

The Stanley Brothers, Will You Miss Me

When these lips shall never more
Place a kiss upon thy brow
When life hold's still in death
Will you love me then as now

Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me when I'm gone

Perhaps you'll plant some flowers
Round my cold unworthy grave
Come and sit along here beside me
Where the roses nod and wave

On a cold dark Sunday morning
In a land not far away
A little girl from old Kentucky
Lifted up her voice to say