

I. The Unquiet Grave

or How Cold the Winds Do Blow

No. 18.

With expression

G D Em D G D G D



1. "How cold the winds do blow, dear love! And a few small drops of rain!
2. I'll do as much for my true love As any young girl may:
3. When twelve months and a day were up Then he began to speak
4. "It's I, it's I, your own true love, Your own true love!" says she,

G Em G D (D7 v.7 only)G(not v.7) D7(D in v.7)



I.... ne- ver,nev-er had but one true love; In the green- wood he...was slain.....
 I'll sit and mourn up... on his grave for a twelve- month and.a day....."
 Say-ing "Who is that..sits up- on my grave,And will not let..me sleep?....."
 "One.. sing- le sweet kiss from your clay-cold lips!That's all I want. from thee!....."

5

"My lips they are as cold as clay
 My breath is earthy and strong,
 And if you were to kiss my clay-cold lips
 Your life would not be long.

7

They're withered and dried up, dear love,
 Never to return any day,
 So it's you, and I, and all must die
 When Christ calls us away."¹

6

It's down in yonder garden, love,
 Where you and I used to walk,
 There's finest flowers that ever grew
 That's withered to the stalk.

1. Lucy Broadwood suggests, in a note of 1908, that "the two beautiful stanzas ...which end Mrs. Jeffreys' version" (number 20 below) "may be used as an ending to the above."