

# Wildwood Flower

Traditional

C G7

Oh en - twine and I'll min - gle my ra - ven black  
Oh he prom - ised to love me, he called me "his  
But I'll dance and I'll sing, And my heart will be

4 C

hair, With the ro - ses so red and the  
flow'r", He said I was the blos - som to  
gay. No more tears, no more sighs, no more

8 G7 C

lil - lies so fair, And my eyes will out -  
cheer ev - 'ry hour. But I woke from my  
weep - ing a - way. I'll be 'round when I

12 F C

shine e - ven stars in the blue, Said I know - ing  
dream, and my i - dol was clay. This wild - flow - er  
see him re - gret this dark hour, When he threw a

16 G7 C

not that my love was un - true.  
weeps through the the night, through the day.  
way this poor frail WILD - WOOD FLOW'R.