

Padre of Old San Antone

Jim Reeves

I strolled to an old mission garden and as I was kneeling alone
An arm gently fell on my shoulder it was the padre of old San Antone

We went for a walk in the garden and as we were talking alone
He told why he came to the mission to the mission in old San Antone

Then the chapel bells they rang and an angel chorus sang

"Mi amor mi amigo" from the sky

Then he kneeled down to pray in the garden and whispered Mi amore mi Corazonne

Then I knew that his love was an angel the padre of old San Antone