

Hank Thompson, Gathering Flowers From The Hillside

GATHERING FLOWERS FROM THE HILLSIDE

Writer A.P. Carter

I've been gathering flowers from the hillside
To wreath around your brow
But you've kept me a-waitin' so long, dear
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 dead
It was on one bright June morning
The roses were in bloom
I shot and killed my darling
And what will be my doom?
Closed eyes cannot see these roses
Closed hands cannot hold them, you know
And these lips that still cannot kiss me
Has gone from me forever more