

# Memories of Mother

Frederick Pitman Morris, 1910

Robert Harkness

♩ = 110

1. My mo - ther's hand is on my brow, Her gen - tle voice is plead - ing now; A -  
 2. Once more I see that look of pain, The an - guish in those eyes a - gain; My  
 3. While o - thers scorned me in their pride She gent - ly drew me to her side; When  
 4. The mem - o - ries of by - gone years, My mo - ther's love, my mo - ther's tears, The  
 5. I'm com - ing home, by sin be - set, For Je - sus loves me ev - en yet; My

- cross the years so marred by sin What mem - o - ries of love steal in!  
 heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caused this bit - ter woe.  
 all the world has turned a - way, My mo - ther stood by me that day. O  
 tho't of all her con - stant care Doth bring the an - swer to her prayer.  
 mo - ther's love brings home to me The great - er love of Cal - va - ry.

*Refrain*

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

lead - ing me to Je - sus now.