

## The Unquiet Grave

(Cold Blows the Wind)

(a)



1. Cold blows the wind \_ on my \_ true love, Cold blows the drops \_ of \_ rain, I



ne - ver ne - ver had but one \_ true love, In the green woods he \_ was \_ slain.

(a) Variation



2. I will do as much for my true love  
As any other girl,  
I'll sit and weep all over his grave,  
For one twelvemonth and a day.
3. When a twelvemonth and a day is past,  
This young man he arose,  
"Why do you sit and weep all over my grave,  
Where I can't take sweet repose."
4. "One kiss, one kiss from your cold clay lips,  
One kiss is all I crave,  
If I can have one kiss from your cold clay lips,  
I'll return back from your grave."
5. "My breast it is as cold as clay,  
My breathe is earthly strong,  
So if you have a kiss from my cold clay lips,  
Your days they won't be long."
6. "Go fetch me a letter from the deserts so deep,  
And blood from out of the stone,  
Go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast,  
But a fair maid never had known."
7. "How can I fetch your letter from the deserts so deep,  
Or blood from out of a stone,  
Or how fetch milk from a fair maid's breast,  
That a fair maid never had known?"

Source: Mrs Elizabeth Smitherd (65) at Tewkesbury. Collected by Cecil J. Sharp on 11 April 1908.