

My Mother's Grave - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Where the valley-brook is slowly creeping,
And the wood-bird sings its lonely song;
Where the willow-boughs are sadly weeping,
While the 7.ephyrs murmuring pass along;
There my gentle mother's form reposes,
Dearly loved in childhood's happy day;
At that grave I kneel 'raid clustering roses,
Weeping twilight's stilly hour away.

Can I 'mid the toils of life forget thee,
Angel guardian of my infant years?
Every care compels me to regret thee,
Every smile is chased away by tears.
Holy precepts by thy lips were given,
How I've kept them let my anguish own;
Dearest mother, from thy home in heaven,
Lean down and listen to my anguished moan.