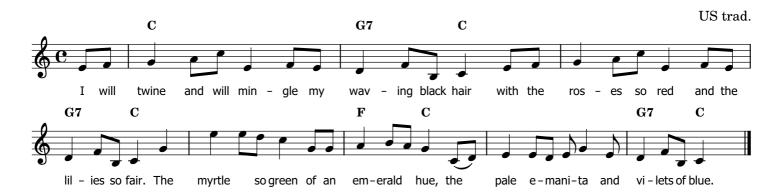
## Wildwood Flower



I will twine and will mingle my waving black hair with the roses so red and the lilies so fair. The myrtle so green of an emerald hue, the pale emanita and violets of blue.

Oh he taught me to love him, he called me his flower A blossom to cheer him through life's weary hour. But now he has gone and left him alone, The wild flowers to weep and the wild birds to moan.

Oh he promised to love me, he promised to love To cherish me always all others above. I woke from my dream and my idol was clay, My passion for loving had vanished away

I'll dance and I'll sing and my life shall be gay.
I'll charm every heart in the crowd I survey.
Though my heart now is breaking, he shall never know,
How his name makes me tremble, my pale cheeks to glow.

I'll dance and I'll sing and my life shall be gay.
I'll banish this weeping, drive troubles away.
I'll live yet to see him, regret this dark hour,
When he won and neglected his frail wildwood flower.