

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

What a friend we have in mother

What a friend we have in mother
Who will all our secrets share
We should never keep things from her
Tell her all and she'll be there

O what tender love she gives us
When in sorrow or despair
Tell her gently, whisper
Tell her gently, whisper softly
She will listen, she'll be there

Day by day as she grows older
She's the nation's shining sun
Don't forget the prayers she taught you
You will need them where you are

Though her hair has turned to silver
Send her flowers sweet and fine
Drop a card, or send a letter
She'll be waiting, she'll be there

When her eyes are closed to slumber
Gently kiss her icy brow
Fold her hands upon her bosom
She will rest in Heaven now

When your days are dark and dreary

And your cross is hard to bear
Do not let your memory fail you
Think of mother, she'll be there