

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Memories Of M

Mother left this world of sorrow
Our home was silent and so sad
Dad took sick and had to leave us
I have no home No mother nor dad
There's a little lonesome grave yard
On these tomestones it did say
On mother's gone but not forgotten
On dad's we'll meet again someday
I often go out to the graveyard
Where they laided them down to rest
I can almost hear them whisper
Trust in god He'll do the rest
Their souls have gone up to heaven
Where they'll dwell with god above
Where they'll meet there friends and loved ones
And share with all his precious love