

My Mother

Text:
Brian Marshall

Music:
Brian Marshall

Reverently

As I seek my Heav'n - ly Fath - er Many a guide my eyes may see.
Soft - ly, gent - ly, speaks the Spir - it; Feel - ings, thoughts, of Heav'n - ly home,
Pond - er - ing what she has taught me By the Spir - it's guid - ing power,
Dear - est Moth - er do not falt - er, Seeds of faith your acts have sown,

Ne'er an - oth - er like my Moth - er Show - ing how I ought to be.
As my Moth - er kneels be - side me Tell - ing me I'm not a - lone.
I will strive to lift an - oth - er; Strength we'll find on Zi - on's tower.
For the need - y and the wear - y And the child raised in your home.