

**The picture on the wall**

There's an old and faded picture on the wall  
It's been hanging there for many years  
Tis a picture of my Mother and I know there is no other  
That can take the place of Mother on the wall

On the wall, on the wall  
How I love that dear old picture on the wall  
Time is swiftly passing by and I'll bow my head and cry  
Cause I know I'll meet my Mother after all

How the children all have scattered off and gone  
And I have a little family of my own  
And I love them well, more than any tongue can tell  
But I love that dear old picture on the wall

\* Refrain

Yes I loved that dear old Mother's years ago  
There has been no one to take her place I know  
As my banjo plays its chord, I am praying to the Lord  
To bless that dear old picture on the wall

\* Refrain