

The Unquiet Grave

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: Cold blows the wind to my true love, And gently drops the rain, I never had but one sweet-heart, And in green-wood she lies slain, And in green-wood she lies slain.

Cold blows the wind to my true love,
And gently drops the rain,
I never had but one sweet-heart,
And in green-wood she lies slain,
And in green-wood she lies slain.

Cold blows the wind to my true love,
And gently drops the rain,
I never had but one sweetheart,
And in greenwood she lies slain,
And in greenwood she lies slain.

I'll do as much for my sweetheart
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all on her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day,
For a twelvemonth and a day.

When the twelvemonth and one day was past,
The ghost began to speak:
Why sittest thou here all day on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?
And will not let me sleep?

There's one thing that I want, sweetheart,
There's one thing that I crave;
And that is a kiss from your lily-white lips
Then I'll go from your grave,
Then I'll go from your grave.

My breast it is as cold as clay,
My breath smells earthly strong;
And if you kiss my cold clay lips,
Your days they won't be long,
Your days they won't be long.

Go fetch me water from the desert,
And blood from out of a stone;
Go fetch me milk from a fair maid's breast
That a young man never had known,
That a young man never had known.

O down in yonder grave, sweetheart,
Where you and I would walk,
The first flower that ever I saw
Is withered to a stalk,
Is withered to a stalk.

The stalk is withered and dry, sweetheart,
And the flower will never return;
And since I lost my own sweetheart,
What can I do but mourn?
What can I do but mourn?

When shall we meet again, sweetheart?
When shall we meet again?
When the oaken leaves that fall from the trees
Are green and spring up again,
Are green and spring up again.