

# Memories Of Mother

The Stanley Brothers

On a dark stormy night the angels called mother  
The love that we had shared for such a short while  
She called us around and said she was leaving  
Then closing her eyes, she went with a smile

Mother's at rest in a lonesome old graveyard  
On a hill far away there stands her white tomb  
With the grass covered o'er, seems so neglected  
When the spring seasons come, sweet flowers will bloom

I'll never forget the love mother gave us  
As children we played around our old home  
I know her reward is a mansion in heaven  
While her children on earth all scattered and gone

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