

# Marty Robbins, Little Rosewood Casket

There's a little Rosewood casket  
Settin' on a marble stand  
There's a package of love letters  
Written by my true love's hand

Go and bring them to me, brother  
Come and set upon my bed  
Lay your head upon my pillow  
While my aching heart grows dead.

Read them gently to me, brother  
Read them til I fall asleep  
Fall asleep to wake in heaven  
Oh, Dear brother, do not weep.

Last Sunday I saw her walking  
With a gentleman by her side  
And I thought I heard him tell her  
She was soon to be his bride.

When I'm dead and in my coffin  
And my friends have gathered 'round  
And my narrow grave is ready  
In some lonesome churchyard ground.

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