

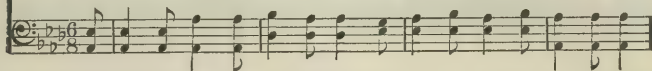
Fred P. Morris.

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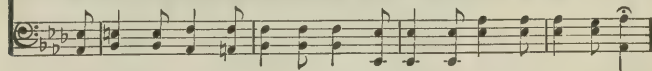
Robert Harkness.



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



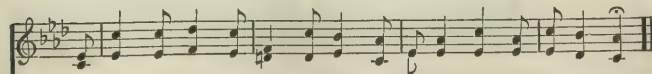
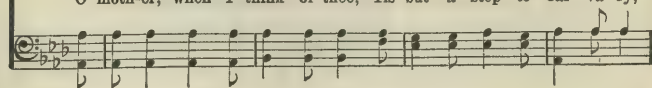
A-cross the years so marred by sin What mem-o-ries of love steal in!
My heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caused this bit-ter woe.
When all the world had turned a-way My moth-er stood by me that day.
The tho't of all her con-stant care Doth bring the an-swer to her prayer.
My moth-er's love brings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



CHORUS.



O moth-er, 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.

