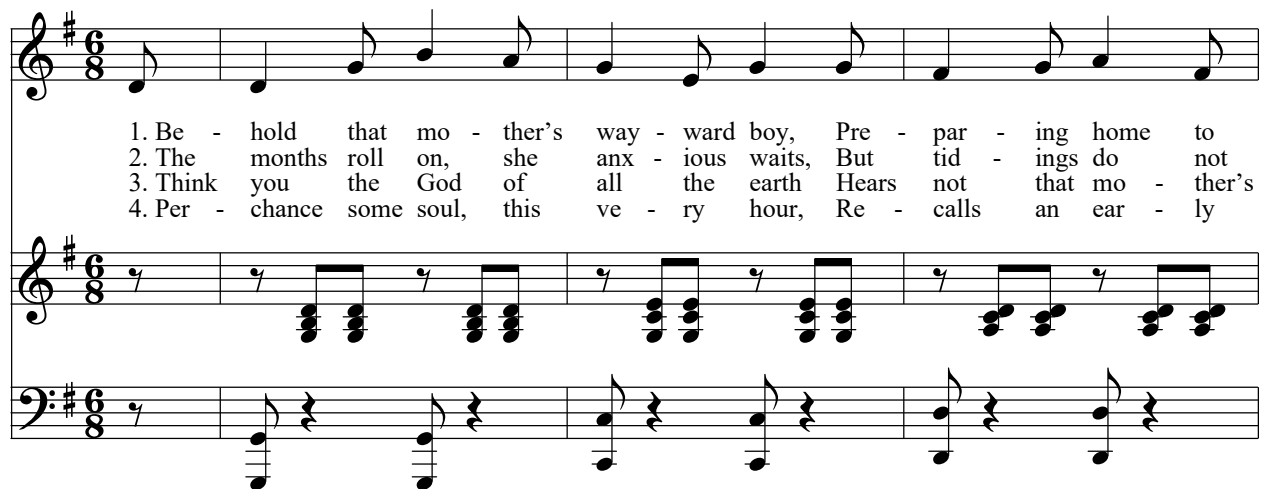


Mother's Prayers

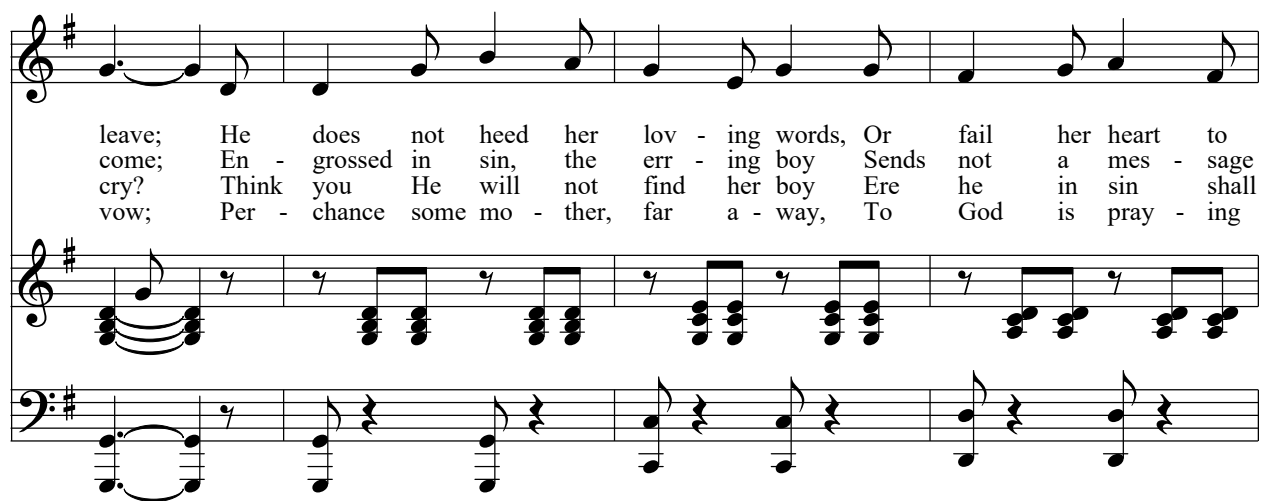
Francis Augustus Blackmer, 1887, alt.

