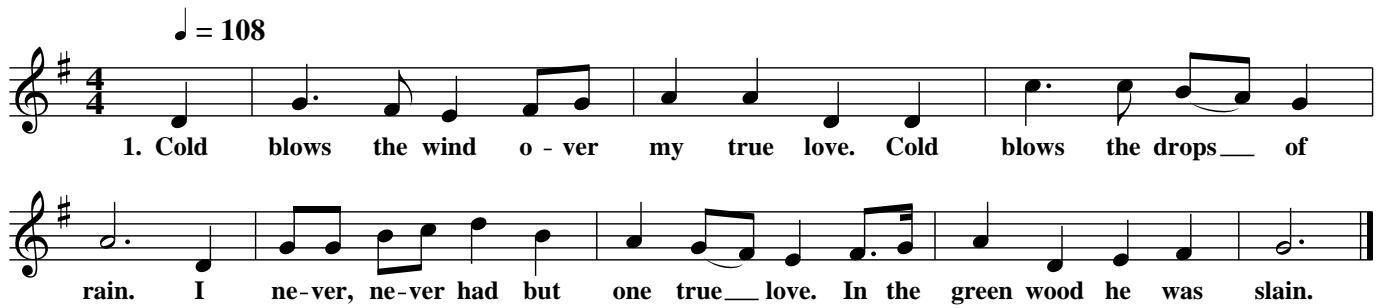


The Unquiet Grave

♩ = 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. In the green wood he was slain.

2. I'll do as much for my true love
As any young girl may.
I'll sit and mourn all on his grave
For a twelve month and one day.
3. When twelve month and one day was past,
His spirit rose and said,
'Who's there, who's there all on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?'
4. 'It's I, it's I, your own true love,
Sat mourning here for you.
Just give me one kiss from your lily-white lips
As you formerly used to do.'
5. 'My lips are white and cold as clay.
My breath is hot and strong.
And if you had a kiss from my lily-white lips,
Your days would not be long.'
6. 'Oh fetch me [word missing - a flower?] from the dungeon dry
Or water from a stone
Or milk white from a fair maid's breast
From a maid that never had none.'

Source: Sung by Sarah Phelps, 7 Council Houses, Avening.
Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.