

Bonnie Owens

"Gathering Flowers For The Master's Bouquet"

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Death is an angel sent down from above sent for the
buds of the flowers we love
But every bud and each blossom some day
Will bloom as a flower in the Master's bouquet
Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet beautiful
flowers that will never decay
Gathered by angels then carried away forever to bloom
in the Master's bouquet
[dobro - mandolin]
Loved ones are passing each day and each hour
passing away as the life of a flower
Taken and cared for in heaven's own way forever to
bloom in the Master's bouquet
Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet...

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