

My Mother's Hands

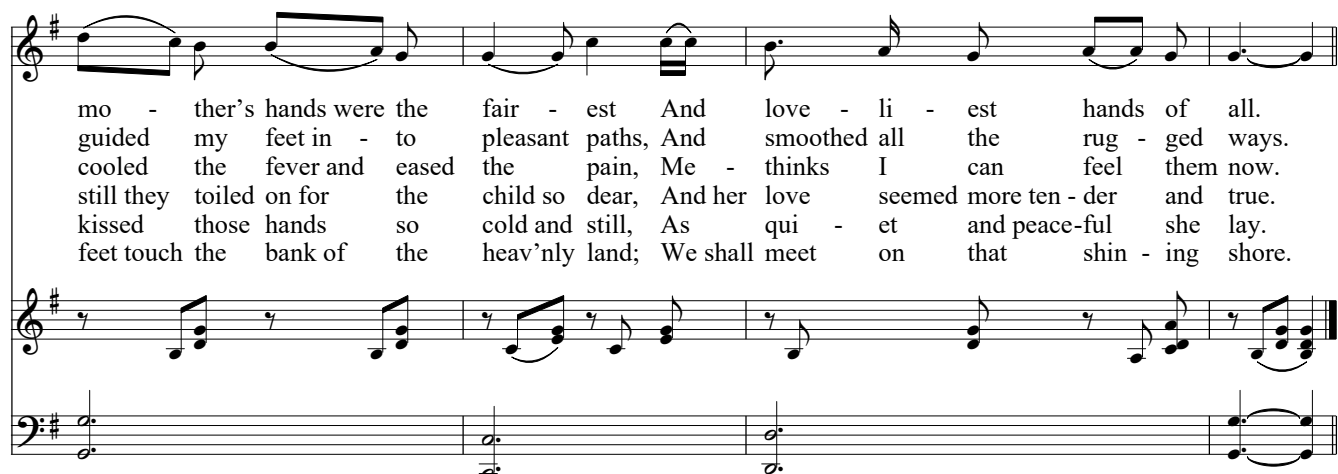
Mary Elizabeth Bliss Willson, 1887, alt.

Mary Elizabeth Bliss Willson

♩ = 78

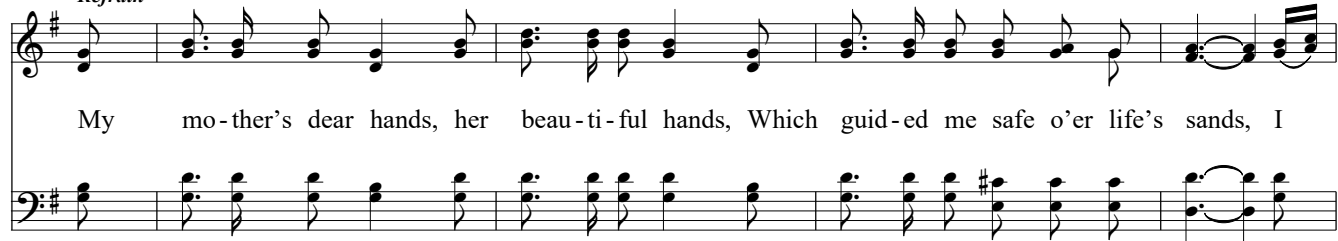


1. Oh, those beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful hands! Tho' they neither were dainty nor small, Yet my
2. Oh, those beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful hands! How they cared for my in - fant days! They
3. Oh, those beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow, They
4. Oh, those beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew; But
5. Oh, those beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful hands! Then I stood by her coffin one day, And I
6. Oh, those beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful hands! I shall clasp them a - gain once more, As my



mo - ther's hands were the fair - est And love - li - est hands of all.
guided my feet in - to pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rug - ged ways.
cooled the fever and eased the pain, Me - thinks I can feel them now.
still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more ten - der and true.
kissed those hands so cold and still, As qui - et and peace-ful she lay.
feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shin - ing shore.

Refrain



My mo-ther's dear hands, her beau-ti-ful hands, Which guid-ed me safe o'er life's sands, I



bless God's name for the mem-ory Of mo-ther's own beau-ti - ful hands.