

The Unquiet Grave (Child 78A)

- 1 'THE wind doth blow today, my love,
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true-love,
In cold grave she was lain.
- 2 'I'll do as much for my true-love 5
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.'
- 3 The twelvemonth and a day being up, 10
The dead began to speak:
'Oh who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?'
- 4 'T is I, my love, sits on your grave,
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips, 15
And that is all I seek.'
- 5 'You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long. 20
- 6 'T is down in yonder garden green,
Love, where we used to walk,
The finest flower that ere was seen
Is withered to a stalk.
- 7 'The stalk is withered dry, my love, 25
So will our hearts decay;
So make yourself content, my love,
Till God calls you away.'