

# A Flower From My Angel Mother's Grave - song lyrics

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A FLOWER FROM MY ANGEL MOTHER'S GRAVE.

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I've a casket at home that is filled with precious gems;  
I have pictures of friends dear to me;  
I have trinkets so rare, And that came many years ago  
From far distant homes across the sea;  
But there's one little treasure that I'll ever dearly prize,  
better far than all the wealth beneath the wave;  
Though a small faded flower that I plucked in childhood's days,  
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

Chorus.

Treasured in my memory, like a happy dream,  
Are the loving words she gave.  
And my heart fondly cleaves to the dry and withered leaves-  
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

In the quiet country church-yard they laid her down to sleep,  
Close beside the home she's at rest;  
And the low, sacred mound is enshrined within my heart  
By the sweet ties of love forever blest.  
In the still and silent night I often dream of home again,  
And the vision ever tells me to be brave.  
For the lust thing that binds me to that place I love so well  
Is the flower from my angel mother's grave.-Chorus.