

If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again

[A] How sweet and happy seem those [D] days of which I [A] dream
[A] When memory recalls them now and [E] then
And [A] with what rapture sweet, my [D] weary heart would [A] beat
And I could hear my mother [E] pray [A] again.

Chorus

[A] If I could hear my [D] mother pray [A] again
If I could hear her [B] tender voice as [E] then
So [A] happy I would be, twould [D] mean so much to [A] me
If I could hear my mother [E] pray [A] again.

She used to pray that I, on Jesus would rely
And always walked the shining gospel way
So trusting still his love I seek that home above
Where I shall meet my mother some glad day.

Chorus

Within the old home place her patient smiling face
Was always spreading comfort hope and cheer
And when she used to sing to her eternal king
It was the songs the angels loved to hear.

Chorus

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