I sowed the seeds of Love, I sowed them in the Spring; I gathered them up in the morning so soon While the small birds do sweetly sing

.My garden was planted well With flowers everywhere; But I had not the liberty to choose for myself Of the flowers that I love so dear.

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

The violet I did not like Because it bloomed so soon. The lily and the pink I really overthink; So I vowed that I'd stay till June.

In June there is a red rose-bud And that's the flower for me; I oftentimes have plucked that red rosebud Till I gained the willow tree.

The willow tree will twist
And the willow tree will twine;
I oftentimes have wished I was in that
young man's arms
That once had the heart of mine.

Come all you false young men, Do not leave me here to complain, For the, grass that has oftentimes been trampled underfoot; Give it time, it will rise up again.

The Seeds of Love

Choral Variations on an English Folk song

















































































