

Porter Wagoner, Beautiful Wings

Beautiful wings mother must wear for I know she's with angels somewhere up above
Great white wings with a halo so fair I know she's in glory sweet mother dear love

(Precious mem'ries how they linger) all through the valley that she loved so well
Her flowers her Bible and a church in the dell
And the stories of Jesus that she used to tell
(In the stillness of the sunset) we miss her the most around suppertime
She'd call for the blessings and we each say a line
All those mem'ries that she left behind
Beautiful wings mother must wear...