for Three-part Treble Voices with Keyboard Accompaniment

The Softness Of My Mother's Hands

Words & Music by
John Starr Alexander

Commissioned by Iris Lamanna in memory of her mother, Billie Godley

When I was very small, Just a stranger to the world, I prayed God would hold me safely, For a -
round me danger swirled.  
I'd stumble and I'd fall, Lose dis-
rec - tion, suf - fer pain, But He'd al - ways hear my
prayers, I knew, For I'd reach home a - gain.  If I
live to be one hun - dred, Sail to count - less far - off lands, I shall
ne'er forget how my prayers were met in the softness of my mother's hands.

All my troubles healed, all my hopes are sealed, cares and worries sent to far-off lands. Love and peace fulfilled, restless spirits still by the softness of my mother's hands.

To Coda (2nd time)
slower

A little touch would

( sempre )
mf

do,
Nothing more than just a pat.

Brush a

wayward tear from off my cheek, She'd smile and that was

mp

that.

But now the world has changed, And so
often skies are gray, But within my heart her

D.S. al Coda

If I

By the softness of my mother's hands.

For Perusal Only