

The Unquiet Grave

Cold Blows the Wind

(a)

One kiss, one kiss from your cold clay lips, One kiss is all I want. If you

(b)

only had one kiss from my cold clay lips, O your time would not be long.

Alternatives

(a)

(b)

1. O it's fetch me some water from a dungeon stone
And milk from a fair maid's breast
How can I fetch you milk from a fair maid's breast
Where a fair maid never had none.
2. One kiss, one kiss from your cold clay lips,
One kiss is all I want.
If you only had one kiss from my cold clay lips
O your days they would not be long.
3. Cold blows the wind over my true love
And over my due illo(?)
I never never had but one true love
And in the cold grave he lays.
4. I'll go down to some shady green trees
Where no creature on earth shall ever her me speak.
Where the pretty birds do change their notes
And fly from leaf to leaf.

Source: Collected by Cecil Sharp from Mrs Kathleen Williams, Drybrook, September 11, 1921