

My Mother

Alfred Henry Ackley, 1911

Bentley DeForest Ackley

♩ = 92

1. To my mem-ory comes a vi - sion That my heart can ne'er for-get, Of my
2. 'Twas the voice of my dear mo - ther, Full of love and sym - pa - thy, That so
3. Tho' my mo - ther has de - part-ed, Still I feel her spir - it near, As she

mo - ther, with her ten - der care for me, For the
oft - en cheered my heart when sad and lone, For I
pleads be - fore the heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And her

face of years for - got - ten Still re - mains, I see it yet, And her
felt the need of Je - sus, And her con - stant prayer for me Led my
prayers my life shall an - swer, For I long to meet her there, And to

brow re - flects the light of Cal - va - ry. And the
wan - dering foot - steps to my Fa - ther's home.
see the Christ who bought me for His own.

Refrain

tear - drops, how they glist - ened, When she told me of His love, How the

ten - der Shep - herd came to seek the lost, O'er the
Shep - herd came to seek and save the lost,

mount - ain, thro' the val - ley, Ev - ery foot - print stained with blood, Till He

pur-chased my re - demp-tion on the cross.