Chorus
I’ve been gathering flowers from the hillside
To wreathe 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 dead

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

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

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