

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

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