

Mother, I Have Heard Sweet Music

Joseph H. Eccles,
1824-1883

Percival B. Isaacs, 1831-1865
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

Moth-er I have heard sweet mu - sic.

Float - ing round me as I lay, Like the strains of an-gels sing - ing

From that dear land far a - way. And I felt such joy and glad - ness,

As I list-ened to each strain, Moth-er do you think they'll ev - er,

Come and sing to me a - gain. Moth-er do you think they'll ev-er

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come and sing a- gain? Moth-er do you think they'll ev- er come and sing a -gain, Shall I

23

hear the an - gels sing - ing, Shall I hear their voic - es ring - ing, Will they

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ev-er come and sing to me a - gain?

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Moth - er I have heard sweet mu - sic, That would melt the hard-est heart,

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To the tried, the worn and wea - ry, Would a sooth-ing balm im-part.

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As I lay so calm and peace-ful, In the twi-light soft and gray,

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Such a ming-ling of sweet voic-es, As they came and passed a-

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way. Moth-er do you think they'll ev-er come and sing a-gain?

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Moth-er do you think they'll ev-er come and sing a-gain, Shall I hear the an-gelssing-ing, Shall I

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hear their voic-es ring-ing, Will they ev-er come and sing to me a-gain?