

# A Violet From Mother's Grave - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

A Violet from Mother's Grave

Copyright, 1881, by J. W. Pepper.

Scenes of my childhood arise before my gaze,  
Bringing recollections of bygone happy days,  
When down in the meadow in childhood I would roam;  
No one's left to cheer me now within that good old home.  
Father and mother they have passed away.  
Sister and brother now lay beneath the clay;  
But while life does remain, to cheer me I'll retain  
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave

Chorus

Only a violet I plucked when but a boy,  
And oft' times when I'm sad at heart, this flow'r has given me joy,  
But while life does remain, in memoriam I'll retain  
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave.

Well I remember my dear old mother's smile,  
As she used to greet me when I returned from toil;  
Always knitting in the old arm chair,  
Father used to sit and read for all us children there.  
But now all is silent around the good old home,  
They all have left me in sorrow here to roam;  
White life does remain, in memoriam I'll retain  
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave.-Chorus.