Gathering Flowers for the Master's Bouquet

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.

Let us be faithful 'til life's work is done,
Bloom-ing with love 'til the reapers shall come;
Then we'll be gathered together one day
Gather ing flowers for the Master's bouquet.

Master's bouquet - Beautiful flowers that will never decay,
Gathered by angels and carried away,
Forever to bloom in the Master's bouquet.