

# Hank Thompson, Little Rosewood Casket

In a little Rosewood casket in the hall up on a stand  
There's a package of old love letters written by a true love's hand  
Won't you go and get them sister read them o'er to me tonight  
I have tried so hard to read them but the tears they blind my sight  
[ guitar ]

Place his letters and his pictures both together by my heart  
With a little ring he gave me from my finger ne'er shall part  
When I'm dead and in my casket and deep in my grave I lie  
I want to be there close beside him when they lay me down to die