

Bill Monroe, There Was Nothing We Could Do

There Was Nothing We Could Do - Bill Monroe
(Album: Bluegrass Special; Carson)

We all loved our fair tender maiden
From her eyes the light of Heaven shone thru
She fell sick one cold winter morning
And there was nothing we could do

She lay on her death bed so bravely
Her face all tired and worn
We knew in our hearts she was leaving
God had called her to His heavenly home

As she lay on the bed she was smiling
At the people all gathered a-round
It was her only way of saying goodbye
And tomorrow she'd lay neath the ground

The fragrance of flowers from her grave
Goes to heaven where she has gone too
Mortal pain shown on all our faces
But there was nothing we could do

When the preacher began to console us
His words rang out clear and true
He said God called her that's the reason
That there was nothing we could do