

An Unmarked Grave - song lyrics

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AN UNMARKED GRAVE.

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Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Geo. Schleiffarth.

Where the grasses long are growing in a churchyard far away,
Where the winter winds are blowing or the summer zephyrs play,
There's a mound within that churchyard that a sad, sad story keeps,
Where a felon lies unnoticed in the deepest of all sleeps,
'Tis a story never old-'tis a story often told
Of a man who in mistrust his comrade slew,
And the mother of that one comes when evening has begun,
There to mingle tears with softly falling dew.

Refrain.

Speeds the mother's pray'r above, as in agony of love
She to Heaven pardon for her son doth crave:
To that All-forgiving One pleads His mercy for her son,
For the boy who lies beneath this unmarked grave.

In the little village, still and quiet, he had spent his early youth,
Nurtured by a loving mother, in a home of love and truth:
There he met his first companion, and their friendship lived serene,
Till a woman, fair and pleasant, stepped two loving hearts between.
They both loved her, but In vain, and one youth, in rage and pain,
Slew his rival comrade In their raging strife.
Sad and lone he passed the time, but has answered for his crime,
And upon the scaffold parted with his life.

Refrain.

But the mother's pray'rs above, speed no more in pleading love,
For her son an All-wise Father pardon gave.
In the mansion of the blest she Is with her boy at rest,
For they found her dead upon that unmarked grave.