

Jim Reeves, Mother Went A-Walkin'

(Sang)

(Shall we gather at the river that flows by the throne of God)

(Spoken)

The church doors opened one Sunday in a little country town
The people all were silent in the rain that misted down
And an old gray-haired granddad his shoulders stooped with pain
Was holdin' fast a little boy who kept cryin' in the rain.

And in the dim candlelight within a casket lay so still
That soon would lie beneath the earth up at the top of the hill
The little boy kept askin' in a low and plaintive tone
What's wrong with mommy grandpa won't she be comin' home?

It's awful lonesome grandpa since daddy went away
And mommy's all the reason why I'm happy every day
Wouldn't she feel better grandpa if I layed down by her side
The old man turned and faced him and with these words replied.

Mother went a walkin' son, away up in the sky
Along the brook that winds among the stars up there on high
And down the valley where the sun goes home at night to sleep
Mother went a walkin' son she wouldn't want us to weep.

The boy didn't seem to understand just where his mom had gone
He couldn't realize that now she wouldn't be comin' home
He saw the rain on grandpa's face, he didn't know he cried
And of course he couldn't hear the words that grandpa said inside.

Mother went a walkin' son, up yonder in the sky
And all that we can do down here son is bow our heads and cry
She's gone to meet your daddy son and take him by the hand
Yes, mother went a walkin' son in God's great meadowland...