

Connie Smith, Gathering Flowers For The Master

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

Loved ones are passing each day and each hour passing away as the life of a flower
But every bud and each blossom some day
Will bloom as a flower in the Master's bouquet
Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet...

Now let us be faithful till life's work is done
Blooming with love till the reaper shall come
Then we'll be gathered together that day
Transplanted to bloom in the Master's bouquet
Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet...