

David Houston, If I Could Hear My Mother Pray A

How sweet and happy seem those days of which I dream
When memory recalls them now and then
And with that 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 glad I'd be with who means so much to me if I could hear my mother pray again
[guitar]
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
If I could hear...