

Put A Headstone O'er Poor Mother's Grave - song lyrics

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PUT A HEADSTONE O'ER POOR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Written and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Oh, Willie, dear Willie, our mother is dead,
Our mother, whom we loved so dear;
She's sleeping to-night in her cold, cold grave.
No more will she be with us here.
How happy we were when by the fireside,
With mother we'd sit all alone;
And what stories she'd tell to both you and I,
But now she has left our dear home.

Chorus.

Yes, mother has gone to heaven above.
And there's one thing of you I would crave;
As children should do for a mother so true,
Put a headstone o'er her beloved grave.

How often when sickness kept us in our beds,
Not a friend in the world could we find
Half so good as our mother, who'd sit by our side,
And to us be so gentle and kind.
Yes, morning and night, she'd watch our sick brows,
Never thinking of rest;
But now she has left us alone here to weep,
And gone to the land of the blest.-Chorus.