

# Hank Snow, She's A Rose From The Garden Of Prayer

Words & Music by C.E. "Hank" Snow

There's a heart that is broken today  
There is someone who waits far away  
One who's kneeling in prayer as she waits for me there  
Asking that I might come back some day.  
Her hands are all wrinkled with care  
The gold has all gone from her hair  
How I long to caress her my mother God bless her  
She's a rose from the garden of prayer.

When I was a boy at her knee  
She was more than a mother to me  
As I gaze into space I can see her sweet face  
As I stood by her old rocking chair.  
When cares would impress on my brow  
Or someone would turn me away  
She would always be near me to comfort and cheer me  
She's a rose from the garden of prayer.

So I'm leaving and heading that way  
To a mother so feeble and grey  
Where she waits there alone in our Heaven called home  
By the window she's watching for me.  
Soon my sorrows and troubles will end  
Where all nature is blooming so fair  
And I'll rest in the arms of the one that is true  
She's my rose from the garden of prayer.