

I'll Not Forget My Mother's Prayer

Hank Snow

I never shall forget the day
I heard my dear old mother say
"I'm leaving now the old home dear,
remember Jack your mother's prayer".
She left me as the golden sun
behind the hill top it did hide,
And when I found that she had gone
I laid my guitar down and cried.

And now she's gone this world is drear,
I long to have dear mother here,
She's gone to join the angels there,
I'll not forget my mother's prayer.

The birds were still, no sound was made,
The organ sad but sweetly played,
As by her side we gathered there,
Our heads bowed down in silent prayer.
We laid here where the fragrant rose
was blooming o'er her lonely grave,
And now in answer to her prayer
I'll meet dear mother some sweet day.

And now she's gone this world is drear,
I long to have dear mother here,
She's gone to join the angels there,
I'll not forget my mother's prayer