

Connie Smith

"Gathering Flowers For The Master's Bouquet"

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Death is an angel sent down from above sent for the
buds and the flowers we love
Truly 'tis so for in heaven's own way each soul is a
flower in the Master's bouquet
Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet beautiful
flowers that will never decay
Gathered by angels and carried away forever to bloom
in the Master's bouquet

Loved ones are passing each day and each hour
passing away as the life of a flower
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...

Now let us be faithful till life's work is done
Blooming with love till the reaper shall come
Then we'll be gathered together that day
Transplanted to bloom in the Master's bouquet
Gathering flowers for the Master's bouquet...

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