

Hank Snow, Only A Rose From My Mother's Grave

Written by Del Lyon - Lani McIntire

Recorded by Hank Snow

It's only a rose from my mother's grave
That I'd planted long long ago
I pulled it from a stem, where it used to wave
With a windward soft and low

It's only a flower white and so fair
That she used to love so well
Sweet were the perfume that filled the air
Round her grave down in the dell

It's only a rose, a fragrant white rose
That bloomed on my mother's grave
Peace to her soul and blessed reposed
With a bright rose above her way

Only a rose from my mother's grave
A flower she loved when here
I shall press it away in a book and save
Bloom will never end in years

For mother was like this snow white rose
Gentle at heart and lovely too
Soon came the twilight with repose
Angels made her bed and knew

Only a rose from my mother's grave
Kissed by dew from heaven up above
Over her form it used to wave
In its tenderness and love

Only a rose, but through the years
We've been in some hollow shrine
Often our eyes will fill with tears
Gazing on this flower divine

**Transcribed by Tammy Roy from "Somewhere Along Life's Highway"; 09/30/03

**Not sure about some words!