‘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

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