

Plant Some Flowers By My Grave

Bill Monroe

Plant some flowers by my graveside
Just a little bunch of them
Makes no difference what they are, dear
Since your hand has planted them

Darlin', when you pass the graveside
You see my name there on a slab
Won't you stop a little while dear
For I would be lonesome there

You will do this won't you darlin'
You will do this last request
You will do this won't you darlin'
When they lay me down to rest