Francis Augustus Blackmer

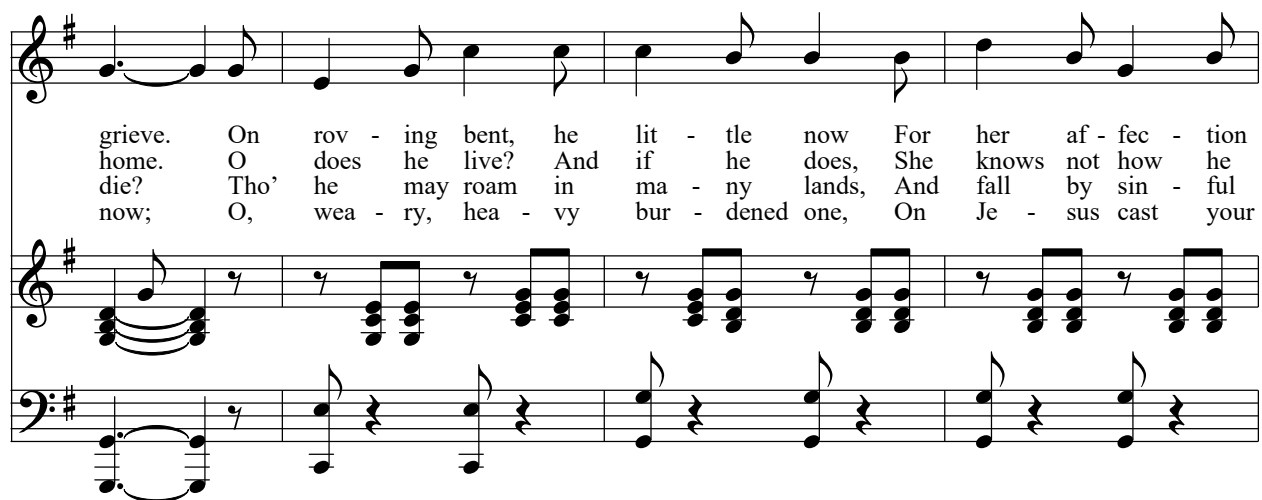
♩ = 90



1. Be - hold that mo - ther's way - ward boy, Pre - par - ing home to
2. The months roll on, she anx - ious waits, But tid - ings do not
3. Think you the God of all the earth Hears not that mo - ther's
4. Per - chance some soul, this ve - ry hour, Re - calls an ear - ly



leave; He does not heed her lov - ing words, Or fail her heart to
come; En - grossed in sin, the err - ing boy Sends not a mes - sage
cry? Think you He will not find her boy Ere he in sin shall
vow; Per - chance some mo - ther, far a - way, To God is pray - ing



grieve. On rov - ing bent, he lit - tle now For her af - fec - tion
home. O does he live? And if he does, She knows not how he
die? Tho' he may roam in ma - ny lands, And fall by sin - ful
now; O, wea - ry, hea - vy bur - dened one, On Je - sus cast your

cares, And cru - el - ly for - sakes her, yet She fol - lows with her
 fares; What dread sus - pense! yet faith - ful still, She up - ward sends her
 snares, Will God not sure - ly hon - or yet That faith - ful mo - ther's
 cares; And find the heav'n - ly re - fuge thro' A faith - ful mo - ther's

Refrain

prayers.
 prayers.
 prayers?
 prayer. Gone, gone, she knows not where, And yet her love he shares; For-

- got - ten ne - ver, he's fol - lowed ev - er By a faith - ful mo - ther's prayers.