

Walter Brennan "Mama Sang A Song"

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(Written by Bill Anderson)

(God put a song in the heart of an Angel,
(And softly she sang it to me.)

I get to thinking lots of times
About back when I was a lad,
Of the old home-place where I grewed up;
Of the days both good and bad.

My overalls was hand-me-downs,
y shoes was full of holes,
And I used to walk four miles to school every day,
Through the rain and the sleet and the cold.

I've seen the nights when my daddy would cry
For the things that his family would need,
But all he ever got was a bad-lands farm
And seven hungry mouths to feed.

And yet, and yet out home-fire never flickered once,
'Cause when all these things went wrong,
Mama took the hymn-book down,
And mama sang a song.

(What a friend we have in Jesus.)

I been rocked to sleep many a night
To the tune of "What A Friend"
TO THE TUNE OF "WHAT A FRIEND"; come morning,
"Rock of Ages" would waken me gentle once again.

Then dad, he'd reach up and take the bible down
And read it, read it loud and long,
I always thought that maybe our our home was blessed
When daddy would say, "Mamma, sing a song."

Sister left home first, I guess,
Then Bob and then Tommy and then Dan,
Then dad's hair was turnin' white,
'N I had to be mama's little man.

But it seemed that as daddy's back grew weak,
Mother's faith just grew strong,
And them were the greatest days of all,
When mama sang a song.

(Rock of ages, cleft for me.)
(Let me hide myself in thee.)...
OOH, OOH, OOH. (Through Recitation)

I guess the house is still standing;
I don't get back much no more,
No voice is left to fill them halls,
'N no steps to grace the floor.

You see, my mama sings in heaven now,
Around God's golden throne,
But I'll always believe this world
Is a better place because, one time,
My mama sang a song.

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