

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...