

Bill Monroe, Mother's Only Sleeping

Mothers 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'er as the grave sinks away

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

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