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
Truly it's so for in Heaven's own way
Each soul is a flower in the Master's bouquet

cho: 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

Let us be faithful till life's work is done
Blooming with love till the Reaper shall come
Then we'll be gathered together someday
Transplanted to bloom in the Master's bouquet

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