Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Plant Some Fl

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