

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.