

Cherryholmes, No One To Sing For Me

I love to hear the songs they're singing
Of love so fine an earthly thing
But there is none to me so precious
As the songs my mother sings
When just a child I used to listen
When she would sing of God's great love
Somehow I knew her voice was blending
With the angels up above
I know the angels soon will call her
To that home beyond the sea
And then I'll be so sad and lonesome
With no one to sing for me
At last her hair has turned to silver
But her sweet voice is pure as gold
She often sings of her bright mansion
Where God will safely keep her soul
A smile in death to rest forever
She peacefully slumbers beneath her grave
It seems that I can hear her singing
So many thousand miles away