

Omnia, The Elven Lover

Are you going to Scarborough fair?
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme...
remember me to a girl who lives there
if she would be a true love of mine...

Tell her to find me an acre of land
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme...
between the sea and the silver sand
if she would be a true love of mine...

Tell her to plow it with a dandelion thorn
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme...
and sow the field with spirits unborn
if she would be a true love of mine...

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme...
and gather it all in flowers of heather
if she would be a true love of mine...

Tell her to weave it on unicorn bone
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme...
and dye it red with the blood of old stone
if she would be a true love of mine...

Tell her to make me a funeral shirt
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme...
with the stitches all of graveyard dirt
if she would be a true love of mine...

Tell her to find me where the banshee sings
parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme...
then fly to me on Angel wings
then she would be a true love of mine...