

Hank Snow, That Pioneer Mother Of Mine

Somewhere out there on the prairie alone my guardian angel divine
Is there at rest somewhere in the west that pioneer mother of mine
I'd give all I own today if someone would guide my way
To that hallowed spot where she's sleeping that pioneer mother of mine

There is nothing left of her busy life but the things she made when her days were full
A couple of rugs on the kitchen floor and an afgan knitted out of bits of wool
Her garden has a deserted look and the weeds show up in the sunshine smile she is dead
And the things she fought run wild and you stop and think was her life worth while
But if you had known as well as I knew the quiet good and the helping hand
And the neighborly warm big heart of hers I think you would really understand
That not all the people that we call great are really greatest in the end
And perhaps the finest thing in life is a homely common every day friend
So the little life with the homely tasks has worked it's pattern and so goes on
What if the weeds grow rank again and what if the flowers are dead and gone
Ah the little woman of small account with the cheerful smile on her brave old face will never die
For the tide of years will produce her like to take her place

I'd give all I own today if someone would guide my way
To that hallowed spot where she's sleeping that pioneer mother of mine