Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, There Was No

We all loved our fair tender maiden From her eyes the light of Heaven shone thru She fell sick one cold winter morning And there was nothing we could do

She lay on her death bed so bravely Her face all tired and worn We knew in our hearts she was leaving God had called her to His heavenly home

As she lay on the bed she was smiling At the people all gathered a-round It was her only way of saying goodbye And tomorrow she'd lay neath the ground

The fragrance of flowers from her grave Goes to heaven where she has gone too Mortal pain shown on all our faces But there was nothing we could do

When the preacher began to console us His words rang out clear and true He said God called her that's the reason That there was nothing we could do