

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Close By

You've gone so far away, my darling
Each time I think of you I cry
I press your picture to my bosom
Then I feel that you're close by

Years have passed you've not returned dear
Now they say that you have died
But your soul will live forever
Now I know you'll be close by

I saw you last while you were leaving
The tears from you I tried to hide
You took me in your arms and said dear
Your memory I keep close by

They buried you in a lonely graveyard
And a spot they left beside
There I'll sleep 'till Jesus calls us
So that we can be close by