

# Bonnie Owens, Gathering Flowers For The Master's Bouquet

Death is an angel sent down from above sent for the buds of the flowers we love  
But every bud and each blossom some day  
Will bloom as a flower in the Master's bouquet

Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet beautiful flowers that will never decay  
Gathered by angels then carried away forever to bloom in the Master's bouquet

[ dobro - mandolin ]

Loved ones are passing each day and each hour passing away as the life of a flower

Taken and cared for in heaven's own way forever to bloom in the Master's bouquet

Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet...