

# 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