



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.