

# The Stanley Brothers, Another Night

The wind is blowing 'round the cabin  
I hate to hear that lonesome sound  
I'm all alone and so down hearted  
Since my true love she ain't around

I hate to see the sun a sinking  
Another night to toss and turn  
Another night to dream about her  
Another night for her I yearn

She had no cause to go and leave me  
For I had never done her wrong  
She left our home and little children  
And with another she has gone

The children they are soundly sleeping  
No they don't know that their mother's gone  
What can I do when they awaken  
I can't tell them that their mother's wrong