

# The Unquiet Grave

Trad. English  
Arr. Mae McAllister

Tune:

1. Cold \_\_\_ blows the wind o-ver my true love Cold blows the drops of rain I \_\_\_ ne-ver had but one true love In \_\_\_ cold grave he was

lain I'll do as much for my true love as \_\_\_ a-ny young girl may I'll sit and weep down by his grave for twelve months and a \_\_\_ day

2. Cold \_\_\_ blows the wind o-ver my true love Cold blows the drops of rain I ne-ver had but one true love In \_\_\_ cold grave he was

lain I'll do as much for my true love as a-ny young girl may \_\_\_ I'll sit and weep down by his grave for twelve months and a \_\_\_ day

3. Cold \_\_\_ blows the wind o-ver my true love Cold blows the drops of rain I ne-ver had but one true love In cold grave he was

lain I'll do as much for my true love as \_\_\_ a-ny young girl may I'll sit and weep down by his grave for twelve months and a day

2. But when twelve months were come and gone,  
The ghost 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."

3. "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.

"Lament no more for me my love  
The powers we must obey  
So make yourself content, my love,  
Till God calls you away."