

# You'll Be Kind To My Mother When I'm Gone - song lyrics

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

YOU'LL BE KIND TO MY MOTHER WHEN I'M GONE.

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Let me whisper to you, father, ere I close my eyes in death.  
Speak low, I would not have the angels hear;  
But tell me, I beseech you, ere I take my dying breath,  
What makes you act so strangely, father dear?  
You are not the same to mother as in happy days gone by,  
She seems to be dejected And forlorn;  
Then promise me, dear father, 'tis your dying child's request,  
You'll be kind to my mother when I'm gone.

Chorus.

Then, father, ere I die, bid your Willie dear, good-bye,  
And, mother, for your son do not mourn;  
I am going now to rest, and will soon be with the blest,  
So be kind to nr mother when I'm gone.

Oh, you'd always come home early, ere the sun had sank to rest,  
And ev'ry thing was happy, gay and bright,  
But now she waits And watches with sad feelings in her breast,  
And her heart is full of sadness day and night;  
Then, father, dearest father, you can never, never know  
The sorrow and anguish she has borne;  
Then promise me, dear father, ere I take my dying breath,  
You'll be kind to my mother when I'm gone.-Chorus.

Oh, you'd often kiss her, father, ere you left our cottage-door,  
There were no wrinkles then upon her brow;  
And oft I've heard you tell her that you'd love her more and more,  
But I never see you kiss her, father, now;  
And oft I've heard her weeping, when she thought me fast asleep,  
And I wondered what it was that made her moan;  
Then promise me, oh, promise ere I close my eyes in peace,  
You'll be kind to my mother when I'm gone.-Chorus.