The Softness of My Mother's Hands

Words & Music by John Starr Alexander

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world, I prayed God would hold me safely, For a-

round me danger swirled.

I'd stumble and I'd fall, Lose di-

But he'd always hear my rec-

For Perusal Only
prayers, I knew, for I'd reach home again. If I

live to be one hundred, Sail to countless far-off lands, I shall

f cresc. sempre

f cresc. sempre

For Perusal Only
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)

To Coda (2nd time)
A little touch would

slow

poco rit.

mp

a tempo

do,

Nothing more than just a pat.

Brush a

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

But now the world has changed, And so

But with in my heart her

of ten skies are gray,
touch will live to brighten every day.

If I

By the softness of my

mother's hands.

allargando

CODA

CODA

allargando