

The Stanley Brothers, Gathering Flowers For The

Death is an angel sent down from above
Sent for the buds and the flowers we love
Truly 'tis so, for in heaven's own way
Each soul is a flower in the Master's bouquet

Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet
Beautiful flowers that will never decay
Gathered by angels and carried away
Forever to bloom in the Master's bouquet

Let us be faithful till life's work is done
Blooming with love 'til the reaper has come
Then we'll be gathered together someday
Transplanted to bloom in the Master's bouquet