

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