

## The Unquiet Grave

1. Cold blow the wynd o'er my true love. Cold blow the drops of rain.  
I nev - er had but one true love; at Green - wood he was slain.

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 grewed 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.