

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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A pretty wreath for mother's grave

In my memory there's a picture of a face so dear to me
Loving arms that used to hold me as I sat on mother's knee
No one here on earth could pay her for the things in life she gave
Now she's gone but I'll remember
A pretty wreath for mother's grave

She was fond of pretty flowers I recall she used to say
When I'm gone son please remember
A pretty wreath for mother's grave

She had a little row of flowers that she used to watch each day
She fixed them just before God called her so they would not fade away
Next year they'll bloom again in beauty red and blue so bright and gay
If it's God's will I'll take them to her, a pretty wreath for mother's grave

* Refrain