

# Mother's Counsel

Mary O. Page, 1894

Arranged from "The Old Oaken Bucket"

$\text{♩} = 75$

1. How oft 'mid the vi - sions of life's great com - mo - tion And  
2. While lin - ger - ing fond - ly her prayer is as - cend - ing, And  
3. How ma - ny a one in his hour of temp - ta - tion, Re-

mys - teries so strange that I oft - en ex - plore, I  
'mid her pe - ti - tion she breathes forth my name; She  
- mem - br'ring the prayer at his dear mo - ther's knee, Would

drift in my heart to the home of my child-hood And soft - ly I o - pen the  
prays that the Spir - it, my foot - steps at - tend - ing, May give me a life that is  
yield to its plead - ings with - out re - ser - va - tion, If on - ly its beau - ty his

latch of the door. I stand for a mo - ment with heart love con - sum - ing, For  
free from all blame. Ah, that was my watch - word, and well did I heed it, For  
poor heart could see. The Spir - it is will - ing, He's rea - dy to meet you, And

oh, there's a scene that I ne'er can for - get; My mo - ther, dear mo - ther, so  
long have I trod in the path - way di - vine; My faith, tho' so fee - ble, her  
bid all your sor - row and ang - uish de - part; Come, o - pen thy door, He is

*Refrain*

prayer-ful com - mun - ing— The text of her Bi - ble she's pon - der-ing yet.  
 spir - it could feed it, And teach me the Gos - pel with "line up - on line." The  
 rea - dy to greet you, And sweet-ly to dwell like a friend in your heart.

Gos - pel, dear Gos - pel, the God giv - en Gos - pel, It comes for the mill - ions— ac-

- cept it to - day.