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              C     G7            C
There's a little rosewood casket
                F     G7 C
Lying on a marble stand
                     F         C
And a packet of love letters
            G7                      C
Written by my true love's hand.
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Come and sit beside me, brother,
Come and sit upon my bed
Come and lay your head upon my pillow,
For my aching heart falls dead.

Last Sunday I saw him walking
With a lady by his side
And I thought I heard him tell her
She could never be his bride.

When I'm dead and in my coffin
And my shroud's around me bound
And my narrow grave is ready
In some lonesome churchyard ground,

Take his letters and his locket,
Place together o'er my heart
But the golden ring he gave me
From my finger never part.

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