

THE UNQUIET GRAVE (Child 78)

(Songbooks 2008)

Cold blows the wind tonight
And gently drops the rain
I never had but one true love
In cold clay he is lain

I'll do as much for my true love
As any young girl may
I'll sit and mourn upon his grave
For a twelvemonth and a day

And when twelve months were passed
The ghost did rise and speak
Who sits and weeps upon my grave
And will not let me sleep?

'Tis I, 'tis I, thy own true love
That weeps upon thy grave
I seek one kiss from your sweet lips
And that is all I crave

My flesh is cold as the clay
My breath is earthy strong
And had you one kiss from my cold lips
Your life would not be long

Down in yonder garden green
Where we oft-times did walk
The sweetest flower that ever I have seen
Is withered to a stalk