

# Hank Snow, My Mother

There are friends who will want you but just for a day  
There are pals you think true but they'll cast you away  
But there's one loving soul boys I'll sure recommend  
Through this old world of sorrow she'll be true till the end

Mother though her hands are all wrinkled and old  
Mother silver hair that has lost all the gold  
You left her alone went to roam through the years  
But all that you left her was heartaches and tears  
So kiss her old brow whisper softly and true  
Mother you're just an angel and I love you

On the door of a cottage a wreath sadly hung  
And a hearse stood there waiting as the choir softly sung  
There were flowers in their beauty and the old Parson he prayed  
This was the last tribute as we left for her grave  
She won't meet you tonight son when you crave her caress  
She has reared you to manhood and now you've laid her to rest  
Those flowers in their beauty to her they're unknown  
Cause tonight she's with the angels up around God's great throne  
So don't wait that late son to try and repay  
Give those flowers and give those treasures but give them today  
Let her know that you love her and kinda show her that you care  
Cause she's your mother God love her she's as true as a prayer

So kiss her old brow whisper softly and true  
Mother you're just an angel and I love you