

Stanley Brothers, The

"Memories Of Mother"

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On a dark stormy night the angels called mother
The love that we had shared for such a short while
She called us around and said she was leaving
Then closing her eyes, she went with a smile

Mother's at rest in a lonesome old graveyard
On a hill far away there stands her white tomb
With the grass covered o'er, seems so neglected
When the spring seasons come, sweet flowers will bloom

I'll never forget the love mother gave us
As children we played around our old home
I know her reward is a mansion in heaven
While her children on earth all scattered and gone

Mother's at rest in a lonesome old graveyard
On a hill far away there stands her white tomb
With the grass covered o'er, seems so neglected
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