

# Mother Mary

## Priory

It's supper time but he stays outside  
He tends to feel the world, the sun is high  
He drowns himself in a bottle of rye  
The young men live while the old men...Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me  
In a bed where I can sleep  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry me  
To a place where I can sleep  
The days are hard but there's mouths to feed  
And his old hands still sewing seed  
Remembered when he was young, he made that creek  
Until the mortal core [?]Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me  
In a bed where I can sleep  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry me  
To a place where I can sleepThe days are hard  
The days are hard  
The days are hard  
The days are hard  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you bury me  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry my soul  
Oh, Mother Mary won't you carry me  
To a place where I can sleep

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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