

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Gathering Flowers From the Hillside

Gathering Flowers From the Hillside

I know that you have been troubled  
So never hang down your head  
Your love for me is like a flower  
Your love for me it is dead

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

It was on one bright June morning  
The roses were in bloom  
I shot and killed my little darlin'  
And what will be my doom

Your love cannot feed on these roses  
Your hands cannot touch them I know  
Your lips that are still cannot kiss me  
You are gone from me forevermore

In Sandburg's American Songbag

DP

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