

Hank Thompson, Wildwood Flower

WILDWOOD FLOWER

Writer A.P. Carter

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

I will dance, I will sing and my life shall be gay.
I will charm ev'ry heart, in his crown I will sway.
When I woke from dreaming, my idols was 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 wond'ring, no misery can tell.
He's left me no warning, no words of farewell.

Oh, he taught me to love him and called me his flower,
That's blooming to cheer him through life's dreary hour.
Oh, I long to see him and regret the dark hour.
He's won and neglected this pale wildwood flower.