

Marty Robbins, The 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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