

# I Wouldn't Trade The Silver In My Mother's Hair

**Eddy Arnold**

I wouldn't trade the silver in my mother's hair  
For all the gold in the world  
The hands that rocked my cradle through all my baby days  
Are treasures from the sky that money cannot buy

God gave us mothers and tried to be fair  
When he gave me mine I got more than my share  
I wouldn't trade the silver in my mother's hair  
For all the gold in the world

God gave us mothers