

Horse On The Moor

The Deadfly Ensemble

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."