

# 79—Mother Dear, O Pray For Me.

1 Mo-ther dear, O pray for me! Whilst far from heav'n and thee I

wan - der in a fra - gile bark, O'er life's tem-pestuous sea, O

Vir - gin Mo-ther, from thy throne, So bright in bliss a - bove, Pro-

tect thy child and cheer my path, With thy sweet smile of love.

**CHORUS**

Mo-ther dear, re-mem - ber me, And nev - er cease thy care,

Till in heaven e - ter - nal - ly, Thy love and bliss I share.

2 Mother dear, O pray for me!  
Should pleasure's siren lay,  
E'er tempt thy child to wander far  
From Virtue's path away.  
When thorns beset life's devious way,  
And darkling waters flow,  
Then, Mary, aid thy weeping child,  
Thyself a mother show,

3 Mother dear, O pray for me!  
When all looks bright and fair,  
That I may all my danger see,  
For surely then 'tis near.  
A mother's pray'r how much we need  
If prosp'rous be the ray  
That paints with gold the flow'ry mead,  
Which blossoms in our way.