

You Will Never Know A Mother's Love Again - song lyrics

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YOU WILL NEVER KNOW A MOTHER'S LOVE AGAIN.

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I remember when I was a lad, just sixteen years of age.
My poor old father he took ill and died;
And the morning of the night that his spirit winged its flight,
He called his children all to his bedside.
As he kissed us all good-bye, he bade us not to cry,
But be good boys to mother when I'm dead;
Her head is bending low, she soon from you will go-
He spoke these words and then his spirit fled.

Chorus.

Take good care of mother, boys, when I'm dead and gone,
Try and keep her last days free from pain;
Respect her old gray head, remember when she's dead.
You will never know a mother's love again.

The years flew quickly onward and I soon became a man.
The other children all grew up apace;
But my mother, poor old soul, she had almost reached life's goal,
I could see it as I gazed into her face.
Her head was bending low, her step was weak and slow,
Her eyes were growing dim, she scarce could see;
I would try to cheer her heart as often I'd impart
The words my dying father said to me:- Chorus.

On a pleasant summer morning when the birds were singing gay,
And the roses lent their fragrance to the air,
In a quaint old country churchyard, close by a hallowed mound,
A few sad faces were assembled there.
Within that sacred spot they laid my mother down,
With him whom on this earth she loved so dear;
And while the aged sexton was filling up the grave,
The zephyr seemed to whisper in my ear:-Chorus.