

Emmylou Harris

"How She Could Sing the Wildwood"

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How she could sing the wildwood flower
The orphan girl he would love so long
In the end he knew she'd been his finest hour
And all he has left of her is a song

He first saw her
Standing by a cabin door
Her song was ringing
Out in a voice so strong and sure
To the lonesome valley
He'd bring her there to be his bride
Where they would live and work together
Side by side

She was his sunshine
She was his moon and morning star
His words would ring true
On the chords of her guitar
But he was driven
And lost to her for days and days
Till the lonesome valley finally drove her far away

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The orphan girl he would love so long
In the end he knew she'd been his finest hour
And all he has left of her is a song

We all cling to
As the years keep rolling on
One single promise
Of a love that's past and gone
And that lonesome valley
We all walk it by ourselves
Where the wildwood flower
Is a story we will tell

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How she could sing the wildwood flower
All we have left of her is a song

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