

Wildwood Flower

10,000 Maniacs

I will twine with your mingles of raven black hair
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair
With myrtle as bright as the emerald dew
The pale and the lyd-er and eyes of light blue

Oh he promised to love me, he promised to love
And to cherish me always all others above.
I woke from my dream and my idol was clay
My passion for loving had vanished away.

Oh he taught me to love him; he called me his flower
A blossom to cheer him through life's weary hour
But now he is gone and left me alone
The wild flowers to weep and the wild birds to mourn.

I will dance and I'll sing and my life shall be gay
I will charm every heart and each crown I shall sway
Though my heart now is breaking he never shall know
How his name makes me tremble, my pale cheeks to glow.

I will dance and I'll sing and my heart will be gay
I'll banish this weeping, drive troubles away.
I'll live yet to see him regret this dark hour
When we won and neglected this frail wildwood flower.