

## That Pioneer Mother Of Mine

Hank Snow

Somewhere out there on the prairie alone my guardian angel devine  
Is there at rest somewhere in the west that pioneer mother of mine  
I'd give all I own today if someone would guide my way  
To that hallowed spot where she's sleeping that pioneer mother  
of mine.

There is nothing left of her busy life  
But the things she made when her days were full  
A couple of rugs on the kitchen floor  
And an afagan knitted out of bits of wool.

Her garden has a deserted look  
And the weeds show up in the sunshine smile she is dead  
And the things she fought run wild  
And you stop and think was her life worth while.

But if you had known as well as I knew  
The quiet good and the helping hand  
And the neighborly warm big heart of hers  
I think you would really understand.

That not all the people that we call great  
Are really greatest in the end  
And perhaps the finest thing in life  
Is a homely common every day friend.

So the little life with the homely tasks  
Has worked it's pattern and so goes on  
What if the weeds grow rank again  
And what if the flowers are dead and gone.

Ah, the little woman of small account  
With the cheerful smile on her brave old face will never die  
For the tide of years will produce her like to take her place.

I'd give all I own today if someone would guide my way  
To that hallowed spot where she's sleeping that pioneer mother  
of mine...