Memories of Mother
Frederick Pitman Morris, 1910
Robert Harkness

1. My mother's hand is on my brow, Her gentle voice is pleading now; A-

2. Once more I see that look of pain, The anguish in those eyes again; My

3. While others scorned me in their pride She gently drew me to her side; When

4. The memories of bygone years, My mother's love, my mother's tears, The

5. I'm coming home, by sin beset, For Jesus loves me even yet; My

Refrain

- cross the years so marred by sin What memories of love steal in!

- heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caused this bitter woe.

- all the world has turned away, My mother stood by me that day. O

- tho't of all her constant care Doth bring the answer to her prayer.

- mother, when I think of thee, 'Tis but a step to Cal-va-ry; Thy gentle hand up - on my brow Is

- leading me to Jesus now.

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