

A Flower I Found In Mother's Bible - song lyrics

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A Flower I Found in Mother's Bible.
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'Twas while looking In the bible that I found a little flow'r,
It had once belonged to mother, and it called back every hour;
Tho' long years have onward glided and I hear her voice no more,
Yet my mem'ry often wanders to the happy days of yore;
To the merry hours of childhood, to the school days long ago,
To the daisy covered meadows where I rambled to and fro;
And this little flower, tho' faded, will a pretty story tell,
And I found it in the bible that my mother loved so well.

Chorus.
Many years have onward glided, I hear mother's voice no more.
Yet my mem'ry often wanders to the happy days of yore;
And to me this flow'r, tho' faded, is the fairest of the dell.
For I found it In the bible that my mother loved so well.

Years ago when I was little and my father went to sea,
I beheld the soft tears falling as he kissed good-bye to me;
As he bade farewell to mother I could hear him sadly say:
"Put your trust in God and heaven when I'm wand'ring far away,
I will write you loving letters, for wherever I may roam
All my thoughts will ever linger on my fond ones all at home."
And his good ship sailed that morning o'er the wide and wild blue main.
But, alas! we ne'er expected that we'd never meet again.-Chorus.

On a bright September morning came the postman to the door.
With the long expected letter-mother read It o'er and o'er;
It was from my absent father, he was 'neath a foreign sky.
And he said, tho' far he wandered yet in spirit he was nigh.
And he sent us as a token from afar a little flower.
For he knew 'twould please my mother in each long and dreary hour;
And she placed it in the bible, and she saw it day by day,
And it brought to fond remembrance one that now was far away.-Chorus.

After years and years of waiting came the dismal news one morn.
That my father had been shipwrecked on a foreign shore forlorn;
But my mother bore it bravely, for she said her days were few.
And they'd meet again in heaven when her earthly course was through.
For a few short months she lingered ere she bade a last good-bye.
And was borne by spirit angels to her home beyond the sky;
So this little flower, though faded, has its pretty story told,
And I'll keep It in the bible as my mother did of old.-Chorus.