

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, I Hear A Sweet

Our little girl taken sick one evening
As she walked home from school
And in her death bed soon bring her
It made us so sad and so blue

Then she called me close to her bedside
And whispered these words soft and low,
"Tell Mommy to come to me quickly,
I want to kiss you both then go";

I hear a sweet voice calling
Way up in heaven on high
God has made room for you daughter,
Oh Mommy and Daddy don't cry

Take care of my little brother
Tell him I've gone to rest
I know his little heart is broken
He's all that you have left

Then she closed her eyes forever
Never to see us no more
Until we meet our darling
On that bright and peaceful shore