

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Little rosewood cadket

There's s little rosewood cakes
Sitting on a marble stand
There's a package of love letters
Written by my true love's hand

Will you go and get them sister
And read them o'er tonight
For I woke and tried, but could not
For the tears would blind my sight

Please go trace the lines so slowly
Then I'll not miss even one
For the precious hand that wrote this
Its last work for me is done

You have got them now, dear sister
Come sit down upon my bed
And press gently to your bosom
This poor throbbing, aching head

Tell him that I never blamed him
Not an unkind word was said (spoke)
Tell, oh tell him, sister, tell him
That my heart in coldness broke

Tell him that I never blamed him
Though to me he proved untrue

Tell him that'll never forget him
Till I bid this world adieu

When I'm dead and in my coffin
And my shroud's around me bound
And my little bed is ready
In the cold and silent ground

Place his letters and his locket
Close together o'er my heart
Let the little ring he gave me
From my finger never part

You have finished now, dear sister
If you read them o'er again
While I listen to you read them
I will lose all sense of pain

While I listen to you read them
I will gently fall asleep
For it's sweet to wake with Jesus
Oh, dear sister, do not weep