

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...