

If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again

Mahalia Jackson

How sweet and happy seem those days of which I dream
When memory recalls them now and then
And with what rapture sweet, my weary heart would beat
If I could hear my mother pray again If I could hear my mother pray again
If I could hear her tender voice as then
So happy I would be, would mean so much to me
If I could hear my mother pray again She used to pray that I on Jesus would rely
And always walk the shining gospel way
So trusting still His love, I'll seek that home above
Where I shall meet my mother some glad day Within the old home place, her patience smilin' face
Was always spreading comfort, hope and cheer
And when she used to sing to her eternal key
It was the song the angel love to hear Her work on earth is done and her life crown has been won
And she will be at rest with Him above
And some glad mornin', she, I know will welcome me
To their eternal home of peace and love If I could hear my mother pray again
If I could hear her tender voice as then
So happy I would be, would mean so much to me
If I could hear my mother pray again
If I could hear my mother pray again, pray again

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