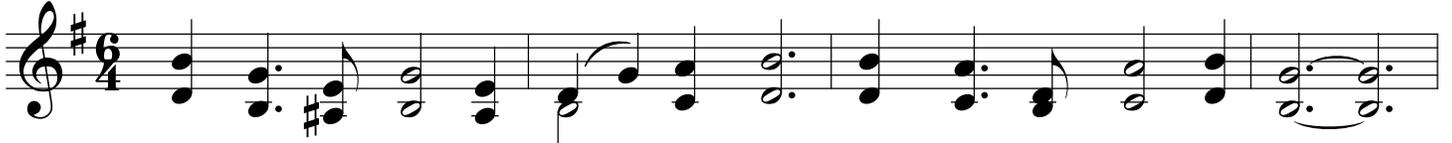
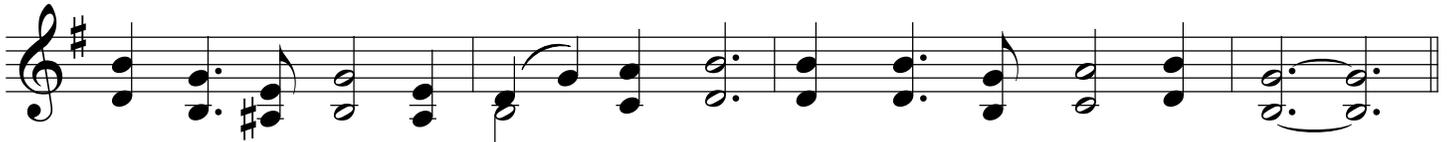


# Give Me The Roses Now

G

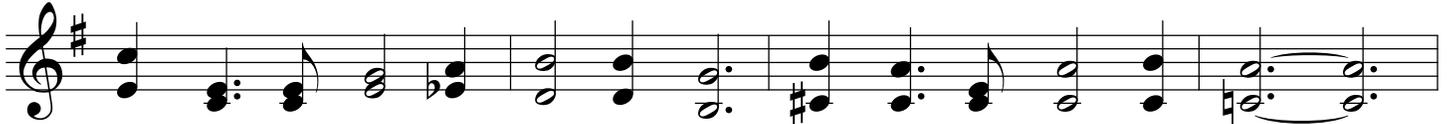


1. Won - der - ful things of folks are said, When they have passed a - way,  
2. Now is the time for words of praise, Hand - shake and friend - ly smile;  
3. Prais - es are heard not by the dead, Ros - es they can - not see;  
4. Faults are for - give - en when folks lie Cold in their nar - row bed;



Ros - es a - dorn the nar - row bed, O - ver the sleep - ing clay.  
Bless - ings that glad - den pil - grim days, Al - ways are well worth while.  
Let us not wait till souls have fled Gen - er - ous friends to be.  
Let us for - give them e'er they die Now should the words be said.

## Chorus



Give me the ros - es while I live, Try - ing to cheer me on;



Use - less the flow - ers that you give Af - ter the soul has gone.