

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Mother's Only

Well, I left my old home back in the mountains
For mother and father had both passed away
We followed our mother up to the graveyard
For mother wews called to Heaven that day

Mother's not dead, she's only a-sleeping
Just patiently waiting for Jesus to come
The birds will be singing while mother is sleeping
They will sing o're her as the grave sinks a-way

Oh, how we miss her round the old home place
Everything seems so lonesome since she went away
Mother is sleeping way back in the mountains
Yes, Mother is sleeping way back in the hills

* Refrain