

Wildwood Flower

[Martha Atwell](#)

Oh 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 the emerald dew
The pale and the leader and eyes look like blue

I will dance I will sing and my laugh shall be gay
I will charm every heart in each crown I will sway
When I woke from my dreaming my idols were clay
All portion of love had all flown away

Oh he taught me to love him and promised to love
And to cherish me over all others above
How my heart is now wondering no misery can tell
He's left me no warning no words of farewell

Oh he taught me to love him and call me his flower
That was blooming to cheer him through life's dreary hour
How I long to see him and regret the dark hour
He's gone and neglected his pale wild wood flower

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