Gathering Flowers for the Master's Bouquet

Death is an angel sent down from above, 
Let us be faithful 'til life's work is done, 

Blob-ling with love 'til the above, done, 

Sent Bloom for ing with the the above, done, 

flow-ers we love, 
Tru-ly 'tis so, for in heaven's own way. Each 

Then we'll be gath-ered to-geth-er one day Trans-

soul is a flow-er in the Mas-ter's bou-quet, 
planted to bloom in the Mas-ter's bou-quet, 

Gath-ering flow'rs for the 

Mas-ter's bou-quet - Beau-ti-ful flow-ers that will nev-er de-cay, 

Gath-ered by an-gels and car-ried a-way.