

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Plant Some Flowers

Plant some flowers by my graveside
Just a little bunch of them
Makes no difference what they are, dear
Since your hand has planted them

Darlin', when you pass the graveside
You see my name there on a slab
Won't you stop a little while dear
For I would be lonesome there

You will do this won't you darlin';
You will do this last request
You will do this won't you darlin';
When they lay me down to rest