

Ben Harper, If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again

How sweet and happy seem, those days of which I dream
Memory I recall now and then
And with what reapture sweet, my weary heart will beat
If I could hear my mother pray again
If I could only hear my mother pray again
If I could hear her sweet, tender voice as then
How happy I would be, it would mean so much to me
If I could hear my mother pray again
Around the old home place, her patient smiling face
Was always bringing comfort, hope and cheer
And when she used to sing to her eternal king
It was the sound I loved to hear
If I could only hear my mother pray again
If I could hear her sweet, tender voice as then

How happy I would be, it 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 walked the shining gospel way
Her work on earth is done, the life crown has been won
And now she's at rest with Him above
If I could only hear my mother pray again
If I could hear her tender voice as then
How happy I would be, it would mean so much to me
If I could hear my mother pray again
If I could only hear my mother pray again