

Mother

Andante

sing an octave lower than written

Poem: Ann Taylor
Music: Lance Wheelwright

Who sat and watched sick my in fant
When pain and and ness made me

3 bed cry when sleep ing on on my cra dle
cry who gazed up up my my hea dle
cry who gazed up up my my hea dle

5 bed eye and and tears of sweet af fec tion
eye and and wept for fear that I tion
eye and and wept for fear that I tion

7 shed? My mo ther, it was thee.
die? My My mo mo ther, ther, it was thee.
die? My My mo mo ther, ther, it was thee.

9 Who Can taught I my ev er lips cease to pray
Who Can taught I my ev er lips cease to pray
Who Can taught I my ev er lips cease to pray

sing an octave higher than written

11

And love God's book each day
 Af fec tion ate and kind to thee,

13

And who walk was in so wis ve dom's plea sant
 who was in so ve ry kind to

15

way? My mo ther, it was thee.
 me? My mo ther, I love thee.

17

19

Ah, When no! thou The art thought fee I ble, can old not and

21

bear, grey. And my if heal God thy please arm my shall life be to thy

23

spare, stay. I And hope I I will shall soothe re thy ward pains thy a

25

care. way. My My mo mo ther, ther, I I love love thee. thee.