

The Stanley Brothers, Na

In that dear old village churchyard
I can see a mossy ground
That is where my mother's sleeping
In the cold and silent ground

I was young but I remember
When the night my mother died
There I saw her spirit fading
When she called me to her side

Saying Darlin I must leave you
Angels voices guide you home
Pray that we may meet in heaven
When your mother's dead and gone

Oft I wander to the churchyard
Flowers to plant with tender care
On the grave of my dear mother
Darkness finds me weeping there

Looking at the stars above me
Waitin for an early dawn
There by mother I'll be buried
And no more be left alone