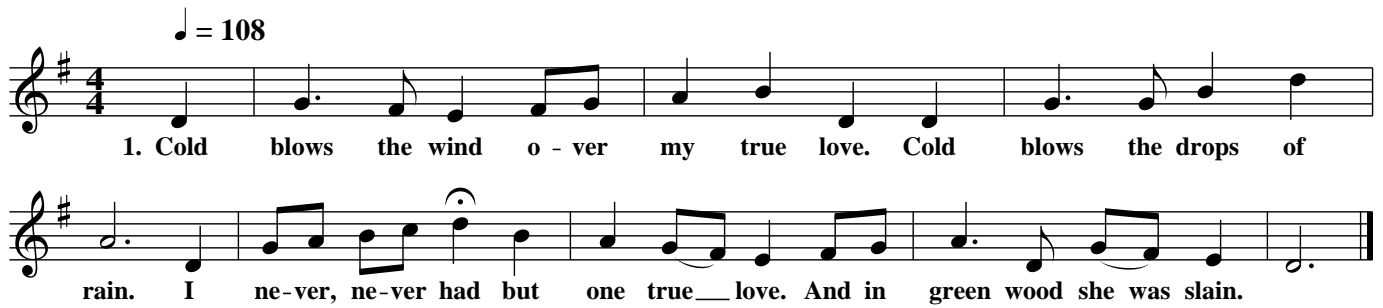


## The Unquiet Grave

♩ = 108



1. 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 green wood she was slain.

2. I would do as much for my true love  
As any young man could do.  
I would sit and mourn down on her grave  
For a twelve month and one day.
3. When twelve month and one day was past,  
Her spirit rose and said,  
'Who's there, who's there all on my grave  
[And will not let me rest?]
4. 'Tis I, 'tis I, your own true love  
Sits mourning on your grave.'  
[2 lines missing]
5. My lips are as cold as any clay,  
My breath lies heavy and strong  
And if you had a kiss from my lily-white lips  
Your days would not be long.
6. 'Go and fetch me light from the dungeon deep  
Or water from a stone  
Or lily-white milk from a fair maid's breast  
But a fair maid she had none.

Source: Sung by Tom Tanner, Cherrington. Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.