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Mike Ness "Wildwood Flower"

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Wildwood Flower

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WILDWOOD FLOWER

MAYBELLE CARTER: The first time I heard this song, I was just a kid. My mother sang it and her mother sang it. It has been handed down for years and years. It's the most popular song, we ever recorded, and there's hardly a country group who doesn't use this song. Dorothy Horstman interview, Nashville, TN, 6 Sep 1973, reprinted in Sing Your Heart Out, Country Boy, New York, 1976, pp. 201-202 Lyrics as reprinted ibid., p. 202 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. I'LL TWINE 'MID THE RINGLETS (Maud Irving and J.P. Webster) (1860)

Lyrics as reprinted ibid., pp. 177-178 I'll twine 'mid the ringlets of my raven black hair The lilies so pale and the roses so fair The myrtle so bright with an emeral hue And the pale aronatus with eyes of bright blue. I'll sing and I'll dance, my laugh shall be gay I'll cease this wild weeping, drive sorrow away. Tho' my heart is now breaking, he never shall know That his name made me tremble and my pale cheeks to glow.

I'll think of him never, I'll be wildly gay I'll charm ev'ry heart, and the crowd I will sway. I'll live yet to see him regret the dark hour When he won, then neglected, the frail wildwood flower.

He told me he loved me, and promis'd to love Trough I'll and misfortune, all others above Another has won him; ah, misery to tell He left me in silence, no word of farewell. He taught me to love him, he call'd me his flower That blossom'd for him all the brighter each hour But I woke from my dreaming, my idol was clay My visions of love have all faded away.

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