

Wildwood Rose

Roger Whittaker

Like a rose that grows within a wildwood
You are young and warm and wild and free
And my heart, I gave to you with love
And with love, my wildwood rose
You gave your heart to me

Wildwood rose, farewell for I must leave you
I must make my harvest from the sea
And I know I leave you with my love
And I know my wildwood rose
I take your love with me

If I die alone upon the water
Not return to warmth and love and thee
When you walk the strand
And tiny wavelets kiss your feet
Then will you stand
And say a little prayer for me

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When you walk the strand
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Then will you stand
And say a little prayer for me
Just a little prayer, for me

Just a little prayer for me
For me...
Just say a little prayer for me