

Mike Ness, Wildwood Flower

she'll twine and she'll mingle her waving black hair
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair
With miles so green like an emerald hew
The pale and the nature and violet to blue

he promised to love her; he promised to love
to cherish her always, to others above.
she woke from her dream, and her idol was clay
her passion for loving had vanished away.

he taught her to love him; he called her his flower
A blossom to cheer him through life's weary hour
though her heart now is breaking sha'll never know
how his name makes her tremble, with pale cheeks to glow

she'll dance and she'll sing her life shall be gay
she'll banish his weeping, drive troubles away
she'll live yet to see him regret this dark hour
when we won and neglected this frail wildwood flower