

# 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&#039;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&#039;s the reason  
That there was nothing we could do