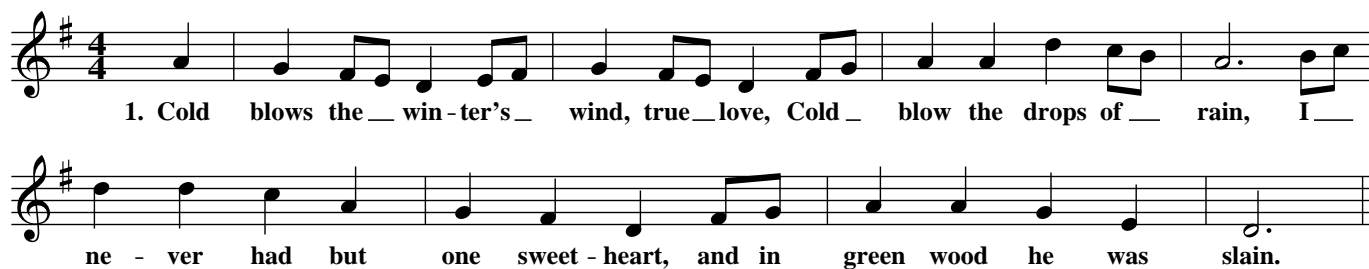


The Unquiet Grave

Cold Blows the Wind



1. Cold blows the win-ter's wind, true love, Cold blow the drops of rain, I
ne - ver had but one sweet - heart, and in green wood he was slain.

2. I felt as much for my true love,
As any maiden may.
To sit and mourn all on his grave,
For twelve months and one day.
3. When twelve months and one day were gone
The spirit began to speak.
"Who's this, who's this, all on my grave,
That will not let me sleep?"
4. "'Tis I, 'tis I, your own true love,
A-waiting here for you,
To have one kiss of your lily-white lips,
Which we oft-times used to do.
5. "How can you have a kiss of my lily-white lips?
My breath smells very strong.
How can you have a kiss of my lily-white lips?
For thy time it won't be long."
6. "It was down in a garden, my true love,
Where you and I did walk.
The finest lily that ever grew there
Is withered unto a stalk.
7. "The stalk will not bear any blossoms, true love.
Nor the lily bear no thyme.
But since I have lost my own true love
I must get another in time."

Source: Sung by James Harding, Stow on the Wold. Collector Cecil Sharp on 28 March 1907, (tune only).
Words from Mrs Goodfield, Crudwell, Wilts, coll Alfred Williams.