‘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.

‘I’ll do as much for my true-love

As any young man may;

I’ll sit and mourn all at her grave

For a twelvemonth and a day.’

The twelvemonth and a day being up,

The dead began to speak:

‘Oh who sits weeping on my grave,

And will not let me sleep?’

‘’Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,

And will not let you sleep;

For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,

And that is all I seek.’

‘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.

‘’Tis down in yonder garden green,

love, where we used to walk,

The finest flower that ere was seen

Is withered to a stalk.

‘The stalk is withered dry, my love,

So will our hearts decay;

So make yourself content, my love,

Till God calls you away.’

En kold vind blæser i dag, min skat

regn