

Rhonda Vincent, Prettiest Flower There

I came into the parlor,
a precious soul had gone home.
I grieved with the family,
who'd been left all alone.
The tears were freely flowing,
their loss so hard to bear.
It was then I looked around me,
she was the prettiest flower there

-CHORUS-

Angels stood at attention
when she was called away
For she'd held the hand of Jesus every day.
Heaven's choir played her anthem
As they welcomed one so rare.
heaven knows she is
the prettiest flower there.

I placed a rose by her side,
it seemed I saw her smile.
I remembered how she blessed all those
she met o'er the miles.
Eternally she's resting now
in a garden so fair.
And when Heaven looks upon her,
it sees the prettiest flower there.

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