

Wildwood flower

I'll twine with my mingles and waving black hair
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair
And the myrtles so bright with emerald dew
The pale and the leader and eyes look like blue

He told me he loved me and called me his flower
That blossomed for him all the brighter each hour
Though my heart is now breaking, he never shall know
That his name makes me tremble, my pale cheeks to glow

I'll sing and I'll dance and my laugh shall be gay
I'll charm every heart and the crowd I will sway
I'll live you to see him regret the dark hour
When he won and neglected this frail wildwood flower

I'll think of him never, I'll be wild and gay
I'll cease this wild weeping, drive sorrow away
But I wake from my dreaming, my idol was clay
My visions of love have all vanished away