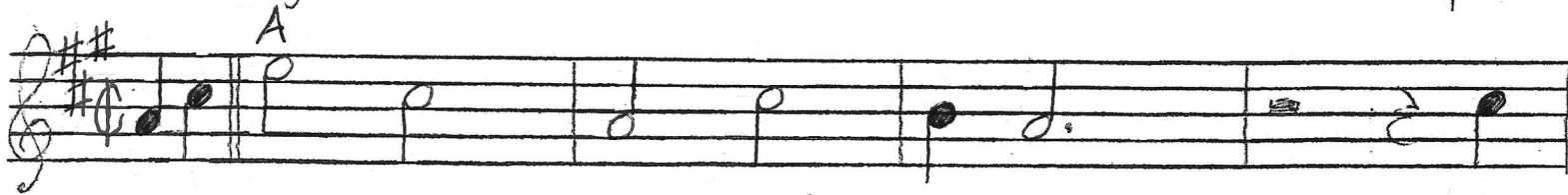
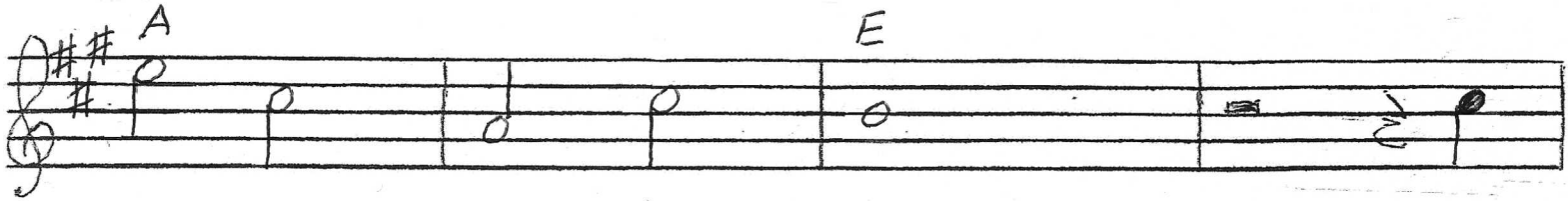


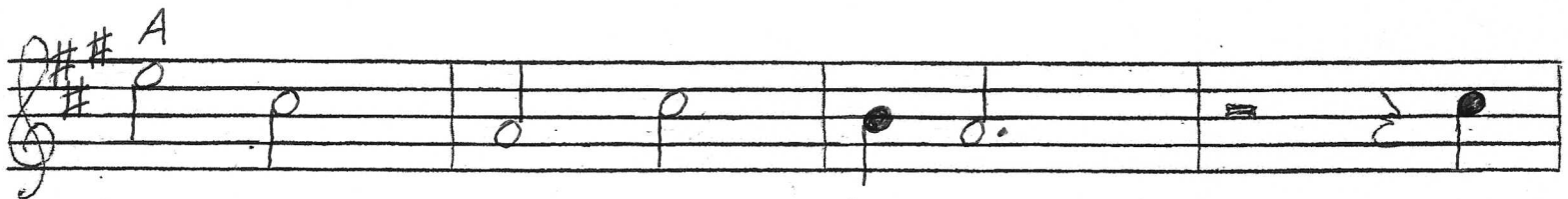
# Gathering Flowers From The Hillside - melody



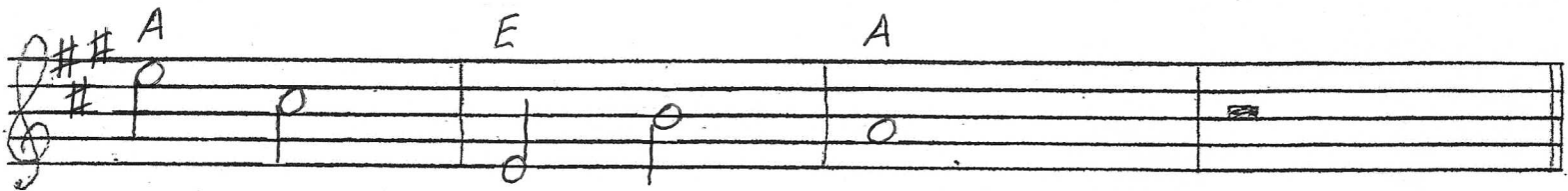
It was on one bright June morn-ing, the



ros - es were in bloom; I



shot and killed my dar-ling, and



what will be my doom?