

# Linda Ronstadt, Rosewood Casket

This is how I learned it from a Time-Life Album in about 1958.

There's a little rosewood casket  
Lying on a marble stand  
And a packet of old love letters  
Written by my true love's hand

(Go and bring them to me sister  
Read them o'er for me tonight  
I have often tried but I could not  
For the tears that filled my eyes) I did not know this verse--Thanks!

Last Sunday I saw him walkin'  
With a lady by his side,  
And I thought I heard him tell her  
He would never be his bride.

When I'm dead and in my coffin  
And my shroud's around me bound  
And my narrow grave is ready  
In some lonely churchyard ground.

Take his letters and his locket  
Place together o'r my heart  
But the golden ring he gave me  
From my finger never part