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

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 Now all he has left of her is the song

How she could sing the Wildwood Flower And all we have left of her is the song