

Marjie Parsons "Angel Over Little Laurel"

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There's an angel over Little Laurel
So the locals say,
Running freely over green hills
Promising the day,
Her sweet lips taste of dewy spring
When everything is new,
And seal her promise with a kiss,
To watch on over you,
She is watching over you.

Well she makes her home on Baber Hill,
The valley looks on high,
As winding up the pebble road,
Children pass on by...
A blessing for the miners son
And for his daughters too,
A blessing when the day is done,
And blessings sent to you,
Sending blessings home to you.

Little Laurel how you peacefully,
Sleep on through the night,
As in the darkened hollow,
Angel shines her faithful light.

Well, they say you hear her laughter,
Carried with the wind,
Blowing through the dogwood trees,
A message she will send,
That soon will melt, away the snow,
And winter cold as blue,
As sure as summer she is there,
To watch on over you,
She is watching over you

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