

Joan Baez, Wildwood Flower

Wildwood flower (traditional)

I will twine with my mingles of raven black hair
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair
The meadow so bright with it's emerald hue
And the pale and the leader and eyes look so blue

I will dance, I will sing and my laugh shall be gay
I will charm every heart, in his crown I will sway
I woke from my dream and all idols was clay
And all portions of love then had all flown away

He told me to love him and promised to love
And cherish me over all others above
My poor heart is wondering no misery can tell
He left me no warning, no words of farewell

He told me to love him and called me his flower
That was blooming to cheer him through life's weary hour
How I long to see him and regret the dark hour
He's gone and neglected his frail wildwood flower.