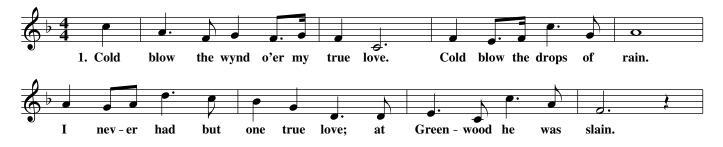
## The Unquiet Grave



- 2. I'd do as much for my sweet heart, As any other girl would for hers. I'd sit and mourn all on his grave, For a twelve month and a day.
- 3. When the twelve month and a day was o'er The spirit began to speak.'Who's there, who's there, all on my grave, That will not let me sleep?'
- 4. ''Tis I, 'tis I, your own sweetheart Sat mournin' here for you. To have a kiss from my lily-white lips As they formerly used to do.'
- 5. 'My lips is cold as clay, sweetheart My breath is very strong. If you were to kiss my lily-white lips For your days 'ood not be long.'
- 6. 'Twas in the garden green, sweetheart Where you and I did walk. The finest flower that ever growed there Is withered to a stalk.'
- 7. 'The stalk won't bear no blossoms, sweetheart. The lily won't bear no thyme. Since I have lost my own sweetheart I must gain another in time.'

Source: Sung by Archer Goode, Cheltenham; Collected by Gwilym Davies and Mike Yates, January 1978 Notes: First verse only collected from Mr Goode. Remainder from Thomas Clappen, Driffield, Cirencester.

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