

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.