


The Unquiet Grave

$\text{♩} = 96$



Cold blows the wind o - ver my true love, Cold blows the drops _ of rain. I
ne - ver, ne - ver had but one _ true love, And in the green _ grave he lies.

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?'
4. '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.