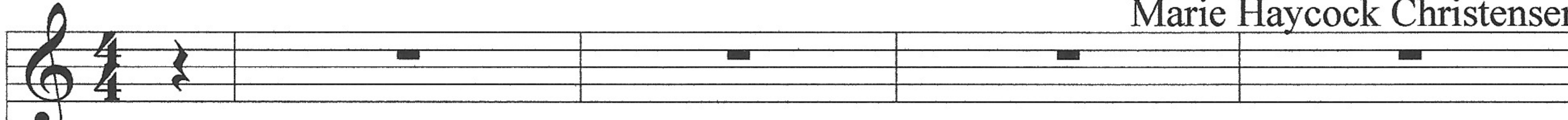


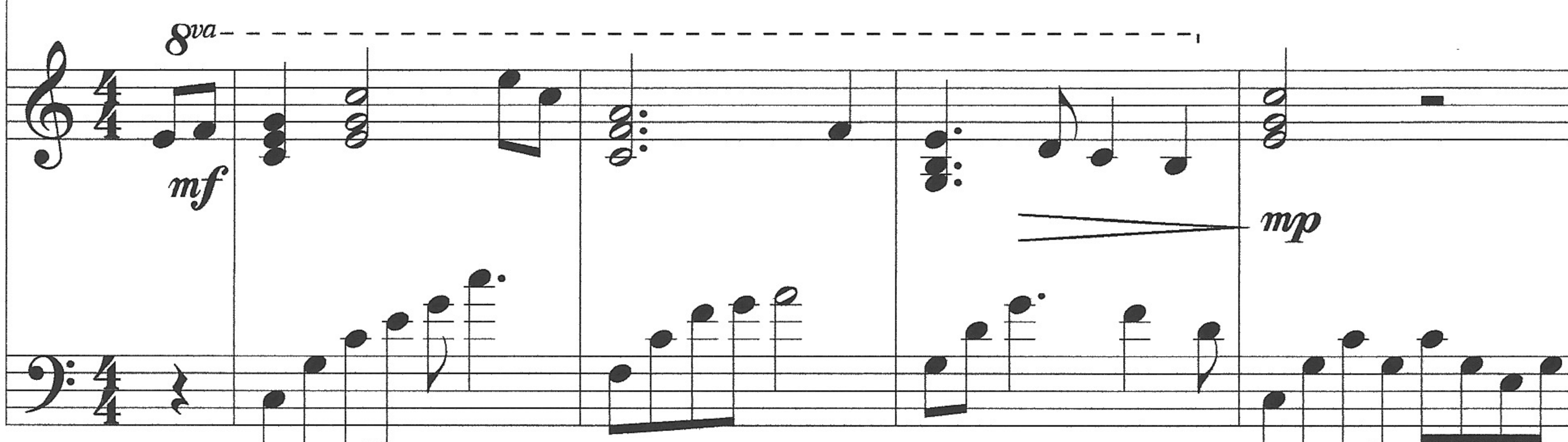
My Angel Mother

Marie Haycock Christensen

Vocals




Piano



8va
mf
mp

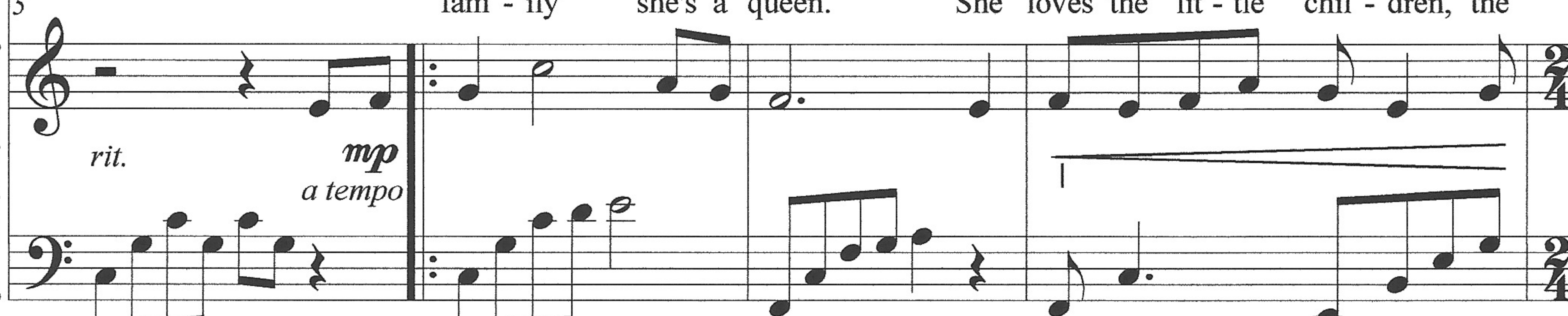
Vox.



mp


1. She is kind-ness. She is love. To me she is an an - gel, —
gar - den God is near. The beau - ty that sur-rounds me e -
fam - ily she's a queen. She loves the lit - tle chil - dren, the

Pno.



rit.
mp
a tempo


Vox.



mf
mp

sent from up a - bove. When I am sad, — and when I
ras - es all my fear. Through love and toil, — and through her
sweet-ness that they bring. To all she meets — both near and

Pno.



mf
mp

Vox. ¹²

feel a - lone, I'll al - ways turn to her, be - cause I know; She will al - ways be
 ten - der care, the flow - ers' sweet per - fume will fill the air.
 far, she brings a cheer - ful heart, a smile so warm.

Pno. ¹²

Vox. ¹⁵

mf there to com - fort and heal my soul. I know she be -

Pno. ¹⁵

mf

Vox. ¹⁹

lieves in me. I know that she cares. And when she is

Pno. ¹⁹

mp

23
Vox. *mf* gone, her spir-it will still live on. I know she'll watch

Pno. *mf*

27
Vox. o - ver me. She is my mo - ther. *mp* 1, 2. 2. In her 3. To her

Pno. *mp* 1, 2.

31
Vox. *rit. p* My an - gel moth - er. 3.

Pno. *rit. p* *gva* 3.