

Wilburn Brothers, Give Them The Roses Now

Wonderful things of folks are said when they have passed away
Roses're torn the narrow bed over the sleeping clay
Give me the roses while I live trying to cheer me on
Useless to flowers that you give after the soul is gone

Praises I've heard not by the dead roses they cannot see
Let us not pray till souls have pled generous friends to be
Give me the roses while...

(dobro)

Olds are forgiven when folks lie cold in the narrow bed
Let us forgive them where they die now should the words be said
Give me the roses while...