

## No One To Sing For Me

Cherryholmes

I love to hear the songs they're singing  
Of love so fine an earthly thing  
But there is none to me so precious  
As the songs my mother sings

When just a child I used to listen  
When she would sing of God's great love  
Somehow I knew her voice was blending  
With the angels up above

I know the angels soon will call her  
To that home beyond the sea  
And then I'll be so sad and lonesome  
With no one to sing for me

At last her hair has turned to silver  
But her sweet voice is pure as gold  
She often sings of her bright mansion  
Where God will safely keep her soul

A smile in death to rest forever  
She peacefully slumbers beneath her grave  
It seems that I can hear her singing  
So many thousand miles away