

How She Could Sing the Wildwood Flower

Emmylou Harris

How she could sing the Wildwood Flower
The orphan girl he would love so long
In the end he knew she'd been his finest hour
And all he has left of her is the song

He first saw her standing by her cabin door
Her song was ringing out in a voice so strong and sure
To the lonesome valley, he'd bring her there to be his bride
Where they would live and work together side by side

She was his sunshine, she was his moon and morning star
His words would ring true on the chords of her guitar
He was driven and lost to her for days and days
'Til the lonesome valley finally drove her heart away

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We all cling to as the years keep rolling on
One single promise of a love that's past and gone
And the lonesome valley, we all walk it by ourselves
Where the Wildwood Flower is the story we will tell

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