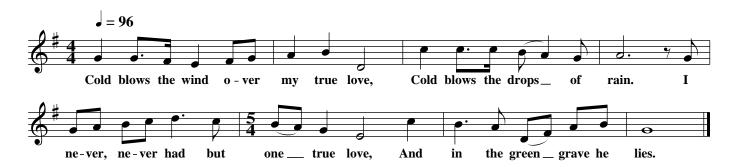
The Unquiet Grave



- 2. I'll do as much for my true love
 As any young girl can.
 I'll sit and I'll weep at my true love's grave
 For a twelve month and one day.
- 3. When twelve month and a day was gone This young man he arose 'Oh, what dost thou want of me, my love, For I cannot get repose?'
- One kiss, one kiss from thy cold clay lips.
 One kiss is all I crave.
 One kiss, one kiss from thy cold clay lips,
 Then returneth to thy grave.'
- 5. 'My lips they are as cold as clay.
 My cheeks, my cheeks are all wan.
 If thou wast to kiss my cold clay lips
 Thy days it won't be long.'
- 6. 'You'll fetch me a light from the dungeon deep And water from the stone And white milk from the pure maid's breast For a pure maid she has none.'
- 7. Three times did she walk all round his grave Three times she did cry. Three times she did walk all round his grave, Then bowed her head and died.

Source: Sung by Arthur Nightingale, Didbrook. Learnt in Winchcombe 50 years previously Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.

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