

# Gathering Flowers From The Hillside

*Written by A. P. Carter*

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*chorus:* I've been gathering flowers from the hillside,  
To wreath around your brow,  
But you've kept me a-waitin' so long, dear,  
That the flowers have all withered now.

1. I know that you have seen trouble,  
But never hang down your head,  
Your love for me is like the flowers,  
Your love for me is dead.

*chorus:*

2. It was on one bright June morning,  
The roses were in bloom,  
I shot and killed my darling,  
And what will be my doom?

*chorus:*

3. Closed eyes cannot see these roses,  
Closed hands cannot hold them, you know,  
And these lips that still cannot kiss me,  
Have gone from me forever more.

*chorus:*