

## Mother's Only Sleeping

Bill Monroe

Well, I left my old home back in the mountains  
For mother and father had both passed away  
We followed our mother up to the graveyard  
For mother wews called to Heaven that day

Mother's not dead, she's only a-sleeping  
Just patiently waiting for Jesus to come  
The birds will be singing while mother is sleeping  
They will sing o're her as the grave sinks a-way

Oh, how we miss her round the old home place  
Everything seems so lonesome since she went away  
Mother is sleeping way back in the mountains  
Yes, Mother is sleeping way back in the hills

Mother's not dead, she's only a-sleeping  
Just patiently waiting for Jesus to come  
The birds will be singing while mother is sleeping  
They will sing o're her as the grave sinks a-way