

The Deadfly Ensemble, Horse On The Moor

And his tears mingled with the still waters of the peat bog...
I brought you something darling!
And he saw clay fingers protruding from the mud!
I love you still!
My love liked to ride,
so I'm giving her a horse's head.
The rest is made of wood,
but it hardly matters, 'cause she's dead!
And my love had an eye
for cameos and feathers for lapels.
I don't have those,
but I have a lot of pretty silver bells.
My love wore her hair
in a darling mess of golden braids...
To help her under there,
I'm sending down one of her maids.
And my love took her tea
from a light-blue china service,
and so that got buried first
so she could calm herself in case of nervousness.