

My Mother Is Praying for Me

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1886

Mrs. Friolin Sluessy, arr Robt E. McNeill, 1901

♩=92



1. A prayer on the wings of an an - gel, Is borne to the por - tals of light; I
2. I know I am weak and un - wor - thy, No mer - it of mine would I bring; The
3. For long I have wan - dered un - heed - ing, The warn - ings so ten - der and true, The



feel in my heart the as - sur - ance That mo - ther is pray - ing to - night. My
cross of my Lord is be - fore me, And there, tho' I per - ish, I'll cling. Oh,
tears she has wept o'er my child - hood, That fell on my cheeks like the dew. And



spir - it is wound - ed and brok - en, My sins with con - tri - tion I see, To Je - sus I'll go and con -
yes I will go to my Sav - ior, His child from this mo - ment I'll be, My faith shall look up and re -
now while she kneels in her clo - set, When no one but Je - sus can see, I'll ask for His lov - ing for -



- fess them, While mo - ther is pray - ing for me.
- ceive Him, While mo - ther is pray - ing for me. My mo - ther is pray - ing for me, My mo - ther is pray - ing for
- give - ness, While mo - ther is pray - ing for me.



me, To Je - sus I'll go, who will par - don, I know, While mo - ther is pray - ing for me.

