

Grandma Mary

Denison Witmer

Mary, you are the bird inside the hand
Of St. Francis in the garden where he stands.
Handwriting, a birth mark, and a quilt,
Mother to my mother and to me. And to me. Mary, you are the mason jars in spring,
The kitchen with the view across a hill.
First memory is a Bible verse in song,
The organ while my family sings along. We sing along. And on the calendar when I leave
A little note for you, so you see
When I'm gone, I never go too far.
Your heart is my heart,
Your blood, my blood.
When I'm gone, I never get too far. Mother to my mother and to me.

Songwriters

WITMER, DENISON STUARTPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>