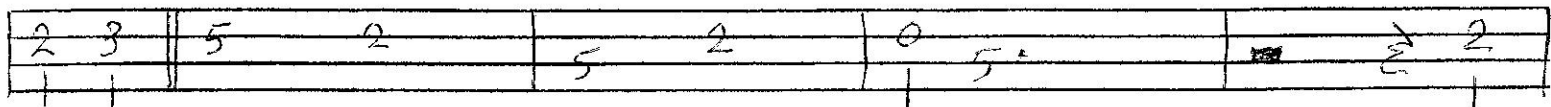


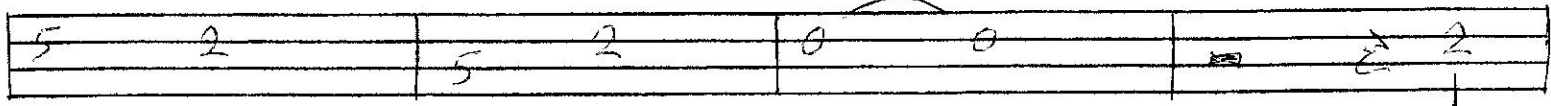
# Gathering Flowers From The Hillside - melody - G

G




It was on one bright June morn-ing, the

G D



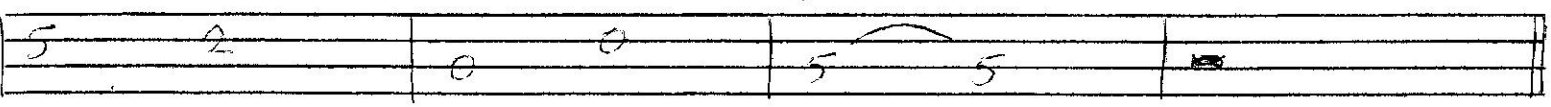
ros-es were in bloom; I

G



shot and killed my dar-ling, and

G D G



what will be my doom?