

Bill Monroe, Shake My Mother's Hand For Me

When you reach that golden city (golden city)
Friends and loved ones you shall see (you shall see)
When the saints come out to meet you (out to meet you)
Oh shake my mother's hand for me

Shake my mothers hand and tell her (and then tell her)
Happy may her spirits be (your spirits be)
When the saints come out to meet you (out to meet you)
Oh shake my mother's hand for me

There are times I often wonder
How can all these trials be
Time can't keep me here much longer
Oh shake my mother's hand for me

Over there you'll meet my Savior
Many loved ones you will see
When you've had a talk with Jesus
Oh shake my mother's hand for me