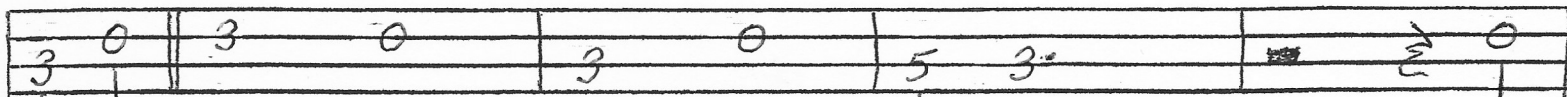


Gathering Flowers From The Hillside - melody - F

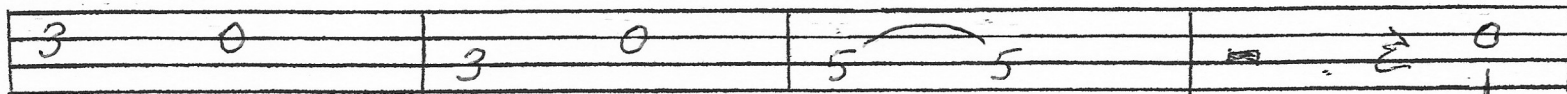
F



It was on one bright June morning, the

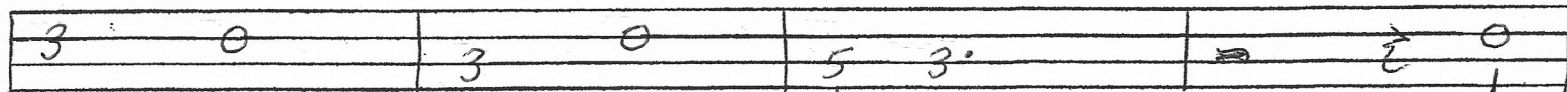
F

C



ros - es were in bloom; I

F



shot and killed my dar - ling, and

F

C

F



what will be my doom?