

I will twine and will min-gle my wav-ing black hair with the ros-es so red and the
lil-ies so fair. The myrtle so green of an em-erald hue, the pale emani-ta and violets of blue.

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.