

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Flowers from the hillside

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

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 now dead

* Refrain

It was on one bright june morning
The roses were in bloom
I shot and killed my darling
OH, what will be my doom

* Refrain

Those eyes can't see these roses
Those hands can't hold them you know
Those lips so still can not kiss me
They are gone from me forever more

* Refrain

