

# Loreena McKennitt, Seeds of Love

I sowed the seeds of love  
I sowed them in the spring  
I gathered them up in the morning so clear  
When the small birds so sweetly sing  
When the small birds so sweetly sing

The gardener was standing by  
I asked him to choose for me  
He chose for me the violet, the lily and the pink  
But those I refused all three  
But those I refused all three

The violet I did not like  
Because it bloomed so soon  
The lily and the pink I really over-think  
So I thought I would wait till June  
So I thought I would wait till June

In June there was a red rose bud  
That is the flower for me  
I often times have plucked that red rose bud  
Till I gained the willow tree  
Till I gained the willow tree

The willow tree will twist  
The willow tree will twine  
I often have wished I was in the young man's arms  
Who once had the heart of mine  
Who once had the heart of mine

I sowed the seeds of love  
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I gathered them up in the morning so soon  
When the small birds so sweetly sing  
When the small birds so sweetly sing