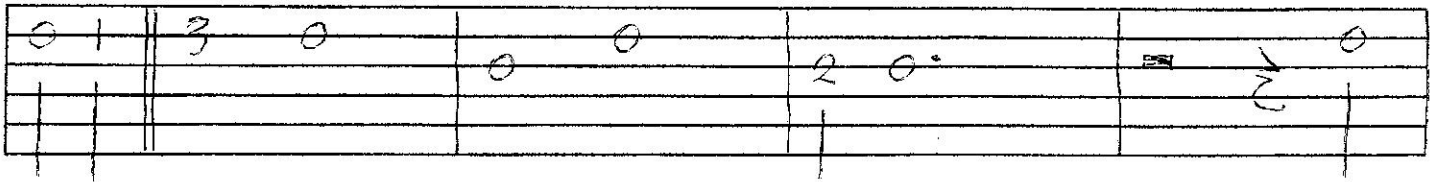


Gathering Flowers From The Hillside - melody - G

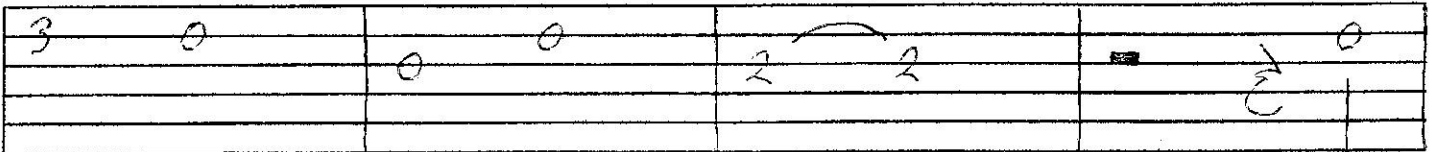
G



It was on one bright June morn-ing, the

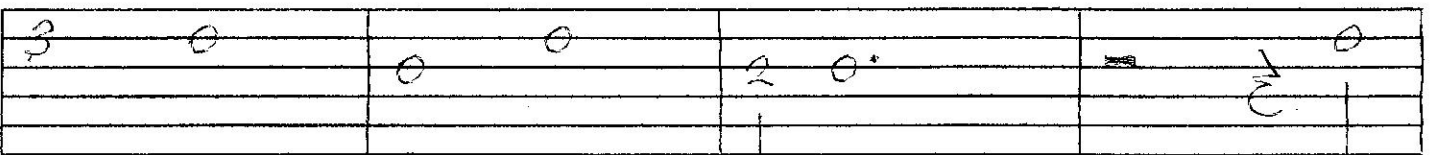
G

D



ros-es were in bloom; I

G

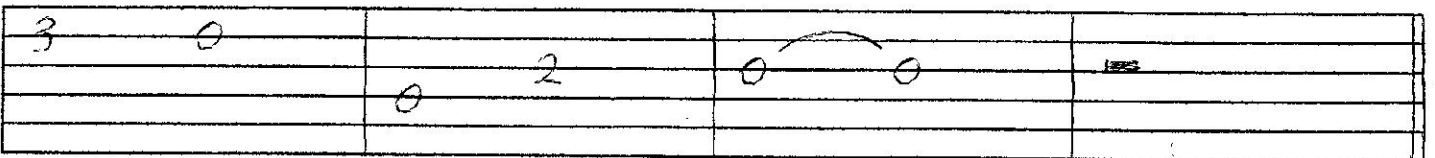


shot and killed my dar-ling, and

G

D

G



what will be my doom?