

## **Hank Thompson**

# **"Wildwood Flower"**

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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  
myrtles so bright with emerald dew The pale and the  
leader and eyes look like blue. Oh, I'll dance, I will sing  
and my laugh shall be gay I will charm ev'ry heart, in  
his crown I will sway When I woke from my dreaming,  
idols were clay All portions of love then 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 now is wond'ring misery can tell He's left me no  
warning, no words of farewell. Oh, he taught me to love  
him and called me his flow'r That was blooming to  
cheer him through life's dreary hour Oh, I'm longing to  
see him through life's dark hour He's gone and  
neglected this pale wildwood flower.

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